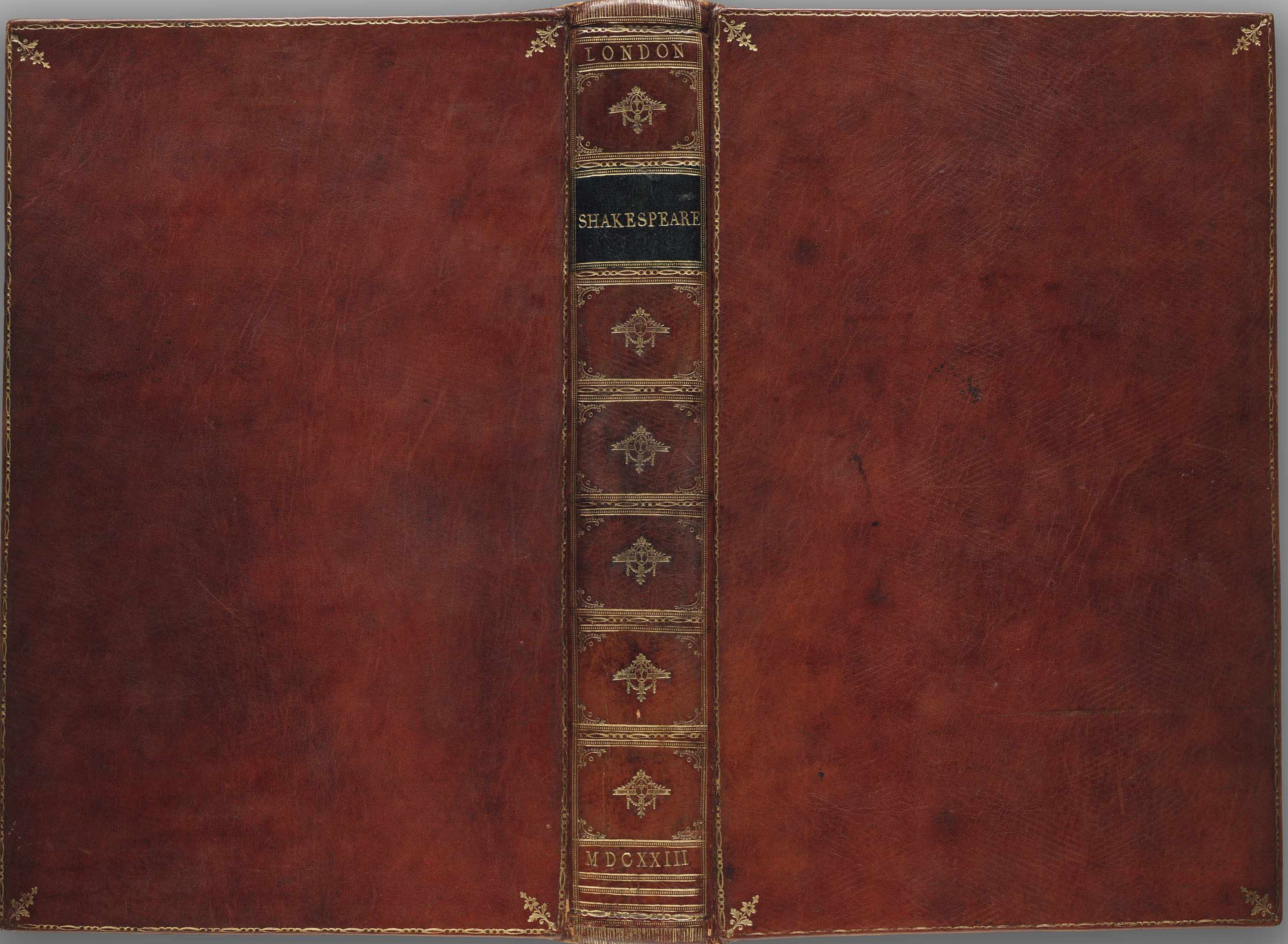

LONDON
SHAKESPEARE
MDCXXIII

#5

This is the identical volume recorded by Dr. Dibdin (See Library Companion P: 817) as belonging to Daniel Moore Esqr. of Lincoln's Inn . . . It is one of the Four only placed by the Doctor (and very justly) among the First Class copies of this most important book: being full thirteen inches in height, eight and a half in width, with the true Portrait & Titlepage, & the genuine Verses in the centre of the leaf facing the titlepage . . . . There are no spurious leaves foisted in from other editions – It is sound to the end . . . . Of this particular Four the Present Copy is by far the best. That in the Cracherode Collection has the Commendatory Verses by Ben Jonson facing the titlepage, inlaid – In the copy in the Capel Closet the fore-edges of some of the latter leaves have been damaged by a worm – and Mr. Grenville's copy – though a very fine one – has been in part washed and sized – and (though beautifully in red morocco by Charles Lewis) rebound . . . . This Copy is in the good old binding – unwashed; unsized; genuine and pure . . . .

It was privately purchased by Mr. Pickering, Bookseller, Chancery Lane of John Gage Rokewode Esqr. (to whom it descended from his relation Daniel Moore Esqr.) in January 1841 . . and within forty eight hours after that purchase, it, for a becoming "consideration", became my property – Mr. Pickering shewed his newly-acquired treasure to nobody but myself; having promised that should he ever be fortunate enough to obtain a matchless copy I should have the refusal of it . . . . . George Daniel. Canonbury Square, May 1841 . .

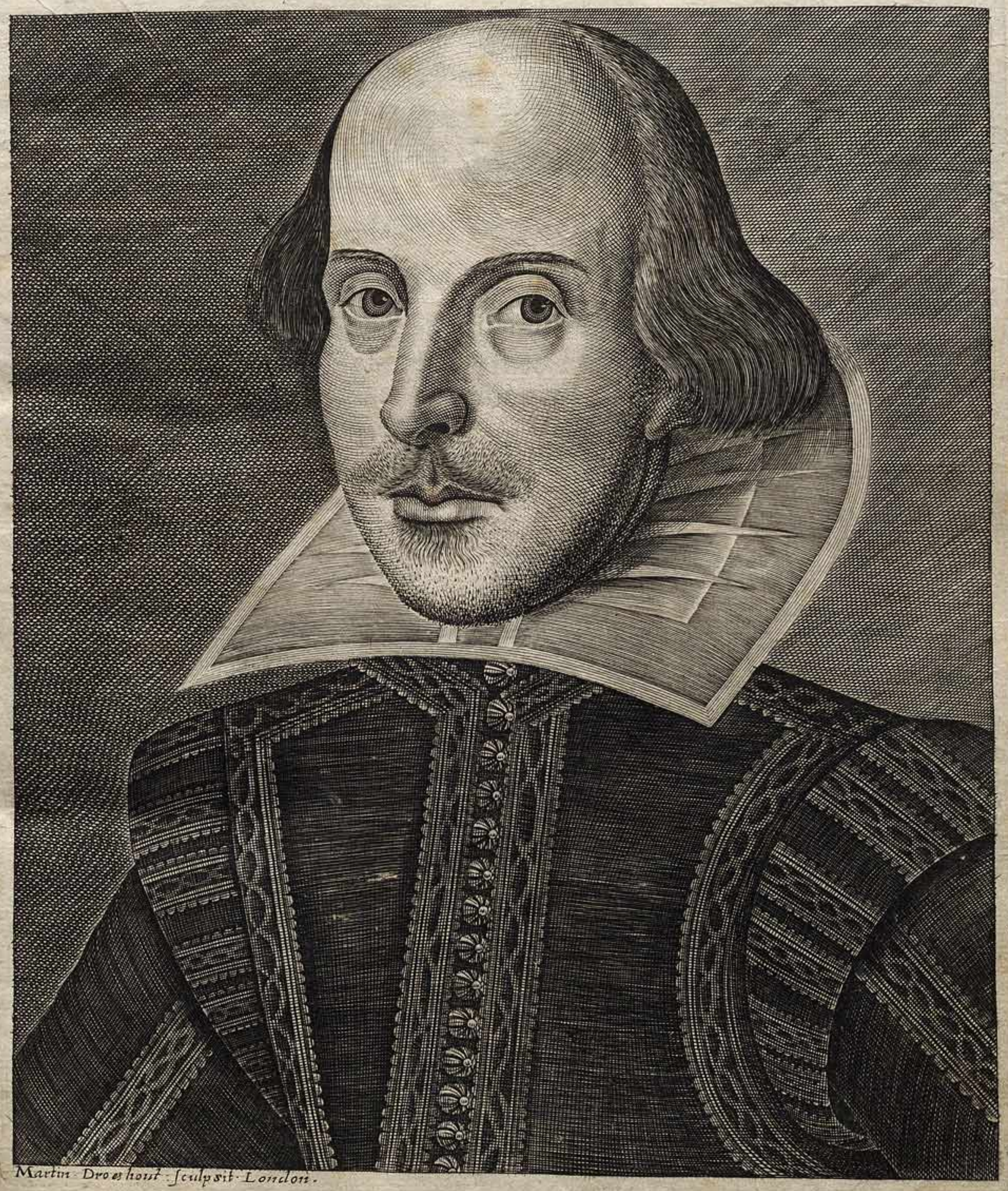
To the Reader.

This Figure, that thou here ſeeſt put,
It vvas for gentle Shakeſpeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a ſtrife
vvith Nature, to out-doo the life:
O, could he but haue dravvne his vvit
As vvell in braſſe, as he hath hit
His face; the Print vvould then ſurpaſſe
All, that vvas euer vvrit in braſſe.
But, ſince he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

B. I.

Mr. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES, HISTORIES, & TRAGEDIES.

Publiſhed according to the True Originall Copies.



Martin Droeshout sculpsit London.

LONDON
Printed by Iſaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

TO THE MOST NOBLE
AND
INCOMPARABLE PAIRE
OF BRETHREN.

WILLIAM
Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the
Kings moſt Excellent Maieſty.

AND

PHILIP
Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Maieſties
Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the moſt Noble Order
of the Garter, and our ſingular good
LORDS.

Right Honourable,

WHilſt we ſtudie to be thankful in our particular, for the many fauors we haue receiued from your L.L. we are falne vpon the ill fortune, to mingle two the moſt diuerſe things that can bee, feare, and raſhneſſe; raſhneſſe in the enterprize, and feare of the ſucceſſe. For, when we valew the places your H.H. ſuſtaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, then to deſcend to the reading of theſe trifles: and, vvhile we name them trifles, we haue depriu'd our ſelues of the defence of our Dedication. But ſince your L.L. haue beene pleas'd to thinke theſe trifles ſome-thing, heeretofore; and haue proſequuted both them, and their Authour liuing, vvith ſo much fauour: we hope, that (they out-liuing him, and he not hauing the fate, common with ſome, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will vſe the like indulgence toward them, you haue done *vnto their parent. There is a great difference, vvhether any Booke chooſe his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, ſo much were your L L. likings of the ſeuerall parts, vvhen they were acted, as before they vvere publiſhed, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We haue but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; vvithout ambition either of ſelfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of ſo worthy a Friend, & Fellow aliue, as was our* SHAKESPEARE, *by humble offer of his playes, to your moſt noble patronage. Wherein, as we haue iuſtly obſerued, no man to come neere your L.L. but vvith a kind of religious addreſſe; it hath bin the height of our care, vvho are the Preſenters, to make the preſent worthy of your H.H. by the perfection. But, there we muſt alſo craue our abilities to be conſiderd, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach foorth milke, creame, fruites, or what they haue: and many* #3 *Nations (we haue heard) that had not gummes & incenſe, obtained their requeſts with a leauened Cake. It vvas no fault to approch their Gods, by what meanes they could: And the moſt, though meaneſt, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we moſt humbly conſecrate to your H.H. theſe remaines of your ſeruant* Shakeſpeare; *that what delight is in them, may be euer your L.L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre ſo carefull to ſhew their gratitude both to the liuing, and the dead, as is*

Your Lordſhippes moſt bounden,

IOHN HEMINGE.
HENRY CONDELL.

To the great Variety of Readers.

FRom the moſt able, to him that can but ſpell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weighd. Eſpecially, when the fate of all Bookes depends vpon your capacities: and not of your heads alone, but of your purſes. Well! It is now publique, & you wil ſtand for your priuiledges wee know: to read, and cenſure. Do ſo, but buy it firſt. That doth beſt commend a Booke, the Stationer ſaies. Then, how odde ſoeuer your braines be, or your wiſedomes, make your licence the ſame, and ſpare not. Iudge your ſixe-pen'orth, your ſhillings worth, your fiue ſhillings worth at a time, or higher, ſo you riſe to the iuſt rates, and welcome. But, what euer you do, Buy. Cenſure will not driue a Trade, or make the Iacke go. And though you be a Magiſtrate of wit, and ſit on the Stage at *Black-Friers*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, theſe Playes haue had their triall alreadie, and ſtood out all Appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confeſſe, worthie to haue bene wiſhed, that the Author himſelfe had liu'd to haue ſet forth, and ouerſeen his owne writings; But ſince it hath bin ordain'd otherwiſe, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to haue collected & publiſh'd them; and ſo to haue publiſh'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diuerſe ſtolne, and ſurreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and ſtealthes of iniurious impoſtors, that expos'd them: euen thoſe, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the reſt, abſolute in their numbers, as he conceiued thē. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a moſt gentle expreſſer of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he vttered with that eaſineſſe, that wee haue ſcarſe receiued from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our prouince, who onely gather his works, and giue them you, to praiſe him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your diuers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be loſt. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, ſurely you are in ſome manifeſt danger, not to vnderſtand him. And ſo we leaue you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your ſelues, and others. And ſuch Readers we wiſh him.

Iohn Heminge.
Henrie Condell.

To the memory of my beloued, The AVTHOR MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: AND what he hath left vs.

T*O draw no enuy (*Shakeſpeare*) on thy name,*
Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame:
While I confeſſe thy writings to be ſuch,
As neither Man, *nor* Muſe, *can praiſe too much.*
'Tis true, and all mens ſuffrage. But theſe wayes
Were not the paths I meant vnto thy praiſe:
For ſeelieſt Ignorance on theſe may light,
Which, when it ſounds at beſt, but eccho's right;
Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're aduance
The truth, but gropes, and vrgeth all by chance;
Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praiſe,
And thinke to ruine, where it ſeem'd to raiſe.
Theſe are, as ſome infamous Baud, or Whore,
Should praiſe a Matron. What could hurt her more?
But thou art proofe againſt them, and indeed
Aboue th'ill fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore will begin. Soule of the Age!
The applauſe! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
My Shakeſpeare, *riſe; I will not lodge thee by*
Chaucer, *or* Spenſer, *or bid* Beaumont *lye*
A little further, to make thee a roome:
Thou art a Moniment, without a tombe,
And art aliue ſtill, while thy Booke doth liue,
And we haue wits to read, and praiſe to giue.
That I not mixe thee ſo, my braine excuſes;
I meane with great, but diſproportion'd Muſes:
For, if I thought my iudgement were of yeeres,
I ſhould commit thee ſurely with thy peeres,
And tell, how farre thou didſtſt our Lily *out-ſhine,*
Or ſporting Kid, *or* Marlowes *mighty line.*
And though thou hadſt ſmall Latine, *and leſſe* Greeke,
From thence to honour thee, I would not ſeeke
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æſchilus,
Euripides, *and* Sophocles *to vs,*
Paccuuius, Accius, *him of* Cordoua *dead,*
To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread,
And ſhake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on,
Leaue thee alone, for the compariſon

Of all, that insolent Greece, *or haughtie* Rome
ſent forth, or ſince did from their aſhes come.
Triúmph, my Britaine, *thou haſt one to ſhowe,*
To whom all Scenes of Europe *homage owe.*
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muſes *ſtill were in their prime,*
when like Apollo *he came forth to warme*
Our eares, or like a Mercury *to charme!*
Nature her ſelfe was proud of his deſignes,
And ioy'd to weare the dreſsing of his lines!
Which were ſo richly ſpun, and wouen ſo fit,
As, ſince, ſhe will vouchſafe no other Wit.
The merry Greeke, *tart* Ariſtophanes,
Neat Terence, *witty* Plautus, *now not pleaſe;*
But antiquated, and deſerted lye
As they were not of Natures family.
Yet muſt I not giue Nature all: Thy Art,
My gentle Shakeſpeare, *muſt enioy a part.*
For though the Poets *matter, Nature be,*
His Art doth giue the faſhion. And, that he,
Who caſts to write a liuing line, muſt ſweat,
(ſuch as thine are) and ſtrike the ſecond heat
Vpon the Muſes *anuile: turne the ſame,*
(And himſelfe with it) that he thinkes to frame;
Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a ſcorne,
For a good Poet's *made, as well as borne.*
And ſuch wert thou. Looke how the fathers face
Liues in his iſſue, euen ſo, the race
Of Shakeſpeares *minde, and manners brightly ſhines*
In his well torned, and true-filed lines:
In each of which, he ſeemes to ſhake a Lance,
As brandiſh't at the eyes of Ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Auon! *what a ſight it were*
To ſee thee in our waters yet appeare,
And make thoſe flights vpon the bankes of Thames,
That ſo did take Eliza, *and our* Iames!
But ſtay, I ſee thee in the Hemiſphere
Aduanc'd, and made a Conſtellation there!
Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, *and with rage,*
Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage;
Which, ſince thy flight frō hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And deſpaires day, but for thy Volumes light.

BEN: IONSON.

Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenicke Poet, Maſter WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THoſe hands, which you ſo clapt, go now, and wring
You *Britaines* braue; for done are *Shakeſpeares* dayes:
His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,
Which made the Globe of heau'n and earth to ring.
Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the *Theſpian* Spring,
Turn'd all to teares, and *Phœbus* clouds his rayes:
That corp's, that coffin now beſticke thoſe bayes,
Which crown'd him *Poet* firſt, then *Poets* King.
If *Tragedies* might any *Prologue* haue,
All thoſe he made, would ſcarſe make one to this:
Where *Fame*, now that he gone is to the graue
(Deaths publique tyring-houſe) the *Nuncius* is.
For though his line of life went ſoone about,
The life yet of his lines ſhall neuer out.

HVGH HOLLAND.

A CATALOGVE
of the ſeuerall Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume.

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TO THE MEMORIE
of the deceaſed Authour Maiſter
W. SHAKESPEARE.

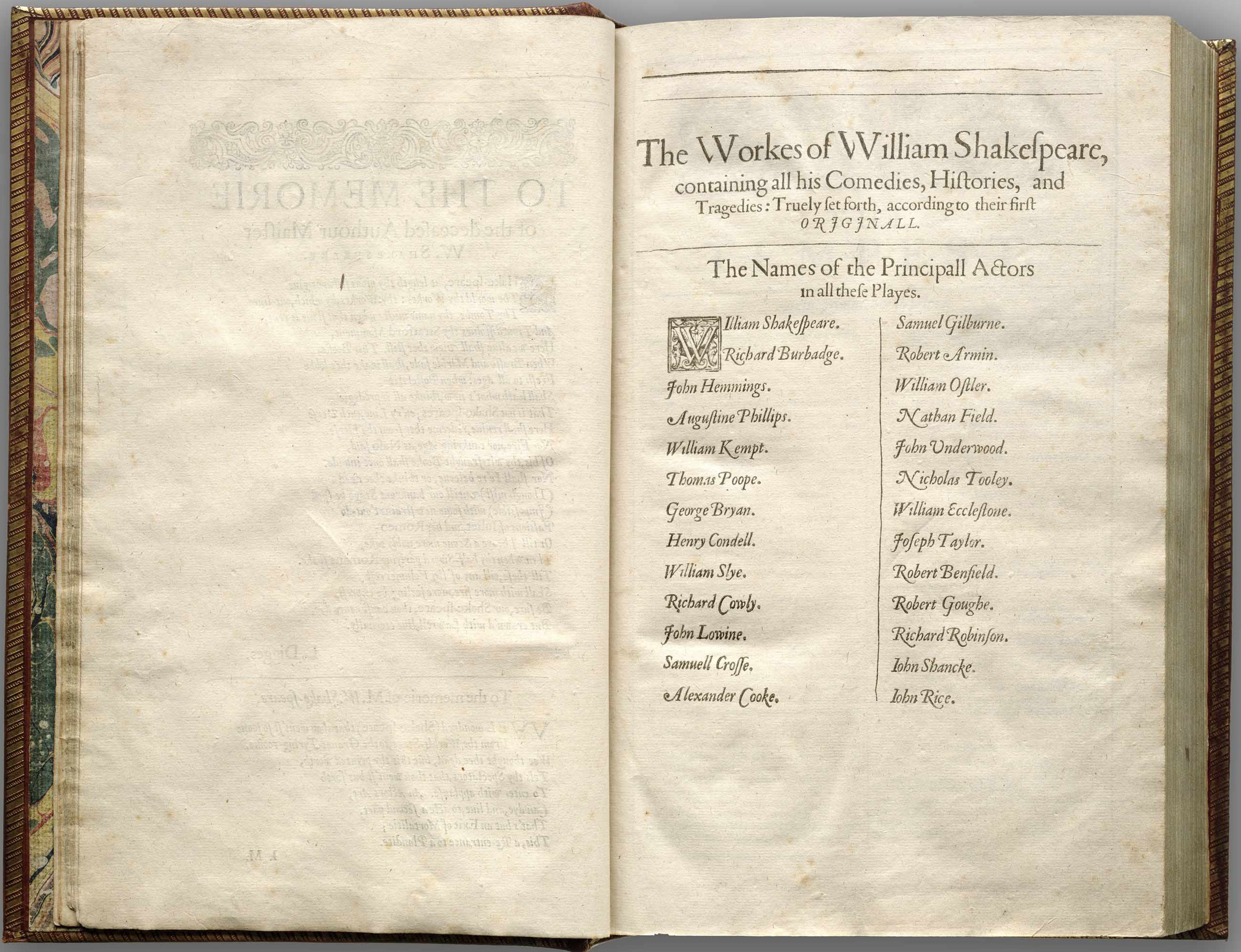
SHake-ſpeare, *at length thy pious fellowes giue*
The world thy Workes: thy Workes, by which, out-liue
Thy Tombe, thy name muſt· when that ſtone is rent,
And Time diſſolues thy Stratford *Moniment,*
Here we aliue ſhall view thee ſtill. This Booke,
When Braſſe and Marble fade, ſhall make thee looke
Freſh to all Ages: when Poſteritie
Shall loath what's new, thinke all is prodegie
That is not Shake-ſpeares; *eu'ry Line, each Verſe*
Here ſhall reuiue, redeeme thee from thy Herſe.
Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naſo *ſaid,*
Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke ſhall once inuade.
Nor ſhall I e're beleeue, or thinke thee dead
(Though miſt) vntill our bankrout Stage be ſped
(Impoſſible) with ſome new ſtraine t'out-do
Paſsions of Iuliet, *and her* Romeo;
Or till I heare a Scene more nobly take,
Then when thy half-Sword parlying Romans *ſpake.*
Till theſe, till any of thy Volumes reſt
Shall with more fire, more feeling be expreſt,
Be ſure, our Shake-ſpeare, *thou canſt neuer dye,*
But crown'd with Lawrell, liue eternally.

L. Digges.

To the memorie of M. *W. Shake-ſpeare.*

VVEE *wondred* (Shake-ſpeare) *that thou went'ſt ſo ſoone*
From the Worlds-Stage, to the Graues-Tyring-roome.
Wee thought thee dead, bũt this thy printed worth,
Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'ſt but forth
To enter with applauſe. An Actors Art,
Can dye, and liue, to acte a ſecond part.
That's but an Exit *of Mortalitie;*
This, a Re-entrance to a Plaudite.

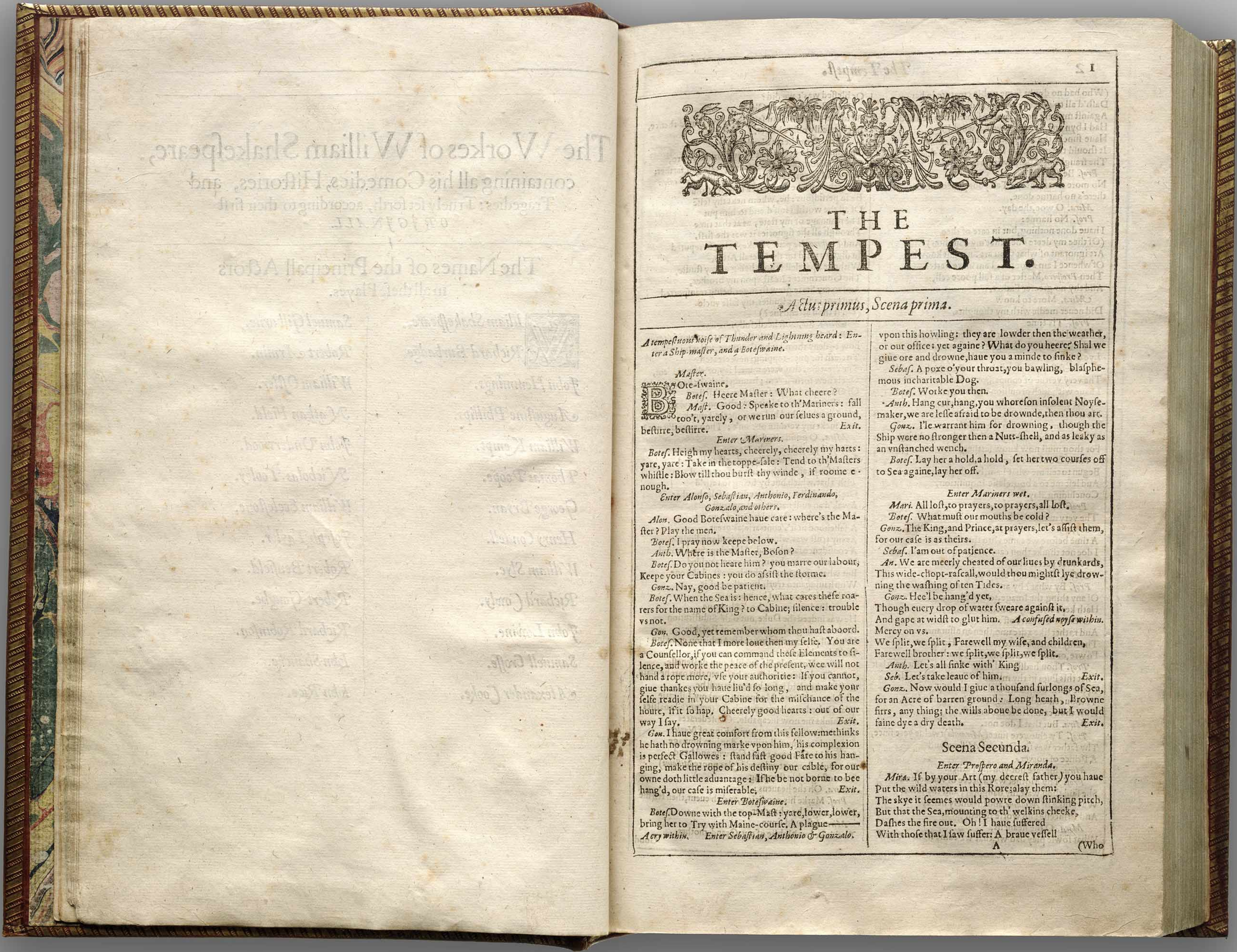
I. M.



The Workes of William Shakeſpeare,
containing all his Comedies, Hiſtories, and
Tragedies: Truely ſet forth, according to their firſt
ORJGJNALL.

The Names of the Principall Actors
in all theſe Playes.

William Shakeſpeare.
Richard Burbadge.
John Hemmings.
Auguſtine Phillips.
William Kempt.
Thomas Poope.
George Bryan.
Henry Condell.
William Slye.
Richard Cowly.
John Lowine.
Samuell Croſſe.
Alexander Cooke.
Samuel Gilburne.
Robert Armin.
William Oſtler.
Nathan Field.
John Underwood.
Nicholas Tooley.
William Eccleſtone.
Joſeph Taylor.
Robert Benfield.
Robert Goughe.
Richard Robinſon.
Iohn Shancke.
Iohn Rice.



THE TEMPEST.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

A tempeſtuous noiſe of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-maſter, and a Boteſwaine.

Maſter.

BOte-ſwaine.

Botes. Heere Maſter: What cheere?

Maſt. Good: Speake to th'Mariners: fall too't, yarely, or we run our ſelues a ground, beſtirre, beſtirre. *Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Botes. Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts: yare, yare: Take in the toppe-ſale: Tend to th'Maſters whiſtle: Blow till thou burſt thy winde, if roome enough.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good Boteſwaine haue care: where's the Maſter? Play the men.

Botes. I pray now keepe below.

Anth. Where is the Maſter, Boſon?

Botes. Do you not heare him? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do aſsiſt the ſtorme.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Botes. When the Sea is: hence, what cares theſe roarers for the name of King? to Cabine; ſilence: trouble vs not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou haſt aboord.

Botes. None that I more loue then my ſelfe. You are a Counſellor, if you can command theſe Elements to ſilence, and worke the peace of the preſent, wee will not hand a rope more, vſe your authoritie: If you cannot, giue thankes you haue liu'd ſo long, and make your ſelfe readie in your Cabine for the miſchance of the houre, if it ſo hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our way I ſay. *Exit.*

Gon. I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes: ſtand faſt good Fate to his hanging, make the rope of his deſtiny our cable, for our owne doth little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our caſe is miſerable. *Exit.*

Enter Boteſwaine.

Botes. Downe with the top-Maſt: yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Maine-courſe. A plague——

A cry within. *Enter Sebaſtian, Anthonio & Gonzalo.*

vpon this howling: they are lowder then the weather, or our office: yet againe? What do you heere? Shal we giue ore and drowne, haue you a minde to ſinke?

Sebaſ. A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blaſphemous incharitable Dog.

Botes. Worke you then.

Anth. Hang cur, hang, you whoreſon inſolent Noyſemaker, we are leſſe afraid to be drownde, then thou art.

Gonz. I'le warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no ſtronger then a Nutt-ſhell, and as leaky as an vnſtanched wench.

Botes. Lay her a hold, a hold, ſet her two courſes off to Sea againe, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mari. All loſt, to prayers, to prayers, all loſt.

Botes. What muſt our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King, and Prince, at prayers, let's aſſiſt them, for our caſe is as theirs.

Sebaſ. I'am out of patience.

An. We are meerly cheated of our liues by drunkards, This wide-chopt-raſcall, would thou mightſt lye drowning the waſhing of ten Tides.

Gonz. Hee'l be hang'd yet,
Though euery drop of water ſweare againſt it,
And gape at widſt to glut him. *A confuſed noyſe within.*
Mercy on vs.
We ſplit, we ſplit, Farewell my wiſe, and children,
Farewell brother: we ſplit, we ſplit, we ſplit.

Anth. Let's all ſinke with' King

Seb. Let's take leaue of him. *Exit.*

Gonz. Now would I giue a thouſand furlongs of Sea, for an Acre of barren ground: Long heath, Browne firrs, any thing: the wills aboue be done, but I would faine dye a dry death. *Exit.*

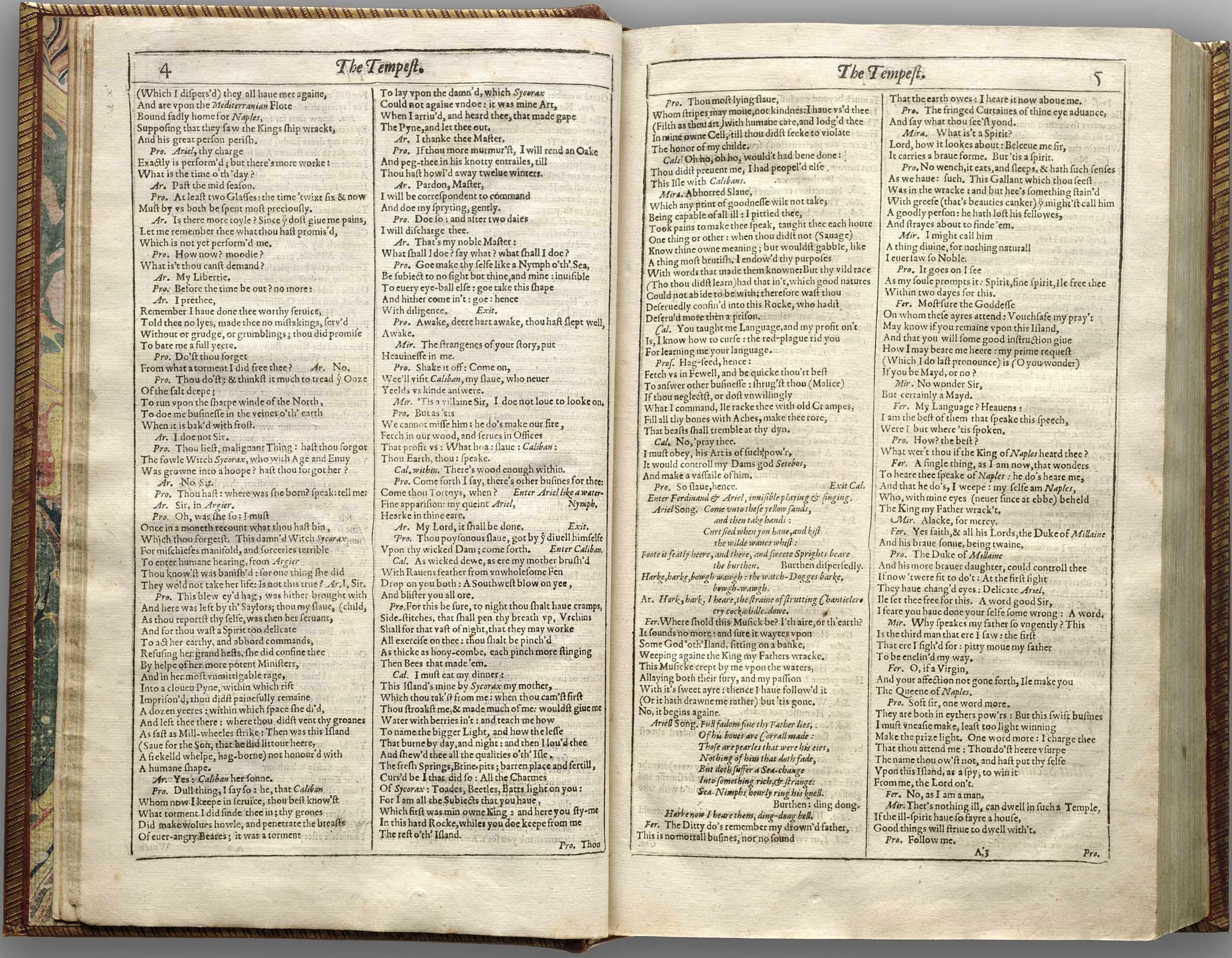
Scena Secunda.

Enter Proſpero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your Art (my deereſt father) you haue
Put the wild waters in this Rore; alay them:
The skye it ſeemes would powre down ſtinking pitch,
But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins checke,
Daſhes the fire out. Oh! I haue ſuffered
With thoſe that I ſaw ſuffer: A braue veſſell

(Who had no doubt ſome noble creature in her)
Daſh'd all to peeces: O the cry did knocke
Againſt my very heart: poore ſoules, they periſh'd.
Had I byn any God of power, I would
Haue ſuncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere
It ſhould the good Ship ſo haue ſwallow'd, and
The fraughting Soules within her.
Proſ. Be collected,
No more amazement: Tell your pitteous heart
there's no harme done.
Mira. O woe, the day.
Proſ. No harme:
I haue done nothing, but in care of thee
(Of thee my deere one; thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art. naught knowing
Of whence I am: nor that I am more better
Then *Proſpero*, Maſter of a full poore cell,
And thy no greater Father.
Mira. More to know
Did neuer medle with my thoughts.
Proſ. 'Tis time
I ſhould informe thee farther: Lend thy hand
And plucke my Magick garment from me: So,
Lye there my Art: wipe thou thine eyes, haue comfort,
The direfull ſpectacle of the wracke which touch'd
The very vertue of compaſſion in thee:
I haue with ſuch prouiſion in mine Art
So ſafely ordered, that there is no ſoule
No not ſo much perdition as an hayre
Betid to any creature in the veſſell
Which thou heardſt cry, which thou ſaw'ſt ſinke: Sit
For thou muſt now know farther. [downe,
Mira. You haue often
Begun to tell me what I am, but ſtopt
And left me to a bootleſſe Inquiſition,
Concluding, ſtay: not yet.
Proſ. The howr's now come
The very minute byds thee ope thine eare,
Obey, and be attentiue. Canſt thou remember
A time before we came vnto this Cell?
I doe not thinke thou canſt, for then thou was't not
Out three yeeres old.
Mira. Certainely Sir, I can.
Proſ. By what? by any other houſe, or perſon?
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mira. 'Tis farre off:
And rather like a dreame, then an aſſurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Fowre, or fiue women once, that tended me?
Proſ. Thou hadſt; and more *Miranda*: But how is it
That this liues in thy minde? What ſeeſt thou els
In the dark-backward and Abiſme of Time?
Yf thou remembreſt ought ere thou cam'ſt here,
How thou cam'ſt here thou maiſt.
Mira. But that I doe not.
Proſ. Twelue yere ſince (*Miranda*) twelue yere ſince,
Thy father was the Duke of *Millaine* and
A Prince of power:
Mira. Sir, are not you my Father?
Proſ. Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and
She ſaid thou waſt my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of *Millaine*, and his onely heire,
And Princeſſe; no worſe Iſſued.
Mira. O the heauens,
What fowle play had we, that we came from thence?
Or bleſſed was't we did?
Proſ. Both, both my Girle.
By fowle-play (as thou ſaiſt) were we heau'd thence,
But bleſſedly holpe hither.
Mira. O my heart bleedes
To thinke oth' teene that I haue turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance, pleaſe you, farther;
Proſ. My brother and thy vncle, call'd *Anthonio*:
I pray thee marke me, that a brother ſhould
Be ſo perfidious: he, whom next thy ſelfe
Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put
The mannage of my ſtate, as at that time
Through all the ſignories it was the firſt,
And *Proſpero*, the prime Duke, being ſo reputed
In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,
Without a paralell; thoſe being all my ſtudie,
The Gouernment I caſt vpon my brother,
And to my State grew ſtranger, being tranſported
And rapt in ſecret ſtudies, thy falſe vncle
(Do'ſt thou attend me?)
Mira. Sir, moſt heedefully.
Proſ. Being once perfected how to graunt ſuites,
how to deny them: who t'aduance, and who
To traſh for ouer-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine, I ſay, or chang'd 'em,
Or els new form'd 'em; hauing both the key,
Of Officer, and office, ſet all hearts i'th ſtate
To what tune pleas'd his eare, that now he was
The Iuy which had hid my princely Trunck,
And suckt my verdure out on't: Thou attend'ſt not?
Mira. O good Sir, I doe.
Proſ. I pray thee marke me:
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To cloſenes, and the bettering of my mind
with that, which but by being ſo retir'd
Ore-priz'd all popular rate: in my falſe brother
Awak'd an euill nature, and my truſt
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falſehood in it's contrarie, as great
As my truſt was, which had indeede no limit,
A confidence ſans bound. He being thus Lorded,
Not onely with what my reuenew yeelded,
But what my power might els exact. Like one
Who hauing into truth, by telling of it,
Made ſuch a ſynner of his memorie
To credite his owne lie, he did beleeue
He was indeed the Duke, out o'th' Subſtitution
And executing th'outward face of Roialtie
With all prerogatiue: hence his Ambition growing:
Do'ſt thou heare?
Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafeneſſe.
Proſ. To haue no Schreene between this part he plaid,
And him he plaid it for, he needes will be
Abſolute *Millaine*, Me (poore man) my Librarie
Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall roalties
He thinks me now incapable. Confederates
(ſo drie he was for Sway) with King of *Naples*
To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage
Subiect his Coronet, to his Crowne and bend
The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (alas poore *Millaine*)
To moſt ignoble ſtooping.
Mira. Oh the heauens:
Proſ. Marke his condition, and th'euent, then tell me
If this might be a brother.
Mira. I ſhould ſinne
To thinke but Noblie of my Grand-mother,

Good wombes haue borne bad ſonnes.
Pro. Now the Condition.
This King of *Naples* being an Enemy
To me inueterate, hearkens my Brothers ſuit,
Which was, That he in lieu o'th' premiſes,
Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute,
Should preſently extirpate me and mine
Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire *Millaine*
With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon
A treacherous Armie leuied, one mid-night
Fated to th' purpoſe, did *Anthonio* open
The gates of *Millaine*, and ith' dead of darkeneſſe
The miniſters for th' purpoſe hurried thence
Me, and thy crying ſelfe.
Mir. Alack, for pitty:
I not remembring how I cride out then
Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes too't.
Pro. Heare a little further,
And then I'le bring thee to the preſent buſineſſe
Which now's vpon's: without the which, this Story
Were moſt impertinent.
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That howre deſtroy vs?
Pro. Well demanded, wench:
My Tale prouokes that queſtion: Deare, they durſt not,
So deare the loue my people bore me: nor ſet
A marke ſo bloudy on the buſineſſe; but
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.
In few, they hurried vs a-boord a Barke,
Bore vs ſome Leagues to Sea, where they prepared
A rotten carkaſſe of a Butt, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, ſayle, nor maſt, the very rats
Inſtinctiuely haue quit it: There they hoyſt vs
To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to ſigh
To th' windes, whoſe pitty ſighing backe againe
Did vs but louing wrong.
Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you?
Pro. O, a Cherubin
Thou was't that did preſerue me; Thou didſt ſmile,
Infuſed with a fortitude from heauen,
When I haue deck'd the ſea with drops full ſalt,
Vnder my burthen groan'd, which raiſ'd in me
An vndergoing ſtomacke, to beare vp
Againſt what ſhould enſue.
Mir. How came we a ſhore?
Pro. By prouidence diuine,
Some food, we had, and ſome freſh water, that
A noble *Neopolitan Gonzalo*
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed
Maſter of this deſigne) did giue vs, with
Rich garments, linnens, ſtuffs, and neceſſaries
Which ſince haue ſteeded much, ſo of his gentleneſſe
Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furniſhd me
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that
I prize aboue my Dukedome.
Mir. Would I might
But euer ſee that man.
Pro. Now I ariſe,
Sit ſtill, and heare the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow:
Heere in this Iland we arriu'd, and heere
Haue I, thy Schoolemaſter, made thee more profit
Then other Princeſſe can, that haue more time
For vainer howres; and Tutors, not ſo carefull.
Mir. Heuens thank you for't. And now I pray you Sir,
For ſtill 'tis beating in my minde; your reaſon
For rayſing this Sea-ſtorme?
Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident moſt ſtrange, bountifull *Fortune*
(Now my deere Lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this ſhore: And by my preſcience
I finde my *Zenith* doth depend vpon
A moſt auſpitious ſtarre, whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit; my fortunes
Will euer after droope: Heare ceaſe more queſtions,
Thou art inclinde to ſleepe: 'tis a good dulneſſe,
And giue it way: I know thou canſt not chuſe:
Come away, Seruant, come; I am ready now,
Approach my *Ariel*. Come. *Enter Ariel.*
Ari. All haile, great Maſter, graue Sir, haile: I come
To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure; be't to fly,
To ſwim, to diue into the fire: to ride
On the curld clowds: to thy ſtrong bidding, taske
Ariel, and all his Qualitie.
Pro. Haſt thou, Spirit,
Performd to point, the Tempeſt that I bad thee.
Ar. To euery Article.
I boorded the Kings ſhip: now on the Beake,
Now in the Waſte, the Decke, in euery Cabyn,
I flam'd amazement, ſometime I'ld diuide
And burne in many places; on the Top-maſt,
The Yards and Bore-ſpritt, would I flame diſtinctly,
Then meete, and ioyne. *Ioues* Lightning, the precurſers
O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps more momentarie
And ſight out running were not; the fire, and cracks
Of ſulphurous roaring, the moſt mighty *Neptune*
Seeme to beſiege, and make his bold waues tremble,
Yea, his dread Trident ſhake.
Pro. My braue Spirit,
Who was ſo firme, ſo conſtant, that this coyle
Would not infect his reaſon?
Ar. Not a ſoule
But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid
Some tricks of deſperation; all but Mariners
Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the veſſell;
Then all afire with me the Kings ſonne *Ferdinand*
With haire vp-ſtaring (then like reeds, not haire)
Was the firſt man that leapt; cride hell is empty,
And all the Diuels are heere.
Pro. Why that's my ſpirit:
But was not this nye ſhore?
Ar. Cloſe by, my Maſter.
Pro. But are they (*Ariell*) ſafe?
Ar. Not a haire periſhd:
On their ſuſtaining garments not a blemiſh,
But freſher then before: and as thou badſt me,
In troops I haue diſperſd them 'bout the Iſle:
The Kings ſonne haue I landed by himſelfe,
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with ſighes,
In an odde Angle of the Iſle, and ſitting
His armes in this ſad knot.
Pro. Of the Kings ſhip,
The Marriners, ſay how thou haſt diſpoſd,
And all the reſt o'th' Fleete?
Ar. Safely in harbour
Is the Kings ſhippe, in the deepe Nooke, where once
Thou calldſt me vp at midnight to fetch dewe
From the ſtill-vext *Bermoothes*, there ſhe's hid;
The Marriners all vnder hatches ſtowed,
Who, with a Charme ioynd to their ſuffred labour
I haue left aſleep: and for the reſt o'th' Fleet



(Which I diſpers'd) they all haue met againe,
And are vpon the *Mediterranian* Flote
Bound ſadly home for *Naples*,
Suppoſing that they ſaw the Kings ſhip wrackt,
And his great perſon periſh.
Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more worke:
What is the time o'th'day?
Ar. Paſt the mid ſeaſon.
Pro. At leaſt two Glaſſes: the time 'twixt ſix & now
Muſt by vs both be ſpent moſt preciouſly.
Ar. Is there more toyle? Since yͧ doſt giue me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.
Pro. How now? moodie?
What is't thou canſt demand?
Ar. My Libertie.
Pro. Before the time be out? no more:
Ar. I prethee,
Remember I haue done thee worthy ſeruice,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no miſtakings, ſerv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou did promiſe
To bate me a full yeere.
Pro. Do'ſt thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee? *Ar.* No.
Pro. Thou do'ſt: & thinkſt it much to tread yͤ Ooze
Of the ſalt deepe;
To run vpon the ſharpe winde of the North,
To doe me buſineſſe in the veines o'th' earth
When it is bak'd with froſt.
Ar. I doe not Sir.
Pro. Thou lieſt, malignant Thing: haſt thou forgot
The fowle Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Enuy
Was growne into a hoope? haſt thou forgot her?
Ar. No Sir.
Pro. Thou haſt: where was ſhe born? ſpeak: tell me:
Ar. Sir, in *Argier*.
Pro. Oh, was ſhe ſo: I muſt
Once in a moneth recount what thou haſt bin,
Which thou forgetſt. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*
For miſchiefes manifold, and ſorceries terrible
To enter humane hearing, from *Argier*
Thou know'ſt was baniſh'd: for one thing ſhe did
They wold not take her life: Is not this true? *Ar.* I, Sir.
Pro. This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with (child,
And here was left by th' Saylors; thou my ſlaue,
As thou reportſt thy ſelfe, was then her ſeruant,
And for thou waſt a Spirit too delicate
To act her earthy, and abhord commands,
Refuſing her grand heſts, ſhe did confine thee
By helpe of her more potent Miniſters,
And in her moſt vnmittigable rage,
Into a clouen Pyne, within which rift
Impriſon'd, thou didſt painefully remaine
A dozen yeeres: within which ſpace ſhe di'd,
And left thee there: where thou didſt vent thy groanes
As faſt as Mill-wheeles ſtrike: Then was this Iſland
(Saue for the Son, that he did littour heere,
A frekelld whelpe, hag-borne) not honour'd with
A humane ſhape.
Ar. Yes: *Caliban* her ſonne.
Pro. Dull thing, I ſay ſo: he, that *Caliban*
Whom now I keepe in ſeruice, thou beſt know'ſt
What torment I did finde thee in; thy grones
Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the breaſts
Of euer-angry Beares; it was a torment
To lay vpon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not againe vndoe: it was mine Art,
When I arriu'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The Pyne, and let thee out.
Ar. I thanke thee Maſter.
Pro. If thou more murmur'ſt, I will rend an Oake
And peg-thee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou haſt howl'd away twelue winters.
Ar. Pardon, Maſter,
I will be correſpondent to command
And doe my ſpryting, gently.
Pro. Doe ſo: and after two daies
I will diſcharge thee.
Ar. That's my noble Maſter:
What ſhall I doe? ſay what? what ſhall I doe?
Pro. Goe make thy ſelfe like a Nymph o'th' Sea,
Be ſubiect to no ſight but thine, and mine: inuiſible
To euery eye-ball elſe: goe take this ſhape
And hither come in't: goe: hence
With diligence. *Exit.*
Pro. Awake, deere hart awake, thou haſt ſlept well,
Awake.
Mir. The ſtrangenes of your ſtory, put
Heauineſſe in me.
Pro. Shake it off: Come on,
Wee'll viſit *Caliban*, my ſlaue, who neuer
Yeelds vs kinde anſwere.
Mir. 'Tis a villaine Sir, I doe not loue to looke on.
Pro. But as 'tis
We cannot miſſe him: he do's make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and ſerues in Offices
That profit vs: What hoa: ſlaue: *Caliban*:
Thou Earth, thou: ſpeake.
Cal. within. There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth I ſay, there's other buſines for thee:
Come thou Tortoys, when? *Enter Ariel like a water-*
Fine appariſion: my queint *Ariel*, *Nymph.*
Hearke in thine eare.
Ar. My Lord, it ſhall be done. *Exit.*
Pro. Thou poyſonous ſlaue, got by yͤ diuell himſelfe
Vpon thy wicked Dam; come forth. *Enter Caliban.*
Cal. As wicked dewe, as ere my mother bruſh'd
With Rauens feather from vnwholeſome Fen
Drop on you both: A Southweſt blow on yee,
And bliſter you all ore.
Pro. For this be ſure, to night thou ſhalt haue cramps,
Side-ſtitches, that ſhall pen thy breath vp, Vrchins
Shall for that vaſt of night, that they may worke
All exerciſe on thee: thou ſhalt be pinch'd
As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more ſtinging
Then Bees that made 'em.
Cal. I muſt eat my dinner:
This Iſland's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'ſt from me: when thou cam'ſt firſt
Thou ſtroakſt me, & made much of me: wouldſt giue me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger Light, and how the leſſe
That burne by day, and night: and then I lou'd thee
And ſhew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Iſle,
The freſh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill,
Curs'd be I that did ſo: All the Charmes
Of *Sycorax*: Toades, Beetles, Batts light on you:
For I am all the Subiects that you haue,
Which firſt was min owne King: and here you ſty-me
In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me
The reſt o'th' Iſland.

Pro. Thou moſt lying ſlaue,
Whom ſtripes may moue, not kindnes: I haue vs'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee
In mine owne Cell, till thou didſt ſeeke to violate
The honor of my childe.
Cal. Oh ho, oh ho, would't had bene done:
Thou didſt preuent me, I had peopel'd elſe
This Iſle with *Calibans*.
Mira. Abhorred Slaue,
Which any print of goodneſſe wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill: I pittied thee,
Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each houre
One thing or other: when thou didſt not (Sauage)
Know thine owne meaning; but wouldſt gabble, like
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words that made them knowne: But thy vild race
(Tho thou didſt learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſeruedly confin'd into this Rocke, who hadſt
Deſeru'd more then a priſon.
Cal. You taught me Language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe: the red-plague rid you
For learning me your language.
Prosp. Hag-ſeed, hence:
Fetch vs in Fewell, and be quicke thou'rt beſt
To anſwer other buſineſſe: ſhrug'ſt thou (Malice)
If thou neglectſt, or doſt vnwillingly
What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,
Fill all thy bones with Aches, make thee rore,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy dyn.
Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I muſt obey, his Art is of ſuch pow'r,
It would controll my Dams god *Setebos*,
And make a vaſſaile of him.
Pro. So ſlaue, hence. *Exit Cal.*
Enter Ferdinand & Ariel, inuiſible playing & ſinging.
Ariel Song. *Come vnto theſe yellow ſands,*
and then take hands:
Curtſied when you haue, and kiſt
the wilde waues whiſt:
Foote it featly heere, and there, and ſweete Sprights beare
the burthen. Burthen diſperſedly.
Harke, harke, bowgh wawgh: the watch-Dogges barke,
bowgh-wawgh.
Ar. *Hark, hark, I heare, the ſtraine of ſtrutting Chanticlere*
cry cockadidle-dowe.
Fer. Where ſhold this Muſick be? I'th aire, or th'earth?
It ſounds no more: and ſure it waytes vpon
Some God 'oth' Iland, ſitting on a banke,
Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke.
This Muſicke crept by me vpon the waters,
Allaying both their fury, and my paſſion
With it's ſweet ayre: thence I haue follow'd it
(Or it hath drawne me rather) but 'tis gone.
No, it begins againe.
Ariell Song. *Full fadom fiue thy Father lies,*
Of his bones are Corrall made:
Thoſe are pearles that were his eies,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a Sea-change
Into ſomething rich, & ſtrange:
Sea-Nimphs hourly ring his knell.
Burthen: ding dong.
Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.
Fer. The Ditty do's remember my drown'd father,
This is no mortall buſines, nor no ſound
That the earth owes: I heare it now aboue me.
Pro. The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,
And ſay what thou ſee'ſt yond.
Mira. What is't a Spirit?
Lord, how it lookes about: Beleeue me ſir,
It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a ſpirit.
Pro. No wench, it eats, and ſleeps, & hath ſuch ſenſes
As we haue: ſuch. This Gallant which thou ſeeſt
Was in the wracke: and but hee's ſomething ſtain'd
With greefe (that's beauties canker) yͧ might'ſt call him
A goodly perſon: he hath loſt his fellowes,
And ſtrayes about to finde 'em.
Mir. I might call him
A thing diuine, for nothing naturall
I euer ſaw ſo Noble.
Pro. It goes on I ſee
As my ſoule prompts it: Spirit, fine ſpirit, Ile free thee
Within two dayes for this.
Fer. Moſt ſure the Goddeſſe
On whom theſe ayres attend: Vouchſafe my pray'r
May know if you remaine vpon this Iſland,
And that you will ſome good inſtruction giue
How I may beare me heere: my prime requeſt
(Which I do laſt pronounce) is (O you wonder)
If you be Mayd, or no?
Mir. No wonder Sir,
But certainly a Mayd.
Fer. My Language? Heauens:
I am the beſt of them that ſpeake this ſpeech,
Were I but where 'tis ſpoken.
Pro. How? the beſt?
What wer't thou if the King of *Naples* heard thee?
Fer. A ſingle thing, as I am now, that wonders
To heare thee ſpeake of *Naples*: he do's heare me,
And that he do's, I weepe: my ſelfe am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (neuer ſince at ebbe) beheld
The King my Father wrack't.
Mir. Alacke, for mercy.
Fer. Yes faith, & all his Lords, the Duke of *Millaine*
And his braue ſonne, being twaine.
Pro. The Duke of *Millaine*
And his more brauer daughter, could controll thee
If now 'twere fit to do't: At the firſt ſight
They haue chang'd eyes: Delicate *Ariel*,
Ile ſet thee free for this. A word good Sir,
I feare you haue done your ſelfe ſome wrong: A word.
Mir. Why ſpeakes my father ſo vngently? This
Is the third man that ere I ſaw: the firſt
That ere I ſigh'd for: pitty moue my father
To be enclin'd my way.
Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you
The Queene of *Naples*.
Pro. Soft ſir, one word more.
They are both in eythers pow'rs: But this ſwift buſines
I muſt vneaſie make, leaſt too light winning
Make the prize light. One word more: I charge thee
That thou attend me: Thou do'ſt heere vſurpe
The name thou ow'ſt not, and haſt put thy ſelfe
Vpon this Iſland, as a ſpy, to win it
From me, the Lord on't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mir. Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in ſuch a Temple,
If the ill-ſpirit haue ſo fayre a houſe,
Good things will ſtriue to dwell with't.
Pro. Follow me.

Prof. Speake not you for him: hee's a Traitor: come,
Ile manacle thy necke and feete together:
Sea water ſhalt thou drinke: thy food ſhall be
The freſh-brooke Muſſels, wither'd roots, and huskes
Wherein the Acorne cradled. Follow.
Fer. No,
I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment, till
Mine enemy ha's more pow'r.
He drawes, and is charmed from mouing.
Mira. O deere Father,
Make not too raſh a triall of him, for
Hee's gentle, and not fearfull.
Prof. What I ſay,
My foote my Tutor? Put thy ſword vp Traitor,
Who mak'ſt a ſhew, but dar'ſt not ſtrike: thy conſcience
Is ſo poſſeſt with guilt: Come, from thy ward,
For I can heere diſarme thee with this ſticke,
And make thy weapon drop.
Mira. Beſeech you Father.
Prof. Hence: hang not on my garments.
Mira. Sir haue pity,
Ile be his ſurety.
Prof. Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee: What,
An aduocate for an Impoſtor? Huſh:
Thou think'ſt there is no more ſuch ſhapes as he,
(Hauing ſeene but him and *Caliban:*) Fooliſh wench,
To th'moſt of men, this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.
Mira. My affections
Are then moſt humble: I haue no ambition
To ſee a goodlier man.
Prof. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerues are in their infancy againe.
And haue no vigour in them.
Fer. So they are:
My ſpirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp:
My Fathers loſſe, the weakneſſe which I feele,
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,
To whom I am ſubdude, are but light to me,
Might I but through my priſon once a day
Behold this Mayd: all corners elſe o'th'Earth
Let liberty make vſe of: ſpace enough
Haue I in ſuch a priſon.
Prof. It workes: Come on.
Thou haſt done well, fine *Ariell*: follow me,
Harke what thou elſe ſhalt do mee.
Mira. Be of comfort,
My Fathers of a better nature (Sir)
Then he appeares by ſpeech: this is vnwonted
Which now came from him.
Prof. Thou ſhalt be as free
As mountaine windes; but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ariell. To th'ſyllable.
Prof. Come follow: ſpeake not for him. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, and others.

Gonz. Beſeech you Sir, be merry; you haue cauſe,
(So haue we all) of ioy; for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſſe; our hint of woe
Is common, euery day, ſome Saylors wife,
The Maſters of ſome Merchant, and the Merchant
Haue iuſt our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,
(I meane our preſeruation) few in millions
Can ſpeake like vs: then wiſely (good Sir) weigh
Our ſorrow, with our comfort.
Alonſ. Prethee peace.
Seb. He receiues comfort like cold porredge.
Ant. The Viſitor will not giue him ore ſo.
Seb. Looke, hee's winding vp the watch of his wit,
By and by it will ſtrike.
Gon. Sir.
Seb. One: Tell.
Gon. When euery greefe is entertaind,
That's offer'd comes to th'entertainer.
Seb. A dollor.
Gon. Dolour comes to him indeed, you haue ſpoken truer then you purpos'd.
Seb. You haue taken it wiſelier then I meant you ſhould.
Gon. Therefore my Lord.
Ant. Fie, what a ſpend-thrift is he of his tongue.
Alon. I pre-thee ſpare.
Gon. Well, I haue done: But yet
Seb. He will be talking.
Ant. Which, of he, or Adrian, for a good wager,
Firſt begins to crow?
Seb. The old Cocke.
Ant. The Cockrell.
Seb. Done: The wager?
Ant. A Laughter.
Seb. A match.
Adr. Though this Iſland ſeeme to be deſert.
Seb. Ha, ha, ha.
Ant. So: you'r paid.
Adr. Vninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible.
Seb. Yet
Adr. Yet
Ant. He could not miſſe't.
Adr. It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, and delicate temperance.
Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.
Seb. I, and a ſubtle, as he moſt learnedly deliuer'd.
Adr. The ayre breathes vpon vs here moſt ſweetly.
Seb. As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.
Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.
Gon. Heere is euery thing aduantageous to life.
Ant. True, ſaue meanes to liue.
Seb. Of that there's none, or little.
Gon. How luſh and luſty the graſſe lookes?
How greene?
Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of greene in't.
Ant. He miſſes not much.
Seb. No: he doth but miſtake the truth totally.
Gon. But the rariety of it is, which is indeed almoſt beyond credit.
Seb. As many voucht rarieties are.
Gon. That our Garments being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithſtanding their freſhneſſe and gloſſes, being rather new dy'de then ſtain'd with ſalte water.
Ant. If but one of his pockets could ſpeake, would it not ſay he lyes?
Seb. I, or very falſely pocket vp his report.
Gon.

Gon. Me thinkes our garments are now as freſh as when we put them on firſt in Affricke, at the marriage of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*.
Seb. 'Twas a ſweet marriage, and we proſper well in our returne.
Adri. *Tunis* was neuer grac'd before with ſuch a Paragon to their Queene.
Gon. Not ſince widdow *Dido's* time.
Ant. Widow? A pox o'that: how came that Widdow in? Widdow *Dido*!
Seb. What if he had ſaid Widdower *Æneas* too?
Good Lord, how you take it?
Adri. Widdow *Dido* ſaid you? You make me ſtudy of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.
Gon. This *Tunis* Sir was *Carthage*.
Adri. *Carthage*? *Gon.* I aſſure you *Carthage*.
Ant. His word is more then the miraculous Harpe.
Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houſes too.
Ant. What impoſsible matter wil he make eaſy next?
Seb. I thinke hee will carry this Iſland home in his pocket, and giue it his ſonne for an Apple.
Ant. And ſowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Iſlands.
Gon. I. *Ant.* Why in good time.
Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments ſeeme now as freſh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.
Ant. And the rareſt that ere came there.
Seb. Bate (I beſeech you) widdow *Dido*.
Ant. O Widdow *Dido*? I, Widdow *Dido*.
Gon. Is not Sir my doublet as freſh as the firſt day I wore it? I meane in a ſort.
Ant. That ſort was well fiſh'd for.
Gon. When I wore it at your daughters marriage.
Alon. You cram theſe words into mine eares, againſt
the ſtomacke of my ſenſe: would I had neuer
Married my daughter there: For comming thence
My ſonne is loſt, and (in my rate) ſhe too,
Who is ſo farre from *Italy* remoued,
I ne're againe ſhall ſee her: O thou mine heire
Of *Naples* and of *Millaine*, what ſtrange fiſh
Hath made his meale on thee?
Fran. Sir he may liue,
I ſaw him beate the ſurges vnder him,
And ride vpon their backes; he trod the water
Whoſe enmity he flung aſide: and breſted
The ſurge moſt ſwolne that met him: his bold head
'Boue the contentious waues he kept, and oared
Himſelfe with his good armes in luſty ſtroke
To th'ſhore; that ore his waue-worne baſis bowed
As ſtooping to releeue him: I not doubt
He came aliue to Land.
Alon. No, no, hee's gone.
Seb. Sir you may thank your ſelfe for this great loſſe,
That would not bleſſe our Europe with your daughter,
But rather looſe her to an Affrican,
Where ſhe at leaſt, is baniſh'd from your eye,
Who hath cauſe to wet the greefe on't.
Alon. Pre-thee peace.
Seb. You were kneel'd too, & importun'd otherwiſe
By all of vs: and the faire ſoule her ſelfe
Waigh'd betweene loathneſſe, and obedience, at
Which end o'th'beame ſhould bow: we haue loſt your
I feare for euer: *Millaine* and *Naples* haue (ſon,
Mo widdowes in them of this buſineſſe making,
Then we bring men to comfort them:
The faults your owne.
Alon. So is the dear'ſt oth'loſſe.
Gon. My Lord *Sebaſtian*,
The truth you ſpeake doth lacke ſome gentleneſſe,
And time to ſpeake it in: you rub the ſore,
When you ſhould bring the plaiſter.
Seb. Very well. *Ant.* And moſt Chirurgeonly.
Gon. It is foule weather in vs all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.
Seb. Fowle weather? *Ant.* Very foule.
Gon. Had I plantation of this Iſle my Lord.
Ant. Hee'd ſow't vvith Nettle-ſeed.
Seb. Or dockes, or Mallowes.
Gon. And were the King on't, what vvould I do?
Seb. Scape being drunke, for want of Wine.
Gon. I'th'Commonwealth I vvould (by contraries)
Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke
Would I admit: No name of Magiſtrate:
Letters ſhould not be knowne: Riches, pouerty,
And vſe of ſeruice, none: Contract, Succeſsion,
Borne, bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none:
No vſe of Mettall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle:
No occupation, all men idle, all:
And Women too, but innocent and pure:
No Soueraignty.
Seb. Yet he vvould be King on't.
Ant. The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets the beginning.
Gon. All things in common Nature ſhould produce
Without ſweat or endeuour: Treaſon, fellony,
Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine
Would I not haue: but Nature ſhould bring forth
Of it owne kinde, all foyzon, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.
Seb. No marrying 'mong his ſubiects?
Ant. None (man) all idle; Whores and knaues,
Gon. I vvould vvith ſuch perfection gouerne Sir:
T'Excell the Golden Age.
Seb. 'Saue his Maieſty. *Ant.* Long liue *Gonzalo*.
Gon. And do you marke me, Sir?
Alon. Pre-thee no more: thou doſt talke nothing to (me.
Gon. I do vvell beleeue your Highneſſe, and did it to miniſter occaſion to theſe Gentlemen, who are of ſuch ſenſible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes vſe to laugh at nothing.
Ant. 'Twas you vve laugh'd at.
Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: ſo you may continue, and laugh at nothing ſtill.
Ant. What a blow vvas there giuen?
Seb. And it had not falne flat-long.
Gon. You are Gentlemen of braue mettal: you would lift the Moone out of her ſpheare, if ſhe would continue in it fiue weekes vvithout changing.
Enter Ariell playing ſolemne Muſicke.
Seb. We vvould ſo, and then go a Bat-fowling.
Ant. Nay good my Lord, be not angry.
Gon. No I warrant you, I vvill not aduenture my diſcretion ſo weakly: Will you laugh me aſleepe, for I am very heauy.
Ant. Go ſleepe, and heare vs.
Alon. What, all ſo ſoone aſleepe? I wiſh mine eyes
Would (with themſelues) ſhut vp my thoughts,
I finde they are inclin'd to do ſo.
Seb. Pleaſe you Sir,
Do not omit the heauy offer of it:
It ſildome viſits ſorrow, when it doth, it is a Comforter.
Ant.

Ant. We two my Lord, will guard your perſon,
While you take your reſt, and watch your ſafety.
Alon. Thanke you: Wondrous heauy.
Seb. What a ſtrange drowſines poſſeſſes them?
Ant. It is the quality o'th'Clymate.
Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids ſinke? I finde
Not my ſelfe diſpos'd to ſleep.
Ant. Nor I, my ſpirits are nimble:
They fell together all, as by conſent
They dropt, as by a Thunder-ſtroke: what might
Worthy *Sebaſtian*? O, what might? no more:
And yet, me thinkes I ſee it in thy face,
What thou ſhould'ſt be: th'occaſion ſpeaks thee, and
My ſtrong imagination ſee's a Crowne
Dropping vpon thy head.
Seb. What? art thou waking?
Ant. Do you not heare me ſpeake?
Seb. I do, and ſurely
It is a ſleepy Language; and thou ſpeak'ſt
Out of thy ſleepe: What is it thou didſt ſay?
This is a ſtrange repoſe, to be aſleepe
With eyes wide open: ſtanding, ſpeaking, mouing:
And yet ſo faſt aſleepe.
Ant. Noble *Sebaſtian*,
Thou let'ſt thy fortune ſleepe: die rather: wink'ſt
Whiles thou art waking.
Seb. Thou do'ſt ſnore diſtinctly,
There's meaning in thy ſnores.
Ant. I am more ſerious then my cuſtome: you
Muſt be ſo too, if heed me: which to do,
Trebbles thee o're.
Seb. Well: I am ſtanding water.
Ant. Ile teach you how to flow.
Seb. Do ſo: to ebbe
Hereditary Sloth inſtructs me.
Ant. O!
If you but knew how you the purpoſe cheriſh
Whiles thus you mocke it: how in ſtripping it
You more inueſt it: ebbing men, indeed
(Moſt often) do ſo neere the bottome run
By their owne feare, or ſloth.
Seb. 'Pre-thee ſay on,
The ſetting of thine eye, and cheeke proclaime
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throwes thee much to yeeld.
Ant. Thus Sir:
Although this Lord of weake remembrance; this
Who ſhall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd, hath here almoſt perſwaded
(For hee's a Spirit of perſwaſion, onely
Profeſſes to perſwade) the King his ſonne's aliue,
'Tis as impoſsible that hee's vndrown'd,
As he that ſleepes heere, ſwims.
Seb. I haue no hope
That hee's vndrown'd.
Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope haue you? No hope that way, Is
Another way ſo high a hope, that euen
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond
But doubt diſcouery there. Will you grant with me
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd.
Seb. He's gone.
Ant. Then tell me, who's the next heire of *Naples*?
Seb. *Claribell.*
Ant. She that is Queene of *Tunis*: ſhe that dwels
Ten leagues beyond mans life: ſhe that from *Naples*
Can haue no note, vnleſſe the Sun were poſt:
The Man i'th Moone's too ſlow, till new-borne chinnes
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that from whom
We all were ſea-ſwallow'd, though ſome caſt againe,
(And by that deſtiny) to performe an act
Whereof, what's paſt is Prologue; what to come
In yours, and my diſcharge.
Seb. What ſtuffe is this? How ſay you?
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis*,
So is ſhe heyre of *Naples*, 'twixt which Regions
There is ſome ſpace.
Ant. A ſpace, whoſe eu'ry cubit
Seemes to cry out, how ſhall that *Claribell*
Meaſure vs backe to *Naples*? keepe in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebaſtian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath ſeiz'd them, why they were no worſe
Then now they are: There be that can rule *Naples*
As well as he that ſleepes: Lords, that can prate
As amply, and vnneceſſarily
As this *Gonzallo*: I my ſelfe could make
A Chough of as deepe chat: O, that you bore
The minde that I do; what a ſleepe were this
For your aduancement? Do you vnderſtand me?
Seb. Me thinkes I do.
Ant. And how do's your content
Tender your owne good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did ſupplant your Brother *Proſpero*.
Ant. True:
And looke how well my Garments ſit vpon me,
Much feater then before: My Brothers ſeruants
Were then my fellowes, now they are my men.
Seb. But for your conſcience.
Ant. I Sir: where lies that? If 'twere a kybe
'Twould put me to my ſlipper: But I feele not
This Deity in my boſome: 'Twentie conſciences
That ſtand 'twixt me, and *Millaine*, candied be they,
And melt ere they molleſt: Heere lies your Brother,
No better then the earth he lies vpon,
If he were that which now hee's like (that's dead)
Whom I with this obedient ſteele (three inches of it)
Can lay to bed for euer: whiles you doing thus,
To the perpetuall winke for aye might put
This ancient morſell: this Sir Prudence, who
Should not vpbraid our courſe: for all the reſt
They'l take ſuggeſtion, as a Cat laps milke,
They'l tell the clocke, to any buſineſſe that
We ſay befits the houre.
Seb. Thy caſe, deere Friend
Shall be my preſident: As thou got'ſt *Millaine*,
I'le come by *Naples*: Draw thy ſword, one ſtroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paieſt,
And I the King ſhall loue thee.
Ant. Draw together:
And when I reare my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.
Seb. O, but one word.

Enter Ariell with Muſicke and Song.

Ariel. My Maſter through his Art foreſees the danger
That you (his friend) are in, and ſends me forth
(For elſe his proiect dies) to keepe them liuing.

Sings in Gonzaloes eare.

While you here do ſnoaring lie,
Open-ey'd Conſpiracie
His time doth take:
If

If of Life you keepe a care,
Shake off ſlumber and beware.
Awake, awake.

Ant. Then let vs both be ſodaine.
Gon. Now, good Angels preſerue the King.
Alo. Why how now hoa; awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghaſtly looking?
Gon. What's the matter?
Seb. Whiles we ſtood here ſecuring your repoſe,
(Euen now) we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing
Like Buls, or rather Lyons, did't not wake you?
It ſtrooke mine eare moſt terribly.
Alo. I heard nothing.
Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a Monſters eare;
To make an earthquake: ſure it was the roare
Of a whole heard of Lyons.
Alo. Heard you this *Gonzalo*?
Gon. Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
(And that a ſtrange one too) which did awake me:
I ſhak'd you Sir, and cride: as mine eyes opend,
I ſaw their weapons drawne: there was a noyſe,
That's verily: 'tis beſt we ſtand vpon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.
Alo. Lead off this ground & let's make further ſearch
For my poore ſonne.
Gon. Heauens keepe him from theſe Beaſts:
For he is ſure i'th Iſland.
Alo. Lead away. (done.
Ariell. *Proſpero* my Lord, ſhall know what I haue
So (King) goe ſafely on to ſeeke thy Son. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Caliban, *with a burthen of Wood (a noyſe of Thunder heard.)*

Cal. All the infections that the Sunne ſuckes vp
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Proſper* fall, and make him
By ynch-meale a diſeaſe: his Spirits heare me,
And yet I needes muſt curſe. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with Vrchyn-ſhewes, pitch me i'th mire,
Nor lead me like a fire-brand, in the darke
Out of my way, vnleſſe he bid'em; but
For euery trifle, are they ſet vpon me,
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like Hedg-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: ſometime am I
All wound with Adders, who with clouen tongues
Doe hiſſe me into madneſſe: Lo, now Lo, *Enter*
Here comes a Spirit of his, and to torment me *Trinculo.*
For bringing wood in ſlowly: I'le fall flat,
Perchance he will not minde me.

Tri. Here's neither buſh, nor ſhrub to beare off any weather at all: and another Storme brewing, I heare it ſing ith' winde: yond ſame blacke cloud, yond huge one, lookes like a foule bumbard that would ſhed his licquor: if it ſhould thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond ſame cloud cannot chooſe but fall by paile-fuls. What haue we here, a man, or a fiſh? dead or aliue? a fiſh, hee ſmels like a fiſh: a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell: a kinde of, not of the neweſt poore-Iohn: a ſtrange fiſh: were I in *England* now (as once I was) and had but this fiſh painted; not a holiday-foole there but would giue a peece of ſiluer: there, would this Monſter, make a man: any ſtrange beaſt there, makes a man: when they will not giue a doit to relieue a lame Begger, they will lay out ten to ſee a dead *Indian*: Leg'd like a man; and his Finnes like Armes: warme o' my troth: I doe now let looſe my opinion; hold it no longer; this is no fiſh, but an Iſlander, that hath lately ſuffered by a Thunderbolt: Alas, the ſtorme is come againe: my beſt way is to creepe vnder his Gaberdine: there is no other ſhelter hereabout: Miſery acquaints a man with ſtrange bedfellowes: I will here ſhrowd till the dregges of the ſtorme be paſt.

Enter Stephano ſinging.

Ste. *I ſhall no more to ſea, to ſea, here ſhall I dye aſhore.*
This is a very ſcuruy tune to ſing at a mans
Funerall: well, here's my comfort. *Drinkes.*
Sings. *The Maſter, the Swabber, the Boate-ſwaine & I;*
The Gunner, and his Mate
Lou'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,
But none of vs car'd for Kate.
For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a Sailor goe hang:
She lou'd not the ſauour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Tailor might ſcratch her where ere ſhe did itch.
Then to Sea Boyes, and let her goe hang.
This is a ſcuruy tune too:
But here's my comfort. *drinks.*
Cal. Doe not torment me: oh.
Ste. What's the matter?
Haue we diuels here?
Doe you put trickes vpon's with Saluages, and Men of Inde? ha? I haue not ſcap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your foure legges: for it hath bin ſaid; as proper a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him giue ground: and it ſhall be ſaid ſo againe, while *Stephano* breathes at' noſtrils.

Cal. The Spirit torments me: oh.

Ste. This is ſome Monſter of the Iſle, with foure legs; who hath got (as I take it) an Ague: where the diuell ſhould he learne our language? I will giue him ſome reliefe if it be but for that: if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Preſent for any Emperour that euer trod on Neates-leather.

Cal. Doe not torment me 'prethee: I'le bring my wood home faſter.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the wiſeſt; hee ſhall taſte of my Bottle: if hee haue neuer drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remoue his Fit: if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, I will not take too much for him; hee ſhall pay for him that hath him, and that ſoundly.

Cal. Thou do'ſt me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: Now *Proſper* workes vpon thee.

Ste. Come on your wayes: open your mouth: here is that which will giue language to you Cat; open your mouth; this will ſhake your ſhaking, I can tell you, and that ſoundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps againe.

Tri. I ſhould know that voyce:
It ſhould be,
But

But hee is dround; and theſe are diuels; O defend me.

Ste. Foure legges and two voyces; a moſt delicate Monſter: his forward voyce now is to ſpeake well of his friend; his backward voice, is to vtter foule ſpeeches, and to detract: if all the wine in my bottle will recouer him, I will helpe his Ague: Come: Amen, I will poure ſome in thy other mouth.

Tri. Stephano.

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy: This is a diuell, and no Monſter: I will leaue him, I haue no long Spoone.

Tri. Stephano: if thou beeſt *Stephano*, touch me, and ſpeake to me: for I am *Trinculo*; be not afeard, thy good friend *Trinculo.*

Ste. If thou bee'ſt *Trinculo*: come foorth: I'le pull thee by the leſſer legges: if any be *Trinculo's* legges, theſe are they: Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede: how cam'ſt thou to be the ſiege of this Moone-calfe? Can he vent *Trinculo's*?

Tri. I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-ſtrok; but art thou not dround *Stephano*: I hope now thou art not dround: Is the Storme ouer-blowne? I hid mee vnder the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme: And art thou liuing *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* ſcap'd?

Ste. 'Prethee doe not turne me about, my ſtomacke is not conſtant.

Cal. Theſe be fine things, and if they be not ſprights: that's a braue God, and beares Celeſtiall liquor: I will kneele to him.

Ste. How did'ſt thou ſcape?
How cam'ſt thou hither?
Sweare by this Bottle how thou cam'ſt hither: I eſcap'd vpon a But of Sacke, which the Saylors heaued o'reboord, by this Bottle which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, ſince I was caſt aſhore.

Cal. I'le ſweare vpon that Bottle, to be thy true ſubiect, for the liquor is not earthly.

St. Heere: ſweare then how thou eſcap'dſt.

Tri. Swom aſhore (man) like a Ducke: I can ſwim like a Ducke i'le be ſworne.

Ste. Here, kiſſe the Booke.
Though thou canſt ſwim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Gooſe.

Tri. O *Stephano*, ha'ſt any more of this?

Ste. The whole But (man) my Cellar is in a rocke by th'ſea-ſide, where my Wine is hid:
How now Moone-Calfe, how do's thine Ague?

Cal. Ha'ſt thou not dropt from heauen?

Ste. Out o'th Moone I doe aſſure thee. I was the Man ith' Moone, when time was.

Cal. I haue ſeene thee in her: and I doe adore thee: My Miſtris ſhew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Buſh.

Ste. Come, ſweare to that: kiſſe the Booke: I will furniſh it anon with new Contents: Sweare.

Tri. By this good light, this is a very ſhallow Monſter: I afeard of him? a very weake Monſter:
The Man ith' Moone?
A moſt poore creadulous Monſter:
Well drawne Monſter, in good ſooth.

Cal. Ile ſhew thee euery fertill ynch 'oth Iſland: and I will kiſſe thy foote: I prethee be my god.

Tri. By this light, a moſt perfidious, and drunken Monſter, when's god's a ſleepe he'll rob his Bottle.

Cal. Ile kiſſe thy foot. Ile ſweare my ſelfe thy Subiect.

Ste. Come on then: downe and ſweare.

Tri. I ſhall laugh my ſelfe to death at this puppi-headed Monſter: a moſt ſcuruie Monſter: I could finde in my heart to beate him.

Ste. Come, kiſſe.

Tri. But that the poore Monſter's in drinke:
An abhominable Monſter.

Cal. I'le ſhew thee the beſt Springs: I'le plucke thee Berries: I'le fiſh for thee; and get thee wood enough.
A plague vpon the Tyrant that I ſerue;
I'le beare him no more Stickes, but follow thee, thou wondrous man.

Tri. A moſt rediculous Monſter, to make a wonder of a poore drunkard.

Cal. I'prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; and I with my long nayles will digge thee pig-nuts; ſhow thee a Iayes neſt, and inſtruct thee how to ſnare the nimble Marmazet: I'le bring thee to cluſtring Philbirts, and ſometimes I'le get thee young Scamels from the Rocke: Wilt thou goe with me?

Ste. I pre'thee now lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King, and all our company elſe being dround, wee will inherit here: Here; beare my Bottle: Fellow *Trinculo*; we'll fill him by and by againe.

Caliban Sings drunkenly.

Farewell Maſter; farewell, farewell.

Tri. A howling Monſter: a drunken Monſter.

Cal. No more dams I'le make for fiſh,
Nor fetch in firing, at requiring,
Nor ſcrape trenchering, nor waſh diſh,
Ban' ban' Cacalyban
Has a new Maſter, get a new Man.

Freedome, high-day, high-day freedome, freedome high-day, freedome.

Ste. O braue Monſter; lead the way. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

2

Enter Ferdinand (bearing a Log.)

Fer. There be ſome Sports are painfull; & their labor
Delight in them ſet off: Some kindes of baſeneſſe
Are nobly vndergon; and moſt poore matters
Point to rich ends: this my meane Taske
Would be as heauy to me, as odious, but
The Miſtris which I ſerue, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours, pleaſures: O She is
Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harſhneſſe. I muſt remoue
Some thouſands of theſe Logs, and pile them vp,
Vpon a ſore iniunction; my ſweet Miſtris
Weepes when ſhe ſees me worke, & ſaies, ſuch baſenes
Had neuer like Executor: I forget:
But theſe ſweet thoughts, doe euen refreſh my labours,
Moſt buſie leſt, when I doe it. *Enter Miranda and Proſpero.*

Mir. Alas, now pray you
Worke not ſo hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt vp thoſe Logs that you are enioynd to pile:
Pray ſet it downe, and reſt you: when this burnes
'Twill weepe for hauing wearied you: my Father
Is hard at ſtudy; pray now reſt your ſelfe,
Hee's ſafe for theſe three houres.

Fer. O moſt deere Miſtris,
The Sun will ſet before I ſhall diſcharge
What I muſt ſtriue to do.

Mir. If you'l ſit downe
Ile beare your Logges the while: pray giue me that,
Ile carry it to the pile.

Fer. No precious Creature,
I had rather cracke my ſinewes, breake my backe,
Then you ſhould ſuch diſhonor vndergoe,
While I ſit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it do's you; and I ſhould do it
With much more eaſe: for my good will is to it,
And yours it is againſt.

Pro. Poore worme thou art infected,
This viſitation ſhewes it.

Mir. You looke wearily.

B *Fer.* No, noble Miſtris, 'tis freſh morning with me
When you are by at night: I do beſeech you
Cheefely, that I might ſet it in my prayers,
What is your name?

Mir. Miranda, O my Father,
I haue broke your heſt to ſay ſo.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*,
Indeede the top of Admiration, worth
What's deereſt to the world: full many a Lady
I haue ey'd with beſt regard, and many a time
Th'harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent eare: for ſeuerall vertues
Haue I lik'd ſeuerall women, neuer any
VVith ſo full ſoule, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrell with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foile. But you, O you,
So perfect, and ſo peerleſſe, are created
Of euerie Creatures beſt.

Mir. I do not know
One of my ſexe; no womans face remember,
Saue from my glaſſe, mine owne: Nor haue I ſeene
More that I may call men, then you good friend,
And my deere Father: how features are abroad
I am skilleſſe of; but by my modeſtie
(The iewell in my dower) I would not wiſh
Any Companion in the world but you:
Nor can imagination forme a ſhape
Beſides your ſelfe, to like of: but I prattle
Something too wildely, and my Fathers precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition
A Prince (*Miranda*) I do thinke a King
(I would not ſo) and would no more endure
This wodden ſlauerie, then to ſuffer
The fleſh-flie blow my mouth: heare my ſoule ſpeake.
The verie inſtant that I ſaw you, did
My heart flie to your ſeruice, there reſides,
To make me ſlaue to it, and for your ſake
Am I this patient Logge-man.

Mir. Do you loue me?

Fer. O heauen; O earth, beare witnes to this ſound,
And crowne what I profeſſe with kinde euent
If I ſpeake true: if hollowly, inuert
VVhat beſt is boaded me, to miſchiefe: I,
Beyond all limit of what elſe i'th world
Do loue, prize, honor you.

Mir. I am a foole
To weepe at what I am glad of.

Pro. Faire encounter
Of two moſt rare affections: heauens raine grace
On that which breeds betweene 'em.

Fer. VVherefore weepe you?

Mir. At mine vnworthineſſe, that dare not offer 2
VVhat I deſire to giue; and much leſſe take
VVhat I ſhall die to want: But this is trifling,
And all the more it ſeekes to hide it ſelfe,
The bigger bulke it ſhewes. Hence baſhfull cunning,
And prompt me plaine and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marrie me;
If not, Ile die your maid: to be your fellow
You may denie me, but Ile be your ſeruant
VVhether you will or no.

Fer. My Miſtris (deereſt)
And I thus humble euer.

Mir. My husband then?

Fer. I, with a heart as willing
As bondage ere of freedome: heere's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewel
Till halfe an houre hence.

Fer. A thouſand, thouſand. *Exeunt.*

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
VVho are ſurpriz'd with all; but my reioycing
At nothing can be more: Ile to my booke,
For yet ere ſupper time, muſt I performe
Much buſineſſe appertaining. *Exit.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me, when the But is out we will drinke water, not a drop before; therefore beare vp, & boord em' Seruant Monſter, drinke to me.

Trin. Seruant Monſter? the folly of this Iland, they ſay there's but fiue vpon this Iſle; we are three of them, if th'other two be brain'd like vs, the State totters.

Ste. Drinke ſeruant Monſter when I bid thee, thy eies are almoſt ſet in thy head.

Trin. VVhere ſhould they bee ſet elſe? hee were a braue Monſter indeede if they were ſet in his taile.

Ste. My man-Monſter hath drown'd his tongue in ſacke: for my part the Sea cannot drowne mee, I ſwam ere I could recouer the ſhore, fiue and thirtie Leagues off and on, by this light thou ſhalt bee my Lieutenant Monſter, or my Standard.

Trin. Your Lieutenant if you liſt, hee's no ſtandard.

Ste. VVeel not run Monſieur Monſter.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'l lie like dogs, and yet ſay nothing neither.

Ste. Moone-calfe, ſpeak once in thy life, if thou beeſt a good Moone-calfe.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me licke thy ſhooe: Ile not ſerue him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou lieſt moſt ignorant Monſter, I am in caſe to iuſtle a Conſtable: why, thou deboſh'd Fiſh thou, was there euer man a Coward, that hath drunk ſo much Sacke as I to day? wilt thou tell a monſtrous lie, being but halfe a Fiſh, and halfe a Monſter?

Cal. Loe, how he mockes me, wilt thou let him my Lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he? that a Monſter ſhould be ſuch a Naturall?
Cal. Loe, loe againe: bite him to death I prethee.
Ste. *Trinculo*, keepe a good tongue in your head: If you proue a mutineere, the next Tree: the poore Monſter's my ſubiect, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.
Cal. I thanke my noble Lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the ſuite I made to thee?
Ste. Marry will I: kneele, and repeate it,
I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariell inuiſible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am ſubiect to a Tirant,
A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me
Of the Iſland.
Ariell. Thou lyeſt.
Cal. Thou lyeſt, thou ieſting Monkey thou:
I would my valiant Maſter would deſtroy thee.
I do not lye.
Ste. *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale,
By this hand, I will ſupplant ſome of your teeth.
Trin. Why, I ſaid nothing.
Ste. Mum then, and no more: proceed.
Cal. I ſay by Sorcery he got this Iſle
From me, he got it. If thy Greatneſſe will
Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'ſt)
But this Thing dare not.
Ste. That's moſt certaine.
Cal. Thou ſhalt be Lord of it, and Ile ſerue thee.
Ste. How now ſhall this be compaſt?
Canſt thou bring me to the party?
Cal. Yea, yea my Lord, Ile yeeld him thee aſleepe,
Where thou maiſt knocke a naile into his head.
Ariell. Thou lieſt, thou canſt not.
Cal. What a py'de Ninnie's this? Thou ſcuruy patch:
I do beſeech thy Greatneſſe giue him blowes,
And take his bottle from him: When that's gone,
He ſhall drinke nought but brine, for Ile not ſhew him
Where the quicke Freſhes are.
Ste. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger: Interrupt the Monſter one word further, and by this hand, Ile turne my mercie out o'doores, and make a Stockfiſh of thee.
Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing:
Ile go farther off.
Ste. Didſt thou not ſay he lyed?
Ariell. Thou lieſt.
Ste. Do I ſo? Take thou that,
As you like this, giue me the lye another time.
Trin. I did not giue the lie: Out o'your wittes, and hearing too?
A pox o'your bottle, this can Sacke and drinking doo: A murren on your Monſter, and the diuell take your fingers.
Cal. Ha, ha, ha.
Ste. Now forward with your Tale: prethee ſtand further off.
Cal. Beate him enough: after a little time
Ile beate him too.
Ste. Stand farther: Come proceede.
Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtome with him
I'th afternoone to ſleepe: there thou maiſt braine him,
Hauing firſt ſeiz'd his bookes: Or with a logge
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a ſtake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
Firſt to poſſeſſe his Bookes; for without them
Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not
One Spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burne but his Bookes,
He ha's braue Vtenſils (for ſo he calles them)
Which when he ha's a houſe, hee'l decke withall.
And that moſt deeply to conſider, is
The beautie of his daughter: he himſelfe
Cals her a non-pareill: I neuer ſaw a woman
But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and ſhe;
But ſhe as farre ſurpaſſeth *Sycorax*,
As great'ſt do's leaſt.
Ste. Is it ſo braue a Laſſe?
Cal. I Lord, ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth braue brood.
Ste. Monſter, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be King and Queene, ſaue our Graces: and *Trinculo* and thy ſelfe ſhall be Vice-royes:
Doſt thou like the plot *Trinculo*?
Trin. Excellent.
Ste. Giue me thy hand, I am ſorry I beate thee:
But while thou liu'ſt keepe a good tongue in thy head.
Cal. Within this halfe houre will he be aſleepe,
Wilt thou deſtroy him then?
Ste. I on mine honour.
Ariell. This will I tell my Maſter.
Cal. Thou mak'ſt me merry: I am full of pleaſure,
Let vs be iocond. Will you troule the Catch
You taught me but whileare?
Ste. At thy requeſt Monſter, I will do reaſon,
Any reaſon: Come on *Trinculo*, let vs ſing.

Sings.

Flout 'em, and cout 'em: and skowt 'em, and flout 'em,
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

Ariell plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this ſame?
Trin. This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by the picture of No-body.
Ste. If thou beeſt a man, ſhew thy ſelfe in thy likenes:
If thou beeſt a diuell, take't as thou liſt.
Trin. O forgiue me my ſinnes.
Ste. He that dies payes all debts: I defie thee;
Mercy vpon vs.
Cal. Art thou affeard?
Ste. No Monſter, not I.
Cal. Be not affeard, the Iſle is full of noyſes,
Sounds, and ſweet aires, that giue delight and hurt not:
Sometimes a thouſand twangling Inſtruments
Will hum about mine eares; and ſometime voices,
That if I then had wak'd after long ſleepe,
Will make me ſleepe againe, and then in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and ſhew riches
Ready to drop vpon me, that when I wak'd
I cri'de to dreame againe.
Ste. This will proue a braue kingdome to me,
Where I ſhall haue my Muſicke for nothing.
Cal. When *Proſpero* is deſtroy'd.
Ste. That ſhall be by and by:
I remember the ſtorie.
Trin. The ſound is going away,
Lets follow it, and after do our worke.
Ste. Leade Monſter,
Wee'l follow: I would I could ſee this Taborer,
He layes it on.
Trin. Wilt come?
Ile follow *Stephano*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzallo, Adrian, Franciſco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir,
My old bones akes: here's a maze trod indeede
Through fourth-rights, & Meanders: by your patience,
I needes muſt reſt me.
Al. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who, am my ſelfe attach'd with wearineſſe
To th'dulling of my ſpirits: Sit downe, and reſt:
Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it
No longer for my Flatterer: he is droun'd
Whom thus we ſtray to finde, and the Sea mocks
Our fruſtrate ſearch on land: well, let him goe.
Ant. I am right glad, that he's ſo out of hope:
Doe not for one repulſe forgoe the purpoſe
That you reſolu'd t'effect.
Seb. The next aduantage will we take throughly.
Ant. Let it be to night,
For now they are oppreſ'd with trauaile, they
Will not, nor cannot vſe ſuch vigilance
As when they are freſh.

Solemne and ſtrange Muſicke: and Proſper on the top (inuiſible:) Enter ſeuerall ſtrange ſhapes, bringing in a Banket; and dance about it with gentle actions of ſalutations, and inuiting the King, &c. to eate, they depart.

Seb. I ſay to night: no more.
Al. What harmony is this? my good friends, harke.
Gon. Maruellous ſweet Muſicke.
Alo. Giue vs kind keepers, heaues: what were theſe?
Seb. A liuing *Drolerie*: now I will beleeue
That there are Vnicornes: that in *Arabia*
There is one Tree, the Phœnix throne, one Phœnix
At this houre reigning there.
Ant. Ile beleeue both:
And what do's elſe want credit, come to me
And Ile beſworne 'tis true: Trauellers nere did lye,
Though fooles at home condemne 'em.
Gon. If in *Naples*
I ſhould report this now, would they beleeue me?
If I ſhould ſay I ſaw ſuch Iſlands;
(For certes, theſe are people of the Iſland)
Who though they are of monſtrous ſhape, yet note
Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of
Our humaine generation you ſhall finde
Many, nay almoſt any.
Pro. Honeſt Lord,
Thou haſt ſaid well: for ſome of you there preſent;
Are worſe then diuels.
Al. I cannot too much muſe
Such ſhapes, ſuch geſture, and ſuch ſound expreſſing
(Although they want the vſe of tongue) a kinde
Of excellent dumbe diſcourſe.
Pro. Praiſe in departing.
Fr. They vaniſh'd ſtrangely.
Seb. No matter, ſince (macks.
They haue left their Viands behinde; for wee haue ſto-
Wilt pleaſe you taſte of what is here?
Alo. Not I. (Boyes
Gon. Faith Sir, you neede not feare: when wee were
Who would beleeue that there were Mountayneeres,
Dew-lapt, like Buls, whoſe throats had hanging at'em
Wallets of fleſh? or that there were ſuch men
Whoſe heads ſtood in their breſts? which now we finde
Each putter out of fiue for one, will bring vs
Good warrant of.
Al. I will ſtand to, and feede,
Although my laſt, no matter, ſince I feele
The beſt is paſt: brother: my Lord, the Duke,
Stand too, and doe as we.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Ariell (like a Harpey) claps his wings vpon the Table, and with a quient deuice the Banquet vaniſhes.

Ar. You are three men of ſinne, whom deſtiny
That hath to inſtrument this lower world,
And what is in't: the neuer ſurfeited Sea,
Hath caus'd to belch vp you; and on this Iſland,
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongſt men,
Being moſt vnfit to liue: I haue made you mad;
And euen with ſuch like valour, men hang, and drowne
Their proper ſelues: you fooles, I and my fellowes
Are miniſters of Fate, the Elements
Of whom your ſwords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud windes, or with bemockt-at-Stabs
Kill the ſtill cloſing waters, as diminiſh
One dowle that's in my plumbe: My fellow miniſters
Are like-invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your ſwords are now too maſſie for your ſtrengths,
And will not be vplifted: But remember
(For that's my buſineſſe to you) that you three
From *Millaine* did ſupplant good *Proſpero*,
Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)
Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed,
The Powres, delaying (not forgetting) haue
Incens'd the Seas, and Shores; yea, all the Creatures
Againſt your peace: Thee of thy Sonne, *Alonſo*
They haue bereft; and doe pronounce by me
Lingring perdition (worſe then any death
Can be at once) ſhall ſtep, by ſtep attend
You, and your wayes, whoſe wraths to guard you from,
Which here, in this moſt deſolate Iſle, elſe fals
Vpon your heads, is nothing but hearts-ſorrow,
And a cleere life enſuing.

He vaniſhes in Thunder: then (to ſoft Muſicke.) Enter the ſhapes againe, and daunce (with mockes and mowes) and carrying out the Table.

Pro. Brauely the figure of this *Harpie*, haſt thou
Perform'd (my *Ariell*) a grace it had deuouring:
Of my Inſtruction, haſt thou nothing bated
In what thou had'ſt to ſay: ſo with good life,
And obſeruation ſtrange, my meaner miniſters
Their ſeuerall kindes haue done: my high charmes work,
And theſe (mine enemies) are all knit vp
In their diſtractions: they now are in my powre;
And in theſe fits, I leaue them, while I viſit
Yong *Ferdinand* (whom they ſuppoſe is droun'd)
And his, and mine lou'd darling.
Gon. I'th name of ſomething holy, Sir, why ſtand you
In this ſtrange ſtare?
Al. O, it is monſtrous: monſtrous:
Me thought the billowes ſpoke, and told me of it,
The windes did ſing it to me: and the Thunder
(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd
The name of *Proſper*: it did baſe my Treſpaſſe,
Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded; and
I'le ſeeke him deeper then ere plummet ſounded,
And with him there lye mudded. *Exit.*
Seb. But one feend at a time,
Ile fight their Legions ore.

Ant. Ile be thy Second. *Exeunt.*
Gon. All three of them are deſperate: their great guilt
(Like poyſon giuen to worke a great time after)
Now gins to bite the ſpirits: I doe beſeech you
(That are of ſuppler ioynts) follow them ſwiftly,
And hinder them from what this extaſie
May now prouoke them to.
Ad. Follow, I pray you. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Proſpero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I haue too auſterely puniſh'd you,
Your compenſation makes amends, for I
Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,
Or that for which I liue: who, once againe
I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou
Haſt ſtrangely ſtood the teſt: here, afore heauen
I ratifie this my rich guift: O *Ferdinand*,
Doe not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her of,
For thou ſhalt finde ſhe will out-ſtrip all praiſe
And make it halt, behinde her.
Fer. I doe beleeue it
Againſt an Oracle.
Pro. Then, as my gueſt, and thine owne acquiſition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou do'ſt breake her Virgin-knot, before
All ſanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy right, be miniſtred,
No ſweet aſperſion ſhall the heauens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,
Sower-ey'd diſdaine, and diſcord ſhall beſtrew
The vnion of your bed, with weedes ſo loathly
That you ſhall hate it both: Therefore take heede,
As Hymens Lamps ſhall light you.
Fer. As I hope
For quiet dayes, faire Iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch loue, as 'tis now the murkieſt den,
The moſt opportune place, the ſtrongſt ſuggeſtion,
Our worſer *Genius* can, ſhall neuer melt
Mine honor into luſt, to take away
The edge of that dayes celebration,
When I ſhall thinke, or *Phœbus* Steeds are founderd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.
Pro. Fairely ſpoke;
Sit then, and talke with her, ſhe is thine owne;
What *Ariell*; my induſtrious ſeruãt *Ariell.* *Enter Ariell.*
Ar. What would my potent maſter? here I am.
Pro. Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your laſt ſeruice
Did worthily performe: and I muſt vſe you
In ſuch another tricke: goe bring the rabble
(Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place:
Incite them to quicke motion, for I muſt
Beſtow vpon the eyes of this yong couple
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promiſe,
And they expect it from me.
Ar. Preſently?
Pro. I: with a twincke.
Ar. Before you can ſay come, and goe,
And breathe twice; and cry, ſo, ſo:
Each one tripping on his Toe,
Will be here with mop, and mowe.
Doe you loue me Maſter? no?
Pro. Dearely, my delicate *Ariell*: doe not approach
Till thou do'ſt heare me call.
Ar. Well: I conceiue. *Exit.*
Pro. Looke thou be true: doe not giue dalliance
Too much the raigne: the ſtrongeſt oathes, are ſtraw
To th'fire ith' blood: be more abſtenious,
Or elſe good night your vow.
Fer. I warrant you, Sir,
The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heart
Abates the ardour of my Liuer.
Pro. Well.
Now come my *Ariell*, bring a Corolary,
Rather then want a Spirit; appear, & pertly. *Soft muſick.*
No tongue: all eyes: be ſilent. *Enter Iris.*
Ir. Ceres, moſt bounteous Lady, thy rich Leas
Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Peaſe;
Thy Turphie-Mountaines, where liue nibling Sheepe,
And flat Medes thetchd with Stouer, them to keepe:
Thy bankes with pioned, and twilled brims
Which ſpungie *Aprill*, at thy heſt betrims;
To make cold Nymphes chaſt crownes; & thy broome-
Whoſe ſhadow the diſmiſſed Batchelor loues, (groues;
Being laſſe-lorne: thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy Sea-marge ſtirrile, and rockey-hard,
Where thou thy ſelfe do'ſt ayre, the Queene o'th Skie,
Whoſe watry Arch, and meſſenger, am I.
Bids thee leaue theſe, & with her ſoueraigne grace, *Iuno*
Here on this graſſe-plot, in this very place *deſcends.*
To come, and ſport: here Peacocks flye amaine:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine. *Enter Ceres.*
Cer. Haile, many-coloured Meſſenger, that nere
Do'ſt diſobey the wife of *Iupiter*:
Who, with thy ſaffron wings, vpon my flowres
Diffuſeſt hony drops, refreſhing ſhowres,
And with each end of thy blew bowe do'ſt crowne
My boskie acres, and my vnſhrubd downe,
Rich ſcarph to my proud earth: why hath thy Queene
Summond me hither, to this ſhort gras'd Greene?
Ir. A contract of true Loue, to celebrate,
And ſome donation freely to eſtate
On the bles'd Louers.
Cer. Tell me heauenly Bowe,
If *Venus* or her Sonne, as thou do'ſt know,
Doe now attend the Queene? ſince they did plot
The meanes, that duskie *Dis*, my daughter got,
Her, and her blind-Boyes ſcandald company,
I haue forſworne.
Ir. Of her ſocietie
Be not afraid: I met her deitie
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*: and her Son
Doue-drawn with her: here thought they to haue done
Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,
Whoſe vowes are, that no bed-right ſhall be paid
Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vaine,
Marſes hot Minion is returnd againe,
Her waſpiſh headed ſonne, has broke his arrowes,
Swears he will ſhoote no more, but play with Sparrows,
And be a Boy right out.
Cer. Higheſt Queene of State,
Great *Iuno* comes, I know her by her gate.
Iu. How do's my bounteous ſiſter? goe with me
To bleſſe this twaine, that they may proſperous be,
And honourd in their Iſſue. *They Sing.*
Iu. Honor, riches, marriage, bleſſing,
Long continuance, and encreaſing,
Hourely ioyes, be ſtill vpon you,

Iuno ſings her bleſſings on you.
Earths increaſe, foyzon plentie,
Barnes, and Garners, neuer empty.
Vines, with cluſtring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing:
Spring come to you at the fartheſt,
In the very end of Harueſt.
Scarcity and want ſhall ſhun you,
Ceres *bleſſing ſo is on you.*
Fer. This is a moſt maieſticke viſion, and
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To thinke theſe ſpirits?
Pro. Spirits, which by mine Art
I haue from their confines call'd to enact
My preſent fancies.
Fer. Let me liue here euer,
So rare a wondred Father, and a wiſe
Makes this place Paradiſe.
Pro. Sweet now, ſilence:
Iuno and *Ceres* whiſper ſeriouſly,
There's ſomething elſe to doe: huſh, and be mute
Or elſe our ſpell is mar'd.
Iuno *and* Ceres *whiſper, and ſend* Iris *on employment.*
Iris. You Nimphs cald *Nayades* of yͤ windring brooks,
With your ſedg'd crownes, and euer-harmeleſſe lookes,
Leaue your criſpe channels, and on this greene-Land
Anſwere your ſummons, *Iuno* do's command.
Come temperate *Nimphes*, and helpe to celebrate
A Contract of true Loue: be not too late.
Enter Certaine Nimphes.
You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen of Auguſt weary,
Come hether from the furrow, and be merry,
Make holly day: your Rye-ſtraw hats put on,
And theſe freſh Nimphes encounter euery one
In Country footing.
Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited:) they ioyne with the Nimphes, in a gracefull dance, towards the end whereof, Proſpero *ſtarts ſodainly and ſpeakes, after which to a ſtrange hollow and confuſed noyſe, they heauily vaniſh.*
Pro. I had forgot that foule conſpiracy
Of the beaſt *Calliban*, and his confederates
Againſt my life: the minute of their plot
Is almoſt come: Well done, auoid: no more.
Fer. This is ſtrange: your fathers in ſome paſſion
That workes him ſtrongly.
Mir. Neuer till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, ſo diſtemper'd.
Pro. You doe looke (my ſon) in a mou'd ſort,
As if you were diſmaid: be cheerefull Sir,
Our Reuels now are ended: Theſe our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And like the baſeleſſe fabricke of this viſion
The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
The ſolemne Temples, the great Globe it ſelfe,
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolue,
And like this inſubſtantiall Pageant faded
Leaue not a racke behinde: we are ſuch ſtuffe
As dreames are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleepe: Sir, I am vext,
Beare with my weakeneſſe, my old braine is troubled:
Be not diſturb'd with my infirmitie,
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell,
And there repoſe, a turne or two, Ile walke
To ſtill my beating minde.
Fer. Mir. We wiſh your peace. *Exit.*
Pro. Come with a thought; I thank thee *Ariell*: come.
Enter Ariell.
Ar. Thy thoughts I cleaue to, what's thy pleaſure?
Pro. Spirit: We muſt prepare to meet with *Caliban.*
Ar. I my Commander, when I preſented *Ceres*
I thought to haue told thee of it, but I fear'd
Leaſt I might anger thee.
Pro. Say again, where didſt thou leaue theſe varlots?
Ar. I told you Sir, they were red-hot with drinking,
So full of valour, that they ſmote the ayre
For breathing in their faces: beate the ground
For kiſſing of their feete; yet alwaies bending
Towards their proiect: then I beate my Tabor,
At which like vnback't colts they prickt their eares,
Aduanc'd their eye-lids, lifted vp their noſes
As they ſmelt muſicke, ſo I charm'd their eares
That Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, ſharpe firzes, pricking goſſe, & thorns,
Which entred their fraile ſhins: at laſt I left them
I'th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,
There dancing vp to th'chins, that the fowle Lake
Ore-ſtunck their feet.
Pro. This was well done (my bird)
Thy ſhape inuiſible retaine thou ſtill:
The trumpery in my houſe, goe bring it hither
For ſtale to catch theſe theeues. *Ar.* I go, I goe. *Exit.*
Pro. A Deuill, a borne-Deuill, on whoſe nature
Nurture can neuer ſticke: on whom my paines
Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt,
And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,
So his minde cankers: I will plague them all,
Euen to roaring: Come, hang on them this line.
Enter Ariell, *loaden with gliſtering apparell, &c. Enter* Caliban, Stephano, *and* Trinculo, *all wet.*
Cal. Pray you tread ſoftly, that the blinde Mole may not heare a foot fall: we now are neere his Cell.
St. Monſter, your Fairy, wͨ you ſay is a harmles Fairy,
Has done little better then plaid the Iacke with vs.
Trin. Monſter, I do ſmell all horſe-piſſe, at which
My noſe is in great indignation.
Ste. So is mine. Do you heare Monſter: If I ſhould
Take a diſpleaſure againſt you: Looke you.
Trin. Thou wert but a loſt Monſter.
Cal. Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour ſtil,
Be patient, for the prize Ile bring thee too
Shall hudwinke this miſchance: therefore ſpeake ſoftly,
All's huſht as midnight yet.
Trin. I, but to looſe our bottles in the Poole.
Ste. There is not onely diſgrace and diſhonor in that Monſter, but an infinite loſſe.
Tr. That's more to me then my wetting:
Yet this is your harmleſſe Fairy, Monſter.
Ste. I will fetch off my bottle,
Though I be o're eares for my labour.
Cal. Pre-thee (my King) be quiet. Seeſt thou heere
This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noiſe, and enter:
Do that good miſcheefe, which may make this Iſland
Thine owne for euer, and I thy *Caliban*
For aye thy foot-licker.
Ste. Giue me thy hand,
I do begin to haue bloody thoughts.
Trin. O King *Stephano*, O Peere: O worthy *Stephano*,
Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee.
Cal. Let it alone thou foole, it is but traſh.
Tri. Oh, ho, Monſter: wee know what belongs to a frippery, O King *Stephano.*

Ste. Put off that gowne (*Trinculo*) by this hand Ile haue that gowne.

Tri. Thy grace ſhall haue it.

Cal. The dropſie drowne this foole, what doe you (meane
To doate thus on ſuch luggage? let's alone
And doe the murther firſt: if he awake,
From toe to crowne hee'l fill our skins with pinches,
Make vs ſtrange ſtuffe.

Ste. Be you quiet (Monſter) Miſtris line, is not this my Ierkin? now is the Ierkin vnder the line: now Ierkin you are like to loſe your haire, & proue a bald Ierkin.

Trin. Doe, doe; we ſteale by lyne and leuell, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that ieſt; heer's a garment for't: Wit ſhall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this Country: Steale by line and leuell, is an excellent paſſe of pate: there's another garment for't.

Tri. Monſter, come put ſome Lime vpon your fingers, and away with the reſt.

Cal. I will haue none on't: we ſhall looſe our time,
And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monſter, lay to your fingers: helpe to beare this away, where my hogſhead of wine is, or Ile turne you out of my kingdome: goe to, carry this.

Tri. And this.

Ste. I, and this.

A noyſe of Hunters heard. Enter diuers Spirits in ſhape of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them about: Proſpero and Ariel ſetting them on.

Pro. Hey *Mountaine*, hey.

Ari. Siluer: there it goes, *Siluer*.

Pro. Fury, Fury: there Tyrant, there: harke, harke.
Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts
With dry Conuultions, ſhorten vp their ſinewes
With aged Cramps, & more pinch-ſpotted make them,
Then Pard, or Cat o' Mountaine.

Ari. Harke, they rore.

Pro. Let them be hunted ſoundly: At this houre
Lies at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly ſhall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt haue the ayre at freedome: for a little
Follow, and doe me ſeruice. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus: Scœna Prima.

Enter Proſpero (*in his Magicke robes*) *and* Ariel.

Pro. Now do's my Proiect gather to a head:
My charmes cracke not: my Spirits obey, and Time
Goes vpright with his carriage: how's the day?

Ar. On the ſixt hower, at which time, my Lord
You ſaid our worke ſhould ceaſe.

Pro. I did ſay ſo,
When firſt I rais'd the Tempeſt: ſay my Spirit,
How fares the King, and 's followers?

Ar. Confin'd together
In the ſame faſhion, as you gaue in charge,
Iuſt as you left them; all priſoners Sir
In the *Line-groue* which weather-fends your Cell,
They cannot boudge till your releaſe: The King,
His Brother, and yours, abide all three diſtracted,
And the remainder mourning ouer them,
Brim full of ſorrow, and diſmay: but chiefly
Him that you term'd Sir, the good old Lord *Gonzallo*,
His teares runs downe his beard like winters drops
From eaues of reeds: your charm ſo ſtrongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Doſt thou thinke ſo, Spirit?

Ar. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

Pro. And mine ſhall.
Haſt thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and ſhall not my ſelfe,
One of their kinde, that relliſh all as ſharpely,
Paſſion as they, be kindlier mou'd then thou art?
Thogh with their high wrongs I am ſtrook to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reaſon, gainſt my furie
Doe I take part: the rarer Action is
In vertue, then in vengeance: they, being penitent,
The ſole drift of my purpoſe doth extend
Not a frowne further: Goe, releaſe them *Ariell*,
My Charmes Ile breake, their ſences Ile reſtore,
And they ſhall be themſelues.

Ar. Ile fetch them, Sir. *Exit.*

Pro. Ye Elues of hils, brooks, ſtãding lakes & groues,
And ye, that on the ſands with printleſſe foote
Doe chaſe the ebbing-*Neptune*, and doe flie him
When he comes backe: you demy-Puppets, that
By Moone-ſhine doe the greene ſowre Ringlets make,
Whereof the Ewe not bites: and you, whoſe paſtime
Is to make midnight-Muſhrumps, that reioyce
To heare the ſolemne Curfewe, by whoſe ayde
(Weake Maſters though ye be) I haue bedymn'd
The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutenous windes,
And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault
Set roaring warre: To the dread ratling Thunder
Haue I giuen fire, and rifted *Ioues* ſtowt Oke
With his owne Bolt: The ſtrong baſs'd promontorie
Haue I made ſhake, and by the ſpurs pluckt vp
The Pyne, and Cedar. Graues at my command
Haue wak'd their ſleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
By my ſo potent Art. But this rough Magicke
I heere abiure: and when I haue requir'd
Some heauenly Muſicke (which euen now I do)
To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that
This Ayrie-charme is for, I'le breake my ſtaffe,
Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,
And deeper then did euer Plummet ſound
Ile drowne my booke. *Solemne muſicke.*

Heere enters Ariel *before: Then* Alonſo *with a franticke geſture, attended by* Gonzalo. Sebaſtian *and* Anthonio *in like manner attended by* Adrian *and* Franciſco: *They all enter the circle which* Proſpero *had made, and there ſtand charm'd: which* Proſpero *obſeruing, ſpeakes.*

A ſolemne Ayre, and the beſt comforter,
To an vnſetled fancie, Cure thy braines
(Now vſeleſſe) boile within thy skull: there ſtand
For you are Spell-ſtopt.
Holy *Gonzallo*, Honourable man,
Mine eyes ev'n ſociable to the ſhew of thine
Fall fellowly drops: The charme diſſolues apace,
And as the morning ſteales vpon the night
(Melting the darkeneſſe) ſo their riſing ſences
Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their cleerer reaſon. O good *Gonzallo*
My true preſeruer, and a loyall Sir,
To him thou follow'ſt; I will pay thy graces
Home both in word, and deede: Moſt cruelly

Did thou *Alonſo*, vſe me, and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act,
Thou art pinch'd for't now *Sebaſtian*. Fleſh, and bloud,
You, brother mine, that entertaine ambition,
Expelld remorſe, and nature, whom, with *Sebaſtian*
(Whoſe inward pinches therefore are moſt ſtrong)
Would heere haue kill'd your King: I do forgiue thee,
Vnnaturall though thou art: Their vnderſtanding
Begins to ſwell, and the approching tide
Will ſhortly fill the reaſonable ſhore
That now ly foule, and muddy: not one of them
That yet lookes on me, or would know me: *Ariell*,
Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell,
I will diſcaſe me, and my ſelfe preſent
As I was ſometime *Millaine*: quickly Spirit,
Thou ſhalt ere long be free.

Ariell ſings, and helps to attire him.

Where the Bee ſucks, there ſuck I,
In a Cowſlips bell, I lie,
There I cowch when Owles doe crie,
On the Batts backe I doe flie
after Sommer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I liue now,
Vnder the bloſſom that hangs on the Bow.

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariell*: I ſhall miſſe
Thee, but yet thou ſhalt haue freedome: ſo, ſo, ſo.
To the Kings ſhip, inuiſible as thou art,
There ſhalt thou finde the Marriners aſleepe
Vnder the Hatches: the Maſter and the Boat-ſwaine
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And preſently, I pre'thee.

Ar. I drinke the aire before me, and returne
Or ere your pulſe twice beate. *Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits heere: ſome heauenly power guide vs
Out of this fearefull Country.

Pro. Behold Sir King
The wronged Duke of *Millaine, Proſpero*:
For more aſſurance that a liuing Prince
Do's now ſpeake to thee, I embrace thy body,
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alo. Where thou bee'ſt he or no,
Or ſome inchanted triflle to abuſe me,
(As late I haue beene) I not know: thy Pulſe
Beats as of fleſh, and blood: and ſince I ſaw thee,
Th'affliction of my minde amends, with which
I feare a madneſſe held me: this muſt craue
(And if this be at all) a moſt ſtrange ſtory.
Thy Dukedome I reſigne, and doe entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs: But how ſhold *Proſpero*
Be liuing, and be heere?

Pro. Firſt, noble Frend,
Let me embrace thine age, whoſe honor cannot
Be meaſur'd, or confin'd.

Gonz. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'le not ſweare.

Pro. You doe yet taſte
Some ſubtleties o'th' Iſle, that will nor let you
Beleeue things certaine: Wellcome, my friends all,
But you, my brace of Lords, were I ſo minded
I heere could plucke his Highneſſe frowne vpon you
And iuſtifie you Traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. The Diuell ſpeakes in him:

Pro. No:
For you (moſt wicked Sir) whom to call brother
Would euen infect my mouth, I do forgiue
Thy rankeſt fault; all of them: and require
My Dukedome of thee, which, perforce I know
Thou muſt reſtore.

Alo. If thou beeſt *Proſpero*
Giue vs particulars of thy preſeruation,
How thou haſt met vs heere, whom three howres ſince
Were wrackt vpon this ſhore? where I haue loſt
(How ſharp the point of this remembrance is)
My deere ſonne *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I am woe for't, Sir.

Alo. Irreparable is the loſſe, and patience
Saies, it is paſt her cure.

Pro. I rather thinke
You haue not ſought her helpe, of whoſe ſoft grace
For the like loſſe, I haue her ſoueraigne aid,
And reſt my ſelfe content.

Alo. You the like loſſe?

Pro. As great to me, as late, and ſupportable
To make the deere loſſe, haue I meanes much weaker
Then you may call to comfort you; for I
Haue loſt my daughter.

Alo. A daughter?
Oh heauens, that they were liuing both in *Nalpes*
The King and Queene there, that they were, I wiſh
My ſelfe were mudded in that oo-zie bed
Where my ſonne lies: when did you loſe your daughter?

Pro. In this laſt Tempeſt. I perceiue theſe Lords
At this encounter doe ſo much admire,
That they deuoure their reaſon, and ſcarce thinke
Their eies doe offices of Truth: Their words
Are naturall breath: but howſoeu'r you haue
Beene iuſtled from your ſences, know for certain
That I am *Proſpero*, and that very Duke
Which was thruſt forth of *Millaine*, who moſt ſtrangely
Vpon this ſhore (where you were wrackt) was landed
To be the Lord on't: No more yet of this,
For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a break-faſt, nor
Befitting this firſt meeting: Welcome, Sir;
This Cell's my Court: heere haue I few attendants,
And Subiects none abroad: pray you looke in:
My Dukedome ſince you haue giuen me againe,
I will requite you with as good a thing,
At leaſt bring forth a wonder, to content ye
As much, as me my Dukedome.

Here Proſpero diſcouers Ferdinand and Miranda, playing at Cheſſe.

Mir. Sweet Lord, you play me falſe.

Fer. No my deareſt loue,
I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a ſcore of Kingdomes, you ſhould (wrangle,
And I would call it faire play.

Alo. If this proue
A viſion of the Iſland, one deere Sonne
Shall I twice looſe.

Seb. A moſt high miracle.

Fer. Though the Seas threaten they are mercifull,
I haue curs'd them without cauſe.

Alo. Now all the bleſſings
Of a glad father, compaſſe thee about:
Ariſe, and ſay how thou cam'ſt heere.

Mir. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there heere?
How beauteous mankinde is? O braue new world

That has ſuch people in't.
Pro. 'Tis new to thee. (play?
Alo. What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at
Your eld'ſt acquaintance cannot be three houres:
Is ſhe the goddeſſe that hath ſeuer'd vs,
And brought vs thus together?
Fer. Sir, ſhe is mortall;
But by immortall prouidence, ſhe's mine;
I choſe her when I could not aske my Father
For his aduiſe: nor thought I had one: She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Millaine*,
Of whom, ſo often I haue heard renowne,
But neuer ſaw before: of whom I haue
Receiu'd a ſecond life; and ſecond Father
This Lady makes him to me.
Alo. I am hers.
But O, how odly will it ſound, that I
Muſt aske my childe forgiueneſſe?
Pro. There Sir ſtop,
Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with
A heauineſſe that's gon.
Gon. I haue inly wept,
Or ſhould haue ſpoke ere this: looke downe you gods
And on this couple drop a bleſſed crowne;
For it is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way
Which brought vs hither.
Alo. I ſay Amen, *Gonzallo*.
Gon. Was *Millaine* thruſt from *Millaine*, that his Iſſue
Should become Kings of *Naples*? O reioyce
Beyond a common ioy, and ſet it downe
With gold on laſting Pillers: In one voyage
Did *Claribell* her husband finde at *Tunis*,
And *Ferdinand* her brother, found a wife,
Where he himſelfe was loſt: *Proſpero*, his Dukedome
In a poore Iſle: and all of vs, our ſelues,
When no man was his owne.
Alo. Giue me your hands:
Let griefe and ſorrow ſtill embrace his heart,
That doth not wiſh you ioy.
Gon. Be it ſo, Amen.

Enter Ariell, with the Maſter and Boatſwaine amazedly following.

O looke Sir, looke Sir, here is more of vs:
I propheſi'd, if a Gallowes were on Land
This fellow could not drowne: Now blaſphemy,
That ſwear'ſt Grace ore-boord, not an oath on ſhore,
Haſt thou no mouth by land?
What is the newes?
Bot. The beſt newes is, that we haue ſafely found
Our King, and company: The next: our Ship,
Which but three glaſſes ſince, we gaue out ſplit,
Is tyte, and yare, and brauely rig'd, as when
We firſt put out to Sea.
Ar. Sir, all this ſeruice
Haue I done ſince I went.
Pro. My trickſey Spirit.
Alo. Theſe are not naturall euents, they ſtrengthen
From ſtrange, to ſtranger: ſay, how came you hither?
Bot. If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,
I'ld ſtriue to tell you: we were dead of ſleepe,
And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches,
Where, but euen now, with ſtrange, and ſeuerall noyſes
Of roring, ſhreeking, howling, gingling chaines,
And mo diuerſitie of ſounds, all horrible.
We were awak'd: ſtraight way, at liberty;
Where we, in all our trim, freſhly beheld
Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Maſter
Capring to eye her: on a trice, ſo pleaſe you,
Euen in a dreame, were we diuided from them,
And were brought moaping hither.
Ar. Was't well done?
Pro. Brauely (my diligence) thou ſhalt be free.
Alo. This is as ſtrange a Maze, as ere men trod,
And there is in this buſineſſe, more then nature
Was euer conduct of: ſome Oracle
Muſt rectifie our knowledge.
Pro. Sir, my Leige,
Doe not infeſt your minde, with beating on
The ſtrangeneſſe of this buſineſſe, at pickt leiſure
(Which ſhall be ſhortly ſingle) I'le reſolue you,
(Which to you ſhall ſeeme probable) of euery
Theſe happend accidents: till when, be cheerefull
And thinke of each thing well: Come hither Spirit,
Set *Caliban*, and his companions free:
Vntye the Spell: How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet miſſing of your Companie
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not.

Enter Ariell, driuing in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo in their ſtolne Apparell.

Ste. Euery man ſhift for all the reſt, and let
No man take care for himſelfe; for all is
But fortune: *Coragio* Bully-Monſter *Corasio*.
Tri. If theſe be true ſpies which I weare in my head,
here's a goodly ſight.
Cal. O *Setebos*, theſe be braue Spirits indeede:
How fine my Maſter is? I am afraid
He will chaſtiſe me.
Seb. Ha, ha:
What things are theſe, my Lord *Anthonio*?
Will money buy em?
Ant. Very like: one of them
Is a plaine Fiſh, and no doubt marketable.
Pro. Marke but the badges of theſe men, my Lords,
Then ſay if they be true: This miſhapen knaue;
His Mother was a Witch, and one ſo ſtrong
That could controle the Moone; make flowes, and ebs,
And deale in her command, without her power:
Theſe three haue robd me, and this demy-diuell;
(For he's a baſtard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of theſe Fellowes, you
Muſt know, and owne, this Thing of darkeneſſe, I
Acknowledge mine.
Cal. I ſhall be pincht to death.
Alo. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?
Seb. He is drunke now;
Where had he wine?
Alo. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe: where ſhould they
Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?
Tri. I haue bin in ſuch a pickle ſince I ſaw you laſt,
That I feare me will neuer out of my bones:
I ſhall not feare fly-blowing.
Seb. Why how now *Stephano*?
Ste. O touch me not, I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp.
Pro. You'ld be King o'the Iſle, Sirha?
Ste. I ſhould haue bin a ſore one then.
Alo. This is a ſtrange thing as ere I look'd on.
Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his Manners
As in his ſhape: Goe Sirha, to my Cell,
Take with you your Companions: as you looke
To haue my pardon, trim it handſomely.
Cal. I that I will: and Ile be wiſe hereafter,

And

And ſeeke for grace: what a thrice double Aſſe
Was I to take this drunkard for a god?
And worſhip this dull foole?
Pro. Goe to, away. (found it.
Alo. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where you
Seb. Or ſtole it rather.
Pro. Sir, I inuite your Highneſſe, and your traine
To my poore Cell: where you ſhall take your reſt
For this one night, which part of it, Ile waſte
With ſuch diſcourſe, as I not doubt, ſhall make it
Goe quicke away: The ſtory of my life,
And the particular accidents, gon by
Since I came to this Iſle: And in the morne
I'le bring you to your ſhip, and ſo to *Naples*,
Where I haue hope to ſee the nuptiall
Of theſe our deere-belou'd, ſolemnized,
And thence retire me to my *Millaine*, where
Euery third thought ſhall be my graue.
Alo. I long
To heare the ſtory of your life; which muſt
Take the eare ſtarngely.
Pro. I'le deliuer all,
And promiſe you calme Seas, auſpicious gales,
And ſaile, ſo expeditious, that ſhall catch
Your Royall fleete farre off: My *Ariel*; chicke
That is thy charge: Then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thou well: pleaſe you draw neere.

Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGVE,

ſpoken by *Proſpero*.

Now my Charmes are all ore-throwne,
And what ſtrength I haue's mine owne.
Which is moſt faint: now 'tis true
I muſt be heere confinde by you,
Or ſent to Naples, *Let me not*
Since I haue my Dukedome got,
And pardon'd the deceiuer, dwell
In this bare Iſland, by your Spell,
But releaſe me from my bands
with the helpe of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes
Muſt fill, or elſe my proiect failes,
which was to pleaſe: Now I want
Spirits to enforce: Art to inchant,
And my ending is deſpaire,
Vnleſſe I be relieu'd by praier
Which pierces ſo, that it aſſaults
Mercy it ſelfe, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your Indulgence ſet me free. Exit.

The Scene, an vn-inhabited Iſland

Names of the Actors.

Alonſo, K. of Naples:
Sebaſtian his Brother.
Proſpero, the right Duke of Millaine.
Anthonio his brother, the vſurping Duke of Millaine.
Ferdinand, Son to the King of Naples.
Gonzalo, an honeſt old Councellor.
Adrian, & Franciſco, Lords.
Caliban, a ſaluage and deformed ſlaue.
Trinculo, a Ieſter.
Stephano, a drunken Butler.
Maſter of a Ship.
Boate-Swaine.
Marriners.
Miranda, daughter to Proſpero.
Ariell, an ayrie ſpirit.
Iris
Ceres
Iuno } *Spirits.*
Nymphes
Reapers

FINIS.

THE

THE
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Valentine: Protheus, and *Speed*.

Valentine.

CEaſe to perſwade, my louing *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth, haue euer homely wits,
Wer't not affection chaines thy tender dayes
To the ſweet glaunces of thy honour'd Loue,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To ſee the wonders of the world abroad,
Then (liuing dully ſluggardiz'd at home)
Weare out thy youth with ſhapeleſſe idleneſſe.
But ſince thou lou'ſt; loue ſtill, and thriue therein,
Euen as I would, when I to loue begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine* adew,
Thinke on thy *Protheus*, when thou (hap'ly) ſeeſt
Some rare note-worthy obiect in thy trauaile.
Wiſh me partaker in thy happineſſe,
When thou do'ſt meet good hap; and in thy danger,
(If euer danger doe enuiron thee)
Commend thy grieuance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadeſ-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a loue-booke pray for my ſucceſſe?

Pro. Vpon ſome booke I loue, I'le pray for thee.

Val. That's on ſome ſhallow Storie of deepe loue,
How yong *Leander* croſt the *Helleſpont*.

Pro. That's a deepe Storie, of a deeper loue,
For he was more then ouer-ſhooes in loue.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are ouer-bootes in loue,
And yet you neuer ſwom the *Helleſpont*.

Pro. Ouer the Bootes? nay giue me not the Boots.

Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What? (grones:

Val. To be in loue; where ſcorne is bought with
Coy looks, with hart-ſore ſighes: one fading moments
With twenty watchfull, weary, tedious nights; (mirth,
If hap'ly won, perhaps a hapleſſe gaine;
If loſt, why then a grieuous labour won;
How euer: but a folly bought with wit,
Or elſe a wit, by folly vanquiſhed.

Pro. So, by your circumſtance, you call me foole.

Val. So, by your circumſtance, I feare you'll proue.

Pro. 'Tis Loue you cauill at, I am not Loue.

Val. Loue is your maſter, for he maſters you;
And he that is ſo yoked by a foole,
Me thinkes ſhould not be chronicled for wiſe.

Pro. Yet Writers ſay; as in the ſweeteſt Bud,
The eating Canker dwels; ſo eating Loue
Inhabits in the fineſt wits of all.

Val. And Writers ſay; as the moſt forward Bud
Is eaten by the Canker ere it blow,
Euen ſo by Loue, the yong, and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blaſting in the Bud,
Looſing his verdure, euen in the prime,
And all the faire effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waſte I time to counſaile thee
That art a votary to fond deſire?
Once more adieu: my Father at the Road
Expects my comming, there to ſee me ſhip'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee *Valentine*.

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no: Now let vs take our leaue:
To *Millaine* let me heare from thee by Letters
Of thy ſucceſſe in loue; and what newes elſe
Betideth here in abſence of thy Friend:
And I likewiſe will viſite thee with mine.

Pro. All happineſſe bechance to thee in *Millaine*.

Val. As much to you at home: and ſo farewell. *Exit.*

Pro. He after Honour hunts, I after Loue;
He leaues his friends, to dignifie them more;
I loue my ſelfe, my friends, and all for loue:
Thou *Iulia* thou haſt metamorphis'd me:
Made me neglect my Studies, looſe my time;
Warre with good counſaile; ſet the world at nought;
Made Wit with muſing, weake; hart ſick with thought.

Sp. Sir *Protheus*: 'ſaue you: ſaw you my Maſter?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embarque for *Millain*.

Sp. Twenty to one then, he is ſhip'd already,
And I haue plaid the Sheepe in looſing him.

Pro. Indeede a Sheepe doth very often ſtray,
And if the Shepheard be awhile away.

Sp. You conclude that my Maſter is a Shepheard then, and I Sheepe?

Pro. I doe.

Sp. Why then my hornes are his hornes, whether I wake or ſleepe.

Pro. A ſilly anſwere, and fitting well a Sheepe.

Sp. This proues me ſtill a Sheepe.

Pro. True: and thy Maſter a Shepheard.

Sp. Nay, that I can deny by a circumſtance.

Pro. It ſhall goe hard but ile proue it by another.

Sp. The Shepheard ſeekes the Sheepe, and not the Sheepe the Shepheard; but I ſeeke my Maſter, and my Maſter ſeekes not me: therefore I am no Sheepe.

Pro. The Sheepe for fodder follow the Shepheard, the Shepheard for foode followes not the Sheepe: thou for wages followeſt thy Maſter, thy Maſter for wages followes not thee: therefore thou art a Sheepe.

Sp. Such another proofe will make me cry baâ.

Pro. But do'ſt thou heare: gau'ſt thou my Letter to *Iulia*?

Sp. I Sir: I (a loſt-Mutton) gaue your Letter to her (a lac'd-Mutton) and ſhe (a lac'd-Mutton) gaue mee (a loſt-Mutton) nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too ſmall a Paſture for ſuch ſtore of Muttons.

Sp. If the ground be ouer-charg'd, you were beſt ſticke her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are aſtray: 'twere beſt pound you.

Sp. Nay Sir, leſſe then a pound ſhall ſerue me for carrying your Letter.

Pro. You miſtake; I meane the pound, a Pinfold.

Sp. From a pound to a pin? fold it ouer and ouer,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your louer

Pro. But what ſaid ſhe?

Sp. I.

Pro. Nod-I, why that's noddy.

Sp. You miſtooke Sir: I ſay ſhe did nod;
And you aske me if ſhe did nod, and I ſay I.

Pro. And that ſet together is noddy.

Sp. Now you haue taken the paines to ſet it together, take it for your paines.

Pro. No, no, you ſhall haue it for bearing the letter.

Sp. Well, I perceiue I muſt be faine to beare with you.

Pro. Why Sir, how doe you beare with me?

Sp. Marry Sir, the letter very orderly,
Hauing nothing but the word noddy for my paines.

Pro. Beſhrew me, but you haue a quicke wit.

Sp. And yet it cannot ouer-take your ſlow purſe.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in briefe; what ſaid ſhe.

Sp. Open your purſe, that the money, and the matter may be both at once deliuered.

Pro. Well Sir: here is for your paines: what ſaid ſhe?

Sp. Truely Sir, I thinke you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'ſt thou perceiue ſo much from her?

Sp. Sir, I could perceiue nothing at all from her;
No, not ſo much as a ducket for deliuering your letter:
And being ſo hard to me, that brought your minde;
I feare ſhe'll proue as hard to you in telling your minde.
Giue her no token but ſtones, for ſhe's as hard as ſteele.

Pro. What ſaid ſhe, nothing?

Sp. No, not ſo much as take this for thy pains: (me;
To teſtifie your bounty, I thank you, you haue ceſtern'd
In requital whereof, henceforth, carry your letters your ſelfe; And ſo Sir, I'le commend you to my Maſter.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to ſaue your Ship from wrack,
Which cannot periſh hauing thee aboarde,
Being deſtin'd to a drier death on ſhore:
I muſt goe ſend ſome better Meſſenger,
I feare my *Iulia* would not daigne my lines,
Receiuing them from ſuch a worthleſſe poſt. *Exit.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Iulia and Lucetta.

Iul. But ſay *Lucetta* (now we are alone)
Would'ſt thou then counſaile me to fall in loue?

Luc. I Madam, ſo you ſtumble not vnheedfully.

Iul. Of all the faire reſort of Gentlemen,
That euery day with par'le encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthieſt loue?

Lu. Pleaſe you repeat their names, ile ſhew my minde,
According to my ſhallow ſimple skill.

Iu. What thinkſt thou of the faire ſir *Eglamoure*?

Lu. As of a Knight, well-ſpoken, neat, and fine;
But were I you, he neuer ſhould be mine.

Iu. What think'ſt thou of the rich *Mercatio*?

Lu. Well of his wealth; but of himſelfe, ſo, ſo.

Iu. What think'ſt thou of the gentle *Protheus*?

Lu. Lord, Lord: to ſee what folly raignes in vs.

Iu. How now? what meanes this paſſion at his name?

Lu. Pardon deare Madam, 'tis a paſſing ſhame,
That I (vnworthy body as I am)
Should cenſure thus on louely Gentlemen.

Iu. Why not on *Protheus*, as of all the reſt?

Lu. Then thus: of many good, I thinke him beſt.

Iul. Your reaſon?

Lu. I haue no other but a womans reaſon:
I thinke him ſo, becauſe I thinke him ſo.

Iul. And would'ſt thou haue me caſt my loue on him?

Lu. I: if you thought your loue not caſt away.

Iul. Why he, of all the reſt, hath neuer mou'd me.

Lu. Yet he, of all the reſt, I thinke beſt loues ye.

Iul. His little ſpeaking, ſhewes his loue but ſmall.

Lu. Fire that's cloſeſt kept, burnes moſt of all.

Iul. They doe not loue, that doe not ſhew their loue.

Lu. Oh, they loue leaſt, that let men know their loue.

Iul. I would I knew his minde.

Lu. Peruſe this paper Madam.

Iul. To *Iulia*: ſay, from whom?

Lu. That the Contents will ſhew.

Iul. Say, ſay: who gaue it thee?

Lu. Sir *Valentines* page: & ſent I think from *Protheus*;
He would haue giuen it you, but I being in the way,
Did in your name receiue it: pardon the fault I pray.

Iul. Now (by my modeſty) a goodly Broker:
Dare you preſume to harbour wanton lines?
To whiſper, and conſpire againſt my youth?
Now truſt me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place:
There: take the paper: ſee it be return'd,
Or elſe returne no more into my ſight.

Lu. To plead for loue, deſerues more fee, then hate.

Iul. Will ye be gon?

Lu. That you may ruminate. *Exit.*

Iul. And yet I would I had ore-look'd the Letter;
It were a ſhame to call her backe againe,
And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.
What 'foole is ſhe, that knowes I am a Maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since Maides, in modeſty, ſay no, to that,
Which they would haue the profferer conſtrue, I.
Fie, fie: how way-ward is this fooliſh loue;
That (like a teſtie Babe) will ſcratch the Nurſe,
And preſently, all humbled kiſſe the Rod?
How churliſhly, I chid *Lucetta* hence,
When willingly, I would haue had her here?
How angerly I taught my brow to frowne,
When inward ioy enforc'd my heart to ſmile?
My pennance is, to call *Lucetta* backe
And aske remiſſion, for my folly paſt.
What hoe: *Lucetta*.

Lu. What would your Ladiſhip?

Iul. Is't neere dinner time?

Lu. I would it were,
That you might kill your ſtomacke on your meat,

And not vpon your Maid.
Iu. What is't that you
Tooke vp ſo gingerly?
Lu. Nothing.
Iu. Why didſt thou ſtoope then?
Lu. To take a paper vp, that I let fall.
Iul. And is that paper nothing?
Lu. Nothing concerning me.
Iul. Then let it lye, for thoſe that it concernes.
Lu. Madam, it will not lye where it concernes,
Vnleſſe it haue a falſe Interpreter.
Iul. Some loue of yours, hath writ to you in Rime.
Lu. That I might ſing it (Madam) to a tune:
Giue me a Note, your Ladiſhip can ſet
Iul. As little by ſuch toyes, as may be poſſible:
Beſt ſing it to the tune of *Light O, Loue.*
Lu. It is too heauy for ſo light a tune.
Iu. Heauy? belike it hath ſome burden then?
Lu. I: and melodious were it, would you ſing it,
Iu. And why not you?
Lu. I cannot reach ſo high.
Iu. Let's ſee your Song:
How now Minion?
Lu. Keepe tune there ſtill; ſo you will ſing it out:
And yet me thinkes I do not like this tune.
Iu. You doe not?
Lu. No (Madam) tis too ſharpe.
Iu. You (Minion) are too ſaucie.
Lu. Nay, now you are too flat;
And marre the concord, with too harſh a deſcant:
There wanteth but a Meane to fill your Song.
Iu. The meane is dround with you vnruly baſe.
Lu. Indeede I bid the baſe for *Protheus.*
Iu. This babble ſhall not henceforth trouble me;
Here is a coile with proteſtation:
Goe, get you gone: and let the papers lye:
You would be fingring them, to anger me.
Lu. She makes it ſtrãge, but ſhe would be beſt pleas'd
To be ſo angred with another Letter.
Iu. Nay, would I were ſo angred with the ſame:
Oh hatefull hands, to teare ſuch louing words;
Iniurious Waſpes, to feede on ſuch ſweet hony,
And kill the Bees that yeelde it, with your ſtings;
Ile kiſſe each ſeuerall paper, for amends:
Looke, here is writ, kinde *Iulia*: vnkinde *Iulia*,
As in reuenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name againſt the bruzing-ſtones,
Trampling contemptuouſly on thy diſdaine.
And here is writ, *Loue wounded Protheus.*
Poore wounded name: my boſome, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I ſearch it with a ſoueraigne kiſſe.
But twice, or thrice, was *Protheus* written downe:
Be calme (good winde) blow not a word away,
Till I haue found each letter, in the Letter,
Except mine own name: That, ſome whirle-winde beare
Vnto a ragged, fearefull, hanging Rocke,
And throw it thence into the raging Sea.
Loe, here in one line is his name twice writ:
Poore forlorne Protheus, paſſionate Protheus:
To the ſweet Iulia: that ile teare away:
And yet I will not, ſith ſo prettily
He couples it, to his complaining Names;
Thus will I fold them, one vpon another;
Now kiſſe, embrace, contend, doe what you will.
Lu. Madam: dinner is ready: and your father ſtaies.
Iu. Well, let vs goe.
Lu. What, ſhall theſe papers lye, like Tel-tales here?
Iu. If you reſpect them; beſt to take them vp.
Lu. Nay, I was taken vp, for laying them downe.
Yet here they ſhall not lye, for catching cold.
Iu. I ſee you haue a months minde to them.
Lu. I (Madam) you may ſay what ſights you ſee;
I ſee things too, although you iudge I winke.
Iu. Come, come, wilt pleaſe you goe. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Antonio and Panthino. Protheus.

Ant. Tell me *Panthino*, what ſad talke was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the Cloyſter?
Pan. 'Twas of his Nephew *Protheus*, your Sonne.
Ant. Why? what of him?
Pan. He wondred that your Lordſhip
Would ſuffer him, to ſpend his youth at home,
While other men, of ſlender reputation
Put forth their Sonnes, to ſeeke preferment out.
Some to the warres, to try their fortune there;
Some, to diſcouer Iſlands farre away:
Some, to the ſtudious Vniuerſities;
For any, or for all theſe exerciſes,
He ſaid, that *Protheus*, your ſonne, was meet;
And did requeſt me, to importune you
To let him ſpend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In hauing knowne no trauaile in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'ſt thou much importune me to that
Whereon, this month I haue bin hamering.
I haue conſider'd well, his loſſe of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tryed, and tutord in the world:
Experience is by induſtry atchieu'd,
And perfected by the ſwift courſe of time:
Then tell me, whether were I beſt to ſend him?
Pan. I thinke your Lordſhip is not ignorant
How his companion, youthfull *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperour in his royall Court.
Ant. I know it well.
Pan. 'Twere good, I thinke, your Lordſhip ſent him (thither,
There ſhall he practiſe Tilts, and Turnaments;
Heare ſweet diſcourſe, conuerſe with Noble-men,
And be in eye of euery Exerciſe
Worthy his youth, and nobleneſſe of birth.
Ant. I like thy counſaile: well haſt thou aduis'd:
And that thou maiſt perceiue how well I like it,
The execution of it ſhall make knowne;
Euen with the ſpeedieſt expedition,
I will diſpatch him to the Emperors Court.
Pan. To morrow, may it pleaſe you, *Don Alphonſo*,
With other Gentlemen of good eſteeme
Are iournying, to ſalute the *Emperor*,
And to commend their ſeruice to his will.
Ant. Good company: with them ſhall *Protheus* go:
And in good time: now will we breake with him.
Pro. Sweet Loue, ſweet lines, ſweet life,
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for loue, her honors paune;

O that our Fathers would applaud our loues
To ſeale our happineſſe with their conſents.
Pro. Oh heauenly *Iulia.*
Ant. How now? What Letter are you reading there?
Pro. May't pleaſe your Lordſhip, 'tis a word or two
Of commendations ſent from *Valentine*;
Deliuer'd by a friend, that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the Letter: Let me ſee what newes.
Pro. There is no newes (my Lord) but that he writes
How happily he liues, how well-belou'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wiſhing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how ſtand you affected to his wiſh?
Pro. As one relying on your Lordſhips will,
And not depending on his friendly wiſh.
Ant. My will is ſomething ſorted with his wiſh:
Muſe not that I thus ſodainly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end:
I am reſolu'd, that thou ſhalt ſpend ſome time
With *Valentinus*, in the Emperors Court:
What maintenance he from his friends receiues,
Like exhibition thou ſhalt haue from me,
To morrow be in readineſſe, to goe,
Excuſe it not: for I am peremptory.
Pro. My Lord I cannot be ſo ſoone prouided,
Pleaſe you deliberate a day or two.
Ant. Look what thou want'ſt ſhalbe ſent after thee:
No more of ſtay: to morrow thou muſt goe;
Come on *Panthmo*; you ſhall be imployd,
To haſten on his Expedition.
Pro. Thus haue I ſhund the fire, for feare of burning,
And drench'd me in the ſea, where I am drown'd.
I fear'd to ſhew my Father *Iulias* Letter,
Leaſt he ſhould take exceptions to my loue,
And with the vantage of mine owne excuſe
Hath he excepted moſt againſt my loue.
Oh, how this ſpring of loue reſembleth
The vncertaine glory of an Aprill day,
Which now ſhewes all the beauty of the Sun,
And by and by a clowd takes all away.
Pan. Sir *Protheus*, your Fathers call's for you,
He is in haſt, therefore I pray you go.
Pro. Why this it is: my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thouſand times it anſwer's no.
Exeunt. Finis.

Actus ſecundus: Scœna Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, Siluia.

Speed. Sir, your Gloue.
Valen. Not mine: my Gloues are on.
Sp. Why then this may be yours: for this is but one.
Val. Ha? Let me ſee: I, giue it me, it's mine:
Sweet Ornament, that deckes a thing diuine,
Ah *Siluia, Siluia.*
Speed. Madam *Siluia*: Madam *Siluia.*
Val. How now Sirha?
Speed. Shee is not within hearing Sir.
Val. Why ſir, who bad you call her?
Speed. Your worſhip ſir, or elſe I miſtooke.
Val. Well: you'll ſtill be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was laſt chidden for being too ſlow.
Val. Goe to, ſir, tell me: do you know Madam *Siluia*?
Speed. Shee that your worſhip loues?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in loue?

Speed. Marry by theſe ſpeciall markes: firſt, you haue learn'd (like Sir *Protheus*) to wreath your Armes like a Male-content: to relliſh a Loue-ſong, like a *Robin*-red-breaſt: to walke alone like one that had the peſtilence: to ſigh, like a Schoole-boy that had loſt his *A. B. C.* to weep like a yong wench that had buried her Grandam: to faſt, like one that takes diet: to watch, like one that feares robbing: to ſpeake puling, like a beggar at Hallow-Maſſe: You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cocke; when you walk'd, to walke like one of the Lions: when you faſted, it was preſently after dinner: when you look'd ſadly, it was for want of money: And now you are Metamorphis'd with a Miſtris, that when I looke on you, I can hardly thinke you my Maſter.

Val. Are all theſe things perceiu'd in me?
Speed. They are all perceiu'd without ye.
Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certaine: for without you were ſo ſimple, none elſe would: but you are ſo without theſe follies, that theſe follies are within you, and ſhine through you like the water in an Vrinall: that not an eye that ſees you, but is a Phyſician to comment on your Malady.

Val. But tell me: do'ſt thou know my Lady *Siluia*?
Speed. Shee that you gaze on ſo, as ſhe ſits at ſupper?
Val. Haſt thou obſeru'd that? euen ſhe I meane.
Speed. Why ſir, I know her not.
Val. Do'ſt thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'ſt her not?
Speed. Is ſhe not hard-fauour'd, ſir?
Val. Not ſo faire (boy) as well fauour'd.
Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.
Val. What doſt thou know?
Speed. That ſhee is not ſo faire, as (of you) well-fauourd?
Val. I meane that her beauty is exquiſite,
But her fauour infinite.
Speed. That's becauſe the one is painted, and the other out of all count.
Val. How painted? and how out of count?
Speed. Marry ſir, ſo painted to make her faire, that no man counts of her beauty.
Val. How eſteem'ſt thou me? I account of her beauty.
Speed. You neuer ſaw her ſince ſhe was deform'd.
Val. How long hath ſhe beene deform'd?
Speed. Euer ſince you lou'd her.
Val. I haue lou'd her euer ſince I ſaw her,
And ſtill I ſee her beautifull.
Speed. If you loue her, you cannot ſee her.
Val. Why?

Speed. Becauſe Loue is blinde: O that you had mine eyes, or your owne eyes had the lights they were wont to haue, when you chidde at Sir *Protheus*, for going vngarter'd.

Val. What ſhould I ſee then?

Speed. Your owne preſent folly, and her paſſing deformitie: for hee beeing in loue, could not ſee to garter his hoſe; and you, beeing in loue, cannot ſee to put on your hoſe.

Val. Belike (boy) then you are in loue, for laſt morning
You could not ſee to wipe my ſhooes.

Speed. True ſir: I was in loue with my bed, I thanke you, you ſwing'd me for my loue, which makes mee the
bolder

bolder to chide you, for yours.

Val. In concluſion, I ſtand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were ſet, ſo your affection would ceaſe.

Val. Laſt night ſhe enioyn'd me,
To write ſome lines to one ſhe loues.

Speed. And haue you?

Val. I haue.

Speed. Are they not lamely writt?

Val. No (Boy) but as well as I can do them:
Peace, here ſhe comes.

Speed. Oh excellent motion; oh exceeding Puppet:
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam & Miſtres, a thouſand good-morrows.

Speed. Oh, 'giue ye-good-ev'n : heer's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine*, and ſeruant, to you two thouſand.

Speed. He ſhould giue her intereſt: & ſhe giues it him.

Val. As you inioynd me; I haue writ your Letter
Vnto the ſecret, nameles friend of yours:
Which I was much vnwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your Ladiſhip. (done.

Sil. I thanke you (gentle Seruant) 'tis very Clerkly-

Val. Now truſt me (Madam) it came hardly-off:
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at randome, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of ſo much pains?

Val. No (Madam) ſo it ſteed you, I will write
(Pleaſe you command) a thouſand times as much:
And yet ———

Sil. A pretty period: well: I gheſſe the ſequell;
And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not.
And yet, take this againe: and yet I thanke you:
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will: and yet, another yet.

Val. What meanes your Ladiſhip?
Doe you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes: the lines are very queintly writ,
But (ſince vnwillingly) take them againe.
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Silu. I, I: you writ them Sir, at my requeſt,
But I will none of them: they are for you:
I would haue had them writ more mouingly:

Val. Pleaſe you, Ile write your Ladiſhip another.

Sil. And when it's writ: for my ſake read it ouer,
And if it pleaſe you, ſo: if not: why ſo:

Val. If it pleaſe me, (Madam?) what then?

Sil. Why if it pleaſe you, take it for your labour;
And ſo good-morrow Seruant. *Exit. Sil.*

Speed. Oh Ieſt vnſeene: inſcrutible: inuiſible,
As a noſe on a mans face, or a Wethercocke on a ſteeple:
My Maſter ſues to her: and ſhe hath taught her Sutor,
He being her Pupill, to become her Tutor.
Oh excellent deuiſe, was there euer heard a better?
That my maſter being ſcribe,
To himſelfe ſhould write the Letter?

Val. How now Sir?
What are you reaſoning with your ſelfe?

Speed. Nay: I was riming: 'tis you ỷ haue the reaſon.

Val. To doe what?

Speed. To be a Spokeſ-man from Madam *Siluia.*

Val. To whom?

Speed. To your ſelfe: why, ſhe woes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a Letter, I ſhould ſay.

Val. Why ſhe hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need ſhe,
When ſhee hath made you write to your ſelfe?
Why, doe you not perceiue the ieſt?

Val. No, beleeue me.

Speed. No beleeuing you indeed ſir:
But did you perceiue her earneſt?

Val. She gaue me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why ſhe hath giuen you a Letter.

Val. That's the Letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And ỷ letter hath ſhe deliuer'd, & there an end.

Val. I would it were no worſe.

Speed. Ile warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often haue you writ to her: and ſhe in modeſty,
Or elſe for want of idle time, could not againe reply,
Or fearing els ſome meſſẽger, ỷ might her mind diſcouer
Her ſelf hath taught her Loue himſelf, to write vnto her
All this I ſpeak in print, for in print I found it. (louer.
Why muſe you ſir, 'tis dinner time.

Val. I haue dyn'd.

Speed. I, but hearken ſir: though the Cameleon Loue can feed on the ayre, I am one that am nouriſh'd by my victuals; and would faine haue meate: oh bee not like your Miſtreſſe, be moued, be moued. *Exeunt.*

Scœna ſecunda.

Enter Protheus, Iulia, Panthion.

Pro. Haue patience, gentle *Iulia*:

Iul. I muſt where is no remedy.

Pro. When poſſibly I can, I will returne.

Iul. If you turne not: you will return the ſooner:
Keepe this remembrance for thy *Iulia's* ſake.

Pro. Why then wee'll make exchange;
Here, take you this.

Iul. And ſeale the bargaine with a holy kiſſe.

Pro. Here is my hand, for my true conſtancie:
And when that howre ore-ſlips me in the day,
Wherein I ſigh not (*Iulia*) for thy ſake,
The next enſuing howre, ſome foule miſchance
Torment me for my Loues forgetfulneſſe:
My father ſtaies my comming: anſwere not:
The tide is now; nay, not thy tide of teares,
That tide will ſtay me longer then I ſhould,
Iulia, farewell: what, gon without a word?
I, ſo true loue ſhould doe: it cannot ſpeake,
For truth hath better deeds, then words to grace it.

Panth. Sir *Protheus*: you are ſtaid for.

Pro. Goe: I come, I come:
Alas, this parting ſtrikes poore Louers dumbe.

Exeunt.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Launce, Panthion.

Launce. Nay, 'twill bee this howre ere I haue done weeping: all the kinde of the *Launces*, haue this very fault: I haue receiu'd my proportion, like the prodigious ſonne, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperialls Court: I thinke *Crab* my dog, be the ſowreſt natured dogge that liues: My Mother weeping: my Father wayling: my Siſter crying: our Maid howling: our Catte wringing her hands, and all our houſe in a great perplexitie, yet did not this cruell-hearted Curre ſhedde one teare: he is a ſtone, a very pibble ſtone, and has no more pitty in him then a dogge: a Iew would haue wept to haue ſeene our parting: why my Grandam hauing no eyes, looke you, wept her ſelfe blinde at my parting: nay, Ile ſhew you the manner of it. This ſhooe is my father: no, this left ſhooe is my father; no, no, this left ſhooe is my mother: nay, that cannot bee ſo neyther: yes; it is ſo, it is ſo: it hath the worſer ſole: this ſhooe with the hole in it, is my mother: and this my father: a veng'ance on't, there 'tis: Now ſir, this ſtaffe is my ſiſter: for, looke you, ſhe is as white as a lilly, and as ſmall as a wand: this hat is *Nan* our maid: I am the dogge: no, the dogge is himſelfe, and I am the dogge: oh, the dogge is me, and I am my ſelfe: I; ſo, ſo: now come I to my Father; Father, your bleſſing: now ſhould not the ſhooe ſpeake a word for weeping: now ſhould I kiſſe my Father; well, hee weepes on: Now come I to my Mother: Oh that ſhe could ſpeake now, like a would-woman: well, I kiſſe her: why there 'tis; heere's my mothers breath vp and downe: Now come I to my ſiſter; marke the moane ſhe makes: now the dogge all this while ſheds not a teare: nor ſpeakes a word: but ſee how I lay the duſt with my teares.

Panth. *Launce*, away, away: a Boord: thy Maſter is ſhip'd, and thou art to poſt after with oares; what's the matter? why weep'ſt thou man? away aſſe, you'l looſe the Tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tide were loſt, for it is the vnkindeſt Tide, that euer any man tide.

Panth. What's the vnkindeſt tide?

Lau. Why, he that's tide here, *Crab* my dog.

Pant. Tut, man: I meane thou'lt looſe the flood, and in looſing the flood, looſe thy voyage, and in looſing thy voyage, looſe thy Maſter, and in looſing thy Maſter, looſe thy ſeruice, and in looſing thy ſeruice: ——— why doſt thou ſtop my mouth?

Laun. For feare thou ſhouldſt looſe thy tongue.

Panth. Where ſhould I looſe my tongue?

Laun. In thy Tale.

Panth. In thy Taile.

Laun. Looſe the Tide, and the voyage, and the Maſter, and the Seruice, and the tide: why man, if the Riuer were drie, I am able to fill it with my teares: if the winde were downe, I could driue the boate with my ſighes.

Panth. Come: come away man, I was ſent to call thee.

Lau. Sir: call me what thou dar'ſt.

Pant. Wilt thou goe?

Laun. Well, I will goe.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Siluia, Thurio, Speed, Duke, Protheus.

Sil. Seruant.

Val. Miſtris.

Spee. Maſter, Sir *Thurio* frownes on you.

Val. I Boy, it's for loue.

Spee. Not of you.

Val. Of my Miſtreſſe then.

Spee. 'Twere good you knockt him.

Sil. Seruant, you are ſad.

Val. Indeed, Madam, I ſeeme ſo.

Thu. Seeme you that you are not?

Val. Hap'ly I doe.

Thu. So doe Counterfeyts.

Val. So doe you.

Thu. What ſeeme I that I am not?

Val. Wiſe.

Thu. What inſtance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quoat you my folly?

Val. I quoat it in your Ierkin.

Thu. My Ierkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, Ile double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir *Thurio*, do you change colour?

Val. Giue him leaue, Madam, he is a kind of *Camelion.*

Thu. That hath more minde to feed on your bloud, then liue in your ayre.

Val. You haue ſaid Sir.

Thu. I Sir, and done too for this time.

Val. I know it wel ſir, you alwaies end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volly of words, gentlemẽ, & quickly ſhot off

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam, we thank the giuer.

Sil. Who is that Seruant?

Val. Your ſelfe (ſweet Lady) for you gaue the fire,
Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your Ladiſhips lookes,
And ſpends what he borrowes kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you ſpend word for word with me, I ſhall make your wit bankrupt. (words,

Val. I know it well ſir: you haue an Exchequer of
And I thinke, no other treaſure to giue your followers:
For it appeares by their bare Liueries
That they liue by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more:
Here comes my father.

Duk. Now, daughter *Siluia*, you are hard beſet.
Sir *Valentine*, your father is in good health,
What ſay you to a Letter from your friends
Of much good newes?

Val. My Lord, I will be thankfull,
To any happy meſſenger from thence.

Duk. Know ye *Don Antonio*, your Countriman?

Val. I, my good Lord, I know the Gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy eſtimation,
And not without deſert ſo well reputed.

Duk. Hath he not a Sonne?

Val. I, my good Lord, a Son, that well deſerues
The honor, and regard of ſuch a father.

Duk. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as my ſelfe: for from our Infancie
We haue conuerſt, and ſpent our howres together,
And though my ſelfe haue beene an idle Trewant,
Omitting the ſweet benefit of time
To cloath mine age with Angel-like perfection:
Yet hath Sir *Protheus* (for that's his name)
Made vſe, and faire aduantage of his daies:
His yeares but yong, but his experience old:
His head vn-mellowed, but his Iudgement ripe;
And in a word (for far behinde his worth
Comes all the praiſes that I now beſtow.)

He is compleat in feature, and in minde,
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.
Duk. Beſhrew me ſir, but if he make this good
He is as worthy for an Empreſſe loue,
As meet to be an Emperors Councellor:
Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me
With Commendation from great Potentates,
And heere he meanes to ſpend his time a while,
I thinke 'tis no vn-welcome newes to you.
Val. Should I haue wiſh'd a thing, it had beene he.
Duk. Welcome him then according to his worth:
Siluia, I ſpeake to you, and you Sir *Thurio*,
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it,
I will ſend him hither to you preſently.
Val. This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiſhip
Had come along with me, but that his Miſtreſſe
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Chriſtall lookes.
Sil. Be-like that now ſhe hath enfranchis'd them
Vpon ſome other pawne for fealty.
Val. Nay ſure, I thinke ſhe holds them priſoners ſtil.
Sil. Nay then he ſhould be blind, and being blind
How could he ſee his way to ſeeke out you?
Val. Why Lady, Loue hath twenty paire of eyes.
Thur. They ſay that Loue hath not an eye at all.
Val. To ſee ſuch Louers, *Thurio*, as your ſelfe,
Vpon a homely obiect, Loue can winke.
Sil. Haue done, haue done: here comes yͤ gentleman.
Val. Welcome, deer *Protheus*: Miſtris, I beſeech you
Confirme his welcome, with ſome ſpeciall fauor.
Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,
If this be he you oft haue wiſh'd to heare from.
Val. Miſtris, it is: ſweet Lady, entertaine him
To be my fellow-ſeruant to your Ladiſhip.
Sil. Too low a Miſtres for ſo high a ſeruant.
Pro. Not ſo, ſweet Lady, but too meane a ſeruant
To haue a looke of ſuch a worthy a Miſtreſſe.
Val. Leaue off diſcourſe of diſabilitie:
Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Seruant.
Pro. My dutie will I boaſt of, nothing elſe.
Sil. And dutie neuer yet did want his meed.
Seruant, you are welcome to a worthleſſe Miſtreſſe.
Pro. Ile die on him that ſaies ſo but your ſelfe.
Sil. That you are welcome?
Pro. That you are worthleſſe.
Thur. Madam, my Lord your father wold ſpeak with (you.
Sil. I wait vpon his pleaſure: Come Sir *Thurio*,
Goe with me: once more, new Seruant welcome;
Ile leaue you to confer of home affaires,
When you haue done, we looke too heare from you.
Pro. Wee'll both attend vpon your Ladiſhip.
Val. Now tell me: how do al from whence you came?
Pro. Your frends are wel, & haue thē much cōmended.
Val. And how doe yours?
Pro. I left them all in health.
Val. How does your Lady? & how thriues your loue?
Pro. My tales of Loue were wont to weary you,
I know you ioy not in a Loue-diſcourſe.
Val. I *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now,
I haue done pennance for contemning Loue,
Whoſe high emperious thoughts haue puniſh'd me
With bitter faſts, with penitentiall grones,
With nightly teares, and daily hart-ſore ſighes,
For in reuenge of my contempt of loue,
Loue hath chas'd ſleepe from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine owne hearts ſorrow.
O gentle *Protheus*, Loue's a mighty Lord,
And hath ſo humbled me, as I confeſſe
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his Seruice, no ſuch ioy on earth:
Now, no diſcourſe, except it be of loue:
Now can I breake my faſt, dine, ſup, and ſleepe,
Vpon the very naked name of Loue.
Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the Idoll, that you worſhip ſo?
Val. Euen She; and is ſhe not a heauenly Saint?
Pro. No; But ſhe is an earthly Paragon.
Val. Call her diuine.
Pro. I will not flatter her.
Val. O flatter me: for Loue delights in praiſes.
Pro. When I was ſick, you gaue me bitter pils,
And I muſt miniſter the like to you.
Val. Then ſpeake the truth by her; if not diuine,
Yet let her be a principalitie,
Soueraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my Miſtreſſe.
Val. Sweet: except not any,
Except thou wilt except againſt my Loue.
Pro. Haue I not reaſon to prefer mine owne?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her to:
Shee ſhall be dignified with this high honour,
To beare my Ladies traine, leſt the baſe earth
Should from her veſture chance to ſteale a kiſſe,
And of ſo great a fauor growing proud,
Diſdaine to roote the Sommer-ſwelling flowre,
And make rough winter euerlaſtingly.
Pro. Why *Valentine*, what Bragadiſme is this?
Val. Pardon me (*Protheus*) all I can is nothing,
To her, whoſe worth, make other worthies nothing;
Shee is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why man, ſhe is mine owne,
And I as rich in hauing ſuch a Iewell
As twenty Seas, if all their ſand were pearle,
The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold.
Forgiue me, that I doe not dreame on thee,
Becauſe thou ſeeſt me doate vpon my loue:
My fooliſh Riuall that her Father likes
(Onely for his poſſeſſions are ſo huge)
Is gone with her along, and I muſt after,
For Loue (thou know'ſt is full of iealouſie.)
Pro. But ſhe loues you?
Val. I, and we are betroathd: nay more, our mariage (howre,
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determin'd of: how I muſt climbe her window,
The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on for my happineſſe.
Good *Protheus* goe with me to my chamber,
In theſe affaires to aid me with thy counſaile.
Pro. Goe on before: I ſhall enquire you forth:
I muſt vnto the Road, to diſ-embarque
Some neceſſaries, that I needs muſt vſe,
And then Ile preſently attend you.
Val. Will you make haſte? *Exit.*
Pro. I will.
Euen as one heate, another heate expels,
Or as one naile, by ſtrength driues out another.
So the remembrance of my former Loue
Is by a newer obiect quite forgotten,
It is mine, or *Valentines* praiſe?
Her true perfection, or my falſe tranſgreſſion?
That makes me reaſonleſſe, to reaſon thus?
Shee is faire: and ſo is *Iulia* that I loue,

(That I did loue, for now my loue is thaw'd,
Which like a waxen Image 'gainſt a fire
Beares no impreſſion of the thing it was.)
Me thinkes my zeale to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I loue him not as I was wont:
O, but I loue his Lady too-too much,
And that's the reaſon I loue him ſo little.
How ſhall I doate on her with more aduice,
That thus without aduice begin to loue her?
'Tis but her picture I haue yet beheld;
And that hath dazel'd my reaſons light:
But when I looke on her perfections,
There is no reaſon, but I ſhall be blinde.
If I can checke my erring loue, I will,
If not, to compaſſe her Ile vſe my skill.
Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed *and* Launce.

Speed. *Launce*, by mine honeſty welcome to *Padua*.

Laun. Forſweare not thy ſelfe, ſweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is neuer vndon till hee be hang'd, nor neuer welcome to a place, till ſome certaine ſhot be paid, and the Hoſteſſe ſay welcome.

Speed. Come-on you mad-cap: Ile to the Ale-houſe with you preſently; where, for one ſhot of fiue pence, thou ſhalt haue fiue thouſand welcomes: But ſirha, how did thy Maſter part with Madam *Iulia*?

Lau. Marry after they cloas'd in earneſt, they parted very fairely in ieſt.

Spee: But ſhall ſhe marry him?

Lau. No.

Spee. How then? ſhall he marry her?

Lau. No, neither.

Spee. What, are they broken?

Lau. No; they are both as whole as a fiſh.

Spee. Why then, how ſtands the matter with them?

Lau. Marry thus, when it ſtands well with him, it ſtands well with her.

Spee. What an aſſe art thou, I vnderſtand thee not.

Lau. What a blocke art thou, that thou canſt not? My ſtaffe vnderſtands me?

Spee. What thou ſaiſt?

Lau. I, and what I do too: looke thee, Ile but leane, and my ſtaffe vnderſtands me.

Spee. It ſtands vnder thee indeed.

Lau. Why, ſtand-vnder: and vnder-ſtand is all one.

Spee. But tell me true, wil't be a match?

Lau. Aske my dogge, if he ſay I, it will: if hee ſay no, it will: if hee ſhake his taile, and ſay nothing, it will.

Spee. The concluſion is then, that it will.

Lau. Thou ſhalt neuer get ſuch a ſecret from me, but by a parable.

Spee. 'Tis well that I get it ſo: but *Launce*, how ſaiſt thou that that my maſter is become a notable Louer?

Lau. I neuer knew him otherwiſe.

Spee. Then how?

Lau. A notable Lubber: as thou reporteſt him to bee.

Spee. Why, thou whorſon Aſſe, thou miſtak'ſt me,

Lau. Why Foole, I meant not thee, I meant thy Maſter.

Spee. I tell thee, my Maſter is become a hot Louer.

Lau. Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee burne himſelfe in Loue. If thou wilt goe with me to the Alehouſe: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Iew, and not worth the name of a Chriſtian.

Spee. Why?

Lau. Becauſe thou haſt not ſo much charity in thee as to goe to the Ale with a Chriſtian: Wilt thou goe?

Spee. At thy ſeruice.

Exeunt.

Scœna Sexta.

Enter Protheus *ſolus.*

Pro. To leaue my *Iulia*; ſhall I be forſworne?
To loue faire *Siluia*; ſhall I be forſworne?
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworne.
And ev'n that Powre which gaue me firſt my oath
Prouokes me to this three-fold periurie.
Loue bad mee ſweare, and Loue bids me for-ſweare;
O ſweet-ſuggeſting Loue, if thou haſt ſin'd,
Teach me (thy tempted ſubiect) to excuſe it.
At firſt I did adore a twinkling Starre,
But now I worſhip a celeſtiall Sunne:
Vn-heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken,
And he wants wit, that wants reſolued will,
To learne his wit, t'exchange the bad for better;
Fie, fie, vnreuerend tongue, to call her bad,
Whoſe ſoueraignty ſo oft thou haſt preferd,
With twenty thouſand ſoule-confirming oathes.
I cannot leaue to loue; and yet I doe:
But there I leaue to loue, where I ſhould loue.
Iulia I looſe, and *Valentine* I looſe,
If I keepe them, I needs muſt looſe my ſelfe:
If I looſe them, thus finde I by their loſſe,
For *Valentine*, my ſelfe: for *Iulia*, *Siluia*.
I to my ſelfe am deerer then a friend,
For Loue is ſtill moſt precious in it ſelfe,
And *Siluia* (witneſſe heauen that made her faire)
Shewes *Iulia* but a ſwarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that *Iulia* is aliue,
Remembring that my Loue to her is dead.
And *Valentine* Ile hold an Enemie,
Ayming at *Siluia* as a ſweeter friend.
I cannot now proue conſtant to my ſelfe,
Without ſome treachery vs'd to *Valentine*.
This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder
To climbe celeſtiall *Siluia's* chamber window,
My ſelfe in counſaile his competitor.
Now preſently Ile giue her father notice
Of their diſguiſing and pretended flight:
Who (all inrag'd) will baniſh *Valentine*:
For *Thurio* he intends ſhall wed his daughter,
But *Valentine* being gon, Ile quickely croſſe
By ſome ſlie tricke, blunt *Thurio's* dull proceeding.
Loue lend me wings, to make my purpoſe ſwift
As thou haſt lent me wit, to plot this drift.
Exit.

Scœna ſeptima.

Enter Iulia *and* Lucetta.

Iul. Counſaile, *Lucetta*, gentle girle aſſiſt me,
And eu'n in kinde loue, I doe coniure thee,
Who art the Table wherein all my thoughts
Are viſibly Character'd, and engrau'd,
To leſſon me, and tell me ſome good meane
How with my honour I may vndertake
A iourney to my louing *Prothews*.
Luc. Alas, the way is weariſome and long.
Iul. A true-deuoted Pilgrime is not weary
To meaſure Kingdomes with his feeble ſteps,
Much leſſe ſhall ſhe that hath Loues wings to flie,
And when the flight is made to one ſo deere,
Of ſuch diuine perfection as Sir *Protheus*.
Luc. Better forbeare, till *Protheus* make returne.
Iul: Oh, know'ſt ÿ not, his looks are my ſoules food?
Pitty the dearth that I haue pined in,
By longing for that food ſo long a time.
Didſt thou but know the inly touch of Loue,
Thou wouldſt as ſoone goe kindle fire with ſnow
As ſeeke to quench the fire of Loue with words.
Luc. I doe not ſeeke to quench your Loues hot fire,
But qualifie the fires extreame rage,
Leſt it ſhould burne aboue the bounds of reaſon.
Iul. The more thou dam'ſt it vp, the more it burnes:
The Current that with gentle murmure glides
(Thou know'ſt) being ſtop'd, impatiently doth rage:
But when his faire courſe is not hindered,
He makes ſweet muſicke with th'enameld ſtones,
Giuing a gentle kiſſe to euery ſedge
He ouer-taketh in his pilgrimage.
And ſo by many winding nookes he ſtraies
With willing ſport to the wilde Ocean.
Then let me goe, and hinder not my courſe:
Ile be as patient as a gentle ſtreame,
And make a paſtime of each weary ſtep,
Till the laſt ſtep haue brought me to my Loue,
And there Ile reſt, as after much turmoile
A bleſſed ſoule doth in *Elizium*.
Luc. But in what habit will you goe along?
Iul. Not like a woman, for I would preuent
The looſe encounters of laſciuious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with ſuch weedes
As may beſeeme ſome well reputed Page.
Luc. Why then your Ladiſhip muſt cut your haire.
Iul. No girle, Ile knit it vp in ſilken ſtrings,
With twentie od-conceited true-loue knots:
To be fantaſtique, may become a youth
Of greater time then I ſhall ſhew to be. (ches?
Luc. What faſhion (Madam) ſhall I make your bree-
Iul. That fits as well, as tell me (good my Lord)
What compaſſe will you weare your Farthingale?
Why eu'n what faſhion thou beſt likes (*Lucetta*.)
Luc. You muſt needs haue thẽ with a cod-peece (Ma-
Iul. Out, out, (*Lucetta*) that wilbe illfauourd. (dam)
Luc. A round hoſe (Madam) now's not worth a pin
Vnleſſe you haue a cod-peece to ſtick pins on.
Iul. *Lucetta*, as thou lou'ſt me let me haue
What thou think'ſt meet, and is moſt mannerly.
But tell me (wench) how will the world repute me
For vndertaking ſo vnſtaid a iourney?
I feare me it will make me ſcandaliz'd.
Luc. If you thinke ſo, then ſtay at home, and go not.
Iul. Nay, that I will not.
Luc. Then neuer dreame on Infamy, but go:
If *Protheus* like your iourney, when you come,
No matter who's diſpleas'd, when you are gone:
I feare me he will ſcarce be pleas'd with all.
Iul. That is the leaſt (*Lucetta*) of my feare:
A thouſand oathes, an Ocean of his teares,
And inſtances of infinite of Loue,
Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.
Luc. All theſe are ſeruants to deceitfull men.
Iul. Baſe men, that vſe them to ſo baſe effect;
But truer ſtarres did gouerne *Protheus* birth,
His words are bonds, his oathes are oracles,
His loue ſincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His teares, pure meſſengers, ſent from his heart,
His heart, as far from fraud, as heauen from earth.
Luc. Pray heau'n he proue ſo when you come to him.
Iul. Now, as thou lou'ſt me, do him not that wrong,
To beare a hard opinion of his truth:
Onely deſerue my loue, by louing him,
And preſently goe with me to my chamber
To take a note of what I ſtand in need of,
To furniſh me vpon my longing iourney:
All that is mine I leaue at thy diſpoſe,
My goods, my Lands, my reputation,
Onely, in lieu thereof, diſpatch me hence:
Come; anſwere not: but to it preſently,
I am impatient of my tarriance.
Exeunt.

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus, Valentine, Launce, Speed.

Duke. Sir *Thurio*, giue vs leaue (I pray) a while,
We haue ſome ſecrets to confer about.
Now tell me *Protheus*, what's your will with me?
Pro. My gracious Lord, that which I wold diſcouer,
The Law of friendſhip bids me to conceale,
But when I call to minde yonr gracious fauours
Done to me (vndeſeruing as I am)
My dutie pricks me on to vtter that
Which elſe, no worldly good ſhould draw from me:
Know (worthy Prince) Sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to ſteale away your daughter:
My ſelfe am one made priuy to the plot.
I know you haue determin'd to beſtow her
On *Thurio*, whom your gentle daughter hates,
And ſhould ſhe thus be ſtolne away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus (for my duties ſake) I rather choſe
To croſſe my friend in his intended drift,
Then (by concealing it) heap on your head
A pack of ſorrowes, which would preſſe you downe
(Being vnpreuented) to your timeleſſe graue.
Duke. *Protheus*, I thank thee for thine honeſt care,
Which to requite, command me while I liue.
This loue of theirs, my ſelfe haue often ſeene,
Haply when they haue iudg'd me faſt aſleepe,
And oftentimes haue purpos'd to forbid

Sir *Valentine* her companie, and my Court.
But fearing leſt my iealous ayme might erre,
And ſo (vnworthily) diſgrace the man
(A raſhneſſe that I euer yet haue ſhun'd)
I gaue him gentle lookes, thereby to finde
That which thy ſelfe haſt now diſclos'd to me.
And that thou maiſt perceiue my feare of this,
Knowing that tender youth is ſoone ſuggeſted,
I nightly lodge her in an vpper Towre,
The key whereof, my ſelfe haue euer kept:
And thence ſhe cannot be conuay'd away.
Pro. Know (noble Lord) they haue deuis'd a meane
How he her chamber-window will aſcend,
And with a Corded-ladder fetch her downe:
For which, the youthfull Louer now is gone,
And this way comes he with it preſently.
Where (if it pleaſe you) you may intercept him.
But (good my Lord) doe it ſo cunningly
That my diſcouery be not aimed at:
For, loue of you, not hate vnto my friend,
Hath made me publiſher of this pretence.
Duke. Vpon mine Honor, he ſhall neuer know
That I had any light from thee of this.
Pro. Adiew, my Lord, Sir *Valentine* is comming.
Duk. Sir *Valentine*, whether away ſo faſt?
Val. Pleaſe it your Grace, there is a Meſſenger
That ſtayes to beare my Letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliuer them.
Duk. Be they of much import?
Val. The tenure of them doth but ſignifie
My health, and happy being at your Court.
Duk. Nay then no matter: ſtay with me a while,
I am to breake with thee of ſome affaires
That touch me neere: wherein thou muſt be ſecret.
'Tis not vnknown to thee, that I haue ſought
To match my friend Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter.
Val. I know it well (my Lord) and ſure the Match
Were rich and honourable: beſides, the gentleman
Is full of Vertue, Bounty, Worth, and Qualities
Beſeeming ſuch a Wife, as your faire daughter:
Cannot your Grace win her to fancie him?
Duk. No, truſt me, She is peeuiſh, ſullen, froward,
Prowd, diſobedient, ſtubborne, lacking duty,
Neither regarding that ſhe is my childe,
Nor fearing me, as if I were her father:
And may I ſay to thee, this pride of hers
(Vpon aduice) hath drawne my loue from her,
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should haue beene cheriſh'd by her child-like dutie,
I now am full reſolu'd to take a wife,
And turne her out, to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding dowre:
For me, and my poſſeſſions ſhe eſteemes not.
Val. What would your Grace haue me to do in this?
Duk. There is a Lady in *Verona* heere
Whom I affect: but ſhe is nice, and coy,
And naught eſteemes my aged eloquence.
Now therefore would I haue thee to my Tutor
(For long agone I haue forgot to court,
Beſides the faſhion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way I may beſtow my ſelfe
To be regarded in her ſun-bright eye.
Val. Win her with gifts, if ſhe reſpect not words,
Dumbe Iewels often in their ſilent kinde
More then quicke words, doe moue a womans minde.
Duk. But ſhe did ſcorne a preſent that I ſent her,
Val. A woman ſomtime ſcorns what beſt cõtents her.
Send her another: neuer giue her ore,
For ſcorne at firſt, makes after-loue the more.
If ſhe doe frowne, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more loue in you.
If ſhe doe chide, 'tis not to haue you gone,
For why, the fooles are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulſe, what euer ſhe doth ſay,
For, get you gon, ſhe doth not meane away.
Flatter, and praiſe, commend, extoll their graces:
Though nere ſo blacke, ſay they haue Angells faces,
That man that hath a tongue, I ſay is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Duk. But ſhe I meane, is promis'd by her friends
Vnto a youthfull Gentleman of worth,
And kept ſeuerely from reſort of men,
That no man hath acceſſe by day to her.
Val. Why then I would reſort to her by night.
Duk. I, but the doores be lockt, and keyes kept ſafe,
That no man hath recourſe to her by night.
Val. What letts but one may enter at her window?
Duk. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built ſo ſheluing, that one cannot climbe it
Without apparant hazard of his life.
Val. Why then a Ladder quaintly made of Cords
To caſt vp, with a paire of anchoring hookes,
Would ſerue to ſcale another *Hero's* towre,
So bold *Leander* would aduenture it.
Duk. Now as thou art a Gentleman of blood
Aduiſe me, where I may haue ſuch a Ladder.
Val. When would you vſe it? pray ſir, tell me that.
Duk. This very night; for Loue is like a childe
That longs for euery thing that he can come by.
Val. By ſeauen a clock, Ile get you ſuch a Ladder.
Duk. But harke thee: I will goe to her alone,
How ſhall I beſt conuey the Ladder thither?
Val. It will be light (my Lord) that you may beare it
Vnder a cloake, that is of any length.
Duk. A cloake as long as thine will ſerue the turne?
Val. I my good Lord.
Duk. Then let me ſee thy cloake,
Ile get me one of ſuch another length.
Val. Why any cloake will ſerue the turn (my Lord)
Duk. How ſhall I faſhion me to weare a cloake?
I pray thee let me feele thy cloake vpon me.
What Letter is this ſame? what's here? to *Siluia*?
And heere an Engine fit for my proceeding,
Ile be ſo bold to breake the ſeale for once.

My thoughts do harbour with my Siluia *nightly,*
And ſlaues they are to me, that ſend them flying.
Oh, could their Maſter come, and goe as lightly,
Himſelfe would lodge where (ſenceles) they are lying.
My Herald Thoughts, in thy pure boſome reſt-them,
While I (their King) that thither them importune
Doe curſe the grace, that with ſuch grace hath bleſt them,
Becauſe my ſelfe doe want my ſeruants fortune.
I curſe my ſelfe, for they are ſent by me,
That they ſhould harbour where their Lord ſhould be.

What's here? *Siluia, this night I will enfranchiſe thee.*
'Tis ſo: and heere's the Ladder for the purpoſe.
Why *Phaeton* (for thou art *Merops* ſonne)
Wilt thou aſpire to guide the heauenly Car?
And with thy daring folly burne the world?
Wilt thou reach ſtars, becauſe they ſhine on thee?

Goe baſe Intruder, ouer-weening Slaue,
Beſtow thy fawning ſmiles on equall mates,
And thinke my patience, (more then thy deſert)
Is priuiledge for thy departure hence.
Thanke me for this, more then for all the fauors
Which (all too-much) I haue beſtowed on thee.
But if thou linger in my Territories
Longer then ſwifteſt expedition
Will giue thee time to leaue our royall Court,
By heauen, my wrath ſhall farre exceed the loue
I euer bore my daughter, or thy ſelfe.
Be gone, I will not heare thy vaine excuſe,
But as thou lou'ſt thy life, make ſpeed from hence.
Val. And why not death, rather then liuing torment?
To die, is to be baniſht from my ſelfe,
And *Siluia* is my ſelfe: baniſh'd from her
Is ſelfe from ſelfe. A deadly baniſhment:
What light, is light, if *Siluia* be not ſeene?
What ioy is ioy, if *Siluia* be not by?
Vnleſſe it be to thinke that ſhe is by
And feed vpon the ſhadow of perfection.
Except I be by *Siluia* in the night,
There is no muſicke in the Nightingale.
Vnleſſe I looke on *Siluia* in the day,
There is no day for me to looke vpon.
Shee is my eſſence, and I leaue to be;
If I be not by her faire influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept aliue.
I flie not death, to flie his deadly doome,
Tarry I heere, I but attend on death,
But flie I hence, I flie away from life.
Pro. Run (boy) run, run, and ſeeke him out.
Lau. So-hough, Soa hough ———
Pro. What ſeeſt thou?
Lau. Him we goe to finde,
There's not a haire on's head, but t'is a *Valentine.*
Pro. *Valentine?*
Val. No.
Pro. Who then? his Spirit?
Val. Neither,
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
Lau. Can nothing ſpeake? Maſter, ſhall I ſtrike?
Pro. Who wouldſt thou ſtrike?
Lau. Nothing.
Pro. Villaine, forbeare.
Lau. Why Sir, Ile ſtrike nothing: I pray you.
Pro. Sirha, I ſay forbeare: friend *Valentine*, a word.
Val. My eares are ſtopt, & cannot hear good newes,
So much of bad already hath poſſeſt them.
Pro. Then in dumbe ſilence will I bury mine,
For they are harſh, vn-tuneable, and bad.
Val. Is *Siluia* dead?
Pro. No, *Valentine.*
Val. No *Valentine* indeed, for ſacred *Siluia*,
Hath ſhe forſworne me?
Pro. No, *Valentine.*
Val. No *Valentine*, if *Siluia* haue forſworne me.
What is your newes?
Lau. Sir, there is a proclamation, ỳ you are vaniſhed.
Pro. That thou art baniſh'd: oh that's the newes,
From hence, from *Siluia*, and from me thy friend.
Val. Oh, I haue fed vpon this woe already,
And now exceſſe of it will make me ſurfet.
Doth *Siluia* know that I am baniſh'd?
Pro. I, I: and ſhe hath offered to the doome
(Which vn-reuerſt ſtands in effectuall force)
A Sea of melting pearle, which ſome call teares;
Thoſe at her fathers churliſh feete ſhe tenderd,
With them vpon her knees, her humble ſelfe,
Wringing her hands, whoſe whitenes ſo became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held vp,
Sad ſighes, deepe grones, nor ſiluer-ſhedding teares
Could penetrate her vncompaſſionate Sire;
But *Valentine*, if he be tane, muſt die.
Beſides, her interceſſion chaf'd him ſo,
When ſhe for thy repeale was ſuppliant,
That to cloſe priſon he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.
Val. No more: vnles the next word that thou ſpeak'ſt
Haue ſome malignant power vpon my life:
If ſo: I pray thee breath it in mine eare,
As ending Antheme of my endleſſe dolor.
Pro. Ceaſe to lament for that thou canſt not helpe,
And ſtudy helpe for that which thou lament'ſt,
Time is the Nurſe, and breeder of all good;
Here, if thou ſtay, thou canſt not ſee thy loue:
Beſides, thy ſtaying will abridge thy life:
Hope is a louers ſtaffe, walke hence with that
And manage it, againſt deſpairing thoughts:
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, ſhall be deliuer'd
Euen in the milke-white boſome of thy Loue.
The time now ſerues not to expoſtulate,
Come, Ile conuey thee through the City-gate.
And ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concerne thy Loue-affaires:
As thou lou'ſt *Siluia* (though not for thy ſelfe)
Regard thy danger, and along with me.
Val. I pray thee *Launce*, and if thou ſeeſt my Boy
Bid him make haſte, and meet me at the North-gate.
Pro. Goe ſirha, finde him out: Come *Valentine.*
Val. Oh my deere *Siluia*; hapleſſe *Valentine.*

Launce. I am but a foole, looke you, and yet I haue the wit to thinke my Maſter is a kinde of a knaue: but that's all one, if he be but one knaue: He liues not now that knowes me to be in loue, yet I am in loue, but a Teeme of horſe ſhall not plucke that from me: nor who 'tis I loue: and yet 'tis a woman; but what woman, I will not tell my ſelfe: and yet 'tis a Milke-maid: yet 'tis not a maid: for ſhee hath had Goſſips: yet 'tis a maid, for ſhe is her Maſters maid, and ſerues for wages. Shee hath more qualities then a Water-Spaniell, which is much in a bare Chriſtian: Heere is the Cate-log of her Condition. *Inprimis.* Shee can fetch and carry: why a horſe can doe no more; nay, a horſe cannot fetch, but onely carry, therefore is ſhee better then a Iade. *Item.* She can milke, looke you, a ſweet vertue in a maid with cleane hands.

Speed. How now Signior *Launce*? what newes with your Maſterſhip?

La. With my Maſterſhip? why, it is at Sea:

Sp. Well, your old vice ſtill: miſtake the word: what newes then in your paper?

La. The black'ſt newes that euer thou heard'ſt.

Sp. Why man? how blacke?

La. Why, as blacke as Inke.

Sp. Let me read them?

La. Fie on thee Iolt-head, thou canſt not read.

Sp. Thou lyeſt: I can.

La. I will try thee: tell me this: who begot thee?

Sp. Marry, the ſon of my Grand-father.

La. Oh illiterate loyterer; it was the ſonne of thy Grand-mother: this proues that thou canſt not read.

Sp. Come foole, come: try me in thy paper.

La. There: and S. *Nicholas* be thy ſpeed.

Sp. Inprimis ſhe can milke.

La. I that ſhe can.

Sp. Item, ſhe brewes good Ale.

La. And thereof comes the prouerbe: (*Bleſſing of your heart, you brew good Ale.*)

Sp. Item, ſhe can ſowe.

La. That's as much as to ſay (*Can ſhe ſo?*)

Sp. Item ſhe can knit.

La. What neede a man care for a ſtock with a wench, When ſhe can knit him a ſtocke?

Sp. Item, ſhe can waſh and ſcoure.

La. A ſpeciall vertue: for then ſhee neede not be waſh'd, and ſcowr'd.

Sp. Item, ſhe can ſpin.

La. Then may I ſet the world on wheeles, when ſhe can ſpin for her liuing.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath many nameleſſe vertues.

La. That's as much as to ſay *Baſtard-vertues*: that indeede know not their fathers; and therefore haue no names.

Sp. Here follow her vices.

La. Cloſe at the heeles of her vertues.

Sp. Item, ſhee is not to be faſting in reſpect of her breath.

La. Well: that fault may be mended with a breakfaſt: read on.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath a ſweet mouth.

La. That makes amends for her ſoure breath.

Sp. Item, ſhe doth talke in her ſleepe.

La. It's no matter for that; ſo ſhee ſleepe not in her talke.

Sp. Item, ſhe is ſlow in words.

La. Oh villaine, that ſet this downe among her vices;
To be ſlow in words, is a womans onely vertue:
I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chiefe vertue.

Sp. Item, ſhe is proud.

La. Out with that too:
It was *Eues* legacie, and cannot be t'ane from her.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath no teeth.

La. I care not for that neither: becauſe I loue cruſts.

Sp. Item, ſhe is curſt.

La. Well: the beſt is, ſhe hath no teeth to bite.

Sp. Item, ſhe will often praiſe her liquor.

La. If her liquor be good, ſhe ſhall: if ſhe will not, I will; for good things ſhould be praiſed.

Sp. Item, ſhe is too liberall.

La. Of her tongue ſhe cannot; for that's writ downe ſhe is ſlow of: of her purſe, ſhee ſhall not, for that ile keepe ſhut: Now, of another thing ſhee may, and that cannot I helpe. Well, proceede.

Sp. Item, ſhee hath more haire then wit, and more faults then haires, and more wealth then faults.

La. Stop there: Ile haue her: ſhe was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that laſt Article: rehearſe that once more.

Sp. Item, ſhe hath more haire then wit.

La. More haire then wit: it may be ile proue it: The couer of the ſalt, hides the ſalt, and therefore it is more then the ſalt; the haire that couers the wit, is more then the wit; for the greater hides the leſſe: What's next?

Sp. And more faults then haires.

La. That's monſtrous: oh that that were out.

Sp. And more wealth then faults.

La. Why that word makes the faults gracious: Well, ile haue her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impoſſible.

Sp. What then?

La. Why then, will I tell thee, that thy Maſter ſtaies for thee at the *North gate.*

Sp. For me?

La. For thee? I, who art thou? he hath ſtaid for a better man then thee.

Sp. And muſt I goe to him?

La. Thou muſt run to him; for thou haſt ſtaid ſo long, that going will ſcarce ſerue the turne.

Sp. Why didſt not tell me ſooner? 'pox of your loue Letters.

La. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my Letter; An vnmannerly ſlaue, that will thruſt himſelfe into ſecrets: Ile after, to reioyce in the boyes correctiõ. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, Thurio, Protheus.

Du. Sir *Thurio*, feare not, but that ſhe will loue you
Now *Valentine* is baniſh'd from her ſight.
Th. Since his exile ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt,
Forſworne my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am deſperate of obtaining her.
Du. This weake impreſſe of Loue, is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an houres heate
Diſſolues to water, and doth looſe his forme.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthleſſe *Valentine* ſhall be forgot.
How now ſir *Protheus*, is your countriman
(According to our Proclamation) gon?
Pro. Gon, my good Lord.
Du. My daughter takes his going grieuouſly?
Pro. A little time (my Lord) will kill that griefe.
Du. So I beleeue: but *Thurio* thinkes not ſo:
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou haſt ſhowne ſome ſigne of good deſert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer then I proue loyall to your Grace,
Let me not liue, to looke vpon your Grace.
Du. Thou know'ſt how willingly, I would effect
The match betweene ſir *Thurio*, and my daughter?
Pro. I doe my Lord.
Du. And alſo, I thinke, thou art not ignorant
How ſhe oppoſes her againſt my will?
Pro. She did my Lord, when *Valentine* was here.
Du. I, and peruerſly, ſhe perſeuers ſo:
What might we doe to make the girle forget
The loue of *Valentine*, and loue ſir *Thurio*?
Pro. The beſt way is, to ſlander *Valentine*,
With falſehood, cowardize, and poore diſcent:
Three things, that women highly hold in hate.
Du. I, but ſhe'll thinke, that it is ſpoke in hate.
Pro. I, if his enemy deliuer it.
Therefore it muſt with circumſtance be ſpoken
By one, whom ſhe eſteemeth as his friend.
Du. Then you muſt vndertake to ſlander him.

Pro. And that (my Lord) I ſhall be loath to doe:
'Tis an ill office for a Gentleman,
Eſpecially againſt his very friend.
Du. Where your good word cannot aduantage him,
Your ſlander neuer can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You haue preuail'd (my Lord) if I can doe it
By ought that I can ſpeake in his diſpraiſe,
She ſhall not long continue loue to him:
But ſay this weede her loue from *Valentine*,
It followes not that ſhe will loue ſir *Thurio*.
Th. Therefore, as you vnwinde her loue from him;
Leaſt it ſhould rauell, and be good to none,
You muſt prouide to bottome it on me:
Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much
As you, in worth diſpraiſe, ſir *Valentine*.
Du. And *Protheus*, we dare truſt you in this kinde,
Becauſe we know (on *Valentines* report)
You are already loues firme votary,
And cannot ſoone reuolt, and change your minde.
Vpon this warrant, ſhall you haue acceſſe,
Where you, with *Siluia*, may conferre at large.
For ſhe is lumpiſh, heauy, mellancholly,
And (for your friends ſake) will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perſwaſion,
To hate yong *Valentine*, and loue my friend.
Pro. As much as I can doe, I will effect:
But you ſir *Thurio*, are not ſharpe enough:
You muſt lay Lime, to tangle her deſires
By walefull Sonnets, whoſe compoſed Rimes
Should be full fraught with ſeruiceable vowes.
Du. I, much is the force of heauen-bred Poeſie.
Pro. Say that vpon the altar of her beauty
You ſacrifice your teares, your ſighes, your heart:
Write till your inke be dry: and with your teares
Moiſt it againe: and frame ſome feeling line,
That may diſcouer ſuch integrity:
For *Orpheus* Lute, was ſtrung with Poets ſinewes,
Whoſe golden touch could ſoften ſteele and ſtones;
Make Tygers tame, and huge *Leuiathans*
Forſake vnſounded deepes, to dance on Sands.
After your dire-lamenting Elegies,
Viſit by night your Ladies chamber-window
With ſome ſweet Conſort; To their Inſtruments
Tune a deploring dumpe: the nights dead ſilence
Will well become ſuch ſweet complaining grieuance:
This, or elſe nothing, will inherit her.
Du. This diſcipline, ſhowes thou haſt bin in loue.
Th. And thy aduice, this night, ile put in practiſe:
Therefore, ſweet *Protheus*, my direction-giuer,
Let vs into the City preſently
To ſort ſome Gentlemen, well skil'd in Muſicke.
I haue a Sonnet, that will ſerue the turne
To giue the on-ſet to thy good aduiſe.
Du. About it Gentlemen.
Pro. We'll wait vpon your Grace, till after Supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Du. Euen now about it, I will pardon you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Valentine, Speed, and certaine Out-lawes.

1.*Out-l.* Fellowes, ſtand faſt: I ſee a paſſenger.
2.*Out.* If there be ten, ſhrinke not, but down with'em.
3.*Out.* Stand ſir, and throw vs that you haue about'ye.
If not: we'll make you ſit, and rifle you.
Sp. Sir we are vndone; theſe are the Villaines
That all the Trauailers doe feare ſo much.
Val. My friends.
1.*Out.* That's not ſo, ſir: we are your enemies.
2.*Out.* Peace: we'll heare him.
3.*Out.* I by my beard will we: for he is a proper man.
Val. Then know that I haue little wealth to looſe;
A man I am, croſs'd with aduerſitie:
My riches, are theſe poore habiliments,
Of which, if you ſhould here disfurniſh me,
You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I haue.
2.*Out.* Whether trauell you?
Val. To *Verona*.
1.*Out.* Whence came you?
Val. From *Millaine*.
3.*Out.* Haue you long ſoiourn'd there? (ſtaid,
Val. Some ſixteene moneths, and longer might haue
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.
1.*Out.* What, were you baniſh'd thence?
Val. I was.
2.*Out.* For what offence?
Val. For that which now torments me to rehearſe;
I kil'd a man, whoſe death I much repent,
But yet I ſlew him manfully, in fight,
Without falſe vantage, or baſe treachery.
1.*Out.* Why nere repent it, if it were done ſo;
But were you baniſht for ſo ſmall a fault?
Val. I was, and held me glad of ſuch a doome.
2.*Out.* Haue you the Tongues?
Val. My youthfull trauaile, therein made me happy,
Or elſe I often had beene often miſerable.
3.*Out.* By the bare ſcalpe of *Robin Hoods* fat Fryer,
This fellow were a King, for our wilde faction.
1.*Out.* We'll haue him: Sirs, a word.
Sp. Maſter, be one of them:
It's an honourable kinde of theeuery.
Val. Peace villaine.
2.*Out.* Tell vs this: haue you any thing to take to?
Val. Nothing but my fortune.
3.*Out.* Know then, that ſome of vs are Gentlemen,
Such as the fury of vngouern'd youth
Thruſt from the company of awfull men.
My ſelfe was from *Verona* baniſhed,
For practiſing to ſteale away a Lady,
And heire and Neece, alide vnto the Duke.
2.*Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a Gentleman,
Who, in my moode, I ſtab'd vnto the heart.
1.*Out.* And I, for ſuch like petty crimes as theſe.
But to the purpoſe: for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawleſſe liues;
And partly ſeeing you are beautifide
With goodly ſhape; and by your owne report,
A Linguiſt, and a man of ſuch perfection,
As we doe in our quality much want.
2.*Out.* Indeede becauſe you are a baniſh'd man,
Therefore, aboue the reſt, we parley to you:
Are you content to be our Generall?
To make a vertue of neceſſity,
And liue as we doe in this wilderneſſe?
3.*Out.* What ſaiſt thou? wilt thou be of our conſort?
Say I, and be the captaine of vs all:
We'll doe thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Loue thee, as our Commander, and our King.

1.*Out.* But if thou ſcorne our curteſie, thou dyeſt.
2.*Out.* Thou ſhalt not liue, to brag what we haue of-
Val. I take your offer, and will liue with you, (fer'd.
Prouided that you do no outrages
On ſilly women, or poore paſſengers.
3.*Out.* No, we deteſt ſuch vile baſe practiſes.
Come, goe with vs, we'll bring thee to our Crewes,
And ſhow thee all the Treaſure we haue got;
Which, with our ſelues, all reſt at thy diſpoſe. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Protheus, Thurio, Iulia, Hoſt, Muſitian, Siluia.

Pro. Already haue I bin falſe to *Valentine*,
And now I muſt be as vniuſt to *Thurio*,
Vnder the colour of commending him,
I haue acceſſe my owne loue to prefer.
But *Siluia* is too faire, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthleſſe guifts;
When I proteſt true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falſehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vowes,
She bids me thinke how I haue bin forſworne
In breaking faith with *Iulia*, whom I lou'd;
And notwithſtanding all her ſodaine quips,
The leaſt whereof would quell a louers hope:
Yet (Spaniel-like) the more ſhe ſpurnes my loue,
The more it growes, and fawneth on her ſtill;
But here comes *Thurio*; now muſt we to her window,
And giue ſome euening Muſique to her eare.
Th. How now, ſir *Protheus*, are you crept before vs?
Pro. I gentle *Thurio*, for you know that loue
Will creepe in ſeruice, where it cannot goe.
Th. I, but I hope, Sir, that you loue not here.
Pro. Sir, but I doe: or elſe I would be hence.
Th. Who, *Siluia*?
Pro. I, *Siluia*, for your ſake.
Th. I thanke you for your owne: Now Gentlemen
Let's tune: and too it luſtily a while.
Ho. Now, my yong gueſt; me thinks your' allycholly;
I pray you why is it?
Iu. Marry (mine *Hoſt*) becauſe I cannot be merry.
Ho. Come, we'll haue you merry: ile bring you where you ſhall heare Muſique, and ſee the Gentleman that you ask'd for.
Iu. But ſhall I heare him ſpeake.
Ho. I that you ſhall.
Iu. That will be Muſique.
Ho. Harke, harke.
Iu. Is he among theſe?
Ho. I: but peace, let's heare'm.

Song. Who is Siluia? what is ſhe?
That all our Swaines commend her?
Holy, faire, and wiſe is ſhe,
The heauen ſuch grace did lend her,
that ſhe might admired be.
Is ſhe kinde as ſhe is faire?
For beauty liues with kindneſſe:
Loue doth to her eyes repaire,
To helpe him of his blindneſſe:
And being help'd, inhabits there.
Then to Siluia, let vs ſing,
That Siluia is excelling;
She excels each mortall thing
Vpon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let vs Garlands bring.

Ho. How now? are you ſadder then you were before;
How doe you, man? the Muſicke likes you not.
Iu. You miſtake: the Muſitian likes me not.
Ho. Why, my pretty youth?
Iu. He plaies falſe (father.)
Ho. How, out of tune on the ſtrings.
Iu. Not ſo: but yet
So falſe that he grieues my very heart-ſtrings.
Ho. You haue a quicke eare. (heart.
Iu. I, I would I were deafe: it makes me haue a ſlow
Ho. I perceiue you delight not in Muſique.
Iu. Not a whit, when it iars ſo.
Ho. Harke, what fine change is in the Muſique.
Iu. I: that change is the ſpight.
Ho. You would haue them alwaies play but one thing.
Iu. I would alwaies haue one play but one thing.
But Hoſt, doth this Sir *Protheus*, that we talke on,
Often reſort vnto this Gentlewoman?
Ho. I tell you what *Launce* his man told me,
He lou'd her out of all nicke.
Iu. Where is *Launce*?
Ho. Gone to ſeeke his dog, which to morrow, by his Maſters command, hee muſt carry for a preſent to his Lady.
Iu. Peace, ſtand aſide, the company parts.
Pro. Sir *Thurio*, feare not you, I will ſo pleade,
That you ſhall ſay, my cunning drift excels.
Th. Where meete we?
Pro. At Saint *Gregories* well.
Th. Farewell.
Pro. Madam: good eu'n to your Ladiſhip.
Sil. I thanke you for your Muſique (Gentlemen)
Who is that that ſpake?
Pro. One (Lady) if you knew his pure hearts truth,
You would quickly learne to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.
Pro. Sir *Protheus* (gentle Lady) and your Seruant.
Sil. What's your will?
Pro. That I may compaſſe yours.
Sil. You haue your wiſh: my will is euen this,
That preſently you hie you home to bed:
Thou ſubtile, periur'd, falſe, diſloyall man:
Think'ſt thou I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſſe,
To be ſeduced by thy flattery,
That has't deceiu'd ſo many with thy vowes?
Returne, returne, and make thy loue amends:
For me (by this pale queene of night I ſweare)
I am ſo farre from granting thy requeſt,
That I deſpiſe thee, for thy wrongfull ſuite;
And by and by intend to chide my ſelfe,
Euen for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant (ſweet loue) that I did loue a Lady,
But ſhe is dead.
Iu. 'Twere falſe, if I ſhould ſpeake it;
For I am ſure ſhe is not buried.
Sil. Say that ſhe be: yet *Valentine* thy friend
Suruiues; to whom (thy ſelfe art witneſſe)
I am betroth'd; and art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him, with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewiſe heare that *Valentine* is dead.
Sil. And ſo ſuppoſe am I; for in her graue
Aſſure thy ſelfe, my loue is buried.
Pro. Sweet Lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Goe to thy Ladies graue and call hers thence,
Or at the leaſt, in hers, ſepulcher thine.
Iul. He heard not that.
Pro. Madam: if your heart be ſo obdurate:
Vouchſafe me yet your Picture for my loue,
The Picture that is hanging in your chamber:
To that ile ſpeake, to that ile ſigh and weepe:
For ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelfe
Is elſe deuoted, I am but a ſhadow;
And to your ſhadow, will I make true loue.
Iul. If 'twere a ſubſtance you would ſure deceiue it,
And make it but a ſhadow, as I am.
Sil. I am very loath to be your Idoll Sir;
But, ſince your falſehood ſhall become you well
To worſhip ſhadowes, and adore falſe ſhapes,
Send to me in the morning, and ile ſend it:
And ſo, good reſt.
Pro. As wretches haue ore-night
That wait for execution in the morne.
Iul. *Hoſt*, will you goe?
Ho. By my hallidome, I was faſt aſleepe.
Iul. Pray you, where lies Sir *Protheus*?
Ho. Marry, at my houſe:
Truſt me, I thinke 'tis almoſt day.
Iul. Not ſo: but it hath bin the longeſt night
That ere I watch'd, and the moſt heauieſt.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Eglamore, Siluia.

Eg. This is the houre that Madam *Siluia*
Entreated me to call, and know her minde:
Ther's ſome great matter ſhe'ld employ me in.
Madam, Madam.
Sil. Who cals?
Eg. Your ſeruant, and your friend;
One that attends your Ladiſhips command.
Sil. Sir *Eglamore*, a thouſand times good morrow.
Eg. As many (worthy Lady) to your ſelfe:
According to your Ladiſhips impoſe,
I am thus early come, to know what ſeruice
It is your pleaſure to command me in.
Sil. Oh *Eglamoure*, thou art a Gentleman:
Thinke not I flatter (for I ſweare I doe not)
Valiant, wiſe, remorſe-full, well accompliſh'd.
Thou art not ignorant what deere good will
I beare vnto the baniſh'd *Valentine*:
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vaine *Thurio* (whom my very ſoule abhor'd.)
Thy ſelfe haſt lou'd, and I haue heard thee ſay
No griefe did euer come ſo neere thy heart,
As when thy Lady, and thy true-loue dide,
Vpon whoſe Graue thou vow'dſt pure chaſtitie:
Sir *Eglamoure*: I would to *Valentine*
To *Mantua*, where I heare, he makes aboad;
And for the waies are dangerous to paſſe,
I doe deſire thy worthy company,
Vpon whoſe faith and honor, I repoſe.
Vrge not my fathers anger (*Eglamoure*)
But thinke vpon my griefe (a Ladies griefe)
And on the iuſtice of my flying hence,
To keepe me from a moſt vnholy match,
Which heauen and fortune ſtill rewards with plagues,
I doe deſire thee, euen from a heart
As full of ſorrowes, as the Sea of ſands,
To beare me company, and goe with me:
If not, to hide what I haue ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.
Egl. Madam, I pitty much your grieuances,
Which, ſince I know they vertuouſly are plac'd,
I giue conſent to goe along with you,
Wreaking as little what betideth me,
As much, I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you goe?
Sil. This euening comming.
Eg. Where ſhall I meete you?
Sil. At *Frier Patrickes* Cell,
Where I intend holy Confeſſion.
Eg. I will not faile your Ladiſhip:
Good morrow (gentle Lady.)
Sil. Good morrow, kinde Sir *Eglamoure*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Launce, Protheus, Iulia, Siluia.

Lau. When a mans ſeruant ſhall play the Curre with him (looke you) it goes hard: one that I brought vp of a puppy: one that I ſau'd from drowning, when three or foure of his blinde brothers and ſiſters went to it: I haue taught him (euen as one would ſay preciſely, thus I would teach a dog) I was ſent to deliuer him, as a preſent to Miſtris *Siluia*, from my Maſter; and I came no ſooner into the dyning-chamber, but he ſteps me to her Trencher, and ſteales her Capons-leg: O, 'tis a foule thing, when a Cur cannot keepe himſelfe in all companies: I would haue (as one ſhould ſay) one that takes vpon him to be a dog indeede, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit then he, to take a fault vpon me that he did, I thinke verily hee had bin hang'd for't: ſure as I liue he had ſuffer'd for't: you ſhall iudge: Hee thruſts me himſelfe into the company of three or foure gentleman-like-dogs, vnder the Dukes table: hee had not bin there (bleſſe the marke) a piſſing while, but all the chamber ſmelt him: out with the dog (ſaies one) what cur is that (ſaies another) whip him out (ſaies the third) hang him vp (ſaies the Duke.) I hauing bin acquainted with the ſmell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogges: friend (quoth I) you meane to whip the dog: I marry doe I (quoth he) you doe him the more wrong (quoth I) 'twas I did the thing you wot of: he makes me no more adoe, but whips me out of the chamber: how many Maſters would doe this for his Seruant? nay, ile be ſworne I haue ſat in the ſtockes, for puddings he hath ſtolne, otherwiſe he had bin executed: I haue ſtood on the Pillorie for Geeſe he hath kil'd, otherwiſe he had ſufferd for't: thou think'ſt not of this now: nay, I remember the tricke you ſeru'd me, when I tooke my leaue of Madam *Siluia*: did

not

not I bid thee ſtill marke me, and doe as I do; when did'ſt thou ſee me heaue vp my leg, and make water againſt a Gentlewomans farthingale? did'ſt thou euer ſee me doe ſuch a tricke?

Pro. *Sebaſtian* is thy name: I like thee well,
And will imploy thee in ſome ſeruice preſently.
Iu. In what you pleaſe, ile doe what I can.
Pro. I hope thou wilt.
How now you whor-ſon pezant,
Where haue you bin theſe two dayes loytering?
La. Marry Sir, I carried Miſtris *Siluia* the dogge you bad me.
Pro. And what ſaies ſhe to my little Iewell?
La. Marry ſhe ſaies your dog was a cur, and tels you curriſh thanks is good enough for ſuch a preſent.
Pro. But ſhe receiu'd my dog?
La. No indeede did ſhe not:
Here haue I brought him backe againe.
Pro. What, didſt thou offer her this from me?
La. I Sir, the other Squirrill was ſtolne from me
By the Hangmans boyes in the market place,
And then I offer'd her mine owne, who is a dog
As big as ten of yours, & therefore the guift the greater.
Pro. Goe, get thee hence, and finde my dog againe,
Or nere returne againe into my ſight.
Away, I ſay: ſtayeſt thou to vexe me here;
A Slaue, that ſtill an end, turnes me to ſhame:
Sebaſtian, I haue entertained thee,
Partly that I haue neede of ſuch a youth,
That can with ſome diſcretion doe my buſineſſe:
For 'tis no truſting to yond fooliſh Lowt;
But chiefely, for thy face, and thy behauiour,
Which (if my Augury deceiue me not)
Witneſſe good bringing vp, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thee, for this I entertaine thee.
Go preſently, and take this Ring with thee,
Deliuer it to Madam *Siluia*;
She lou'd me well, deliuer'd it to me.
Iul. It ſeemes you lou'd not her, not leaue her token:
She is dead belike?
Pro. Not ſo: I thinke ſhe liues.
Iul. Alas.
Pro. Why do'ſt thou cry alas?
Iul. I cannot chooſe but pitty her.
Pro. Wherefore ſhould'ſt thou pitty her?
Iul. Becauſe, me thinkes that ſhe lou'd you as well
As you doe loue your Lady *Siluia*:
She dreames on him, that has forgot her loue,
You doate on her, that cares not for your loue.
'Tis pitty Loue, ſhould be ſo contrary:
And thinking on it, makes me cry alas.
Pro. Well: giue her that Ring, and therewithall
This Letter: that's her chamber: Tell my Lady,
I claime the promiſe for her heauenly Picture:
Your meſſage done, hye home vnto my chamber,
Where thou ſhalt finde me ſad, and ſolitarie.
Iul. How many women would doe ſuch a meſſage?
Alas poore *Protheus*, thou haſt entertain'd
A Foxe, to be the Shepheard of thy Lambs;
Alas, poore foole, why doe I pitty him
That with his very heart deſpiſeth me?
Becauſe he loues her, he deſpiſeth me,
Becauſe I loue him, I muſt pitty him.
This Ring I gaue him, when he parted from me,
To binde him to remember my good will:
And now am I (vnhappy Meſſenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtaine;
To carry that, which I would haue refus'd;
To praiſe his faith, which I would haue diſprais'd.
I am my Maſters true confirmed Loue,
But cannot be true ſeruant to my Maſter,
Vnleſſe I proue falſe traitor to my ſelfe.
Yet will I woe for him, but yet ſo coldly,
As (heauen it knowes) I would not haue him ſpeed.
Gentlewoman, good day: I pray you be my meane
To bring me where to ſpeake with Madam *Siluia*.
Sil. What would you with her, if that I be ſhe?
Iul. If you be ſhe, I doe intreat your patience
To heare me ſpeake the meſſage I am ſent on.
Sil. From whom?
Iul. From my Maſter, Sir *Protheus*, Madam.
Sil. Oh: he ſends you for a Picture?
Iul. I, Madam.
Sil. *Vrſula*, bring my Picture there,
Goe, giue your Maſter this: tell him from me,
One *Iulia*, that his changing thoughts forget
Would better fit his Chamber, then this Shadow.
Iul. Madam, pleaſe you peruſe this Letter;
Pardon me (Madam) I haue vnaduis'd
Deliuer'd you a paper that I ſhould not;
This is the Letter to your Ladiſhip.
Sil. I pray thee let me looke on that againe.
Iul. It may not be: good Madam pardon me.
Sil. There, hold:
I will not looke vpon your Maſters lines:
I know they are ſtuft with proteſtations,
And full of new-found oathes, which he will breake
As eaſily, as I doe teare his paper.
Iul. Madam, he ſends your Ladiſhip this Ring.
Sil. The more ſhame for him, that he ſends it me;
For I haue heard him ſay a thouſand times,
His *Iulia* gaue it him, at his departure:
Though his falſe finger haue prophan'd the Ring,
Mine ſhall not doe his *Iulia* ſo much wrong.
Iul. She thankes you.
Sil. What ſai'ſt thou?
Iul. I thanke you Madam, that you tender her:
Poore Gentlewoman, my Maſter wrongs her much.
Sil. Do'ſt thou know her?
Iul. Almoſt as well as I doe know my ſelfe.
To thinke vpon her woes, I doe proteſt
That I haue wept a hundred ſeuerall times.
Sil. Belike ſhe thinks that *Protheus* hath forſook her?
Iul. I thinke ſhe doth: and that's her cauſe of ſorrow.
Sil. Is ſhe not paſſing faire?
Iul. She hath bin fairer (Madam) then ſhe is;
When ſhe did thinke my Maſter lou'd her well;
She, in my iudgement, was as faire as you.
But ſince ſhe did neglect her looking-glaſſe,
And threw her Sun-expelling Maſque away,
The ayre hath ſtaru'd the roſes in her cheekes,
And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face,
That now ſhe is become as blacke as I.
Sil. How tall was ſhe?
Iul. About my ſtature: for at *Pentecoſt*,
When all our Pageants of delight were plaid,
Our youth got me to play the womans part,
And I was trim'd in Madam *Iulias* gowne,
Which ſerued me as fit, by all mens iudgements,
As if the garment had bin made for me:
Therefore I know ſhe is about my height,
And at that time I made her weepe a good,

For I did play a lamentable part.
(Madam) 'twas *Ariadne*, paſſioning
For *Theſus* periury, and vniuſt flight;
Which I ſo liuely acted with my teares:
That my poore Miſtris moued therewithall,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very ſorrow.
Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)
Alas (poore Lady) deſolate, and left;
I weepe my ſelfe to thinke vpon thy words:
Here youth: there is my purſe; I giue thee this (well.
For thy ſweet Miſtris ſake, becauſe thou lou'ſt her. Fare-
Iul. And ſhe ſhall thanke you for't, if ere you know
A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull. (her.
I hope my Maſters ſuit will be but cold,
Since ſhe reſpects my Miſtris loue ſo much.
Alas, how loue can trifle with it ſelfe:
Here is her Picture: let me ſee, I thinke
If I had ſuch a Tyre, this face of mine
Were full as louely, as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Vnleſſe I flatter with my ſelfe too much.
Her haire is *Aburne*, mine is perfect *Yellow*;
If that be all the difference in his loue,
Ile get me ſuch a coulour'd Perrywig:
Her eyes are grey as glaſſe, and ſo are mine:
I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high:
What ſhould it be that he reſpects in her,
But I can make reſpectiue in my ſelfe?
If this fond Loue, were not a blinded god.
Come ſhadow, come, and take this ſhadow vp,
For 'tis thy riuall: O thou ſenceleſſe forme,
Thou ſhalt be worſhip'd, kiſs'd, lou'd, and ador'd;
And were there ſence in his Idolatry,
My ſubſtance ſhould be ſtatue in thy ſtead.
Ile vſe thee kindly, for thy Miſtris ſake
That vs'd me ſo: or elſe by *Ioue*, I vow,
I ſhould haue ſcratch'd out your vnſeeing eyes,
To make my Maſter out of loue with thee. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Eglamoure, Siluia.

Egl. The Sun begins to guild the weſterne skie,
And now it is about the very houre
That *Siluia*, at Fryer *Patricks* Cell ſhould meet me,
She will not faile; for Louers breake not houres,
Vnleſſe it be to come before their time,
So much they ſpur their expedition.
See where ſhe comes: Lady a happy euening.
Sil. Amen, Amen: goe on (good *Eglamoure*)
Out at the Poſterne by the Abbey wall;
I feare I am attended by ſome Spies.
Egl. Feare not: the Forreſt is not three leagues off,
If we recouer that, we are ſure enough. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, Iulia, Duke.

Th. Sir *Protheus*, what ſaies *Siluia* to my ſuit?
Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then ſhe was,
And yet ſhe takes exceptions at your perſon.
Thu. What? that my leg is too long?
Pro. No, that it is too little. (der.
Thu. Ile weare a Boote, to make it ſomewhat roun-
Pro. But loue will not be ſpurd to what it loathes.
Thu. What ſaies ſhe to my face?
Pro. She ſaies it is a faire one.
Thu. Nay then the wanton lyes: my face is blacke.
Pro. But Pearles are faire; and the old ſaying is,
Blacke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes.
Thu. 'Tis true, ſuch Pearles as put out Ladies eyes,
For I had rather winke, then looke on them.
Thu. How likes ſhe my diſcourſe?
Pro. Ill, when you talke of war.
Thu. But well, when I diſcourſe of loue and peace.
Iul. But better indeede, when you hold you peace.
Thu. What ſayes ſhe to my valour?
Pro. Oh Sir, ſhe makes no doubt of that.
Iul. She needes not, when ſhe knowes it cowardize.
Thu. What ſaies ſhe to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriu'd.
Iul. True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.
Thu. Conſiders ſhe my Poſſeſſions?
Pro. Oh, I: and pitties them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Iul. That ſuch an Aſſe ſhould owe them.
Pro. That they are out by Leaſe.
Iul. Here comes the Duke.
Du. How now ſir *Protheus*; how now *Thurio*?
Which of you ſaw *Eglamoure* of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Du. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Du. Why then
She's fled vnto that pezant, *Valentine*;
And *Eglamoure* is in her Company:
'Tis true: for Frier *Laurence* met them both
As he, in pennance wander'd through the Forreſt:
Him he knew well: and gueſd that it was ſhe,
But being mask'd, he was not ſure of it.
Beſides ſhe did intend Confeſſion
At *Patricks* Cell this euen, and there ſhe was not.
Theſe likelihoods confirme her flight from hence;
Therefore I pray you ſtand, not to diſcourſe,
But mount you preſently, and meete with me
Vpon the riſing of the Mountaine foote
That leads toward *Mantua*, whether they are fled:
Diſpatch (ſweet Gentlemen) and follow me.
Thu. Why this it is, to be a peeuiſh Girle,
That flies her fortune when it followes her:
Ile after; more to be reueng'd on *Eglamoure*,
Then for the loue of reck-leſſe *Siluia*.
Pro. And I will follow, more for *Siluas* loue
Then hate of *Eglamoure* that goes with her.
Iul. And I will follow, more to croſſe that loue
Then hate for *Siluia*, that is gone for loue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Siluia, Out-lawes.

1.*Out.* Come, come be patient:

We muſt bring you to our Captaine.
Sil. A thouſand more miſchances then this one
Haue learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.
2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.
1 *Out.* Where is the Gentleman that was with her?
3 *Out.* Being nimble footed, he hath out-run vs.
But *Moyſes* and *Valerius* follow him:
Goe thou with her to the Weſt end of the wood,
There is our Captaine: Wee'll follow him that's fled,
The Thicket is beſet, he cannot ſcape.
1 *Out.* Come, I muſt bring you to our Captains caue.
Feare not: he beares an honourable minde,
And will not vſe a woman lawleſly.
Sil. O *Valentine*: this I endure for thee. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Valentine, Protheus, Siluia, Iulia, Duke, Thurio, Out-lawes.

Val. How vſe doth breed a habit in a man?
This ſhadowy deſart, vnfrequented woods
I better brooke then flouriſhing peopled Townes:
Here can I ſit alone, vn-ſeene of any,
And to the Nightingales complaining Notes
Tune my diſtreſſes, and record my woes.
O thou that doſt inhabit in my breſt,
Leaue not the Manſion ſo long Tenant-leſſe,
Leſt growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leaue no memory of what it was,
Repaire me, with thy preſence, *Siluia*:
Thou gentle Nimph, cheriſh thy for-lorne ſwaine.
What hallowing, and what ſtir is this to day?
Theſe are my mates, that make their wills their Law,
Haue ſome vnhappy paſſenger in chace;
They loue me well: yet I haue much to doe
To keepe them from vnciuill outrages.
Withdraw thee *Valentine*: who's this comes heere?
Pro. Madam, this ſeruice I haue done for you
(Though you reſpect not aught your ſeruant doth)
To hazard life, and reskew you from him,
That would haue forc'd your honour, and your loue,
Vouchſafe me for my meed, but one faire looke:
(A ſmaller boone then this I cannot beg,
And leſſe then this, I am ſure you cannot giue.)
Val. How like a dreame is this? I ſee, and heare:
Loue, lend me patience to forbeare a while.
Sil. O miſerable, vnhappy that I am.
Pro. Vnhappy were you (Madam) ere I came:
But by my comming, I haue made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'ſt me moſt vnhappy.
Iul. And me, when he approcheth to your preſence.
Sil. Had I beene ceazed by a hungry Lion,
I would haue beene a break-faſt to the Beaſt,
Rather then haue falſe *Protheus* reskue me:
Oh heauen be iudge how I loue *Valentine*,
Whoſe life's as tender to me as my ſoule,
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I doe deteſt falſe periur'd *Protheus*:
Therefore be gone, ſollicit me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, ſtood it next to death
Would I not vndergoe, for one calme looke:
Oh 'tis the curſe in Loue, and ſtill approu'd
When women cannot loue, where they're belou'd.
Sil. When *Protheus* cannot loue, where he's belou'd:
Read ouer *Iulia's* heart, (thy firſt beſt Loue)
For whoſe deare ſake, thou didſt then rend thy faith
Into a thouſand oathes; and all thoſe oathes,
Deſcended into periury, to loue me,
Thou haſt no faith left now, vnleſſe thou'dſt two,
And that's farre worſe then none: better haue none
Then plurall faith, which is too much by one:
Thou Counterfeyt, to thy true friend.
Pro. In Loue,
Who reſpects friend?
Sil. All men but *Protheus*.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle ſpirit of mouing words
Can no way change you to a milder forme;
Ile wooe you like a Souldier, at armes end,
And loue you 'gainſt the nature of Loue: force ye.
Sil. Oh heauen.
Pro. Ile force thee yeeld to my deſire.
Val. Ruffian: let goe that rude vnciuill touch,
Thou friend of an ill faſhion.
Pro. *Valentine.*
Val. Thou cōmon friend, that's without faith or loue,
For ſuch is a friend now: treacherous man,
Thou haſt beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could haue perſwaded me: now I dare not ſay
I haue one friend aliue; thou wouldſt diſproue me:
Who ſhould be truſted, when ones right hand
Is periured to the boſome? *Protheus*
I am ſorry I muſt neuer truſt thee more,
But count the world a ſtranger for thy ſake:
The priuate wound is deepeſt: oh time, moſt accurſt:
'Mongſt all foes that a friend ſhould be the worſt?
Pro. My ſhame and guilt confounds me:
Forgiue me *Valentine*: if hearty ſorrow
Be a ſufficient Ranſome for offence,
I tender't heere: I doe as truely ſuffer,
As ere I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid:
And once againe, I doe receiue thee honeſt;
Who by Repentance is not ſatisfied,
Is nor of heauen, nor earth; for theſe are pleas'd:
By Penitence th'Eternalls wrath's appeas'd:
And that my loue may appeare plaine and free,
All that was mine, in *Siluia*, I giue thee.
Iul. Oh me vnhappy.
Pro. Looke to the Boy.
Val. Why, Boy?
Why wag: how now? what's the matter? look vp: ſpeak.
Iul. O good ſir, my maſter charg'd me to deliuer a ring
to Madam *Siluia*: w (out of my neglect) was neuer done.
Pro. Where is that ring? boy?
Iul. Heere 'tis: this is it.
Pro. How? let me ſee.
Why this is the ring I gaue to *Iulia*.
Iul. Oh, cry you mercy ſir, I haue miſtooke:
This is the ring you ſent to *Siluia*.
Pro. But how cam'ſt thou by this ring? at my depart
I gaue this vnto *Iulia*.
Iul. And *Iulia* her ſelfe did giue it me,
And *Iulia* her ſelfe hath brought it hither.
Pro. How? *Iulia*?
Iul. Behold her, that gaue ayme to all thy oathes,
And entertain'd 'em deepely in her heart.
How oft haſt thou with periury cleft the roote?
Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee bluſh.

Be thou aſham'd that I haue tooke vpon me,
Such an immodeſt rayment; if ſhame liue
In a diſguiſe of loue?
It is the leſſer blot modeſty findes,
Women to change their ſhapes, then men their minds.
Pro. Then men their minds? tis true: oh heuen, were man
But Conſtant, he were perfect; that one error
Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th'ſins;
Inconſtancy falls-off, ere it begins:
What is in *Siluia's* face, but I may ſpie
More freſh in *Iulia's*, with a conſtant eye?
Val. Come, come: a hand from either:
Let me be bleſt to make this happy cloſe:
'Twere pitty two ſuch friends ſhould be long foes.
Pro. Beare witnes (heauen) I haue my wiſh for euer.
Iul. And I mine.
Out-l. A prize: a prize: a prize.
Val. Forbeare, forbeare I ſay: It is my Lord the *Duke.*
Your Grace is welcome to a man diſgrac'd,
Baniſhed *Valentine.*
Duke. Sir *Valentine?*
Thu. Yonder is *Siluia*: and *Siluia's* mine.
Val. *Thurio* giue backe; or elſe embrace thy death:
Come not within the meaſure of my wrath:
Doe not name *Siluia* thine: if once againe,
Verona ſhall not hold thee: heere ſhe ſtands,
Take but poſſeſſion of her, with a Touch:
I dare thee, but to breath vpon my Loue.
Thur. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a foole that will endanger
His Body, for a Girle that loues him not:
I claime her not, and therefore ſhe is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and baſe art thou
To make ſuch meanes for her, as thou haſt done,
And leaue her on ſuch ſlight conditions.
Now, by the honor of my Anceſtry,
I doe applaud thy ſpirit, *Valentine,*
And thinke thee worthy of an Empreſſe loue:
Know then, I heere forget all former greefes,
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,
Plead a new ſtate in thy vn-riual'd merit,
To which I thus ſubſcribe: Sir *Valentine,*
Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu'd,
Take thou thy *Siluia*, for thou haſt deſeru'd her.
Val. I thank your Grace, ỳ gift hath made me happy:
I now beſeech you (for your daughters ſake)
To grant one Boone that I ſhall aske of you.
Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.
Val. Theſe baniſh'd men, that I haue kept withall,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgiue them what they haue committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their Exile:
They are reformed, ciuill, full of good,
And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)
Duke. Thou haſt preuaild, I pardon them and thee:
Diſpoſe of them, as thou knowſt their deſerts.
Come, let vs goe, we will include all iarres,
With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare ſolemnity.
Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold
With our diſcourſe, to make your Grace to ſmile.
What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)
Duke. I think the Boy hath grace in him, he bluſhes.
Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy.
Duke. What meane you by that ſaying?
Val. Pleaſe you, Ile tell you, as we paſſe along,
That you will wonder what hath fortuned:
Come *Protheus*, 'tis your pennance, but to heare
The ſtory of your Loues diſcouered.
That done, our day of marriage ſhall be yours,
One Feaſt, one houſe, one mutuall happineſſe. *Exeunt.*

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to Siluia.
Valentine. }
Protheus. } *the two Gentlemen.*
Anthonio: father to Protheus.
Thurio: a fooliſh riuall to Valentine.
Eglamoure: Agent for Siluia in her eſcape.
Hoſt: where Iulia lodges.
Out-lawes with Valentine.
Speed: a clowniſh ſeruant to Valentine.
Launce: the like to Protheus.
Panthion: ſeruant to Antonio.
Iulia: beloued of Protheus.
Siluia: beloued of Valentine.
Lucetta: waighting-woman to Iulia.

FINIS.

THE
Merry Wiues of Windſor.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Iuſtice Shallow, Slender, *Sir* Hugh Euans, *Maſter* Page, Falſtoffe, Bardolph, Nym, Piſtoll, Anne Page, *Miſtreſſe* Ford, *Miſtreſſe* Page, Simple.

Shallow.

SIr *Hugh*, perſwade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir *Iohn Falſtoffs*, he ſhall not abuſe *Robert Shallow* Eſquire.

Slen. In the County of *Gloceſter*, Iuſtice of Peace and (Coram.

Shal. I (Coſen *Slender*) and *Cuſt-alorum.*

Slen. I, and *Rato lorum* too; and a Gentleman borne (Maſter Parſon) who writes himſelfe *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero.*

Shal. I that I doe, and haue done any time theſe three hundred yeeres.

Slen. All his ſucceſſors (gone before him) hath don't: and all his Anceſtors (that come after him) may; they may giue the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Euans. The dozen white Lowſes doe become an old Coat well: it agrees well paſſant: It is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies Loue.

Shal. The Luſe is the freſh-fiſh, the ſalt-fiſh, is an old Coate.

Slen. I may quarter (Coz).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Euans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Euan. Yes per-lady: if he ha's a quarter of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your ſelfe, in my ſimple coniectures; but that is all one: if Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* haue committed diſparagements vnto you, I am of the Church and will be glad to do my beneuolence, to make attonements and compremiſes betweene you.

Shal. The Councell ſhall heare it, it is a Riot.

Euan. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you) ſhall deſire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha; o'my life, if I were yong againe, the ſword ſhould end it.

Euans. It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it: and there is alſo another deuice in my praine, which peraduenture prings goot diſcretions with it. There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to Maſter *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. *Miſtris Anne Page*? ſhe has browne haire, and ſpeakes ſmall like a woman.

Euans. It is that ferry perſon for all the orld, as iuſt as you will deſire, and ſeuen hundred pounds of Moneyes, and Gold, and Siluer, is her Grand-ſire vpon his deaths-bed, (Got deliuer to a ioyfull reſurrections) giue, when ſhe is able to ouertake ſeuenteene yeeres old. It were a goot motion, if we leaue our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage betweene Maſter *Abraham*, and Miſtris *Anne Page.*

Slen. Did her Grand-ſire leaue her ſeauen hundred pound?

Euan. I, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young Gentlewoman, ſhe has good gifts.

Euan. Seuen hundred pounds, and poſſibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Wel, let vs ſee honeſt M^{r} *Page*: is *Falſtaffe* there?

Euan. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe deſpiſe a lyer, as I doe deſpiſe one that is falſe, or as I deſpiſe one that is not true: the Knight Sir *Iohn* is there, and I beſeech you be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for M^{r}. *Page.* What hoa? Got-pleſſe your houſe heere.

M^{r}.Page. Who's there?

Euan. Here is go't's pleſſing and your friend, and Iuſtice *Shallow*, and heere yong Maſter *Slender*: that peraduentures ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

M^{r}.Page. I am glad to ſee your Worſhips well: I thanke you for my Veniſon Maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. Maſter *Page*, I am glad to ſee you: much good doe it your good heart: I wiſh'd your Veniſon better, it was ill killd: how doth good Miſtreſſe *Page*? and I thank you alwaies with my heart, la: with my heart.

M.Page. Sir, I thanke you.

Shal. Sir, I thanke you: by yea, and no I doe.

M.Pa. I am glad to ſee you, good Maſter *Slender.*

Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir, I heard ſay he was out-run on *Cotſall.*

M.Pa. It could not be iudg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confeſſe: you'll not confeſſe.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault: 'tis a good dogge.

M.Pa. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir: hee's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there be more ſaid? he is good, and faire. Is Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* heere?

M.Pa. Sir, hee is within: and I would I could doe a good office be tweene you.

Euan. It is ſpoke as a Chriſtians ought to ſpeake.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me (Maſter *Page.*)

M.Pa. Sir, he doth in ſome ſort confeſſe it.

Shal. If it be confeſſed, it is not redreſſed; is not that ſo (M. *Page*?) he hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath: beleeue me, *Robert Shallow* Eſquire, ſaith he is wronged.

Ma.Pa. Here comes Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. Now, Maſter *Shallow*, you'll complaine of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you haue beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your Keepers daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin: this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwere it ſtrait, I haue done all this: That is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The Councell ſhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in councell: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eu. *Pauca verba*; (Sir *Iohn*) good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter haue you againſt me?

Slen. Marry ſir, I haue matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your cony-catching Raſcalls, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Piſtoll*.

Bar. You Banbery Cheeſe.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Piſt. How now, *Mephoſtophilus*?

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay; *pauca, pauca*: Slice, that's my humor.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, Coſen?

Eua. Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderſtand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderſtand; that is, Maſter *Page* (fidelicet Maſter *Page*,) & there is my ſelfe, (fidelicet my ſelfe) and the three party is (laſtly, and finally) mine Hoſt of the Gater.

Ma.Pa. We three to hear it, & end it between them.

Euan. Ferry goo't, I will make a priefe of it in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards orke vpon the cauſe, with as great diſcreetly as we can.

Fal. *Piſtoll*.

Piſt. He heares with eares.

Euan. The Teuill and his Tam: what phraſe is this? he heares with eare? why, it is affectations.

Fal. *Piſtoll*, did you picke M. *Slenders* purſe?

Slen. I, by theſe gloues did hee, or I would I might neuer come in mine owne great chamber againe elſe, of ſeauen groates in mill-ſixpences, and two *Edward* Shouelboords, that coſt me two ſhilling and two pence a peece of *Yead Miller*: by theſe gloues.

Fal. Is this true, *Piſtoll*?

Euan. No, it is falſe, if it is a picke-purſe.

Piſt. Ha, thou mountaine Forreyner: Sir *Iohn*, and Maſter mine, I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe: word of deniall in thy *labras* here; word of denial; froth, and ſcum thou lieſt.

Slen. By theſe gloues, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be auis'd ſir, and paſſe good humours: I will ſay marry trap with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor on me, that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an aſſe.

Fal. What ſay you *Scarlet*, and *Iohn*?

Bar. Why ſir, (for my part) I ſay the Gentleman had drunke himſelfe out of his fiue ſentences.

Eu. It is his fiue ſences: fie, what the ignorance is.

Bar. And being fap, ſir, was (as they ſay) caſheerd: and ſo concluſions paſt the Car-eires.

Slen. I, you ſpake in Latten then to: but 'tis no matter; Ile nere be drunk whilſt I liue againe, but in honeſt, ciuill, godly company for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile be drunke with thoſe that haue the feare of God, and not with drunken knaues.

Euan. So got-udge me, that is a vertuons minde.

Fal. You heare all theſe matters deni'd, Gentlemen; you heare it.

Mr. Page. Nay daughter, carry the wine in, wee'll drinke within.

Slen. Oh heauen: This is Miſtreſſe *Anne Page*.

Mr. Page. How now Miſtris *Ford*?

Fal. *Miſtris Ford*, by my troth you are very wel met: by your leaue good Miſtris.

Mr. Page. Wife, bid theſe gentlemen welcome: come, we haue a hot Veniſon paſty to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we ſhall drinke downe all vnkindneſſe.

Slen. I had rather then forty ſhillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets heere: How now *Simple*, where haue you beene? I muſt wait on my ſelfe, muſt I? you haue not the booke of Riddles about you, haue you?

Sim. Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* vpon Alhallowmas laſt, a fortnight afore Michaelmas.

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz, we ſtay for you: a word with you Coz: marry this, Coz: there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a farre-off by Sir *Hugh* here: doe you vnderſtand me?

Slen. I Sir, you ſhall finde me reaſonable; if it be ſo, I ſhall doe that that is reaſon.

Shal. Nay, but vnderſtand me.

Slen. So I doe Sir.

Euan. Giue eare to his motions; (Mr. *Slender*) I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen *Shallow* ſaies: I pray you pardon me, he's a Iuſtice of Peace in his Countrie, ſimple though I ſtand here.

Euan. But that is not the queſtion: the queſtion is concerning your marriage.

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

Eu. Marry is it: the very point of it, to Mi. *An Page*.

Slen. Why if it be ſo; I will marry her vpon any reaſonable demands.

Eu. But can you affection the 'o-man, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for diuers Philoſophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therfore preciſely, cã you carry your good wil to yͤ maid?

Sh. Coſen *Abraham Slender*, can you loue her?

Slen. I hope ſir, I will do as it ſhall become one that would doe reaſon.

Eu. Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you muſt ſpeake poſſitable, if you can carry-her your deſires towards her.

Shal. That you muſt:
Will you, (vpon good dowry) marry her?

Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your requeſt (Coſen) in any reaſon.

Shal. Nay conceiue me, conceiue mee, (ſweet Coz): what I doe is to pleaſure you (Coz:) can you loue the maid?

Slen. I will marry her (Sir) at your requeſt; but if there bee no great loue in the beginning, yet Heauen may decreaſe it vpon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and haue more occaſion to know one another: I hope vpon familiarity will grow more content: but if you ſay mary-her, I will mary-her, that I am freely diſſolued, and diſſolutely.

Eu. It is a fery diſcetion-anſwere; ſaue the fall is in the 'ord, diſſolutely: the ort is (according to our meaning) reſolutely: his meaning is good.

Sh. I: I thinke my Coſen meant well.

Sl. I, or elſe I would I might be hang'd (la.)

Sh. Here comes faire Miſtris *Anne*; would I were yong for your ſake, Miſtris *Anne*.

An. The dinner is on the Table, my Father deſires your worſhips company.

Sh. I will wait on him, (faire Miſtris *Anne*.)

Eu. Od's pleſſed-wil: I wil not be abſẽce at the grace.

An. Wil't pleaſe your worſhip to come in, Sir?

Sl. No, I thank you forſooth, hartely; I am very well.

An. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forſooth: goe, Sirha, for all you are my man, goe wait vpon my Coſen *Shallow*: a Iuſtice of peace ſometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man; I keepe but three Men, and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead: but what though, yet I liue like a poore Gentleman borne.

An. I may not goe in without your worſhip: they will not ſit till you come.

Sl. I'faith, ile eate nothing: I thanke you as much as though I did.

An. I pray you Sir walke in.

Sl. I had rather walke here (I thanke you) I bruiz'd my ſhin th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Maſter of Fence (three veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd Prunes) and by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meate ſince. Why doe your dogs barke ſo? be there Beares ith' Towne?

An. I thinke there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Sl. I loue the ſport well, but I ſhall as ſoone quarrell at it, as any man in *England*: you are afraid if you ſee the Beare looſe, are you not?

An. I indeede Sir.

Sl. That's meate and drinke to me now: I haue ſeene *Sackerſon* looſe, twenty times, and haue taken him by the Chaine: but (I warrant you) the women haue ſo cride and ſhrekt at it, that it paſt: But women indeede, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-fauour'd rough things.

Ma.Pa. Come, gentle M. *Slender*, come; we ſtay for you.

Sl. Ile eate nothing, I thanke you Sir.

Ma.Pa. By cocke and pie, you ſhall not chooſe, Sir: come, come.

Sl. Nay, pray you lead the way.

Ma.Pa. Come on, Sir.

Sl. Miſtris *Anne*: your ſelfe ſhall goe firſt.

An. Not I Sir, pray you keepe on.

Sl. Truely I will not goe firſt: truely-la: I will not doe you that wrong.

An. I pray you Sir.

Sl. Ile rather be vnmannerly, then troubleſome: you doe your ſelfe wrong indeede-la. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Euans, and Simple.

Eu. Go your waies, and aske of Doctor *Caius* houſe, which is the way; and there dwels one Miſtris *Quickly*; which is in the manner of his Nurſe; or his dry-Nurſe; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Waſher, and his Ringer.

Si. Well Sir.

Eu. Nay, it is petter yet: giue her this letter; for it is a'oman that altogeathers acquaintãce with Miſtris *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to deſire, and require her to ſolicite your Maſters deſires, to Miſtris *Anne Page*: I pray you be gon: I will make an end of my dinner; ther's Pippins and Cheeſe to come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe, Hoſt, Bardolfe, Nym, Piſtoll, Page.

Fal. Mine *Hoſt* of the *Garter*?

Ho. What ſaies my Bully Rooke? ſpeake ſchollerly, and wiſely.

Fal. Truely mine *Hoſt*; I muſt turne away ſome of my followers.

Ho. Diſcard, (bully *Hercules*) caſheere; let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten pounds a weeke.

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperor (*Ceſar*, *Keiſer* and *Pheazar*) I will entertaine *Bardolfe*: he ſhall draw; he ſhall tap; ſaid I well (bully *Hector*?)

Fa. Doe ſo (good mine *Hoſt*.

Ho. I haue ſpoke: let him follow: let me ſee thee froth, and liue: I am at a word: follow.

Fal. *Bardolfe*, follow him: a *Tapſter* is a good trade: an old Cloake, makes a new Ierkin: a wither'd Seruingman, a freſh Tapſter: goe, adew.

Ba. It is a life that I haue deſir'd: I will thriue.

Piſt. O baſe hungarian wight: wilt yͤ the ſpigot wield.

Ni. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor cõceited?

Fal. I am glad I am ſo acquit of this Tinderbox: his Thefts were too open: his filching was like an vnskilfull Singer, he kept not time.

Ni. The good humor is to ſteale at a minutes reſt.

Piſt. Conuay: the wiſe it call: Steale? foh: a fico for the phraſe.

Fal. Well ſirs, I am almoſt out at heeles.

Piſt. Why then let Kibes enſue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I muſt conicatch, I muſt ſhift.

Piſt. Yong Rauens muſt haue foode.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

Piſt. I ken the wight: he is of ſubſtance good.

Fal. My honeſt Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Piſt. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now *Piſtoll*: (Indeede I am in the waſte two yards about: but I am now about no waſte: I am about thrift) briefely: I doe meane to make loue to *Fords* wife: I ſpie entertainment in her: ſhee diſcourſes: ſhee carues: ſhe giues the leere of inuitation: I can conſtrue the action of her familier ſtile, & the hardeſt voice of her behauior (to be engliſh'd rightly) is, *I am Sir Iohn Falſtafs*.

Piſt. He hath ſtudied her will; and tranſlated her will: out of honeſty, into Engliſh.

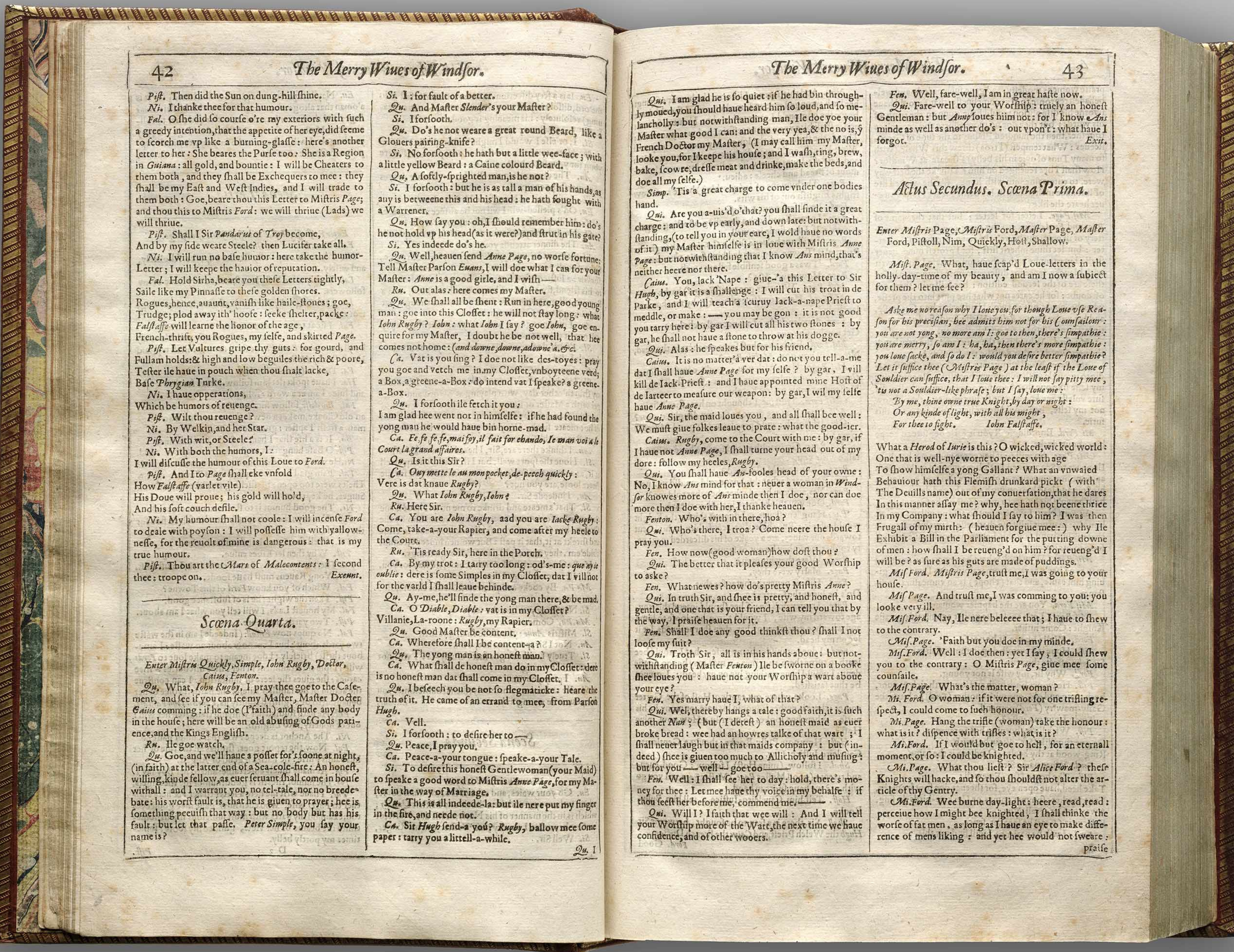
Ni. The Anchor is deepe: will that humor paſſe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her husbands Purſe: he hath a legend of Angels.

Piſt. As many diuels entertaine: and to her Boy ſay I.

Ni. The humor riſes: it is good: humor me the angels.

Fal. I haue writ me here a letter to her: & here another to *Pages* wife, who euen now gaue mee good eyes too; examind my parts with moſt iudicious illiads: ſometimes the beame of her view, guilded my foote: ſometimes my portly belly.



Piſt. Then did the Sun on dung-hill ſhine.

Ni. I thanke thee for that humour.

Fal. O ſhe did ſo courſe o're my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention,that the appetite of her eye,did ſeeme to ſcorch me vp like a burning-glaſſe: here's another letter to her: She beares the Purſe too: She is a Region in *Guiana*: all gold, and bountie: I will be Cheaters to them both, and they ſhall be Exchequers to mee: they ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt Indies, and I will trade to them both: Goe,beare thou this Letter to Miſtris *Page*; and thou this to Miſtris *Ford*: we will thriue (Lads) we will thriue.

Piſt. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my ſide weare Steele? then Lucifer take all.

Ni. I will run no baſe humor: here take the humor-Letter; I will keepe the hauior of reputation.

Fal. Hold Sirha,beare you theſe Letters tightly,
Saile like my Pinnaſſe to theſe golden ſhores.
Rogues,hence,auaunt,vaniſh like haile-ſtones; goe,
Trudge; plod away ith' hoofe: ſeeke ſhelter,packe:
Falſtaffe will learne the honor of the age,
French-thrift, you Rogues, my ſelfe, and skirted *Page*.

Piſt. Let Vultures gripe thy guts: for gourd, and
Fullam holds:& high and low beguiles the rich & poore,
Teſter ile haue in pouch when thou ſhalt lacke,
Baſe *Phrygian* Turke.

Ni. I haue opperations,
Which be humors of reuenge.

Piſt. Wilt thou reuenge?

Ni. By Welkin,and her Star.

Piſt. With wit,or Steele?

Ni. With both the humors, I:
I will diſcuſſe the humour of this Loue to *Ford*.

Piſt. And I to *Page* ſhall eke vnfold
How *Falſtaffe* (varlet vile)
His Doue will proue; his gold will hold,
And his ſoft couch defile.

Ni. My humour ſhall not coole: I will incenſe *Ford* to deale with poyſon: I will poſſeſſe him with yallowneſſe, for the reuolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Piſt. Thou art the *Mars* of *Malecontents*: I ſecond thee: troope on. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Miſtris Quickly, Simple, Iohn Rugby, Doctor, Caius, Fenton.

Qu. What, *Iohn Rugby*, I pray thee goe to the Caſement, and ſee if you can ſee my Maſter, Maſter Docter *Caius* comming: if he doe (I'faith) and finde any body in the houſe; here will be an old abuſing of Gods patience,and the Kings Engliſh.

Ru. Ile goe watch.

Qu. Goe,and we'll haue a poſſet for't ſoone at night, (in faith) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire: An honeſt, willing,kinde fellow,as euer ſeruant ſhall come in houſe withall: and I warrant you, no tel-tale, nor no breede-bate: his worſt fault is, that he is giuen to prayer; hee is ſomething peeuiſh that way: but no body but has his fault: but let that paſſe. *Peter Simple*, you ſay your name is?

Si. I: for fault of a better.

Qu. And Maſter *Slender*'s your Maſter?

Si. I forſooth.

Qu. Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glouers pairing-knife?

Si. No forſooth: he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow Beard: a Caine colourd Beard.

Qu. A ſoftly-ſprighted man,is he not?

Si. I forſooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands,as any is betweene this and his head: he hath fought with a Warrener.

Qu. How ſay you: oh,I ſhould remember him: do's he not hold vp his head(as it were?)and ſtrut in his gate?

Si. Yes indeede do's he.

Qu. Well,heauen ſend *Anne Page*, no worſe fortune: Tell Maſter Parſon *Euans*,I will doe what I can for your Maſter: *Anne* is a good girle, and I wiſh —

Ru. Out alas: here comes my Maſter.

Qu. We ſhall all be ſhent: Run in here,good young man: goe into this Cloſſet: he will not ſtay long: what *Iohn Rugby*? *Iohn*: what *Iohn* I ſay? goe *Iohn*, goe enquire for my Maſter, I doubt he be not well, that hee comes not home: *(and downe,downe,adowne'a.&c.*

Ca. Vat is you ſing? I doe not like des-toyes: pray you goe and vetch me in my Cloſſet,vnboyteene verd; a Box,a greene-a-Box: do intend vat I ſpeake? a greene-a-Box.

Qu. I forſooth ile fetch it you:
I am glad hee went not in himſelfe: if he had found the yong man he would haue bin horne-mad.

Ca. Fe,fe,fe,fe,mai foy,il fait for ehando, Ie man voi a le Court la grand affaires.

Qu. Is it this Sir?

Ca. Ouy mette le au mon pocket,de-peech quickly: Vere is dat knaue *Rugby*?

Qu. What *Iohn Rugby*,*Iohn*?

Ru. Here Sir.

Ca. You are *Iohn Rugby*, aad you are *Iacke Rugby*: Come, take-a-your Rapier, and come after my heele to the Court.

Ru. 'Tis ready Sir, here in the Porch.

Ca. By my trot: I tarry too long: od's-me: *que ay ie oublie*: dere is ſome Simples in my Cloſſet, dat I vill not for the varld I ſhall leaue behinde.

Qu. Ay-me,he'll finde the yong man there,& be mad.

Ca. O *Diable*,*Diable*: vat is in my Cloſſet? Villanie,La-roone: *Rugby*,my Rapier.

Qu. Good Maſter be content.

Ca. Wherefore ſhall I be content-a?

Qu. The yong man is an honeſt man.

Ca. What ſhall de honeſt man do in my Cloſſet: dere is no honeſt man dat ſhall come in my Cloſſet.

Qu. I beſeech you be not ſo flegmaticke: heare the truth of it. He came of an errand to mee, from Parſon *Hugh*.

Ca. Vell.

Si. I forſooth: to deſire her to —

Qu. Peace,I pray you.

Ca. Peace-a-your tongue: ſpeake-a-your Tale.

Si. To deſire this honeſt Gentlewoman(your Maid) to ſpeake a good word to Miſtris *Anne Page*,for my Maſter in the way of Marriage.

Qu. This is all indeede-la: but ile nere put my finger in the fire,and neede not.

Ca. Sir *Hugh* ſend-a you? *Rugby*, ballow mee ſome paper: tarry you a littell-a-while.

Qu. I

Qui. I am glad he is ſo quiet: if he had bin throughly moued,you ſhould haue heard him ſo loud,and ſo melancholly: but notwithſtanding man, Ile doe yoe your Maſter what good I can: and the very yea,& the no is, ỹ French Doctor my Maſter, (I may call him my Maſter, looke you,for I keepe his houſe; and I waſh,ring, brew, bake, ſcowre,dreſſe meat and drinke,make the beds,and doe all my ſelfe.)

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies hand.

Qui. Are you a-uis'd o'that? you ſhall finde it a great charge: and to be vp early, and down late: but notwithſtanding,(to tell you in your eare, I wold haue no words of it) my Maſter himſelfe is in loue with Miſtris *Anne Page*: but notwithſtanding that I know *Ans* mind,that's neither heere nor there.

Caius. You, Iack 'Nape: giue-'a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a ſhallenge: I will cut his troat in de Parke, and I will teach a ſcuruy Iack-a-nape Prieſt to meddle, or make: — you may be gon: it is not good you tarry here: by gar I will cut all his two ſtones: by gar, he ſhall not haue a ſtone to throw at his dogge.

Qui. Alas: he ſpeakes but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat: do not you tell-a-me dat I ſhall haue *Anne Page* for my ſelfe? by gar, I vill kill de Iack-Prieſt: and I haue appointed mine Hoſt of de Iarteer to meaſure our weapon: by gar,I wil my ſelfe haue *Anne Page*.

Qui. Sir, the maid loues you, and all ſhall bee well: We muſt giue folkes leaue to prate: what the good-ier.

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me: by gar, if I haue not *Anne Page*, I ſhall turne your head out of my dore: follow my heeles,*Rugby*.

Qui. You ſhall haue *An*-fooles head of your owne: No, I know *Ans* mind for that: neuer a woman in *Windſor* knowes more of *Ans* minde then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her,I thanke heauen.

Fenton. Who's with in there, hoa?

Qui. Who's there, I troa? Come neere the houſe I pray you.

Fen. How now(good woman)how doſt thou?

Qui. The better that it pleaſes your good Worſhip to aske?

Fen. What newes? how do's pretty Miſtris *Anne*?

Qui. In truth Sir, and ſhee is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle, and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praiſe heauen for it.

Fen. Shall I doe any good thinkſt thou? ſhall I not looſe my ſuit?

Qui. Troth Sir, all is in his hands aboue: but notwithſtanding (Maſter *Fenton*) Ile be ſworne on a booke ſhee loues you: haue not your Worſhip a wart aboue your eye?

Fen. Yes marry haue I, what of that?

Qui. Wel, thereby hangs a tale: good faith,it is ſuch another *Nan*; (but (I deteſt) an honeſt maid as euer broke bread: wee had an howres talke of that wart; I ſhall neuer laugh but in that maids company: but (indeed) ſhee is giuen too much to Allicholy and muſing: but for you —— well — goe too ——

Fen. Well: I ſhall ſee her to day: hold, there's money for thee: Let mee haue thy voice in my behalfe: if thou ſeeſt her before me, commend me. ——

Qui. Will I? I faith that wee will: And I will tell your Worſhip more of the Wart,the next time we haue confidence,and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, fare-well, I am in great haſte now.

Qui. Fare-well to your Worſhip: truely an honeſt Gentleman: but *Anne* loues hiim not: for I know *Ans* minde as well as another do's: out vpon't: what haue I forgot. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Miſtris Page, *Miſtris* Ford, *Maſter* Page, *Maſter* Ford, Piſtoll, Nim, Quickly, Hoſt, Shallow.

Miſt. Page. What, haue ſcap'd Loue-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a ſubiect for them? let me ſee?

Aske me no reaſon why I loue you, for though Loue vſe Reaſon for his preciſian, hee admits him not for his Counſailour: you are not yong, no more am I: goe to then, there's ſimpathie: you are merry, ſo am I: ha, ha, then there's more ſimpathie: you loue ſacke, and ſo do I: would you deſire better ſimpathie? Let it ſuffice thee (Miſtris Page) at the leaſt if the Loue of Souldier can ſuffice, that I loue thee: I will not ſay pitty mee, 'tis not a Souldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, loue me:

By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night:
Or any kinde of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight. *Iohn Falſtaffe.*

What a *Herod* of *Iurie* is this? O wicked,wicked world:
One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age
To ſhow himſelfe a yong Gallant? What an vnwaied
Behauiour hath this Flemiſh drunkard pickt (with
The Deuills name) out of my conuerſation,that he dares
In this manner aſſay me? why, hee hath not beene thrice
In my Company: what ſhould I ſay to him? I was then
Frugall of my mirth: (heauen forgiue mee:) why Ile
Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe
of men: how ſhall I be reueng'd on him? for reueng'd I
will be? as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

Miſ Ford. *Miſtris Page*,truſt me,I was going to your houſe.

Miſ Page. And truſt me,I was comming to you: you looke very ill.

Miſ.Ford. Nay, Ile nere beleeee that; I haue to ſhew to the contrary.

Miſ.Page. 'Faith but you doe in my minde.

Miſ.Ford. Well: I doe then: yet I ſay, I could ſhew you to the contrary: O Miſtris *Page*, giue mee ſome counſaile.

Miſ.Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mi. Ford. O woman: if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honour.

Mi.Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take the honour: what is it? diſpence with trifles: what is it?

Mi.Ford. If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall moment,or ſo: I could be knighted.

Mi.Page. What thou lieſt? Sir *Alice Ford*? theſe Knights will hacke,and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of thy Gentry.

Mi.Ford. Wee burne day-light: heere, read,read: perceiue how I might bee knighted, I ſhall thinke the worſe of fat men, as long as I haue an eye to make difference of mens liking: and yet hee would not ſweare:

praiſe womens modeſty: and gaue ſuch orderly and welbehaued reproofe to al vncomelineſſe, that I would haue ſworne his diſpoſition would haue gone to the truth of his words: but they doe no more adhere and keep place together, then the hundred Pſalms to the tune of Greenſleeues: What tempeſt (I troa) threw this Whale, (with ſo many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a'ſhoare at Windſor? How ſhall I bee reuenged on him? I thinke the beſt way were, to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of luſt haue melted him in his owne greace: Did you euer heare the like?

Miſ.Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs: to thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, heere's the twyn-brother of thy Letter: but let thine inherit firſt, for I proteſt mine neuer ſhall: I warrant he hath a thouſand of theſe Letters, writ with blancke-ſpace for different names (ſure more): and theſe are of the ſecond edition: hee will print them out of doubt: for he cares not what hee puts into the preſſe, when he would put vs two: I had rather be a Giantеſſe, and lye vnder Mount *Pelion*: Well; I will find you twentie laſciuious Turtles ere one chaſte man.

Miſ.Ford. Why this is the very ſame: the very hand: the very words: what doth he thinke of vs?

Miſ.Page. Nay I know not: it makes me almoſt readie to wrangle with mine owne honeſty: Ile entertaine my ſelfe like one that I am not acquainted withall: for ſure vnleſſe hee know ſome ſtraine in mee, that I know not my ſelfe, hee would neuer haue boorded me in this furie.

Mi. Ford. Boording, call you it? Ile bee ſure to keepe him aboue decke.

Mi.Page. So will I: if hee come vnder my hatches, Ile neuer to Sea againe: Let's bee reueng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting: giue him a ſhow of comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till hee hath pawn'd his horſes to mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Mi.Ford. Nay, I wil conſent to act any villany againſt him, that may not ſully the charineſſe of our honeſty: oh that my husband ſaw this Letter: it would giue eternall food to his iealouſie.

Miſ.Page. Why look where he comes; and my good man too: hee's as farre from iealouſie, as I am from giuing him cauſe, and that (I hope) is an vnmeaſurable diſtance.

Miſ.Ford. You are the happier woman.

Miſ.Page. Let's conſult together againſt this greaſie Knight: Come hither.

Ford. Well: I hope, it be not ſo.

Piſt. Hope is a curtall-dog in ſome affaires:
Sir *Iohn* affects thy wife.

Ford. Why ſir, my wife is not young.

Piſt. He wooes both high and low, both rich & poor, both yong and old, one with another (*Ford*) he loues the Gally-mawfry (*Ford*) perpend.

Ford. Loue my wife?

Piſt. With liuer, burning hot: preuent:
Or goe thou like Sir *Acteon* he, with
Ring-wood at thy heeles: O, odious is the name.

Ford. What name Sir?

Piſt. The horne I ſay: Farewell:
Take heed, haue open eye, for theeues doe foot by night.
Take heed, ere ſommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do ſing.
Away ſir Corporall *Nim*:
Beleeue it (*Page*) he ſpeakes ſence.

Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this.

Nim. And this is true: I like not the humor of lying: hee hath wronged mee in ſome humors: I ſhould haue borne the humour'd Letter to her: but I haue a ſword: and it ſhall bite vpon my neceſſitie: he loues your wife; There's the ſhort and the long: My name is Corporall *Nim*: I ſpeak, and I auouch; 'tis true: my name is *Nim*: and *Falſtaffe* loues your wife: adieu, I loue not the humour of bread and cheeſe: adieu.

Page. The humour of it (quoth'a?) heere's a fellow frights Engliſh out of his wits.

Ford. I will ſeeke out *Falſtaffe.*

Page. I neuer heard ſuch a drawling-affecting rogue.

Ford. If I doe finde it: well.

Page. I will not beleeue ſuch a *Cataian*, though the Prieſt o' th'Towne commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good ſenſible fellow: well.

Page. How now *Meg*?

Miſt.Page. Whether goe you (*George?*) harke you.

Miſ.Ford. How now (ſweet-*Frank*) why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy? I am not melancholy:
Get you home: goe.

Miſ.Ford. Faith, thou haſt ſome crochets in thy head,
Now: will you goe, *Miſtris Page*?

Miſ.Page. Haue with you: you'll come to dinner *George*? Looke who comes yonder: ſhee ſhall bee our Meſſenger to this paltrie Knight.

Miſ.Ford. Truſt me, I thought on her: ſhee'll fit it.

Miſ.Page. You are come to ſee my daughter *Anne*?

Qui. I forſooth: and I pray how do's good Miſtreſſe *Anne*?

Miſ.Page. Go in with vs and ſee: we haue an houres talke with you.

Page. How now Maſter Ford?

For. You heard what this knaue told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them?

Pag. Hang 'em ſlaues: I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it: But theſe that accuſe him in his intent towards our wiues, are a yoake of his diſcarded men: very rogues, now they be out of ſeruice.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it neuer the beter for that,
Do's he lye at the Garter?

Page. I marry do's he: if hee ſhould intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her looſe to him; and what hee gets more of her, then ſharpe words, let it lye on my head.

Ford. I doe not miſdoubt my wife: but I would bee loath to turne them together: a man may be too confident: I would haue nothing lye on my head: I cannot be thus ſatisfied.

Page. Looke where my ranting-Hoſt of the Garter comes: there is eyther liquor in his pate, or mony in his purſe, when hee lookes ſo merrily: How now mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. How now Bully-Rooke: thou'rt a Gentleman Caueleiro Iuſtice, I ſay.

Shal. I follow, (mine Hoſt) I follow: Good-euen, and twenty (good Maſter *Page.*) Maſter *Page*, wil you go with vs? we haue ſport in hand.

Hoſt. Tell him Caueleiro-Iuſtice: tell him Bully-Rooke.

Shall. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir *Hugh* the Welch Prieſt, and *Caius* the French Doctor.

Ford. Good mine Hoſt o'th'Garter: a word with you.

Hoſt. What ſaiſt thou, my Bully-Rooke?

Shal. Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry Hoſt hath had the meaſuring of their weapons; and (I thinke) hath appointed them contrary places: for (beleeue mee) I heare the Parſon is no Ieſter: harke, I will tell you what our ſport ſhall be.

Hoſt. Haſt thou no ſuit againſt my Knight? my gueſt-Caualeire?

Shal. None, I proteſt: but Ile giue you a pottle of burn'd ſacke, to giue me recourſe to him, and tell him my name is *Broome*: onely for a ieſt.

Hoſt. My hand, (Bully:) thou ſhalt haue egreſſe and regreſſe, (ſaid I well?) and thy name ſhall be *Broome.* It is a merry Knight: will you goe An-heires?

Shal. Haue with you mine Hoſt.

Page. I haue heard the French-man hath good skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut ſir: I could haue told you more: In theſe times you ſtand on diſtance: your Paſſes, Stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart (Maſter *Page*) 'tis heere, 'tis heere: I haue ſeene the time, with my long-ſword, I would haue made you fowre tall fellowes skippe like Rattes.

Hoſt. Heere boyes, heere, heere: ſhall we wag?

Page. Haue with you: I had rather heare them ſcold, then fight.

Ford. Though *Page* be a ſecure foole, and ſtands ſo firmely on his wiues frailty; yet, I cannot put-off my opinion ſo eaſily: ſhe was in his company at *Pages* houſe: and what they made there, I know not. Well, I wil looke further into't, and I haue a diſguiſe, to ſound *Falſtaffe*; if I finde her honeſt, I looſe not my labor: if ſhe be otherwiſe, 'tis labour well beſtowed. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe, Piſtoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Piſt. Why then the world's mine Oyſter, which I, with ſword will open.

Fal. Not a penny: I haue beene content (Sir,) you ſhould lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated vpon my good friends for three Repreeues for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*; or elſe you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Baboones: I am damn'd in hell, for ſwearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when Miſtreſſe *Briget* loſt the handle of her Fan, I took't vpon mine honour thou hadſt it not.

Piſt. Didſt not thou ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteene pence?

Fal. Reaſon, you roague, reaſon: thinkſt thou Ile endanger my ſoule, *gratis*? at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a ſhort knife, and a throng, to your Mannor of *Pickt-hatch*: goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you roague? you ſtand vpon your honor: why, (thou vnconfinable baſeneſſe) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my hononor preciſe: I, I, I my ſelfe ſometimes, leauing the feare of heauen on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my neceſſity, am faine to ſhuffle: to hedge, and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-ſconce your raggs; your Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes, your red-lattice phraſes, and your bold-beating-oathes, vnder the ſhelter of your honor? you will not doe it? you?

Piſt. I doe relent: what would thou more of man?

Robin. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeake with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Qui. Giue your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife.

Qui. Not ſo. and't pleaſe your worſhip.

Fal. Good maid then.

Qui. Ile be ſworne,
As my mother was the firſt houre I was borne.

Fal. I doe beleeue the ſwearer; what with me?

Qui. Shall I vouch-ſafe your worſhip a word, or two?

Fal. Two thouſand (faire woman) and ile vouchſafe thee the hearing.

Qui. There is one Miſtreſſe *Ford*, (Sir) I pray come a little neerer this waies: I my ſelfe dwell with M.Doctor *Caius*:

Fal. Well, on; Miſtreſſe *Ford*, you ſay.

Qui. Your worſhip ſaies very true: I pray your worſhip come a little neerer this waies.

Fal. I warrant thee, no-bodie heares: mine owne people, mine owne people.

Qui. Are they ſo? heauen-bleſſe them, and make them his Seruants.

Fal. Well; Miſtreſſe *Ford*, what of her?

Qui. Why, Sir; ſhee's a good-creature; Lord, Lord, your Worſhip's a wanton: well: heauen forgiue you, and all of vs, I pray———.

Fal. Miſtreſſe *Ford*: come, Miſtreſſe *Ford*.

Qui. Marry this is the ſhort, and the long of it: you haue brought her into ſuch a Canaries, as 'tis wonderfull: the beſt Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windſor*) could neuer haue brought her to ſuch a Canarie: yet there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, ſmelling ſo ſweetly; all Muske, and ſo ruſhling, I warrant you, in ſilke and golde, and in ſuch alligant termes, and in ſuch wine and ſuger of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would haue wonne any womans heart: and I warrant you, they could neuer get an eye-winke of her: I had my ſelfe twentie Angels giuen me this morning, but I defie all Angels (in any ſuch ſort, as they ſay) but in the way of honeſty: and I warrant you, they could neuer get her ſo much as ſippe on a cup with the prowdeſt of them all, and yet there has beene Earles: nay, (which is more) Pentioners, but I warrant you all is one with her.

Fal. But what ſaies ſhee to mee? be briefe my good ſhee-*Mercurie*.

Qui. Marry, ſhe hath receiu'd your Letter: for the which ſhe thankes you a thouſand times; and ſhe giues you to notifie, that her husband will be abſence from his houſe, betweene ten and eleuen.

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.

Qui. I, forſooth: and then you may come and ſee the picture (ſhe ſayes) that you wot of: Maſter *Ford* her husband will be from home: alas, the ſweet woman leades an ill life with him: hee's a very iealouſie-man; ſhe leads a very frampold life with him, (good hart.)

Fal. Ten, and eleuen.

Woman, commend me to her, I will not faile her.

Qui. Why, you ſay well : But I haue another meſſenger to your worſhip : Miſtreſſe *Page* hath her heartie commendations to you to : and let mee tell you in your eare, ſhee's as fartuous a ciuill modeſt wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miſſe you morning nor euening prayer, as any is in *Windſor*, who ere bee the other : and ſhee bade me tell your worſhip, that her husband is ſeldome from home, but ſhe hopes there will come a time. I neuer knew a woman ſo doate vpon a man ; ſurely I thinke you haue charmes, la : yes in truth.

Fal. Not I, I aſſure thee ; ſetting the attraction of my good parts aſide, I haue no other charmes.

Qui. Bleſſing on your heart for't.

Fal. But I pray thee tell me this : has *Fords* wife, and *Pages* wife acquainted each other, how they loue me?

Qui. That were a ieſt indeed : they haue not ſo little grace I hope, that were a tricke indeed : But Miſtris *Page* would deſire you to ſend her your little Page of al loues : her husband has a maruellous infectiõ to the little Page : and truely Maſter *Page* is an honeſt man : neuer a wife in *Windſor* leades a better life then ſhe do's : doe what ſhee will, ſay what ſhe will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when ſhe liſt, riſe when ſhe liſt, all is as ſhe will : and truly ſhe deſerues it ; for if there be a kinde woman in *Windſor*, ſhe is one : you muſt ſend her your Page, no remedie.

Fal. Why, I will.

Qu. Nay, but doe ſo then, and looke you, hee may come and goe betweene you both : and in any caſe haue a nay-word, that you may know one anothers minde, and the Boy neuer neede to vnderſtand any thing ; for 'tis not good that children ſhould know any wickednes : olde folkes you know, haue diſcretion, as they ſay, and know the world.

Fal. Farethee-well, commend mee to them both : there's my purſe, I am yet thy debter : Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes diſtracts me.

Piſt. This Puncke is one of *Cupids* Carriers,
Clap on more ſailes, purſue : vp with your fights :
Giue fire : ſhe is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all.

Fal. Saiſt thou ſo (old *Iacke*) go thy waies : Ile make more of thy olde body then I haue done : will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of ſo much money, be now a gainer? good Body, I thanke thee : let them ſay 'tis groſſely done, ſo it bee fairely done, no matter.

Bar. Sir *Iohn*, there's one Maſter *Broome* below would faine ſpeake with you, and be acquainted with you ; and hath ſent your worſhip a mornings draught of Sacke.

Fal. *Broome* is his name?

Bar. I Sir.

Fal. Call him in : ſuch *Broomes* are welcome to mee, that ore'flowes ſuch liquor : ah ha, Miſtreſſe *Ford* and Miſtreſſe *Page*, haue I encompaſs'd you? goe to, *via*.

Ford. 'Bleſſe you ſir.

Fal. And you ſir : would you ſpeake with me?

Ford. I make bold, to preſſe, with ſo little preparation vpon you.

Fal. You'r welcome, what's your will? giue vs leaue Drawer.

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that haue ſpent much, my name is *Broome*.

Fal. Good Maſter *Broome*, I deſire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir *Iohn*, I ſue for yours : not to charge you, for I muſt let you vnderſtand, I thinke my ſelfe in better plight for a Lender, then you are : the which hath ſomething emboldned me to this vnſeaſon'd intruſion : for they ſay, if money goe before, all waies doe lye open.

Fal. Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I haue a bag of money heere troubles me : if you will helpe to beare it (Sir *Iohn*) take all, or halfe, for eaſing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deſerue to bee your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you ſir, if you will giue mee the hearing.

Fal. Speake (good Maſter *Broome*) I ſhall be glad to be your Seruant.

Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler : (I will be briefe with you) and you haue been a man long knowne to me, though I had neuer ſo good means as deſire, to make my ſelfe acquainted with you. I ſhall diſcouer a thing to you, wherein I muſt very much lay open mine owne imperfection : but (good Sir *Iohn*) as you haue one eye vpon my follies, as you heare them vnfolded, turne another into the Regiſter of your owne, that I may paſſe with a reproofe the eaſier, ſith you your ſelfe know how eaſie it is to be ſuch an offender.

Fal. Very well Sir, proceed.

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husbands name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well Sir.

Ford. I haue long lou'd her, and I proteſt to you, beſtowed much on her : followed her with a doating obſeruance : Ingroſs'd opportunities to meete her : fee'd euery ſlight occaſion that could but nigardly giue mee ſight of her : not only bought many preſents to giue her, but haue giuen largely to many, to know what ſhee would haue giuen : briefly, I haue purſu'd her, as Loue hath purſued mee, which hath beene on the wing of all occaſions : but whatſoeuer I haue merited, either in my minde, or in my meanes, meede I am ſure I haue receiued none, vnleſſe Experience be a Iewell, that I haue purchaſed at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to ſay this,

“ *Loue like a ſhadow flies, when ſubſtance Loue purſues,*
“ *Purſuing that that flies, and flying what purſues.*

Fal. Haue you receiu'd no promiſe of ſatisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Haue you importun'd her to ſuch a purpoſe?

Ford. Neuer.

Fal. Of what qualitie was your loue then?

Ford. Like a fair houſe, built on another mans ground, ſo that I haue loſt my edifice, by miſtaking the place, where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpoſe haue you vnfolded this to me?

For. When I haue told you that, I haue told you all : Some ſay, that though ſhe appeare honeſt to mee, yet in other places ſhee enlargeth her mirth ſo farre, that there is ſhrewd conſtruction made of her. Now (Sir *Iohn*) here is the heart of my purpoſe : you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable diſcourſe, of great admittance, authenticke in your place and perſon, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O Sir.

Ford. Beleeue it, for you know it : there is money, ſpend it, ſpend it, ſpend more ; ſpend all I haue, onely

giue me ſo much of your time in enchange of it, as to lay an amiable ſiege to the honeſty of this *Fords* wife : vſe your Art of wooing ; win her to conſent to you : if any man may, you may as ſoone as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I ſhould win what you would enioy? Methinkes you preſcribe to your ſelfe very prepoſterouſly.

Ford. O, vnderſtand my drift : ſhe dwells ſo ſecurely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my ſoule dares not preſent it ſelfe : ſhee is too bright to be look'd againſt. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand ; my deſires had inſtance and argument to commend themſelues, I could driue her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thouſand other her defences, which now are too-too ſtrongly embattaild againſt me : what ſay you too't, Sir *Iohn*?

Fal. Maſter *Broome*, I will firſt make bold with your money : next, giue mee your hand : and laſt, as I am a gentleman, you ſhall, if you will, enioy *Fords* wife.

Ford. O good Sir.

Fal. I ſay you ſhall.

Ford. Want no money (Sir *Iohn*) you ſhall want none.

Fal. Want no *Miſtreſſe Ford* (Maſter *Broome*) you ſhall want none : I ſhall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, euen as you came in to me, her aſſiſtant, or goe-betweene, parted from me : I ſay I ſhall be with her betweene ten and eleuen : for at that time the iealious-raſcally-knaue her husband will be forth : come you to me at night, you ſhall know how I ſpeed.

Ford. I am bleſt in your acquaintance : do you know *Ford* Sir?

Fal. Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knaue) I know him not : yet I wrong him to call him poore : They ſay the iealous wittolly-knaue hath maſſes of money, for the which his wife ſeemes to me well-fauourd : I will vſe her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffer, & ther's my harueſt-home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, ſir, that you might auoid him, if you ſaw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanicall-ſalt-butter rogue ; I wil ſtare him out of his wits : I will awe-him with my cudgell : it ſhall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds horns : Maſter *Broome*, thou ſhalt know, I will predominate ouer the pezant, and thou ſhalt lye with his wife. Come to me ſoone at night : *Ford*'s a knaue, and I will aggrauate his ſtile : thou (Maſter *Broome*) ſhalt know him for knaue, and Cuckold. Come to me ſoone at night.

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurian-Raſcall is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience : who ſaies this is improuident iealouſie? my wife hath ſent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made : would any man haue thought this? ſee the hell of hauing a falſe woman : my bed ſhall be abus'd, my Coffers ranſack'd, my reputation gnawne at, and I ſhall not onely receiue this villanous wrong, but ſtand vnder the adoption of abhominable termes, and by him that does mee this wrong : Termes, names : *Amaimon* ſounds well : *Lucifer*, well : *Barbaſon*, well : yet they are Diuels additions, the names of fiends : But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold? the Diuell himſelfe hath not ſuch a name. *Page* is an Aſſe, a ſecure Aſſe ; hee will truſt his wife, hee will not be iealous : I will rather truſt a *Fleming* with my butter, Parſon *Hugh* the *Welſhman* with my Cheeſe, an *Iriſh-man* with my Aqua-vitæ-bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her ſelfe. Then ſhe plots, then ſhee ruminates, then ſhee deuiſes : and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect ; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee prais'd for my iealouſie : eleuen o'clocke the howre, I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee reueng'd on *Falſtaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, better three houres too ſoone, then a mynute too late : fie, fie, fie : Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

Exti.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt.

Caius. *Iacke Rugby.*

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is the clocke, *Iack*.

Rug. 'Tis paſt the howre (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

Cai. By gar, he has ſaue his ſoule, dat he is no-come : hee has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come : by gar (*Iack Rugby*) he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. Hee is wiſe Sir : hee knew your worſhip would kill him if he came.

Cai. By gar, de herring is no dead, ſo as I vill kill him : take your Rapier, (*Iacke*) I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas ſir, I cannot fence.

Cai. Villanie, take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbeare : heer's company.

Hoſt. 'Bleſſe thee, bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Saue you Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now good Mr. Doctor.

Slen. 'Giue you good-morrow, ſir.

Caius. Vat be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for?

Hoſt. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foigne, to ſee thee trauerſe, to ſee thee heere, to ſee thee there, to ſee thee paſſe thy puncto, thy ſtock, thy reuerſe, thy diſtance, thy montant : Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Franciſco? ha Bully? what ſaies my *Eſculapius*? my *Galien*? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Stale? is he dead?

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-Iack-Prieſt of de vorld : he is not ſhow his face.

Hoſt. Thou art a Caſtalion-king-Vrinall : *Hector* of *Greece* (my Boy)

Cai. I pray you beare witneſſe, that me haue ſtay, ſixe or ſeuen, two tree howres for him, and hee is no-come.

Shal. He is the wiſer man (M. Docto) he is a curer of ſoules, and you a curer of bodies : if you ſhould fight, you goe againſt the haire of your profeſſions : is it not true, Maſter *Page*?

Page. Maſter *Shallow* ; you haue your ſelfe beene a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins M. *Page*, though I now be old, and of the peace ; if I ſee a ſword out, my finger itches to make one : though wee are Iuſtices, and Doctors, and Church-men (M. *Page*) wee haue ſome ſalt of our youth in vs, we are the ſons of women (M. *Page*.)

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It wil be found ſo, (M. *Page* :) M. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home : I am ſworn of the peace : you haue ſhow'd your ſelfe a wiſe Phyſician, and Sir *Hugh* hath ſhowne himſelfe a wiſe and patient Churchman : you muſt goe with me, M. Doctor.

Hoſt. Pardon, Gueſt-Iuſtice; a Mounſeur Mocke-water.

Cai. Mock-vater? vat is dat?

Hoſt. Mock-water, in our Engliſh tongue, is Valour (Bully.)

Cai. By gar, then I haue as much Mock-vater as de Engliſhman: ſcuruy-Iack-dog-Prieſt: by gar, mee vill cut his eares.

Hoſt. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly (Bully.)

Cai. ~~Clapper-de~~-claw? vat is dat?

Hoſt. That is, he will make thee amends.

Cai. By-gar, me doe looke hee ſhall clapper-de-claw me, for by-gar, me vill haue it.

Hoſt. And I will prouoke him to't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tanck you for dat.

Hoſt. And moreouer, (Bully) but firſt, Mr. Ghueſt, and M. *Page*, & eeke Caualeiro *Slender*, goe you through the Towne to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Hoſt. He is there, ſee what humor he is in: and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields: will it doe well?

Shal. We will doe it.

All. Adieu, good M. Doctor.

Cai. By-gar, me vill kill de Prieſt, for he ſpeake for a Iack-an-Ape to *Anne Page*.

Hoſt. Let him die: ſheath thy impatience: throw cold water on thy Choller: goe about the fields with mee through *Frogmore*, I will bring thee where Miſtris *Anne Page* is, at a Farm-houſe a Feaſting: and thou ſhalt wooe he r: Cride-game, ſaid I well?

Cai. By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat: by gar I loue you: and I ſhall procure 'a you de good Gueſt: de Earle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients.

Hoſt. For the which, I will be thy aduerſary toward *Anne Page*: ſaid I well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good: vell ſaid.

Hoſt. Let vs wag then.

Cai. Come at my heeles, *Iack Rugby*.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

Enter Euans, Simple, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Caius, Rugby.

Euans. I pray you now, good Maſter *Slenders* ſeruingman, and friend *Simple* by your name; which way haue you look'd for Maſter *Caius*, that calls himſelfe Doctor of Phiſicke.

Sim. Marry Sir, the pittie-ward, the Parke-ward: euery way: olde *Windſor* way, and euery way but the Towne-way.

Euan. I moſt fehemently deſire you, you will alſo looke that way.

Sim. I will ſir.

Euan. 'Pleſſe my ſoule: how full of Chollors I am, and trempling of minde: I ſhall be glad if he haue deceiued me: how melancholies I am? I will knog his Vrinalls about his knaues coſtard, when I haue good oportunities for the orke: 'Pleſſe my ſoule: *To ſhallow Riuers to whoſe falls: melodious Birds ſings Madrigalls: There will we make our Peds of Roſes: and a thouſand fragrant poſies. To ſhallow:* 'Mercie on mee, I haue a great diſpoſitions to cry.

Melodious birds ſing Madrigalls: —— When as I ſat in Pabilon: and a thouſand vagram Poſies. To ſhallow, &c.

Sim. Yonder he is comming, this way, Sir *Hugh*.

Euan. Hee's welcome: *To ſhallow Riuers, to whoſe fals:* Heauen proſper the right: what weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir: there comes my Maſter, Mr. *Shallow*, and another Gentleman; from *Frogmore*, ouer the ſtile, this way.

Euan. Pray you giue mee my gowne, or elſe keepe it in your armes.

Shal. How now Maſter Parſon? good morrow good Sir *Hugh*: keepe a Gameſter from the dice, and a good Studient from his booke, and it is wonderfull.

Slen. Ah ſweet *Anne Page*.

Page. 'Saue you, good Sir *Hugh*.

Euan. 'Pleſſe you from his mercy-ſake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword, and the Word?
Doe you ſtudy them both, Mr. Parſon?

Page. And youthfull ſtill, in your doublet and hoſe, this raw-rumaticke day?

Euan. There is reaſons, and cauſes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, Mr. Parſon.

Euan. Fery-well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a moſt reuerend Gentleman; who (be-like) hauing receiued wrong by ſome perſon, is at moſt odds with his owne grauity and patience, that euer you ſaw.

Shal. I haue liued foure-ſcore yeeres, and vpward: I neuer heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, ſo wide of his owne reſpect.

Euan. What is he?

Page. I thinke you know him: Mr. Doctor *Caius* the renowned French Phyſician.

Euan. Got's-will, and his paſſion of my heart: I had as lief you would tell me of a meſſe of porredge.

Page. Why?

Euan. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*, and hee is a knaue beſides: a cowardly knaue, as you would deſires to be acquainted withall.

Page. I warrant you, hee's the man ſhould fight with him.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page*.

Shal. It appeares ſo by his weapons: keepe them aſunder: here comes Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Nay good Mr. Parſon, keepe in your weapon.

Shal. So doe you, good Mr. Doctor.

Hoſt. Diſarme them, and let them queſtion: let them keepe their limbs whole, and hack our Engliſh.

Cai. I pray you let-a-mee ſpeake a word with your eare; vherefore vill you not meet-a me?

Euan. Pray you vſe your patience in good time.

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward: de Iack dog: Iohn Ape.

Euan. Pray you let vs not be laughing-ſtocks to other mens humors: I deſire you in friendſhip, and I will one way or other make you amends: I will knog your Vrinal about your knaues Cogs-combe.

Cai. *Diable: Iack Rugby*: mine *Hoſt de Iarteer:* haue I not ſtay for him, to kill him? haue I not at de place I did appoint?

Euan. As I am a Chriſtians-ſoule, now looke you: this is the place appointed, Ile bee iudgement by mine *Hoſt of the Garter*.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay, *Gallia* and *Gaule*, *French* & *Welch*, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer.

Cai. I,

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellant.

Hoſt. Peace, I ſay: heare mine Hoſt of the Garter,
Am I politicke? Am I ſubtle? Am I a Machiuell?
Shall I looſe my Doctor? No, hee giues me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I looſe my Parſon? my Prieſt? my Sir *Hugh*? No, he giues me the Prouerbes, and the No-verbes. Giue me thy hand (Celeſtiall) ſo: Boyes of Art, I haue deceiu'd you both: I haue directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skinnes are whole, and let burn'd Sacke be the iſſue: Come, lay their ſwords to pawne: Follow me, Lad of peace, follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Truſt me, a mad Hoſt: follow Gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O ſweet *Anne Page*.

Cai. Ha'do I perceiue dat? Haue you make-a-de-ſot of vs, ha, ha?

Eua. This is well, he has made vs his vlowting-ſtog: I deſire you that we may be friends: and let vs knog our praines together to be reuenge on this ſame ſcall-ſcuruy-cogging-companion the Hoſt of the Garter.

Cai. By gar, with all my heart: he promiſe to bring me where is *Anne Page*: by gar he deceiue me too.

Euan. Well, I will ſmite his noddles: pray you follow.

Scena Secunda.

Miſt. Page, Robin, Ford, Page, Shallow, Slender, Hoſt, Euans, Caius.

Miſt. Page. Nay keepe your way (little Gallant) you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader: whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your maſters heeles?

Rob. I had rather (forſooth) go before you like a man, then follow him like a dwarfe.

M. Pa. O you are a flattering boy, now I ſee you'l be a (Courtier.

Ford. Well met miſtris *Page*, whether go you.

M. Pa. Truly Sir, to ſee your wife, is ſhe at home?

Ford. I, and as idle as ſhe may hang together for want of company: I thinke if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

M. Pa. Be ſure of that, two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke?

M. Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is my husband had him of, what do you cal your Knights name (ſirrah?

Rob. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*.

Ford. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*.

M. Pa. He, he, I can neuer hit on's name; there is ſuch a league betweene my goodman, and he: is your Wife at (home indeed?

Ford. Indeed ſhe is.

M. Pa. By your leaue ſir, I am ſicke till I ſee her.

Ford. Has *Page* any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure they ſleepe, he hath no vſe of them: why this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile as eaſie, as a Canon will ſhoot point-blanke twelue ſcore: hee peeces out his wiues inclination: he giues her folly motion and aduantage: and now ſhe's going to my wife, & *Falſtaffes* boy with her: A man may heare this ſhowre ſing in the winde; and *Falſtaffes* boy with her: good plots, they are laide, and our reuolted wiues ſhare damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my wife, plucke the borrowed vaile of modeſtie from the ſo-ſeeming Miſt. *Page*, diuulge *Page* himſelfe for a ſecure and wilfull *Acteon*, and to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbors ſhall cry aime. The clocke giues me my Qu, and my aſſurance bids me ſearch, there I ſhall finde *Falſtaffe*: I ſhall be rather praiſd for this, then mock'd, for it is as poſſitiue, as the earth is firme, that *Falſtaffe* is there: I will go.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met Mr *Ford*.

Ford. Truſt me, a good knotte; I haue good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I muſt excuſe my ſelfe Mr *Ford*.

Slen. And ſo muſt I Sir,
We haue appointed to dine with Miſtris *Anne*,
And I would not breake with her for more mony
Then Ile ſpeake of.

Shal. We haue linger'd about a match betweene *An Page*, and my cozen *Slender*, and this day wee ſhall haue our anſwer.

Slen. I hope I haue your good will Father *Page*.

Pag. You haue Mr *Slender*, I ſtand wholly for you,
But my wife (Mr Doctor) is for you altogether.

Cai. I be-gar, and de Maid is loue-a-me: my nurſh-a-Quickly tell me ſo muſh.

Hoſt. What ſay you to yong Mr *Fenton*? He capers, he dances, he has eies of youth: he writes verſes, hee ſpeakes holliday, he ſmels April and May, he wil carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in his buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my conſent I promiſe you. The Gentleman is of no hauing, hee kept companie with the wilde Prince, and *Pointz*: he is of too high a Region, he knows too much: no, hee ſhall not knit a knot in his fortunes, with the finger of my ſubſtance: if he take her, let him take her ſimply: the wealth I haue waits on my conſent, and my conſent goes not that way.

Ford. I beſeech you heartily, ſome of you goe home with me to dinner: beſides your cheere you ſhall haue ſport, I will ſhew you a monſter: Mr Doctor, you ſhal go, ſo ſhall you Mr *Page*, and you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well:
We ſhall haue the freer woing at Mr *Pages*.

Cai. Go home *Iohn Rugby*, I come anon.

Hoſt. Farewell my hearts, I will to my honeſt Knight *Falſtaffe*, and drinke Canarie with him.

Ford. I thinke I ſhall drinke in Pipe-wine firſt with him, Ile make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Haue with you, to ſee this Monſter. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter M. Ford, M. Page, Seruants, Robin, Falſtaffe, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans.

Miſt. Ford. What *Iohn*, what *Robert*.

M, Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-basket——

Miſ. Ford. I warrant. What *Robin* I ſay.

Miſ. Page. Come, come, come.

Miſt. Ford. Heere, ſet it downe.

M. Pag. Giue your men the charge, we muſt be briefe,

M. Ford. Marrie, as I told you before (*Iohn* & *Robert*) be ready here hard-by in the Brew-houſe, & when I ſodainly call you, come forth, and (without any pauſe, or ſtaggering) take this basket on your ſhoulders: ẏ done, trudge with it in all haſt, and carry it among the Whitſters in *Dotchet* Mead, and there empty it in the muddie ditch, cloſe by the Thames ſide.

M. Page. You will do it?

M. Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer, they lacke no (direction.

Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

M.Page. Here comes little *Robin.*

Miſt.Ford. How now my Eyas-Musket, what newes with you?

Rob. My M.Sir *Iohn* is come in at your backe doore (Miſt.*Ford*,and requeſts your company.

M.Page. You litle Iack-a-lent,haue you bin true to vs

Rob. I, Ile be ſworne: my Maſter knowes not of your being heere: and hath threatned to put me into euerlaſting liberty, if I tell you of it: for he ſweares he'll turne me away.

Miſt.Pag. Thou'rt a good boy: this ſecrecy of thine ſhall be a Tailor to thee,and ſhal make thee a new doublet and hoſe. Ile go hide me.

Mi.Ford. Do ſo: go tell thy Maſter, I am alone: Miſtris *Page*, remember you your *Qu.*

Miſt.Pag. I warrant thee,if I do not act it, hiſſe me.

Miſt.Ford. Go-too then: we'l vſe this vnwholſome humidity,this groſſe-watry Pumpion; we'll teach him to know Turtles from Iayes.

Fal. Haue I caught thee, my heauenly Iewell? Why now let me die,for I haue liu'd long enough: This is the period of my ambition: O this bleſſed houre.

Miſt.Ford. O ſweet Sir *Iohn.*

Fal. Miſtris *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate (Miſt. *Ford*) now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh; I would thy Husband were dead, Ile ſpeake it before the beſt Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Miſt.Ford. I your Lady Sir *Iohn*? Alas, I ſhould bee a pittifull Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of France ſhew me ſuch another: I ſee how thine eye would emulate the Diamond: Thou haſt the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of Venetian admittance.

Miſt.Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir *Iohn*:
My browes become nothing elſe,nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to ſay ſo: thou wouldſt make an abſolute Courtier, and the firme fixture of thy foote, would giue an excellent motion to thy gate, in a ſemi-circled Farthingale. I ſee what thou wert if Fortune thy foe, were not Nature thy friend: Come, thou canſt not hide it.

Miſt.Ford. Beleeue me,ther's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me loue thee? Let that perſwade thee. Ther's ſomething extraordinary in thee: Come, I cannot cog, and ſay thou art this and that, like a-manie of theſe liſping-hauthorne buds, that come like women in mens apparrel, and ſmell like Bucklers-berry in ſimple time: I cannot, but I loue thee, none but thee; and thou deſeru'ſt it.

M.Ford. Do not betray me ſir,I fear you loue M.*Page.*

Fal. Thou mightſt as well ſay, I loue to walke by the Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me, as the reeke of a Lime-kill.

Miſ.Ford. Well, heauen knowes how I loue you,
And you ſhall one day finde it.

Fal. Keepe in that minde, Ile deſerue it.

Miſt.Ford: Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you doe;
Or elſe I could not be in that minde.

Rob. Miſtris *Ford*, Miſtris *Ford*: heere's Miſtris *Page* at the doore,ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildely, and would needs ſpeake with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me, I will enſconce mee behinde the Arras.

M.Ford. Pray you do ſo, ſhe's a very tatling woman. Whats the matter? How now?

Miſt.Page. O miſtris *Ford* what haue you done?
You'r ſham'd, y'are ouerthrowne, y'are vndone for euer.

M.Ford. What's the matter,good miſtris *Page*?

M.Page. O weladay,miſt.*Ford*,hauing an honeſt man to your husband,to giue him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpition.

M.Ford. What cauſe of ſuſpition?

M.Page. What cauſe of ſuſpition? Out vpon you: How am I miſtooke in you?

M.Ford. Why (alas) what's the matter?

M.Page. Your husband's comming hether (Woman) with all the Officers in Windſor, to ſearch for a Gentleman, that he ſayes is heere now in the houſe; by your conſent to take an ill aduantage of his abſence: you are vndone.

M.Ford. 'Tis not ſo, I hope.

M.Page. Pray heauen it be not ſo, that you haue ſuch a man heere: but 'tis moſt certaine your husband's comming, with halfe Windſor at his heeles, to ſerch for ſuch a one, I come before to tell you: If you know your ſelfe cleere, why I am glad of it: but if you haue a friend here, conuey, conuey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your ſenſes to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for euer.

M.Ford. What ſhall I do? There is a Gentleman my deere friend: and I feare not mine owne ſhame ſo much, as his perill. I had rather then a thouſand pound he were out of the houſe.

M.Page. For ſhame, neuer ſtand (you had rather,and you had rather:) your husband's heere at hand,bethinke you of ſome conueyance: in the houſe you cannot hide him. Oh, how haue you deceiu'd me? Looke, heere is a basket, if he be of any reaſonable ſtature, he may creepe in heere, and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or it is whiting time, ſend him by your two men to *Datchet*-Meade.

M.Ford. He's too big to go in there: what ſhall I do?

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't, O let me ſee't:
Ile in, Ile in: Follow your friends counſell, Ile in.

M.Page. What Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*? Are theſe your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I loue thee, helpe mee away: let me creepe in heere: ile neuer——

M.Page. Helpe to couer your maſter (Boy:) Call your men (Miſt.*Ford.*) You diſſembling Knight.

M.Ford. What *Iohn*, *Robert*, *Iohn*; Go,take vp theſe cloathes heere,quickly: Wher's the Cowle-ſtaffe? Look how you drumble? Carry them to the Landreſſe in Datchet mead: quickly, come.

Ford. 'Pray you come nere: if I ſuſpect without cauſe,
Why then make ſport at me, then let me be your ieſt,
I deſerue it: How now? Whether beare you this?

Ser. To the Landreſſe forſooth?

M.Ford. Why, what haue you to doe whether they beare it? You were beſt meddle with buck-waſhing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could waſh my ſelfe of ÿ Buck:
Bucke, bucke, bucke, I bucke: I warrant you Bucke,
And of the ſeaſon too; it ſhall appeare.
Gentlemen, I haue dream'd to night, Ile tell you my dreame: heere, heere, heere bee my keyes, aſcend my Chambers, ſearch, ſeeke, finde out: Ile warrant wee'le vnkennell the Fox. Let me ſtop this way firſt: ſo, now vncape.

Page. Good maſter *Ford*, be contented:
You wrong your ſelfe too much.

Ford. True (maſter *Page*) vp Gentlemen,
You ſhall ſee ſport anon:

Follow me Gentlemen.

Euans. This is fery fantaſticall humors and iealouſies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no-the faſhion of France:
It is not iealous in France.

Page. Nay follow him (Gentlemen) ſee the yſſue of his ſearch.

Miſt.Page Is there not a double excellency in this?

Miſt.Ford. I know not which pleaſes me better,
That my husband is deceiued,or Sir *Iohn.*

Miſt.Page. What a taking was hee in, when your husband askt who was in the basket?

Miſt.Ford. I am halfe affraid he will haue neede of waſhing: ſo throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

Miſt.Page. Hang him diſhoneſt raſcall: I would all of the ſame ſtraine, were in the ſame diſtreſſe.

Miſt.Ford. I thinke my husband hath ſome ſpeciall ſuſpition of *Falſtaffs* being heere: for I neuer ſaw him ſo groſſe in his iealouſie till now.

Miſt.Page. I will lay a plot to try that, and wee will yet haue more trickes with *Falſtaffe*: his diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarſe obey this medicine.

Miſ.Ford. Shall we ſend that fooliſhion Carion, Miſt. *Quickly* to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water, and giue him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Miſt.Page. We will do it: let him be ſent for to morrow eight a clocke to haue amends.

Ford. I cannot finde him: may be the knaue bragg'd of that he could not compaſſe.

Miſ.Page. Heard you that?

Miſ.Ford. You vſe me well, M. *Ford*? Do you?

Ford. I, I do ſo.

M.Ford. Heauen make you better then your thoghts

Ford. Amen.

Mi.Page. You do your ſelfe mighty wrong (M.*Ford*)

Ford. I, I: I muſt beare it.

Eu. If there be any pody in the houſe,& in the chambers,and in the coffers, and in the preſſes: heauen forgiue my ſins at the day of iudgement.

Caius. Be gar, nor I too: there is no-bodies.

Page. Fy,fy,M.*Ford*,are you not aſhem'd? What ſpirit,what diuell ſuggeſts this imagination? I wold not ha your diſtemper in this kind,for ÿ welth of *Windſor caſtle.*

Ford. 'Tis my fault (M.*Page*) I ſuffer for it.

Euans. You ſuffer for a pad conſcience: your wife is as honeſt a o'mans, as I will deſires among fiue thouſand,and fiue hundred too.

Cai. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt woman.

Ford. Well, I promiſd you a dinner: come, come, walk in the Parke, I pray you pardon me: I wil hereafter make knowne to you why I haue done this. Come wife,come Mi.*Page*, I pray you pardon me. Pray hartly pardon me.

Page. Let's go in Gentlemen, but (truſt me) we'l mock him: I doe inuite you to morrow morning to my houſe to breakfaſt: after we'll a Birding together, I haue a fine Hawke for the buſh. Shall it be ſo:

Ford. Any thing.

Eu. If there is one, I ſhall make two in the Companie

Ca. If there be one, or two, I ſhall make-a-theturd.

Ford. Pray you go, M. *Page.*

Eua. I pray you now remembrance to morrow on the lowſie knaue, mine Hoſt.

Cai. Dat is good by gar, withall my heart.

Eua. A lowſie knaue, to haue his gibes, and his mockeries.

Exeunt.

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Fenton, Anne, Page, Shallow, Slender,
Quickly, Page, Miſt. Page.

Fen: I ſee I cannot get thy Fathers loue,
Therefore no more turne me to him (ſweet Nan.)

Anne. Alas, how then?

Fen. Why thou muſt be thy ſelfe.
He doth obiect, I am too great of birth,
And that my ſtate being gall'd with my expence,
I ſeeke to heale it onely by his wealth.
Beſides theſe, other barres he layes before me,
My Riots paſt, my wilde Societies,
And tels me 'tis a thing impoſſible
I ſhould loue thee, but as a property.

An. May be he tels you true.

No, heauen ſo ſpeed me in my time to come,
Albeit I will confeſſe, thy Fathers wealth
Was the firſt motiue that I woo'd thee (*Anne*:)
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more valew
Then ſtampes in Gold, or ſummes in ſealed bagges:
And 'tis the very riches of thy ſelfe,
That now I ayme at.

An. Gentle M. *Fenton*,
Yet ſeeke my Fathers loue, ſtill ſeeke it ſir,
If opportunity and humbleſt ſuite
Cannot attaine it, why then harke you hither.

Shal. Breake their talke Miſtris *Quickly*,
My Kinſman ſhall ſpeake for himſelfe.

Slen. Ile make a ſhaft or a bolt on't, ſlid, tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not diſmaid.

Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me:
I care not for that, but that I am affeard.

Qui. Hark ye, M. *Slender* would ſpeak a word with you

An. I come to him. This is my Fathers choice:
O what a world of vilde ill-fauour'd faults
Lookes handſome in three hundred pounds a yeere?

Qui. And how do's good Maſter *Fenton*?
Pray you a word with you.

Shal. Shee's comming; to her Coz:
O boy, thou hadſt a father.

Slen. I had a father (*M. An*) my vncle can tel you good ieſts of him: pray you Vncle tel Miſt. *Anne* the ieſt how my Father ſtole two Geeſe out of a Pen, good Vnckle.

Shal. Miſtris *Anne*, my Cozen loues you.

Slen. I that I do, as well as I loue any woman in Gloceſterſhire.

Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. I that I will, come cut and long-taile, vnder the degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds ioynture.

Anne. Good Maiſter *Shallow* let him woo for himſelfe.

Shal. Marrie I thanke you for it: I thanke you for that good comfort: ſhe cals you (Coz) Ile leaue you.

Anne. Now Maſter *Slender.*

Slen. Now good Miſtris *Anne.*

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? Odd's-hart-lings, that's a prettie ieſt indeede: I ne're made my Will yet (I thanke Heauen:) I am not ſuch a ſickely creature, I giue Heauen praiſe.

Anne. I meane (M.*Slender*) what wold you with me?

Slen. Truely, for mine owne part, I would little or nothing with you: your father and my vncle hath made motions: if it be my lucke, ſo; if not, happy man bee his dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can: you may aske your father, heere he comes.

Page. Now Mr *Slender*; Loue him daughter *Anne.*
Why how now? What does Mr *Fenter* here?
You wrong me Sir, thus ſtill to haunt my houſe.
I told you Sir, my daughter is diſpoſd of.

Fen. Nay Mr *Page*, be not impatient.

Miſt.Page. Good M. *Fenton*. come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir, will you heare me?

Page. No, good M. *Fenton.*
Come M. *Shallow*: Come ſonne *Slender*, in;
Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M. *Fenton.*)

Qui. Speake to Miſtris *Page.*

Fen. Good Miſt. *Page*, for that I loue your daughter
In ſuch a righteous faſhion as I do,
Perforce, againſt all checkes, rebukes, and manners,
I muſt aduance the colours of my loue,
And not retire. Let me haue your good will.

An. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole.

Miſt.Page. I meane it not, I ſeeke you a better husband.

Qui. That's my maſter, M. Doctor.

An. Alas I had rather be ſet quick i'th earth,
And bowl'd to death with Turnips.

Miſt.Page. Come, trouble not your ſelfe good M. *Fenton*, I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
My daughter will I queſtion how ſhe loues you,
And as I finde her, ſo am I affected:
Till then, farewell Sir, ſhe muſt needs go in,
Her father will be angry.

Fen. Farewell gentle Miſtris: farewell *Nan.*

Qui. This is my doing now: Nay, ſaide I, will you caſt away your childe on a Foole, and a Phyſitian: Looke on M. *Fenton*, this is my doing.

Fen. I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night,
Giue my ſweet *Nan* this Ring: there's for thy paines.

Qui. Now heauen ſend thee good fortune, a kinde heart he hath: a woman would run through fire & water for ſuch a kinde heart. But yet, I would my Maiſter had Miſtris *Anne*, or I would M. *Slender* had her: or (in ſooth) I would M. *Fenton* had her; I will do what I can for them all three, for ſo I haue promiſd, and Ile bee as good as my word, but ſpeciouſly for M. *Fenton*. Well, I muſt of another errand to Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* from my two Miſtreſſes: what a beaſt am I to ſlacke it. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falſtaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. *Bardolfe* I ſay.

Bar. Heere Sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a toſt in't. Haue I liu'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel, if I be ſeru'd ſuch another tricke, Ile haue my braines 'tane out and butter'd, and giue them to a dogge for a New-yeares gift. The rogues ſlighted me into the riuer with as little remorſe, as they would haue drown'de a blinde bitches Puppies, fifteene i'th litter: and you may know by my ſize, that I haue a kinde of alacrity in ſinking: if the bottome were as deepe as hell, I ſhold down. I had beene drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſheluy and ſhallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water ſwelles a man; and what a thing ſhould I haue beene, when I had beene ſwel'd? I ſhould haue beene a Mountaine of Mummie.

Bar. Here's M. *Quickly* Sir to ſpeake with you.

Fal. Come, let me poure in ſome Sack to the Thames water: for my bellies as cold as if I had ſwallow'd ſnowbals, for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in.

Bar. Come in woman.

Qui. By your leaue: I cry you mercy?
Giue your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Take away theſe Challices:
Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.

Bard. With Egges, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it ſelfe: Ile no Pullet-Sperſme in my brewage. How now?

Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worſhip from M. *Ford.*

Fal. *Miſt.Ford?* I haue had Ford enough: I was thrown into the Ford; I haue my belly full of Ford.

Qui. Alas the day, (good-heart) that was not her fault: ſhe do's ſo take on with her men; they miſtooke their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build vpon a fooliſh Womans (promiſe.

Qui. Well, ſhe laments Sir for it, that it would yern your heart to ſee it: her husband goes this morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to her, betweene eight and nine: I muſt carry her word quickely, ſhe'll make you amends I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will viſit her, tell her ſo: and bidde her thinke what a man is: Let her conſider his frailety, and then iudge of my merit.

Qui. I will tell her.

Fal. Do ſo. Betweene nine and ten ſaiſt thou?

Qui. Eight and nine Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miſſe her.

Qui. Peace be with you Sir.

Fal. I meruaile I heare not of Mr *Broome*: he ſent me word to ſtay within: I like his money well.
Oh, heere be comes.

Ford. Bleſſe you Sir.

Fal. Now M. *Broome*, you come to know
What hath paſt betweene me, and *Fords* wife.

Ford. That indeed (Sir *Iohn*) is my buſineſſe.

Fal. *M.Broome* I will not lye to you,
I was at her houſe the houre ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And ſped you Sir?

Fal. very ill-fauouredly M. *Broome.*

Ford. How ſo ſir, did ſhe change her determination?

Fal. No (M. *Broome*) but the peaking Curnuto her husband (M. *Broome*) dwelling in a continual larum of ielouſie, coms me in the inſtant of our encounter, after we had embraſt, kiſt, proteſted, & (as it were) ſpoke the prologue of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his companions, thither prouoked and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and (forſooth) to ſerch his houſe for his wiues Loue.

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

For. And did he ſearch for you, & could not find you?

Fal. You ſhall heare. As good lucke would haue it, comes in one *Miſt. Page*, giues intelligence of *Fords* approch: and in her inuention, and *Fords* wiues diſtraction, they conuey'd me into a bucke-basket.

Ford. A Buck-basket?

Fal. Yes: a Buck-basket: ram'd mee in with foule Shirts and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greaſie Napkins, that (Maſter *Broome*) there was the rankeſt compound of villanous ſmell, that euer offended noſtrill.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you ſhall heare (Maſter *Broome*) what I haue ſufferd, to bring this woman to euill, for your good: Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Fords* knaues, his Hindes, were cald forth by their Miſtris, to carry mee in the name of foule Cloathes to *Datchet-lane*: they tooke me on their ſhoulders: met the iealous knaue their Maſter in the doore; who ask'd them once or twice what they had in their Basket? I quak'd for feare leaſt the Lunatique Knaue would haue ſearch'd it: but Fate (ordaining he ſhould be a Cuckold) held his hand: well, on went hee, for a ſearch, and away went I for foule Cloathes: But marke the ſequell (Maſter *Broome*) I ſuffered the pangs of three ſeuerall deaths: Firſt, an intollerable fright, to be detected with a iealious rotten Bell-weather: Next to be compaſs'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. And then to be ſtopt in like a ſtrong diſtillation with ſtinking Cloathes, that fretted in their owne greaſe: thinke of that, a man of my Kidney; thinke of that, that am as ſubiect to heate as butter; a man of continuall diſſolution, and thaw: it was a miracle to ſcape ſuffocation. And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe ſtew'd in greaſe (like a Dutch-diſh) to be throwne into the Thames, and coold, glowing-hot, in that ſerge like a Horſe-ſhoo; thinke of that; hiſſing hot: thinke of that (Maſter *Broome.*)

Ford. In good ſadneſſe Sir, I am ſorry, that for my ſake you haue ſufferd all this.
My ſuite then is deſperate: You'll vndertake her no more?

Fal. Maſter *Broome*: I will be throwne into *Etna*, as I haue beene into Thames, ere I will leaue her thus; her Husband is this morning gone a Birding: I haue receiued from her another ambaſſie of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the houre (Maſter *Broome.*)

Ford. 'Tis paſt eight already Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addreſſe mee to my appointment: Come to mee at your conuenient leiſure, and you ſhall know how I ſpeede: and the concluſion ſhall be crowned with your enioying her: adiew: you ſhall haue her (Maſter *Broome*) Maſter *Broome*, you ſhall cuckold *Ford.*

Ford. Hum: ha? Is this a viſion? Is this a dreame? doe I ſleepe? Maſter *Ford* awake, awake Maſter *Ford*: ther's a hole made in your beſt coate (Maſter *Ford*:) this 'tis to be married; this 'tis to haue Lynnen, and Buck-baskets: Well, I will proclaime my ſelfe what I am: I will now take the Leacher: hee is at my houſe: hee cannot ſcape me: 'tis impoſſible hee ſhould: hee cannot creepe into a halfe-penny purſe, nor into a Pepper-Boxe: But leaſt the Diuell that guides him, ſhould aide him, I will ſearch impoſſible places: though what I am, I cannot auoide; yet to be what I would not, ſhall not make me tame: If I haue hornes, to make one mad, let the prouerbe goe with me, Ile be horne-mad. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Miſtris Page, Quickly, William, Euans.

Miſt.Pag. Is he at M. *Fords* already think'ſt thou?

Qui. Sure he is by this; or will be preſently; but truely he is very couragious mad, about his throwing into the water. Miſtris *Ford* deſires you to come ſodainely.

Miſt.Pag. Ile be with her by and by: Ile but bring my yong-man here to Schoole: looke where his Maſter comes; 'tis a playing day I ſee: how now Sir *Hugh*, no Schoole to day?

Eua. No: Maſter *Slender* is let the Boyes leaue to play.

Qui. 'Bleſſing of his heart.

Miſt.Pag. Sir *Hugh*, my husband ſaies my ſonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke: I pray you aske him ſome queſtions in his Accidence.

Eu. Come hither *William*; hold vp your head; come.

Miſt.Pag. Come-on Sirha; hold vp your head; anſwere your Maſter, be not afraid.

Eua. *William*, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two.

Qui. Truely, I thought there had bin one Number more, becauſe they ſay od's-Nownes.

Eua. Peace, your tatlings. What is (*Faire*) *William*?

Will. *Pulcher.*

Qu. Powlcats? there are fairer things then Powlcats, ſure.

Eua. You are a very ſimplicity o'man: I pray you peace. What is (*Lapis*) *William*?

Will. A Stone.

Eua. And what is a Stone (*William?*)

Will. A Peeble.

Eua. No; it is *Lapis*: I pray you remember in your praine.

Will. *Lapis.*

Eua. That is a good *William*: what is he (*William*) that do's lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoune; and be thus declined. *Singulariter nominatiuo hic hæc, hoc.*

Eua. *Nominatiuo hig, hag, hog*: pray you marke: *genitiuo huius*: Well: what is your *Accuſatiue-caſe*?

Will. *Accuſatiuo hinc.*

Eua. I pray you haue your remembrance (childe) *Accuſatiuo hing, hang, hog.*

Qu. Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

Eua. Leaue your prables (o'man) What is the *Focatiue caſe* (*William?*)

Will. *O, Vocatiuo, O.*

Eua. Remember *William*, *Focatiue*, is *caret.*

Qu. And that's a good roote.

Eua. O'man, forbeare.

Miſt.Pag. Peace.

Eua: What is your *Genitiue caſe plurall* (*William?*)

Will. *Genitiue caſe?*

Eua. I.

Will. *Genitiue horum, harum, horum.*

Qu. 'Vengeance of Ginyes caſe; fie on her; neuer name her (childe) if ſhe be a whore.

Eua. For ſhame o'man.

Qu. You doe ill to teach the childe ſuch words: hee teaches him to hic, and to hac; which they'll doe faſt enough of themſelues, and to call *horum*; fie vpon you.

Euans. O'man, art thou Lunatics? Haſt thou no vnderſtandings for thy Caſes, & the numbers of the Genders? Thou art as fooliſh Chriſtian creatures, as I would deſires.

Mi.Page. Pre'thee hold thy peace.

Eu. Shew me now (*William*) ſome declenſions of your Pronounes.

Will. Forſooth, I haue forgot.

Eu. It is *Qui, que, quod*; if you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you muſt be preeches: Goe your waies and play, go.

M.Pag. He is a better ſcholler then I thought he was.

Eu. He is a good ſprag-memory: Farewel *Mis.Page.*

Miſ.Page. Adieu good Sir *Hugh*:
Get you home boy, Come we ſtay too long. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Falſtoffe, Miſt.Ford, Miſt. Page, Seruants, Ford, Page, Caius, Euans, Shallow.

Fal. *Mi. Ford*, Your ſorrow hath eaten vp my ſufferance; I ſee you are obſequious in your loue, and I profeſſe requitall to a haires bredth, not onely Miſt. *Ford*, in the ſimple office of loue, but in all the accuſtrement, complement, and ceremony of it: But are you ſure of your husband now?

Miſ.Ford. Hee's a birding (ſweet Sir *Iohn.*)

Miſ.Page. What hoa, goſſip *Ford*: what hoa.

Miſ.Ford. Step into th'chamber, Sir *Iohn.*

Miſ.Page. How now (ſweete heart) whoſe at home beſides your ſelfe?

Miſ.Ford Why none but mine owne people.

Miſ.Page. Indeed?

Miſ.Ford. No certainly: Speake louder.

Miſt.Pag. Truly, I am ſo glad you haue no body here.

Miſt.Ford. Why?

Miſ.Page. Why woman, your husband is in his olde lines againe: he ſo takes on yonder with my husband, ſo railes againſt all married mankinde; ſo curſes all *Eues* daughters, of what complexion ſoeuer; and ſo buffettes himſelfe on the for-head: crying peere-out, peere-out, that any madneſſe I euer yet beheld, ſeem'd but tameneſſe, ciuility, and patience to this his diſtemper he is in now: I am glad the fat Knight is not heere.

Miſt.Ford. Why, do's he talke of him?

Miſt.Page. Of none but him, and ſweares he was caried out the laſt time hee ſearch'd for him, in a Basket: Proteſts to my husband he is now heere, & hath drawne him and the reſt of their company from their ſport, to make another experiment of his ſuſpition: But I am glad the Knight is not heere; now he ſhall ſee his owne foolerie.

Miſt.Ford. How neere is he Miſtris *Page*?

Miſt.Pag. Hard by, at ſtreet end; he wil be here anon.

Miſt.Ford. I am vndone, the Knight is heere.

Miſt.Page. Why then you are vtterly ſham'd, & hee's but a dead man. What a woman are you? Away with him, away with him: Better ſhame, then murther.

Miſt.Ford. Which way ſhould he go? How ſhould I beſtow him? Shall I put him into the basket againe?

Fal. No, Ile come no more i'th Basket:
May I not go out ere he come?

Miſt.Page. Alas: three of Mr. *Fords* brothers watch the doore with Piſtols, that none ſhall iſſue out: otherwiſe you might ſlip away ere hee came: But what make you heere?

Fal. What ſhall I do? Ile creepe vp into the chimney.

Miſt.Ford. There they alwaies vſe to diſcharge their Birding-peeces: creepe into the Kill-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Miſt.Ford. He will ſeeke there on my word: Neyther Preſſe, Coffer, Cheſt, Trunke, Well, Vault, but he hath an abſtract for the remembrance of ſuch places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the houſe.

Fal. Ile go out then.

Miſt.Ford. If you goe out in your owne ſemblance, you die Sir *Iohn*, vnleſſe you go out diſguis'd.

Miſt. Ford. How might we diſguiſe him?

Miſt.Page. Alas the day I know not, there is no womans gowne bigge enough for him: otherwiſe he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchiefe, and ſo eſcape.

Fal. Good hearts, deuiſe ſomething: any extremitie, rather then a miſchiefe.

Miſt. Ford. My Maids Aunt the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gowne aboue.

Miſt. Page. On my word it will ſerue him: ſhee's as big as he is: and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too: run vp Sir *Iohn.*

Miſt.Ford. Go, go, ſweet Sir *Iohn*: *Miſtris Page* and I will looke ſome linnen for your head.

Miſt.Page. Quicke, quicke, wee'le come dreſſe you ſtraight: put on the gowne the while.

Miſt.Ford. I would my husband would meete him in this ſhape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brainford; he ſweares ſhe's a witch, forbad her my houſe, and hath threatned to beate her.

Miſt.Page. Heauen guide him to thy husbands cudgell: and the diuell guide his cudgell afterwards.

Miſt.Ford. But is my husband comming?

Miſt.Page. I in good ſadneſſe is he, and talkes of the basket too, howſoeuer he hath had intelligence.

Miſt.Ford. Wee'l try that: for Ile appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to meete him at the doore with it, as they did laſt time.

Miſt.Page. Nay, but hee'l be heere preſently: let's go dreſſe him like the witch of *Brainford.*

Miſt. Ford. Ile firſt direct direct my men, what they ſhall doe with the basket: Goe vp, Ile bring linnen for him ſtraight.

Miſt.Page. Hang him diſhoneſt Varlet,
We cannot miſuſe enough:
We'll leaue a proofe by that which we will doo,
Wiues may be merry, and yet honeſt too:
We do not acte that often, ieſt, and laugh,
'Tis old, but true, Still Swine eats all the draugh.

Miſt.Ford. Go Sirs, take the basket againe on your ſhoulders: your Maſter is hard at doore: if hee bid you ſet it downe, obey him: quickly, diſpatch.

1 Ser. Come, come, take it vp.

2 Ser. Pray heauen it be not full of Knight againe.

1 Ser. I hope not, I had liefe as beare ſo much lead.

Ford. I, but if it proue true (Mr. *Page*) haue you any way then to vnfoole me againe. Set downe the basket villaine: ſome body call my wife: Youth in a basket: Oh you Panderly Raſcals, there's a knot: a gin, a packe, a conſpiracie againſt me: Now ſhall the diuel be ſham'd. What wife I ſay: Come, come forth: behold what honeſt cloathes you ſend forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this paſſes M. *Ford*: you are not to goe looſe any longer, you muſt be pinnion'd.

Euans. Why, this is Lunaticks: this is madde, as a mad dogge.

Shall. Indeed *M. Ford*, thi is not well indeed.

Ford. So ſay I too Sir, come hither Miſtris *Ford*, Miſtris *Ford*, the honeſt woman, the modeſt wife, the vertuous creature, that hath the iealious foole to her husband: I ſuſpect without cauſe (Miſtris) do I?

Miſt. Ford. Heauen be my witneſſe you doe, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty.

Ford. Well ſaid Brazon-face, hold it out: Come forth ſirrah.

Page. This paſſes.

Miſt.Ford. Are you not aſham'd, let the cloths alone.

Ford. I ſhall finde you anon.

Eua. 'Tis vnreaſonable; will you take vp your wiues cloathes? Come, away.

Ford. Empty the basket I ſay.

M. Ford. Why man, why?

Ford. Maſter *Page*, as I am a man, there was one conuay'd out of my houſe yeſterday in this basket: why may not he be there againe, in my houſe I am ſure he is: my Intelligence is true, my iealouſie is reaſonable, pluck me out all the linnen.

Miſt.Ford. If you find a man there, he ſhall dye a Fleas death.

Page. Heer's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well Mr. *Ford*: This wrongs you.

Euans. Mr *Ford*, you muſt pray, and not follow the imaginations of your owne heart: this is iealouſies.

Ford. Well, hee's not heere I ſeeke for.

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your braine.

Ford. Helpe to ſearch my houſe this one time: if I find not what I ſeeke, ſhew no colour for my extremity: Let me for euer be your Table-ſport: Let them ſay of me, as iealous as *Ford*, that ſearch'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wiues Lemman. Satisfie me once more, once more ſerch with me.

M. Ford. What hoa (Miſtris *Page*,) come you and the old woman downe: my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old woman? what old womans that?

M.Ford. Why it is my maids Aunt of *Brainford.*

Ford. A witch, a Queane, an olde couzening queane: Haue I not forbid her my houſe. She comes of errands do's ſhe? We are ſimple men, wee doe not know what's brought to paſſe vnder the profeſſion of Fortune-telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th'Figure, & ſuch dawbry as this is, beyond our Element: wee know nothing. Come downe you Witch, you Hagge you, come downe I ſay.

Miſt.Ford. Nay, good ſweet husband, good Gentlemen, let him ſtrike the old woman.

Miſt.Page. Come mother *Prat*, Come giue me your hand.

Ford. Ile *Prat*-her: Out of my doore, you Witch, you Ragge, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out: Ile coniure you, Ile fortune-tell you.

Miſt.Page. Are you not aſham'd?
I thinke you haue kill'd the poore woman.

Miſt.Ford. Nay he will do it, 'tis a goodly credite for you.

Ford. Hang her witch.

Eua. By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a witch indeede: I like not when a o'man has a great peard; I ſpie a great peard vnder his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow Gentlemen, I beſeech you follow: ſee but the iſſue of my iealouſie: If I cry out thus vpon no traile, neuer truſt me when I open againe.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further:
Come Gentlemen.

Miſt.Page. Truſt me he beate him moſt pittifully.

Miſt.Ford. Nay by th'Maſſe that he did not: he beate him moſt vnpittifully, me thought.

Miſt.Page. Ile haue the cudgell hallow'd, and hung ore the Altar, it hath done meritorious ſeruice.

Miſt.Ford. What thinke you? May we with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witneſſe of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further reuenge?

M.Page. The ſpirit of wantonneſſe is ſure ſcar'd out of him, if the diuell haue him not in fee-ſimple, with fine and recouery, he will neuer (I thinke) in the way of waſte, attempt vs againe.

Miſt.Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how wee haue ſeru'd him?

Miſt.Page. Yes, by all meanes: if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your husbands braines: if they can find in their hearts, the poore vnuertuous fat Knight ſhall be any further afflicted, wee two will ſtill bee the miniſters.

Miſt.Ford. Ile warrant, they'l haue him publiquely ſham'd, and me thinkes there would be no period to the ieſt, ſhould he not be publikely ſham'd.

Miſt.Page. Come, to the Forge with it, then ſhape it:
I would not haue things coole. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hoſt and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, the Germane deſires to haue three of your horſes: the Duke himſelfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Hoſt. What Duke ſhould that be comes ſo ſecretly? I heare not of him in the Court: let mee ſpeake with the Gentlemen, they ſpeake Engliſh?

Bar. I Sir? Ile call him to you.

Hoſt. They ſhall haue my horſes, but Ile make them pay: Ile ſauce them, they haue had my houſes a week at commaund: I haue turn'd away my other gueſts, they muſt come off, Ile ſawce them, come. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

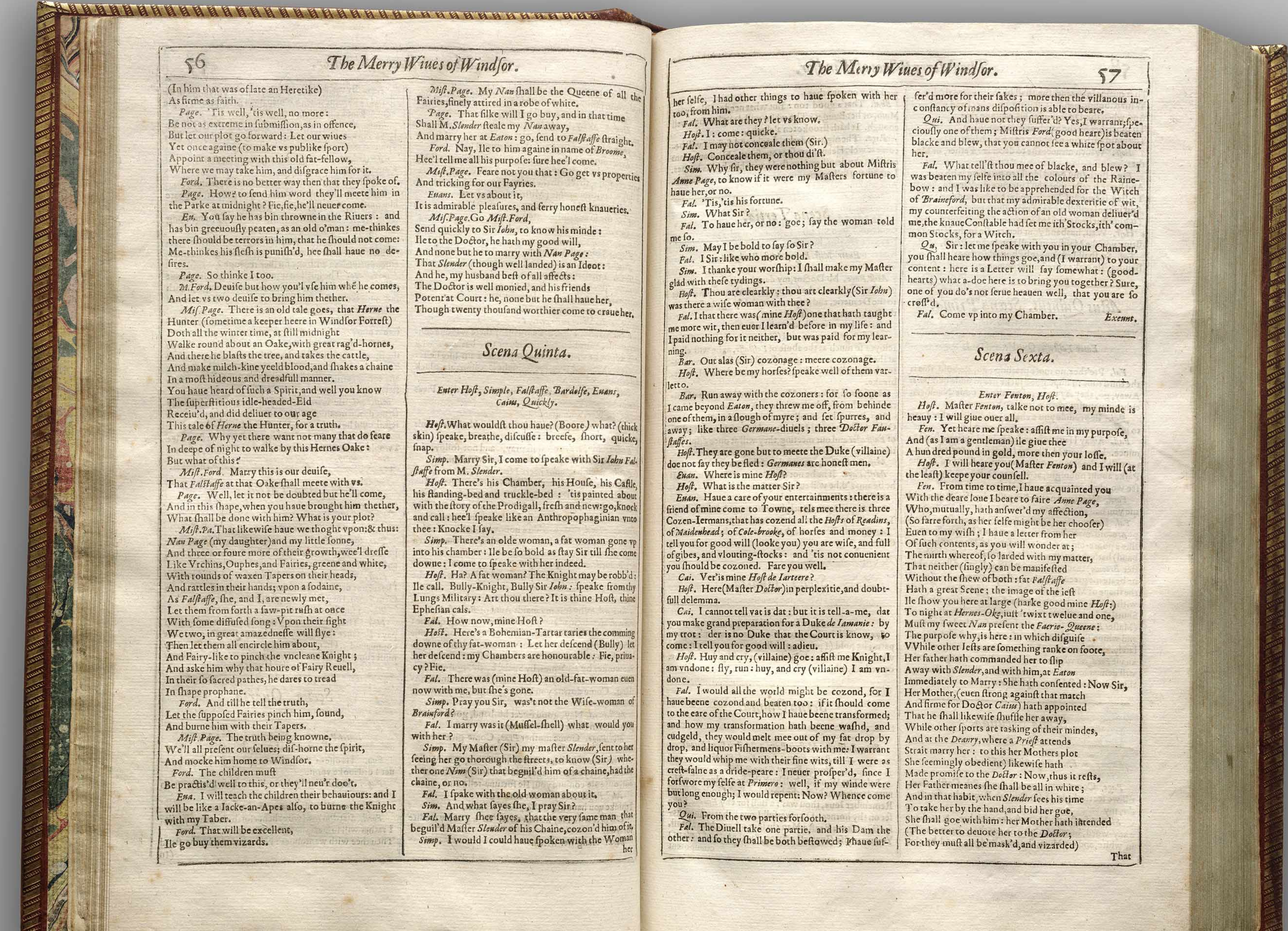
Enter Page, Ford, Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, and Euans.

Eua. 'Tis one of the beſt diſcretions of a o'man as euer I did looke vpon.

Page. And did he ſend you both theſe Letters at an inſtant?

Miſt.Page. VVithin a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me (wife) henceforth do what ỹ wilt:
I rather will ſuſpect the Sunne with gold,
Then thee with wantonnes: Now doth thy honor ſtand



(In him that was of late an Heretike)
As firme as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more:
Be not as extreme in ſubmiſſion, as in offence,
But let our plot go forward: Let our wiues
Yet once againe (to make vs publike ſport)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way then that they ſpoke of.

Page. How? to ſend him word they'll meete him in the Parke at midnight? Fie, fie, he'll neuer come.

Eu. You ſay he has bin throwne in the Riuers: and has bin greeuouſly peaten, as an old o'man: me-thinkes there ſhould be terrors in him, that he ſhould not come: Me-thinkes his fleſh is puniſh'd, hee ſhall haue no deſires.

Page. So thinke I too.

M.Ford. Deuiſe but how you'l vſe him whẽ he comes,
And let vs two deuiſe to bring him thether.

Miſ.Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the Hunter (ſometime a keeper heere in Windſor Forreſt)
Doth all the winter time, at ſtill midnight
Walke round about an Oake, with great rag'd-hornes,
And there he blaſts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And make milch-kine yeeld blood, and ſhakes a chaine
In a moſt hideous and dreadfull manner.
You haue heard of ſuch a Spirit, and well you know
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed-Eld
Receiu'd, and did deliuer to our age
This tale of *Herne* the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many that do feare
In deepe of night to walke by this Hernes Oake:
But what of this?

Miſt.Ford. Marry this is our deuiſe,
That *Falſtaffe* at that Oake ſhall meete with vs.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this ſhape, when you haue brought him thether,
What ſhall be done with him? What is your plot?

Miſt.Pa. That likewiſe haue we thoght vpon: & thus:
Nan Page (my daughter) and my little ſonne,
And three or foure more of their growth, wee'l dreſſe
Like Vrchins, Ouphes, and Fairies, greene and white,
With rounds of waxen Tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; vpon a ſodaine,
As *Falſtaffe*, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a ſaw-pit ruſh at once
With ſome diffuſed ſong: Vpon their ſight
We two, in great amazedneſſe will flye:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And Fairy-like to pinch the vncleane Knight;
And aske him why that houre of Fairy Reuell,
In their ſo ſacred pathes, he dares to tread
In ſhape prophane.

Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the ſuppoſed Fairies pinch him, ſound,
And burne him with their Tapers.

Miſt.Page. The truth being knowne,
We'll all preſent our ſelues; diſ-horne the ſpirit,
And mocke him home to Windſor.

Ford. The children muſt
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll neu'r doo't.

Eua. I will teach the children their behauiours: and I will be like a Iacke-an-Apes alſo, to burne the Knight with my Taber.

Ford. That will be excellent,
Ile go buy them vizards.

Miſt.Page. My *Nan* ſhall be the Queene of all the Fairies, finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That ſilke will I go buy, and in that time
Shall M. *Slender* ſteale my *Nan* away,
And marry her at *Eaton*: go, ſend to *Falſtaffe* ſtraight.

Ford. Nay, Ile to him againe in name of *Broome*,
Hee'l tell me all his purpoſe: ſure hee'l come.

Miſt.Page. Feare not you that: Go get vs properties
And tricking for our Fayries.

Euans. Let vs about it,
It is admirable pleaſures, and ferry honeſt knaueries.

Miſ.Page. Go *Miſt.Ford*,
Send quickly to Sir *Iohn*, to know his minde:
Ile to the Doctor, he hath my good will,
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page*:
That *Slender* (though well landed) is an Ideot:
And he, my husband beſt of all affects:
The Doctor is well monied, and his friends
Potent at Court: he, none but he ſhall haue her,
Though twenty thouſand worthier come to craue her.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Hoſt, Simple, Falſtaffe, Bardolfe, Euans, Caius, Quickly.

Hoſt. What wouldſt thou haue? (Boore) what? (thick skin) ſpeake, breathe, diſcuſſe: breefe, ſhort, quicke, ſnap.

Simp. Marry Sir, I come to ſpeake with Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* from M. *Slender*.

Hoſt. There's his Chamber, his Houſe, his Caſtle, his ſtanding-bed and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about with the ſtory of the Prodigall, freſh and new: go, knock and call: hee'l ſpeake like an Anthropophaginian vnto thee: Knocke I ſay.

Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman gone vp into his chamber: Ile be ſo bold as ſtay Sir till ſhe come downe: I come to ſpeake with her indeed.

Hoſt. Ha? A fat woman? The Knight may be robb'd: Ile call. Bully-Knight, Bully Sir *Iohn*: ſpeake from thy Lungs Military: Art thou there? It is thine Hoſt, thine Epheſian cals.

Fal. How now, mine Hoſt?

Hoſt. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar taries the comming downe of thy fat-woman: Let her deſcend (Bully) let her deſcend: my Chambers are honourable: Fie, priuacy? Fie.

Fal. There was (mine Hoſt) an old-fat-woman euen now with me, but ſhe's gone.

Simp. Pray you Sir, was't not the Wiſe-woman of *Brainford*?

Fal. I marry was it (Muſſel-ſhell) what would you with her?

Simp. My Maſter (Sir) my maſter *Slender*, ſent to her ſeeing her go thorough the ſtreets, to know (Sir) whether one *Nim* (Sir) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the chaine, or no.

Fal. I ſpake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what ſayes ſhe, I pray Sir?

Fal. Marry ſhee ſayes, that the very ſame man that beguil'd Maſter *Slender* of his Chaine, cozon'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could haue ſpoken with the Woman her ſelfe, I had other things to haue ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let vs know.

Hoſt. I: come: quicke.

Fal. I may not conceale them (Sir.)

Hoſt. Conceale them, or thou di'ſt.

Sim. Why ſir, they were nothing but about Miſtris *Anne Page*, to know if it were my Maſters fortune to haue her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What Sir?

Fal. To haue her, or no: goe; ſay the woman told me ſo.

Sim. May I be bold to ſay ſo Sir?

Fal. I Sir: like who more bold.

Sim. I thanke your worſhip: I ſhall make my Maſter glad with theſe tydings.

Hoſt. Thou are clearkly: thou art clearkly (Sir *Iohn*) was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. I that there was (mine *Hoſt*) one that hath taught me more wit, then euer I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Bar. Out alas (Sir) cozonage: meere cozonage.

Hoſt. Where be my horſes? ſpeake well of them varletto.

Bar. Run away with the cozoners: for ſo ſoone as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off, from behinde one of them, in a ſlough of myre; and ſet ſpurres, and away; like three *Germane*-diuels; three *Doctor Fauſtaffes*.

Hoſt. They are gone but to meete the Duke (villaine) doe not ſay they be fled: *Germanes* are honeſt men.

Euan. Where is mine *Hoſt*?

Hoſt. What is the matter Sir?

Euan. Haue a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to Towne, tels mee there is three Cozen-Iermans, that has cozend all the *Hoſts* of *Readins*, of *Maidenhead*; of *Cole-brooke*, of horſes and money: I tell you for good will (looke you) you are wiſe, and full of gibes, and vlouting-ſtocks: and 'tis not conuenient you ſhould be cozoned. Fare you well.

Cai. Ver'is mine *Hoſt de Iarteere*?

Hoſt. Here (Maſter *Doctor*) in perplexitie, and doubtfull delemma.

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke *de Iamanie*: by my trot: der is no Duke that the Court is know, to come: I tell you for good will: adieu.

Hoſt. Huy and cry, (villaine) goe: aſſiſt me Knight, I am vndone: fly, run: huy, and cry (villaine) I am vndone.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozond, for I haue beene cozond and beaten too: if it ſhould come to the eare of the Court, how I haue beene transformed; and how my transformation hath beene waſhd, and cudgeld, they would melt mee out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor Fiſhermens-boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as creſt-falne as a dride-peare: I neuer proſper'd, ſince I forſwore my ſelfe at *Primero*: well, if my winde were but long enough; I would repent: Now? Whence come you?

Qui. From the two parties forſooth.

Fal. The Diuell take one partie, and his Dam the other: and ſo they ſhall be both beſtowed; I haue ſuffer'd more for their ſakes; more then the villanous inconſtancy of mans diſpoſition is able to beare.

Qui. And haue not they ſuffer'd? Yes, I warrant; ſpeciouſly one of them; Miſtris *Ford* (good heart) is beaten blacke and blew, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fal. What tell'ſt thou mee of blacke, and blew? I was beaten my ſelfe into all the colours of the Rainebow: and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Braineford*, but that my admirable dexteritie of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman deliuer'd me, the knaue Conſtable had ſet me ith' Stocks, ith' common Stocks, for a Witch.

Qu. Sir: let me ſpeake with you in your Chamber, you ſhall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your content: here is a Letter will ſay ſomewhat: (goodhearts) what a-doe here is to bring you together? Sure, one of you do's not ſerue heauen well, that you are ſo croſſ'd.

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Fenton, Hoſt.

Hoſt. Maſter *Fenton*, talke not to mee, my minde is heauy: I will giue ouer all.

Fen. Yet heare me ſpeake: aſſiſt me in my purpoſe,
And (as I am a gentleman) ile giue thee
A hundred pound in gold, more then your loſſe.

Hoſt. I will heare you (Maſter *Fenton*) and I will (at the leaſt) keepe your counſell.

Fen. From time to time, I haue acquainted you
With the deare loue I beare to faire *Anne Page*,
Who, mutually, hath anſwer'd my affection,
(So farre forth, as her ſelfe might be her chooſer)
Euen to my wiſh; I haue a letter from her
Of ſuch contents, as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof, ſo larded with my matter,
That neither (ſingly) can be manifeſted
Without the ſhew of both: fat *Falſtaffe*
Hath a great Scene; the image of the ieſt
Ile ſhow you here at large (harke good mine *Hoſt*:)
To night at *Hernes-Oke*, iuſt 'twixt twelue and one,
Muſt my ſweet *Nan* preſent the *Faerie-Queene*;
The purpoſe why, is here: in which diſguiſe
VVhile other Ieſts are ſomething ranke on foote,
Her father hath commanded her to ſlip
Away with *Slender*, and with him, at *Eaton*
Immediately to Marry: She hath conſented: Now Sir,
Her Mother, (euen ſtrong againſt that match
And firme for Doctor *Caius*) hath appointed
That he ſhall likewiſe ſhuffle her away,
While other ſports are tasking of their mindes,
And at the *Deanry*, where a *Prieſt* attends
Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot
She ſeemingly obedient) likewiſe hath
Made promiſe to the *Doctor*: Now, thus it reſts,
Her Father meanes ſhe ſhall be all in white;
And in that habit, when *Slender* ſees his time
To take her by the hand, and bid her goe,
She ſhall goe with him: her Mother hath intended
(The better to deuote her to the *Doctor*;
For they muſt all be mask'd, and vizarded)

That

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That quaint in greene, ſhe ſhall be looſe en-roab'd,
With Ribonds-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the Doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
The maid hath giuen conſent to go with him.

Hoſt. Which meanes ſhe to deceiue? Father, or Mother.

Fen. Both (my good Hoſt) to go along with me:
And heere it reſts, that you'l procure the Vicar
To ſtay for me at Church, 'twixt twelue, and one,
And in the lawfull name of marrying,
To giue our hearts vnited ceremony.

Hoſt. Well, husband your deuice; Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the Maid, you ſhall not lacke a Prieſt.

Fen. So ſhall I euermore be bound to thee;
Beſides, Ile make a preſent recompence. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Falſtoffe, Quickly, and Ford.

Fal. Pre'thee no more pratling: go, Ile hold, this is the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers: Away, go, they ſay there is Diuinity in odde Numbers, either in natiuity, chance, or death: away.

Qui. Ile prouide you a chaine, and Ile do what I can to get you a paire of hornes.

Fall. Away I ſay, time weares, hold vp your head & mince. How now M. *Broome?* Maſter *Broome*, the matter will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee you in the Parke about midnight, at Hernes-Oake, and you ſhall ſee wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yeſterday (Sir) as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her (Maſter *Broome*) as you ſee, like a poore-old-man, but I came from her (Maſter *Broome*) like a poore-old-woman; that ſame knaue (*Ford* hir husband) hath the fineſt mad diuell of iealouſie in him (Maſter *Broome*) that euer gouern'd Frenſie. I will tell you, he beate me greeuouſly, in the ſhape of a woman: (for in the ſhape of Man (Maſter *Broome*) I feare] not Goliah with a Weauers beame, becauſe I know alſo, life is a Shuttle) I am in haſt, go along with mee, Ile tell you all (Maſter *Broome*:) ſince I pluckt Geeſe, plaide Trewant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow mee, Ile tell you ſtrange things of this knaue *Ford*, on whom to night I will be reuenged, and I will deliuer his wife into your hand. Follow, ſtraunge things in hand (M. *Broome*) follow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender.

Page. Come, come: wee'll couch i'th Caſtle-ditch, till we ſee the light of our Fairies. Remember ſon *Slender*, my

Slen. I forſooth, I haue ſpoke with her, & we haue a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry Mum; ſhe cries Budget, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: But what needes either your Mum, or her Budget? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath ſtrooke ten a'clocke.

Page. The night is darke, Light and Spirits will become it wel: Heauen proſper our ſport. No man means euill but the deuill, and we ſhal know him by his hornes. Lets away: follow me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Miſt. Page, Miſt. Ford, Caius.

Miſt. Page. Mr Doctor, my daughter is in green, when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanerie, and diſpatch it quickly: go before into the Parke: we two muſt go together.

Cai. I know vat I haue to do, adieu.

Miſt Page. Fare you well (Sir:) my husband will not reioyce ſo much at the abuſe of *Falſtaffe*, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter: But 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-breake.

Miſt. Ford. Where is *Nan* now? and her troop of Fairies? and the Welch-deuill Herne?

Miſt. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Hernes Oake, with obſcur'd Lights; which at the very inſtant of *Falſtaffes* and our meeting, they will at once diſplay to the night.

Miſt. Ford. That cannot chooſe but amaze him.

Miſt. Page. If he be not amaz'd he will be mock'd: If he be amaz'd, he will euery way be mock'd.

Miſt. Ford. Wee'll betray him finely.

Miſt. Page. Againſt ſuch Lewdſters, and their lechery,
Thoſe that betray them, do no treachery.

Miſt. Ford. The houre drawes-on: to the Oake, to the Oake. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Euans and Fairies.

Euans. Trib, trib Fairies: Come, and remember your parts: be pold (I pray you) follow me into the pit, and when I giue the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: Come, come, trib, trib. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falſtaffe, Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, Euans, Anne Page, Fairies, Page, Ford, Quickly, Slender, Fenton, Caius, Piſtoll.

Fal. The Windſor-bell hath ſtroke twelue: the Minute drawes-on: Now the hot-bloodied-Gods aſſiſt me: Remember Ioue, thou was't a Bull for thy *Europa*, Loue ſet on thy hornes. O powerfull Loue, that in ſome reſpects makes a Beaſt a Man: in ſom other, a Man a beaſt. You were alſo (Iupiter) a Swan, for the loue of *Leda*: O omnipotent Loue, how nere the God drew to the complexion of a Gooſe: a fault done firſt in the forme of a beaſt, (O Ioue, a beaſtly fault:) and then another fault, in the ſemblance of a Fowle, thinke on't (Ioue) a fowle-fault. When Gods haue hot backes, what ſhall poore men do? For me, I am heere a Windſor Stagge, and the fatteſt (I thinke) i'th Forreſt. Send me a coole rut-time (Ioue) or who can blame me to piſſe my Tallow? Who comes heere? my Doe?

M. Ford. Sir *Iohn*? Art thou there (my Deere?) My male-Deere?

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut? Let the skie raine Potatoes: let it thunder, to the tune of Greene-ſleeues, haile-kiſſing Comfits, and ſnow Eringoes: Let there come a tempeſt of prouocation, I will ſhelter mee heere.

M. Ford. Miſtris *Page* is come with me (ſweet hart.)

Fal. Diuide me like a brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch: I will keepe my ſides to my ſelfe, my ſhoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my hornes I bequeath your husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conſcience, he makes reſtitution. As I am a true ſpirit, welcome.

M. Page. Alas, what noiſe?

M. Ford. Heauen forgiue our ſinnes.

Fal. What ſhould this be?

M. Ford. M. Page. Away, away.

Fal. I thinke the diuell wil not haue me damn'd,
Leaſt the oyle that's in me ſhould ſet hell on fire;
He would neuer elſe croſſe me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Qui. Fairies blacke, gray, greene, and white,
You Moone-ſhine reuellers, and ſhades of night.
You Orphan heires of fixed deſtiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.
Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes.

Piſt. Elues, liſt your names: Silence you aiery toyes.
Cricket, to Windſor-chimnies ſhalt thou leape;
Where fires thou find'ſt vnrak'd, and hearths vnſwept,
There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry,
Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts, and Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that ſpeaks to them ſhall die,
Ile winke, and couch: No man their workes muſt eie.

Eu. Wher's *Bede*? Go you, and where you find a maid
That ere ſhe ſleepe has thrice her prayers ſaid,
Raiſe vp the Organs of her fantaſie,
Sleepe ſhe as ſound as careleſſe infancie,
But thoſe as ſleepe, and thinke not on their ſins,
Pinch them armes, legs, backes, ſhoulders, ſides, & ſhins.

Qu. About, about:
Search Windſor Caſtle (Elues) within, and out.
Strew good lucke (Ouphes) on euery ſacred roome,
That it may ſtand till the perpetuall doome,
In ſtate as wholſome, as in ſtate 'tis fit,
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The ſeuerall Chaires of Order, looke you ſcowre
With iuyce of Balme; and euery precious flowre,
Each faire Inſtalment, Coate, and ſeu'rall Creſt,
With loyall Blazon, euermore be bleſt.
And Nightly-meadow-Fairies, looke you ſing
Like to the *Garters*-Compaſſe, in a ring,
Th'expreſſure that it beares: Greene let it be,
Mote fertile-freſh then all the Field to ſee:
And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pence*, write
In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white,
Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroiderie,
Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee;
Fairies vſe Flowres for their characterie.
Away, diſperſe: But till 'tis one a clocke,
Our Dance of Cuſtome, round about the Oke
Of *Herne* the Hunter, let vs not forget.

Euan. Pray you lock hand in hand: your ſelues in order (ſet:
And twenty glow-wormes ſhall our Lanthornes bee
To guide our Meaſure round about the Tree.
But ſtay, I ſmell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heauens defend me from that Welſh Fairy,
Leaſt he transforme me to a peece of Cheeſe.

Piſt. Vilde worme, thou waſt ore-look'd euen in thy birth.

Qu. With Triall-fire touch me his finger end;
If he be chaſte, the flame will backe deſcend
And turne him to no paine: but if he ſtart,
It is the fleſh of a corrupted hart.

Piſt. A triall, come.

Eua. Come: will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh.

Qui. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in deſire.
About him (Fairies) ſing a ſcornfull rime,
And as you trip, ſtill pinch him to your time.

The Song.

Fie on ſinnefull phantaſie: Fie on Luſt, and Luxurie:
Luſt is but a bloudy fire, kindled with vnchaſte deſire,
Fed in heart whoſe flames aſpire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him (Fairies) mutually: Pinch him for his villanie.
Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,
Till Candles, & Star-light, & Moone-ſhine be out.

Page. Nay do not flye, I thinke we haue watcht you now: VVill none but *Herne* the Hunter ſerue your turne?

M. Page. I pray you come, hold vp the ieſt no higher.
Now (good Sir *Iohn*) how like you *Windſor* wiues?
See you theſe husband? Do not theſe faire yoakes
Become the Forreſt better then the Towne?

Ford. Now Sir, whoſe a Cuckold now?
Mr *Broome*, *Falſtaffes* a Knaue, a Cuckoldly knaue,
Heere are his hornes Maſter *Broome*:
And Maſter *Broome*, he hath enioyed nothing of *Fords*, but his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which muſt be paid to Mr *Broome*, his horſes are arreſted for it, Mr *Broome*.

M. Ford. Sir *Iohn*, we haue had ill lucke: wee could neuer meete: I will neuer take you for my Loue againe, but I will alwayes count you my Deere.

Fal. I do begin to perceiue that I am made an Aſſe.

Ford. I, and an Oxe too: both the proofes are extant.

Fal. And theſe are not Fairies: I was three or foure times in the thought they were not Fairies, and yet the guiltineſſe of my minde, the ſodaine ſurprize of my powers, droue the groſſeneſſe of the foppery into a receiu'd beleefe, in deſpight of the teeth of all rime and reaſon, that they were Fairies. See now how wit may be made a Iacke-a-Lent, when 'tis vpon ill imployment.

Euans. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, ſerue Got, and leaue your deſires, and Fairies will not pinſe you.

Ford. VVell ſaid Fairy *Hugh*.

Euans. And leaue you your iealouzies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will neuer miſtruſt my wife againe, till thou art able to woo her in good Engliſh.

Fal. Haue I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it, that it wants matter to preuent ſo groſſe ore-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch Goate too? Shal I haue a Coxcombe of Frize? Tis time I were choak'd with a peece of toaſted Cheeſe.

Eu. Seeſe is not good to giue putter; your belly is al putter.

Fal. Seeſe, and Putter? Haue I liu'd to ſtand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of Engliſh? This is enough to be the decay of luſt and late-walking through the Realme.

Miſt.Page. Why Sir *Iohn*, do you thinke though wee would haue thruſt vertue out of our hearts by the head and ſhoulders, and haue giuen our ſelues without ſcruple to hell, that euer the deuill could haue made you our delight?

Ford What, a hodge-pudding? A bag of flax?

Miſt.Page. A puft man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrailes?

Ford. And one that is as ſlanderous as Sathan?

Page. And as poore as Iob?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Euan. And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and ſwearings, and ſtarings? Pribles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your Theame: you haue the ſtart of me, I am deiected: I am not able to anſwer the Welch Flannell, Ignorance it ſelfe is a plummet ore me, vſe me as you will.

Ford. Marry Sir, wee'l bring you to Windſor to one Mr *Broome*, that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom you ſhould haue bin a Pander: ouer and aboue that you haue ſuffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerefull Knight: thou ſhalt eat a poſſet to night at my houſe, wher I will deſire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughes at thee: Tell her Mr *Slender* hath married her daughter.

Miſt.Page. Doctors doubt that;
If *Anne Page* be my daughter, ſhe is (by this) Doctour *Caius* wife.

Slen. Whoa hoe, hoe, Father *Page*.

Page. Sonne? How now? How now Sonne,
Haue you diſpatch'd?

Slen. Diſpatch'd? Ile make the beſt in Gloſterſhire know on't: would I were hang'd la, elſe.

Page. Of what ſonne?

Slen. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry Miſtris *Anne Page*, and ſhe's a great lubberly boy. If it had not bene i'th Church, I would haue ſwing'd him, or hee ſhould haue ſwing'd me. If I did not thinke it had beene *Anne Page*, would I might neuer ſtirre, and 'tis a Poſt-maſters Boy.

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong.

Slen. What neede you tell me that? I think ſo, when I tooke a Boy for a Girle: If I had bene married to him, (for all he was in womans apparrell) I would not haue had him.

Page. Why this is your owne folly,
Did not I tell you how you ſhould know my daughter,
By her garments?

Slen. I went to her in greene, and cried Mum, and ſhe cride budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Poſt-maſters boy.

Miſt.Page. Good *George* be not angry, I knew of your purpoſe: turn'd my daughter into white, and indeede ſhe is now with the Doctor at the Deanrie, and there married.

Cai. Ver is Miſtris *Page*: by gar I am cozoned, I ha married oon Garſoon, a boy; oon peſant, by gar. A boy, it is not *An Page*, by gar, I am cozened.

M.Page. VVhy? did you take her in white?

Cai. I bee gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, Ile raiſe all Windſor.

Ford. This is ſtrange: Who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart miſgiues me, here comes Mr *Fenton*.
How now Mr *Fenton*?

Anne. Pardon good father, good my mother pardon

Page. Now Miſtris:
How chance you went not with Mr *Slender*?

M.Page. Why went you not with Mr Doctor, maid?

Fen. You do amaze her: heare the truth of it,
You would haue married her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in loue:
The truth is, ſhe and I (long ſince contracted)
Are now ſo ſure that nothing can diſſolue vs:
Th'offence is holy, that ſhe hath committed,
And this deceit looſes the name of craft,
Of diſobedience, or vnduteous title,
Since therein ſhe doth euitate and ſhun
A thouſand irreligious curſed houres
Which forced marriage would haue brought vpon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no remedie:
In Loue, the heauens themſelues do guide the ſtate,
Money buyes Lands, and wiues are ſold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you haue tane a ſpecial ſtand to ſtrike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what remedy? *Fenton*, heauen giue thee ioy, what cannot be eſchew'd, muſt be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogges run, all ſorts of Deere are chac'd.

Miſt.Page. Well, I will muſe no further: Mr *Fenton*,
Heauen giue you many, many merry dayes:
Good husband, let vs euery one go home,
And laugh this ſport ore by a Countrie fire,
Sir *Iohn* and all.

Ford. Let it be ſo (Sir *Iohn*:)
To Maſter *Broome*, you yet ſhall hold your word,
For he, to night, ſhall lye with Miſtris *Ford*: *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

MEASVRE, For Meaſure.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Duke, Eſcalus, Lords.

Duke.
Eſcalus.

Eſc. My Lord.

Duk. Of Gouernment, the properties to vnfold,
Would ſeeme in me t'affect ſpeech & diſcourſe,
Since I am put to know, that your owne Science
Exceedes (in that) the liſts of all aduice
My ſtrength can giue you: Then no more remaines
But that, to your ſufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them worke: The nature of our People,
Our *Cities Inſtitutions*, and the Termes
For Common Iuſtice, y'are as pregnant in
As Art, and practiſe, hath inriched any
That we remember: There is our Commiſſion,
From which, we would not haue you warpe; call hither,
I ſay, bid come before vs *Angelo*:
What figure of vs thinke you, he will beare.
For you muſt know, we haue with ſpeciall ſoule
Elected him our abſence to ſupply;
Lent him our terror, dreſt him with our loue,
And giuen his Deputation all the Organs
Of our owne powre: What thinke you of it?

Eſc. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To vndergoe ſuch ample grace, and honour,
It is Lord *Angelo*.

Enter Angelo.

Duk. Looke where he comes.

Ang. Alwayes obedient to your Graces will,
I come to know your pleaſure.

Duke. *Angelo*:
There is a kinde of Character in thy life,
That to th'obſeruer, doth thy hiſtory
Fully vnfold: Thy ſelfe, and thy belongings
Are not thine owne ſo proper, as to waſte
Thy ſelfe vpon thy vertues; they on thee:
Heauen doth with vs, as we, with Torches doe,
Not light them for themſelues: For if our vertues
Did not goe forth of vs, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not: Spirits are not finely tonch'd,
But to fine iſſues: nor nature neuer lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddeſſe, ſhe determines
Her ſelfe the glory of a creditour,
Both thanks, and vſe; but I do bend my ſpeech
To one that can my part in him aduertiſe;
Hold therefore *Angelo*:
In our remoue, be thou at full, our ſelfe:
Mortallitie and Mercie in *Vienna*
Liue in thy tongue, and heart: Old *Eſcalus*
Though firſt in queſtion, is thy ſecondary.
Take thy Commiſſion.

Ang. Now good my Lord
Let there be ſome more teſt, made of my mettle,
Before ſo noble, and ſo great a figure
Be ſtamp't vpon it.

Duk. No more euaſion:
We haue with a leauen'd, and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honors:
Our haſte from hence is of ſo quicke condition,
That it prefers it ſelfe, and leaues vnqueſtion'd
Matters of needfull value: We ſhall write to you
As time, and our concernings ſhall importune,
How it goes with vs, and doe looke to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well:
To th'hopefull execution doe I leaue you,
Of your Commiſſions.

Ang. Yet giue leaue (my Lord,)
That we may bring you ſomething on the way.

Duk. My haſte may not admit it,
Nor neede you (on mine honor) haue to doe
With any ſcruple: your ſcope is as mine owne,
So to inforce, or qualifie the Lawes
As to your ſoule ſeemes good: Giue me your hand,
Ile priuily away: I loue the people,
But doe not like to ſtage me to their eyes:
Though it doe well, I doe not relliſh well
Their lowd applauſe, and Aues vehement:
Nor doe I thinke the man of ſafe diſcretion
That do's affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The heauens giue ſafety to your purpoſes.

Eſc. Lead forth, and bring you backe in happineſſe. *Exit.*

Duk. I thanke you, fare you well.

Eſc. I ſhall deſire you, Sir, to giue me leaue
To haue free ſpeech with you; and it concernes me
To looke into the bottome of my place:
A powre I haue, but of what ſtrength and nature,
I am not yet inſtructed.

Ang. 'Tis ſo with me: Let vs with-draw together,
And we may ſoone our ſatisfaction haue
Touching that point.

Eſc. Ile wait vpon your honor. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and two other Gentlemen.
Luc. If the *Duke*, with the other Dukes, come not to compoſition with the King of *Hungary*, why then all the Dukes fall vpon the King.
1.*Gent.* Heauen grant vs its peace, but not the King of *Hungaries*.
2.*Gent.* Amen.
Luc. Thou conclud'ſt like the Sanctimonious Pirat, that went to ſea with the ten Commandements, but ſcrap'd one out of the Table.
2.*Gent.* Thou ſhalt not Steale?
Luc. I, that he raz'd.
1.*Gent.* Why? 'twas a commandement, to command the Captaine and all the reſt from their functions: they put forth to ſteale: There's not a Souldier of vs all, that in the thankſ-giuing before meate, do rallish the petition well, that praies for peace.
2.*Gent.* I neuer heard any Souldier diſlike it.
Luc. I beleeue thee: for I thinke thou neuer was't where Grace was ſaid.
2.*Gent.* No? a dozen times at leaſt.
1.*Gent.* What? In meeter?
Luc. In any proportion. or in any language.
1.*Gent.* I thinke, or in any Religion.
Luc. I, why not? Grace, is Grace, deſpight of all controuerſie: as for example; Thou thy ſelfe art a wicked villaine, deſpight of all Grace.
1.*Gent.* Well: there went but a paire of ſheeres betweene vs.
Luc. I grant: as there may betweene the Liſts, and the Veluet. Thou art the Liſt.
1.*Gent.* And thou the Veluet; thou art good veluet; thou'rt a three pild-peece I warrant thee: I had as liefe be a Lyſt of an Engliſh Kerſey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French Veluet. Do I ſpeake feelingly now?
Luc. I thinke thou do'ſt: and indeed with moſt painfull feeling of thy ſpeech: I will, out of thine owne confeſſion, learne to begin thy health; but, whilſt I liue forget to drinke after thee.
1.*Gen.* I think I haue done my ſelfe wrong, haue I not?
2.*Gent.* Yes, that thou haſt; whether thou art tainted, or free. *Enter Bawde.*
Luc. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes.
I haue purchaſ'd as many diſeaſes vnder her Roofe,
As come to
2.*Gent.* To what, I pray?
Luc. Iudge.
2.*Gent.* To three thouſand Dollours a yeare.
1.*Gent.* I, and more.
Luc. A French crowne more.
1.*Gent.* Thou art alwayes figuring diſeaſes in me; but thou art full of error, I am ſound.
Luc. Nay, not (as one would ſay) healthy: but ſo ſound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; Impiety has made a feaſt of thee.
1.*Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the moſt profound Ciatica?
Bawd. Well, well: there's one yonder arreſted, and carried to priſon, was worth fiue thouſand of you all.
2.*Gent.* Who's that I pray'thee?
Bawd. Marry Sir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio*.
1.*Gent.* *Claudio* to priſon? 'tis not ſo.
Bawd. Nay, but I know 'tis ſo: I ſaw him arreſted: ſaw him carried away: and which is more, within theſe three daies his head to be chop'd off.
Luc. But, after all this fooling, I would not haue it ſo: Art thou ſure of this?
Bawd. I am too ſure of it: and it is for getting Madam *Iulietta* with childe.
Luc. Beleeue me this may be: he promis'd to meete me two howres ſince, and he was euer preciſe in promiſe keeping.
2.*Gent.* Beſides you know, it drawes ſomthing neere to the ſpeech we had to ſuch a purpoſe.
1.*Gent.* But moſt of all agreeing with the proclamatiō.
Luc. Away: let's goe learne the truth of it. *Exit.*
Bawd. Thus, what with the war; what with the ſweat, what with the gallowes, and what with pouerty, I am Cuſtom-ſhrunke. How now? what's the newes with you. *Enter Clowne.*
Clo. Yonder man is carried to priſon.
Baw. Well: what has he done?
Clo. A Woman.
Baw. But what's his offence?
Clo. Groping for Trowts, in a peculiar Riuer.
Baw. What? is there a maid with child by him?
Clo. No: but there's a woman with maid by him: you haue not heard of the proclamation, haue you?
Baw. What proclamation, man?
Clow. All howſes in the Suburbs of *Vienna* muſt bee pluck'd downe.
Bawd. And what ſhall become of thoſe in the Citie?
Clow. They ſhall ſtand for ſeed: they had gon down to, but that a wiſe Burger put in for them.
Bawd. But ſhall all our houſes of reſort in the Suburbs be puld downe?
Clow. To the ground, Miſtris.
Bawd. Why heere's a change indeed in the Commonwealth: what ſhall become of me?
Clow. Come: feare not you: good Counſellors lacke no Clients: though you change your place, you neede not change your Trade: Ile bee your Tapſter ſtill; courage, there will bee pitty taken on you; you that haue worne your eyes almoſt out in the ſeruice, you will bee conſidered.
Bawd. What's to doe heere, *Thomas* Tapſter? let's withdraw?
Clo. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Prouoſt to priſon: and there's Madam *Iuliet*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Prouoſt, Claudio, Iuliet, Officers, Lucio, & 2.Gent.
Cla. Fellow, why do'ſt thou ſhow me thus to th'world?
Beare me to priſon, where I am committed.
Pro. I do it not in euill diſpoſition,
But from Lord *Angelo* by ſpeciall charge.
Clau. Thus can the demy-god (Authority)
Make vs pay downe, for our offence, by waight
The words of heauen; on whom it will, it will,
On whom it will not (ſoe) yet ſtill 'tis iuſt.
Luc. Why how now *Claudio*? whence comes this reſtraint.
Cla. From too much liberty, (my *Lucio*) Liberty,
As ſurfet is the father of much faſt,
So euery Scope by the immoderate vſe
Turnes to reſtraint: Our Natures doe purſue

Like Rats that rauyn downe their proper Bane,
A thirſty euill, and when we drinke, we die.
Luc. If I could ſpeake ſo wiſely vnder an arreſt, I would ſend for certaine of my Creditors: and yet, to ſay the truth, I had as lief haue the foppery of freedome, as the mortality of impriſonment: what's thy offence, *Claudio*?
Cla. What (but to ſpeake of) would offend againe.
Luc. What, is't murder?
Cla. No.
Luc. Lecherie?
Cla. Call it ſo.
Pro. Away, Sir, you muſt goe.
Cla. One word, good friend:
Lucio, a word with you.
Luc. A hundred:
If they'll doe you any good: Is *Lechery* ſo look'd after?
Cla. Thus ſtands it with me: vpon a true contract
I got poſſeſſion of *Iulietas* bed,
You know the Lady, ſhe is faſt my wife,
Saue that we doe the denunciation lacke
Of outward Order. This we came not to,
Onely for propogation of a Dowre
Remaining in the Coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Loue
Till Time had made them for vs. But it chances
The ſtealth of our moſt mutuall entertainment
With Character too groſſe, is writ on *Iuliet*.
Luc. With childe, perhaps?
Cla. Vnhappely, euen ſo.
And the new Deputie, now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpſe of newnes,
Or whether that the body publique, be
A horſe whereon the Gouernor doth ride,
Who newly in the Seate, that it may know
He can command; lets it ſtrait feele the ſpur:
Whether the Tirranny be in his place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it vp
I ſtagger in: But this new Gouernor
Awakes me all the inrolled penalties
Which haue (like vn-ſcowr'd Armor) hung by th'wall
So long, that ninteene Zodiacks haue gone round,
And none of them beene worne; and for a name
Now puts the drowſie and neglected Act
Freſhly on me: 'tis ſurely for a name.
Luc. I warrant it is: And thy head ſtands ſo tickle on thy ſhoulders, that a milke-maid, if ſhe be in loue, may ſigh it off: Send after the Duke, and appeale to him.
Cla. I haue done ſo, but hee's not to be found.
I pre'thee (*Lucio*) doe me this kinde ſeruice:
This day, my ſiſter ſhould the Cloyſter enter,
And there receiue her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my ſtate,
Implore her, in my voice, that ſhe make friends
To the ſtrict deputie: bid her ſelfe aſſay him,
I haue great hope in that: for in her youth
There is a prone and ſpeechleſſe dialect,
Such as moue men: beſide, ſhe hath proſperous Art
When ſhe will play with reaſon, and diſcourſe,
And well ſhe can perſwade.
Luc. I pray ſhee may; aſwell for the encouragement of the like, which elſe would ſtand vnder greeuous impoſition: as for the enioying of thy life, who I would be ſorry ſhould bee thus fooliſhly loſt, at a game of ticke-tacke: Ile to her.
Cla. I thanke you good friend *Lucio*.
Luc. Within two houres.
Cla. Come Officer, away. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke and Frier Thomas.
Duk. No: holy Father, throw away that thought,
Beleeue not that the dribling dart of Loue
Can pierce a compleat boſome: why, I deſire thee
To giue me ſecret harbour, hath a purpoſe
More graue, and wrinkled, then the aimes, and ends
Of burning youth.
Fri. May your Grace ſpeake of it?
Duk. My holy Sir, none better knowes then you
How I haue euer lou'd the life remoued
And held in idle price, to haunt aſſemblies
Where youth, and coſt, witleſſe brauery keepes.
I haue deliuerd to Lord *Angelo*
(A man of ſtricture and firme abſtinence)
My abſolute power, and place here in *Vienna*,
And he ſuppoſes me trauaild to *Poland*,
(For ſo I haue ſtrewd it in the common eare)
And ſo it is receiu'd: Now (pious Sir)
You will demand of me, why I do this.
Fri. Gladly, my Lord.
Duk. We haue ſtrict Statutes, and moſt biting Laws,
(The needfull bits and curbes to headſtrong weedes,)
Which for this fourereene yeares, we haue let ſlip,
Euen like an ore-growne Lyon in a Caue
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
Hauing bound vp the threatning twigs of birch,
Onely to ſticke it in their childrens ſight,
For terror, not to vſe: in time the rod
More mock'd, then fear'd: ſo our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themſelues are dead,
And libertie, plucks Iuſtice by the noſe;
The Baby beates the Nurſe, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.
Fri. It reſted in your Grace
To vnlooſe this tyde-vp Iuſtice, when you pleaſ'd:
And it in you more dreadfull would haue ſeem'd
Then in Lord *Angelo*.
Duk. I doe feare: too dreadfull:
Sith 'twas my fault, to giue the people ſcope,
'T would be my tirrany to ſtrike and gall them,
For what I bid them doe: For, we bid this be done
When euill deedes haue their permiſſiue paſſe,
And not the puniſhment: therefore indeede (my father)
I haue on *Angelo* impos'd the office,
Who may in th'ambuſh of my name, ſtrike home,
And yet, my nature neuer in the fight
To do in ſlander: And to behold his ſway
I will, as 'twere a brother of your Order,
Viſit both Prince, and People: Therefore I pre'thee
Supply me with the habit, and inſtruct me
How I may formally in perſon beare
Like a true *Frier*: Moe reaſons for this action
At our more leyſure, ſhall I render you;
Onely, this one: Lord *Angelo* is preciſe,
Stands at a guard with Enuie: ſcarce confeſſes
That his blood flowes: or that his appetite
Is more to bread then ſtone: hence ſhall we ſee
If power change purpoſe: what our Seemers be. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Iſabell and Franciſca a Nun.

Iſa. And haue you *Nuns* no farther priuiledges?

Nun. Are not theſe large enough?

Iſa. Yes truely; I ſpeake not as deſiring more,
But rather wiſhing a more ſtrict reſtraint
Vpon the Siſterſtood, the Votariſts of Saint *Clare.*

Lucio within.

Luc. Hoa? peace be in this place.

Iſa. Who's that which cals?

Nun. It is a mans voice: gentle *Iſabella*
Turne you the key, and know his buſineſſe of him;
You may; I may not: you are yet vnſworne:
When you haue vowd, you muſt not ſpeake with men,
But in the preſence of the *Prioreſſe*;
Then if you ſpeake, you muſt not ſhow your face;
Or if you ſhow your face, you muſt not ſpeake:
He cals againe: I pray you anſwere him.

Iſa. Peace and proſperitie: who is't that cals?

Luc. Haile Virgin, (if you be) as thoſe cheeke-Roſes
Proclaime you are no leſſe: can you ſo ſteed me,
As bring me to the ſight of *Iſabella,*
A Nouice of this place, and the faire Siſter
To her vnhappie brother *Claudio?*

Iſa. Why her vnhappy Brother? Let me aske,
The rather for I now muſt make you know
I am that *Iſabella,* and his Siſter.

Luc. Gentle & faire: your Brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you; he's in priſon.

Iſa. Woe me; for what?

Luc. For that, which if my ſelfe might be his Iudge,
He ſhould receiue his puniſhment, in thankes:
He hath got his friend with childe.

Iſa. Sir, make me not your ſtorie.

Luc. 'Tis true; I would not, though 'tis my familiar ſin,
With Maids to ſeeme the Lapwing, and to ieſt
Tongue, far from heart: play with all Virgins ſo:
I hold you as a thing en-skied, and ſainted,
By your renouncement, an imortall ſpirit
And to be talk'd with in ſincerity,
As with a Saint.

Iſa. You doe blaſpheme the good, in mocking me.

Luc. Doe not beleeue it: fewnes, and truth; tis thus,
Your brother, and his louer haue embrac'd;
As thoſe that feed, grow full: as bloſſoming Time
That from the ſeedneſſe, the bare fallow brings
To teeming foyſon: euen ſo her plenteous wombe
Expreſſeth his full Tilth, and husbandry.

Iſa. Some one with childe by him? my coſen *Iuliet?*

Luc. Is ſhe your coſen?

Iſa. Adoptedly, as ſchoole-maids change their names
By vaine, though apt affection.

Luc. She it is.

Iſa. Oh, let him marry her.

Luc. This is the point.
The Duke is very ſtrangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen (my ſelfe being one)
In hand, and hope of action: but we doe learne,
By thoſe that know the very Nerues of State,
His giuing-out, were of an infinite diſtance
From his true meant deſigne: vpon his place,
(And with full line of his authority)
Gouernes Lord *Angelo*; A man, whoſe blood
Is very ſnow-broth: one, who neuer feeles
The wanton ſtings, and motions of the ſence;
But doth rebate, and blunt his naturall edge
With profits of the minde: Studie, and faſt
He (to giue feare to vſe, and libertie,
Which haue, for long, run-by the hideous law,
As Myce, by Lyons) hath pickt out an act,
Vnder whoſe heauy ſence, your brothers life
Fals into forfeit: he arreſts him on it,
And followes cloſe the rigor of the Statute
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Vnleſſe you haue the grace, by your faire praier
To ſoften *Angelo*: And that's my pith of buſineſſe
'Twixt you, and your poore brother.

Iſa. Doth he ſo,
Seeke his life?

Luc. Has cenſur'd him already,
And as I heare, the Prouoſt hath a warrant
For's execution.

Iſa. Alas: what poore
Abilitie's in me, to doe him good.

Luc. Aſſay the powre you haue.

Iſa. My power? alas, I doubt.

Luc. Our doubts are traitors
And makes vs looſe the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Goe to Lord *Angelo*
And let him learne to know, when Maidens ſue
Men giue like gods: but when they weepe and kneele,
All their petitions, are as freely theirs
As they themſelues would owe them.

Iſa. Ile ſee what I can doe.

Luc. But ſpeedily.

Iſa. I will about it ſtrait;
No longer ſtaying, but to giue the Mother
Notice of my affaire: I humbly thanke you:
Commend me to my brother: ſoone at night
Ile ſend him certaine word of my ſucceſſe.

Luc. I take my leaue of you.

Iſa. Good ſir, adieu. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Angelo, Eſcalus, and ſeruants, Iuſtice.

Ang. We muſt not make a ſcar-crow of the Law,
Setting it vp to feare the Birds of prey,
And let it keepe one ſhape, till cuſtome make it
Their pearch, and not their terror.

Eſc. I, but yet
Let vs be keene, and rather cut a little
Then fall, and bruiſe to death: alas, this gentleman
Whom I would ſaue, had a moſt noble father,
Let but your honour know
(Whom I beleeue to be moſt ſtrait in vertue)
That in the working of your owne affections,
Had time coheard with Place, or place with wiſhing,
Or that the reſolute acting of our blood
Could haue attaind th'effect of your owne purpoſe,
Whether you had not ſometime in your life
Er'd in this point, which now you cenſure him,
And puld the Law vpon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted (*Eſcalus*)
Another thing to fall: I not deny
The Iury paſſing on the Priſoners life
May in the ſworne-twelue haue a thiefe, or two
Guiltier then him they try; what's open made to Iuſtice,
That Iuſtice ceizes; What knowes the Lawes
That theeues do paſſe on theeues? 'Tis very pregnant,
The Iewell that we finde, we ſtoope, and take't,
Becauſe we ſee it; but what we doe not ſee,
We tread vpon, and neuer thinke of it.
You may not ſo extenuate his offence,
For I haue had ſuch faults; but rather tell me
When I, that cenſure him, do ſo offend,
Let mine owne Iudgement patterne out my death,
And nothing come in partiall. Sir, he muſt dye.

Enter Prouoſt.

Eſc. Be it as your wiſedome will.

Ang. Where is the *Prouoſt?*

Pro. Here if it like your honour.

Ang. See that *Claudio*
Be executed by nine to morrow morning,
Bring him his Confeſſor, let him be prepar'd,
For that's the vtmoſt of his pilgrimage.

Eſc. Well: heauen forgiue him; and forgiue vs all:
Some riſe by ſinne, and ſome by vertue fall:
Some run from brakes of Ice, and anſwere none,
And ſome condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if theſe be good people in a Common-weale, that doe nothing but vſe their abuſes in common houſes, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now Sir, what's your name? And what's the matter?

Elb. If it pleaſe your honour, I am the poore Dukes Conſtable, and my name is *Elbow*; I doe leane vpon Iuſtice Sir, and doe bring in here before your good honor, two notorious Benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well: What Benefactors are they? Are they not Malefactors?

Elb. If it pleaſe your honour, I know not well what they are: But preciſe villaines they are, that I am ſure of, and void of all prophanation in the world, that good Chriſtians ought to haue.

Eſc. This comes off well: here's a wiſe Officer.

Ang. Goe to: What quality are they of? *Elbow* is your name?
Why do'ſt thou not ſpeake *Elbow?*

Clo. He cannot Sir: he's out at Elbow.

Ang. What are you Sir?

Elb. He Sir: a Tapſter Sir: parcell Baud: one that ſerues a bad woman: whoſe houſe Sir was (as they ſay) pluckt downe in the Suborbs: and now ſhee profeſſes a hot-houſe; which, I thinke is a very ill houſe too.

Eſc. How know you that?

Elb. My wife Sir? whom I deteſt before heauen, and your honour.

Eſc. How? thy wife?

Elb. I Sir: whom I thanke heauen is an honeſt woman.

Eſc. Do'ſt thou deteſt her therefore?

Elb. I ſay ſir, I will deteſt my ſelfe alſo, as well as ſhe, that this houſe, if it be not a Bauds houſe, it is pitty of her life, for it is a naughty houſe.

Eſc. How do'ſt thou know that, Conſtable?

Elb. Marry ſir, by my wife, who, if ſhe had bin a woman Cardinally giuen, might haue bin accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all vncleanlineſſe there.

Eſc. By the womans meanes?

Elb. I ſir, by Miſtris *Ouer-dons* meanes: but as ſhe ſpit in his face, ſo ſhe defide him.

Clo. Sir, if it pleaſe your honor, this is not ſo.

Elb. Proue it before theſe varlets here, thou honorable man, proue it.

Eſc. Doe you heare how he miſplaces?

Clo. Sir, ſhe came in great with childe: and longing (ſauing your honors reuerence) for ſtewd prewyns; ſir, we had but two in the houſe, which at that very diſtant time ſtood, as it were in a fruit diſh (a diſh of ſome three pence; your honours haue ſeene ſuch diſhes) they are not China-diſhes, but very good diſhes.

Eſc. Go too: go too: no matter for the diſh ſir.

Clo. No indeede ſir not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but, to the point: As I ſay, this Miſtris *Elbow,* being (as I ſay) with childe, and being great bellied, and longing (as I ſaid) for prewyns: and hauing but two in the diſh (as I ſaid) Maſter *Froth* here, this very man, hauing eaten the reſt (as I ſaid) & (as I ſay) paying for them very honeſtly: for, as you know Maſter *Froth,* I could not giue you three pence againe.

Fro. No indeede.

Clo. Very well: you being then (if you be remembred) cracking the ſtones of the foreſaid prewyns.

Fro. I, ſo I did indeede.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then (if you be remembred) that ſuch a one, and ſuch a one, were paſt cure of the thing you wot of, vnleſſe they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Fro. All this is true.

Clo. Why very well then.

Eſc. Come: you are a tedious foole: to the purpoſe: what was done to *Elbowes* wife, that hee hath cauſe to complaine of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honor cannot come to that yet.

Eſc. No ſir, nor I meane it not.

Clo. Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your honours leaue: And I beſeech you, looke into Maſter *Froth* here ſir, a man of foure-ſcore pound a yeare; whoſe father died at *Hallowmas*: Was't not at *Hallowmas* Maſter *Froth?*

Fro. Allhallond-Eue.

Clo. Why very well: I hope here be truthes: he Sir, ſitting (as I ſay) in a lower chaire, Sir, 'twas in the bunch of Grapes, where indeede you haue a delight to ſit, haue you not?

Fro. I haue ſo, becauſe it is an open roome, and good for winter.

Clo. Why very well then: I hope here be truthes.

Ang. This will laſt out a night in *Ruſsia*
When nights are longeſt there: Ile take my leaue,
And leaue you to the hearing of the cauſe;
Hoping youle finde good cauſe to whip them all. *Exit.*

Eſc. I thinke no leſſe: good morrow to your Lordſhip. Now Sir, come on: What was done to *Elbowes* wife, once more?

Clo. Once Sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beſeech you Sir, aske him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beſeech your honor, aske me.

Eſc. Well ſir, what did this Gentleman to her?

Clo. I beſeech you ſir, looke in this Gentlemans face: good Maſter *Froth* looke vpon his honor; 'tis for a good purpoſe: doth your honor marke his face?

Eſc. I ſir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beſeech you marke it well.

Eſc. Well, I doe ſo.

Clo. Doth your honor ſee any harme in his face?

Eſc. Why no.

Clo. Ile be ſuppoſd vpon a booke, his face is the worſt thing about him: good then: if his face be the worſt thing about him, how could Maſter *Froth* doe the Conſtables wife any harme? I would know that of your honour.

Eſc. He's in the right (Conſtable) what ſay you to it?

Elb. Firſt, and it like you, the houſe is a reſpected houſe; next, this is a reſpected fellow; and his Miſtris is a reſpected woman.

Clo. By this hand Sir, his wife is a more reſpected perſon then any of vs all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lyeſt; thou lyeſt wicked varlet: the time is yet to come that ſhee was euer reſpected with man, woman, or childe.

Clo. Sir, ſhe was reſpected with him, before he married with her.

Eſc. Which is the wiſer here; *Iuſtice* or *Iniquitie*? Is this true?

Elb. O thou caytiffe: O thou varlet: O thou wicked *Hanniball*; I reſpected with her, before I was married to her? If euer I was reſpected with her, or ſhe with me, let not your worſhip thinke mee the poore *Dukes* Officer: proue this, thou wicked *Hanniball*, or ile haue mine action of battry on thee.

Eſc. If he tooke you a box 'oth'eare, you might haue your action of ſlander too.

Elb. Marry I thanke your good worſhip for it: what is't your Worſhips pleaſure I ſhall doe with this wicked Caitiffe?

Eſc. Truly Officer, becauſe he hath ſome offences in him, that thou wouldſt diſcouer, if thou couldſt, let him continue in his courſes, till thou knowſt what they are.

Elb. Marry I thanke your worſhip for it: Thou ſeeſt thou wicked varlet now, what's come vpon thee. Thou art to continue now thou Varlet, thou art to continue.

Eſc. Where were you borne, friend?

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Eſc. Are you of fourescore pounds a yeere?

Froth. Yes, and 't pleaſe you ſir.

Eſc. So: what trade are you of, ſir?

Clo. A Tapſter, a poore widdowes Tapſter.

Eſc. Your Miſtris name?

Clo. Miſtris *Ouer-don*.

Eſc. Hath ſhe had any more then one husband?

Clo. Nine, ſir: *Ouer-don* by the laſt.

Eſc. Nine? come hether to me, Maſter *Froth*; Maſter *Froth*, I would not haue you acquainted with Tapſters; they will draw you Maſter *Froth*, and you wil hang them: get you gon, and let me heare no more of you.

Fro. I thanke your worſhip: for mine owne part, I neuer come into any roome in a Tap-houſe, but I am drawne in.

Eſc. Well: no more of it Maſter *Froth*: farewell: Come you hether to me, Mr. Tapſter: what's your name Mr. Tapſter?

Clo. *Pompey*.

Eſc. What elſe?

Clo. *Bum*, Sir.

Eſc. Troth, and your bum is the greateſt thing about you, ſo that in the beaſtlieſt ſence, you are *Pompey* the great; *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*; howſoeuer you colour it in being a Tapſter, are you not? come, tell me true, it ſhall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly ſir, I am a poore fellow that would liue.

Eſc. How would you liue *Pompey*? by being a bawd? what doe you thinke of the trade *Pompey*? is it a lawfull trade?

Clo. If the Law would allow it, ſir.

Eſc. But the Law will not allow it *Pompey*; nor it ſhall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clo. Do's your Worſhip meane to geld and ſplay all the youth of the City?

Eſc. No, *Pompey*.

Clo. Truely Sir, in my poore opinion they will too't then: if your worſhip will take order for the drabs and the knaues, you need not to feare the bawds.

Eſc. There is pretty orders beginning I can tell you: It is but heading, and hanging.

Clo. If you head, and hang all that offend that way but for ten yeare together; you'll be glad to giue out a Commiſſion for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten yeare, ile rent the faireſt houſe in it after three pence a Bay: if you liue to ſee this come to paſſe, ſay *Pompey* told you ſo.

Eſc. Thanke you good *Pompey*; and in requitall of your propheſie, harke you: I aduiſe you let me not finde you before me againe vpon any complaint whatſoeuer; no, not for dwelling where you doe: if I doe *Pompey*, I ſhall beat you to your Tent, and proue a ſhrewd *Cæſar* to you: in plaine dealing *Pompey*, I ſhall haue you whipt; ſo for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clo. I thanke your Worſhip for your good counſell; but I ſhall follow it as the fleſh and fortune ſhall better determine. Whip me? no, no, let Carman whip his Iade,
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. *Exit.*

Eſc. Come hether to me, Maſter *Elbow*: come hither Maſter Conſtable: how long haue you bin in this place of Conſtable?

Elb. Seuen yeere, and a halfe ſir.

Eſc. I thought by the readineſſe in the office, you had continued in it ſome time: you ſay ſeauen yeares together.

Elb. And a halfe ſir.

Eſc. Alas, it hath beene great paines to you: they do you wrong to put you ſo oft vpon't. Are there not men in your Ward ſufficient to ſerue it?

Elb. 'Faith ſir, few of any wit in ſuch matters: as they are choſen, they are glad to chooſe me for them; I do it for ſome peece of money, and goe through with all.

Eſc. Looke you bring mee in the names of ſome ſixe or ſeuen, the moſt ſufficient of your pariſh.

Elb. To your Worſhips houſe ſir?

Eſc. To my houſe: fare you well: what's a clocke, thinke you?

Iuſt. Eleuen, Sir.

Eſc. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Iuſt. I humbly thanke you.

Eſc. It grieues me for the death of *Claudio*
But there's no remedie:

Iuſt. Lord *Angelo* is ſeuere.

Eſc. It is but needfull.
Mercy is not it ſelfe, that oft lookes ſo,
Pardon is ſtill the nurſe of ſecond woe:
But yet, poore *Claudio*; there is no remedie.
Come Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scœna

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prouoſt, Seruant.

Ser. Hee's hearing of a Cauſe; he will come ſtraight,
I'le tell him of you.

Pro. 'Pray you doe; Ile know
His pleaſure, may be he will relent; alas
He hath but as offended in a dreame,
All Sects, all Ages ſmack of this vice, and he
To die for't?

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter *Prouoſt*?

Pro. Is it your will *Claudio* ſhall die to morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea? hadſt thou not order?
Why do'ſt thou aske againe?

Pro. Leſt I might be too raſh:
Vnder your good correction, I haue ſeene
When after execution, Iudgement hath
Repented ore his doome.

Ang. Goe to; let that be mine,
Doe you your office, or giue vp your Place,
And you ſhall well be ſpar'd.

Pro. I craue your Honours pardon:
What ſhall be done Sir, with the groaning *Iuliet*?
Shee's very neere her howre.

Ang. Diſpoſe of her
To ſome more fitter place; and that with ſpeed.

Ser. Here is the ſiſter of the man condemn'd,
Deſires acceſſe to you.

Ang. Hath he a Siſter?

Pro. I my good Lord, a very vertuous maid,
And to be ſhortlie of a Siſter-hood,
If not alreadie.

Ang. Well: let her be admitted,
See you the Fornicatreſſe be remou'd,
Let her haue needfull, but not lauiſh meanes,
There ſhall be order for't.

Enter Lucio and Iſabella.

Pro. 'Saue your Honour. (will?

Ang. Stay a little while: y'are welcome: what's your

Iſab. I am a wofull Sutor to your Honour,
'Pleaſe but your Honor heare me.

Ang. Well: what's your ſuite.

Iſab. There is a vice that moſt I doe abhorre,
And moſt deſire ſhould meet the blow of Iuſtice;
For which I would not plead, but that I muſt,
For which I muſt not plead, but that I am
At warre, twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well: the matter?

Iſab. I haue a brother is condemn'd to die,
I doe beſeech you let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Pro. Heauen giue thee mouing graces.

Ang. Condemne the fault, and not the actor of it,
Why euery fault's condemnd ere it be done:
Mine were the verie Cipher of a Function
To fine the faults, whoſe fine ſtands in record,
And let goe by the Actor:

Iſab. Oh iuſt, but ſeuere Law:
I had a brother then; heauen keepe your honour.

Luc. Giue't not ore ſo: to him againe, entreat him,
Kneele downe before him, hang vpon his gowne,
You are too cold: if you ſhould need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue deſire it:
To him, I ſay.

Iſab. Muſt he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedie.

Iſab. Yes: I doe thinke that you might pardon him,
And neither heauen, nor man grieue at the mercy.

Ang. I will not doe't.

Iſab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Looke what I will not, that I cannot doe.

Iſab. But might you doe't & do the world no wrong
If ſo your heart were touch'd with that remorſe,
As mine is to him?

Ang. Hee's ſentenc'd, tis too late.

Luc. You are too cold.

Iſab. Too late? why no: I that doe ſpeak a word
May call it againe: well, beleeue this
No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the Kings Crowne; nor the deputed ſword,
The Marſhalls Truncheon, nor the Iudges Robe
Become them with one halfe ſo good a grace
As mercie does: If he had bin as you, and you as he,
You would haue ſlipt like him, but he like you
Would not haue beene ſo ſterne.

Ang. Pray you be gone.

Iſab. I would to heauen I had your potencie,
And you were *Iſabell*: ſhould it then be thus?
No: I would tell what 'twere to be a Iudge,
And what a priſoner.

Luc. I, touch him: there's the vaine.

Ang. Your Brother is a forfeit of the Law,
And you but waſte your words.

Iſab. Alas, alas:
Why all the ſoules that were, were forfeit once,
And he that might the vantage beſt haue tooke,
Found out the remedie; how would you be,
If he, which is the top of Iudgement, ſhould
But iudge you, as you are? Oh, thinke on that,
And mercie then will breathe within your lips
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, (faire Maid)
It is the Law, not I, condemne your brother,
Were he my kinſman, brother, or my ſonne,
It ſhould be thus with him: he muſt die to morrow.

Iſab. To morrow? oh, that's ſodaine,
Spare him, ſpare him:
Hee's not prepar'd for death; euen for our kitchins
We kill the fowle of ſeaſon: ſhall we ſerue heauen
With leſſe reſpect then we doe miniſter
To our groſſe-ſelues? good, good my Lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath di'd for this offence?
There's many haue committed it.

Luc. I, well ſaid.

Ang. The Law hath not bin dead, thogh it hath ſlept
Thoſe many had not dar'd to doe that euill
If the firſt, that did th' Edict infringe
Had anſwer'd for his deed. Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet
Lookes in a glaſſe that ſhewes what future euils
Either now, or by remiſſeneſſe, new conceiu'd,
And ſo in progreſſe to be hatc'hd, and borne,
Are now to haue no ſucceſſiue degrees,
But here they liue to end.

Iſab. Yet ſhew ſome pittie.

Ang. I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhow Iuſtice;
For then I pittie thoſe I doe not know,
Which a diſmis'd offence, would after gaule

And doe him right, that anſwering one foule wrong
Liues not to act another. Be ſatisfied;
Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.
Iſab. So you muſt be yͤ firſt that giues this ſentence,
And hee, that ſuffers: Oh, it is excellent
To haue a Giants ſtrength: but it is tyrannous
To vſe it like a Giant.
Luc. That's well ſaid.
Iſab. Could great men thunder
As *Ioue* himſelfe do's, *Ioue* would neuer be quiet,
For euery pelting petty Officer
Would vſe his heauen for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen,
Thou rather with thy ſharpe and ſulpherous bolt
Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
Then the ſoft Mertill: But man, proud man,
Dreſt in a little briefe authoritie,
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
(His glaſsie Eſſence) like an angry Ape
Plaies ſuch phantaſtique tricks before high heauen,
As makes the Angels weepe: who with our ſpleenes,
Would all themſelues laugh mortall.
Luc. Oh, to him, to him wench: he will relent,
Hee's comming: I perceiue't.
Pro. Pray heauen ſhe win him.
Iſab. We cannot weigh our brother with our ſelfe,
Great men may ieſt with Saints: tis wit in them,
But in the leſſe fowle prophanation.
Luc. Thou'rt i'th right (Girle) more o'that.
Iſab. That in the Captaine's but a chollericke word,
Which in the Souldier is flat blaſphemie.
Luc. Art auis'd o'that? more on't.
Ang. Why doe you put theſe ſayings vpon me?
Iſab. Becauſe Authoritie, though it erre like others,
Hath yet a kinde of medicine in it ſelfe
That skins the vice o'th top; goe to your boſome,
Knock there, and aske your heart what it doth know
That's like my brothers fault: if it confeſſe
A naturall guiltineſſe, ſuch as is his,
Let it not ſound a thought vpon your tongue
Againſt my brothers life.
Ang. Shee ſpeakes, and 'tis ſuch ſence
That my Sence breeds with it; fare you well.
Iſab. Gentle my Lord, turne backe.
Ang. I will bethinke me: come againe to morrow.
Iſa. Hark, how Ile bribe you: good my Lord turn back.
Ang. How? bribe me?
Iſ. I, with ſuch gifts that heauen ſhall ſhare with you.
Luc. You had mar'd all elſe.
Iſab. Not with fond Sickles of the teſted-gold,
Or Stones, whoſe rate are either rich, or poore
As fancie values them: but with true prayers,
That ſhall be vp at heauen, and enter there
Ere Sunne riſe: prayers from preſerued ſoules,
From faſting Maides, whoſe mindes are dedicate
To nothing temporall.
Ang. Well: come to me to morrow.
Luc. Goe to: 'tis well; away.
Iſab. Heauen keepe your honour ſafe.
Ang. Amen.
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers croſſe.
Iſab. At what hower to morrow,
Shall I attend your Lordſhip?
Ang. At any time 'fore-noone.
Iſab. 'Saue your Honour.
Ang. From thee: euen from thy vertue.
What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who ſins moſt? ha?
Not ſhe: nor doth ſhe tempt: but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sunne,
Doe as the Carrion do's, not as the flowre,
Corrupt with vertuous ſeaſon: Can it be,
That Modeſty may more betray our Sence
Then womans lightneſſe? hauing waſte ground enough,
Shall we deſire to raze the Sanctuary
And pitch our euils there? oh fie, fie, fie:
What doſt thou? or what art thou *Angelo*?
Doſt thou deſire her fowly, for thoſe things
That make her good? oh, let her brother liue:
Theeues for their robbery haue authority,
When Iudges ſteale themſelues: what, doe I loue her,
That I deſire to heare her ſpeake againe?
And feaſt vpon her eyes? what is't I dreame on?
Oh cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
With Saints doſt bait thy hooke: moſt dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad vs on
To ſinne, in louing vertue: neuer could the Strumpet
With all her double vigor, Art, and Nature
Once ſtir my temper: but this vertuous Maid
Subdues me quite: Euer till now
When men were fond, I ſmild, and wondred how. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Duke and Prouoſt.

Duke. Haile to you, *Prouoſt*, ſo I thinke you are.
Pro. I am the Prouoſt: whats your will, good Frier?
Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bleſt order,
I come to viſite the afflicted ſpirits
Here in the priſon: doe me the common right
To let me ſee them: and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may miniſter
To them accordingly.
Pro. I would do more then that, if more were needfull

Enter Iuliet.

Looke here comes one: a Gentlewoman of mine,
Who falling in the flawes of her owne youth,
Hath bliſterd her report: She is with childe,
And he that got it, ſentenc'd: a yong man,
More fit to doe another ſuch offence,
Then dye for this.
Duk. When muſt he dye?
Pro. As I do thinke to morrow.
I haue prouided for you, ſtay a while
And you ſhall be conducted.
Duk. Repent you (faire one) of the ſin you carry?
Iul. I doe; and beare the ſhame moſt patiently.
Du. Ile teach you how you ſhal araign your conſciẽce
And try your penitence, if it be ſound,
Or hollowly put on.
Iul. Ile gladly learne.
Duk. Loue you the man that wrong'd you?
Iul. Yes, as I loue the woman that wrong'd him.
Duk. So then it ſeemes your moſt offence full act
Was mutually committed.
Iul. Mutually.
Duk. Then was your ſin of heauier kinde then his.
Iul. I doe confeſſe it, and repent it (Father.)

Du. 'Tis

Duk. 'Tis meet ſo (daughter) but leaſt you do repent
As that the ſin hath brought you to this ſhame,
Which ſorrow is alwaies toward our ſelues, not heauen,
Showing we would not ſpare heauen, as we loue it,
But as we ſtand in feare.
Iul. I doe repent me, as it is an euill,
And take the ſhame with ioy.
Duke. There reſt:
Your partner (as I heare) muſt die to morrow,
And I am going with inſtruction to him:
Grace goe with you, *Benedicite.* *Exit.*
Iul. Muſt die to morrow? oh iniurious Loue
That reſpits me a life, whoſe very comfort
Is ſtill a dying horror.
Pro. 'Tis pitty of him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo.

An. When I would pray, & think, I thinke, and pray
To ſeuerall ſubiects: heauen hath my empty words,
Whilſt my Inuention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Iſabell*: heauen in my mouth,
As if I did but onely chew his name,
And in my heart the ſtrong and ſwelling euill
Of my conception: the ſtate whereon I ſtudied
Is like a good thing, being often read
Growne feard, and tedious: yea, my Grauitie
Wherein (let no man heare me) I take pride,
Could I, with boote, change for an idle plume
Which the ayre beats for vaine: oh place, oh forme,
How often doſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit
Wrench awe from fooles, and tye the wiſer ſoules
To thy falſe ſeeming? Blood, thou art blood,
Let's write good Angell on the Deuills horne
'Tis not the Deuills Creſt: how now? who's there?

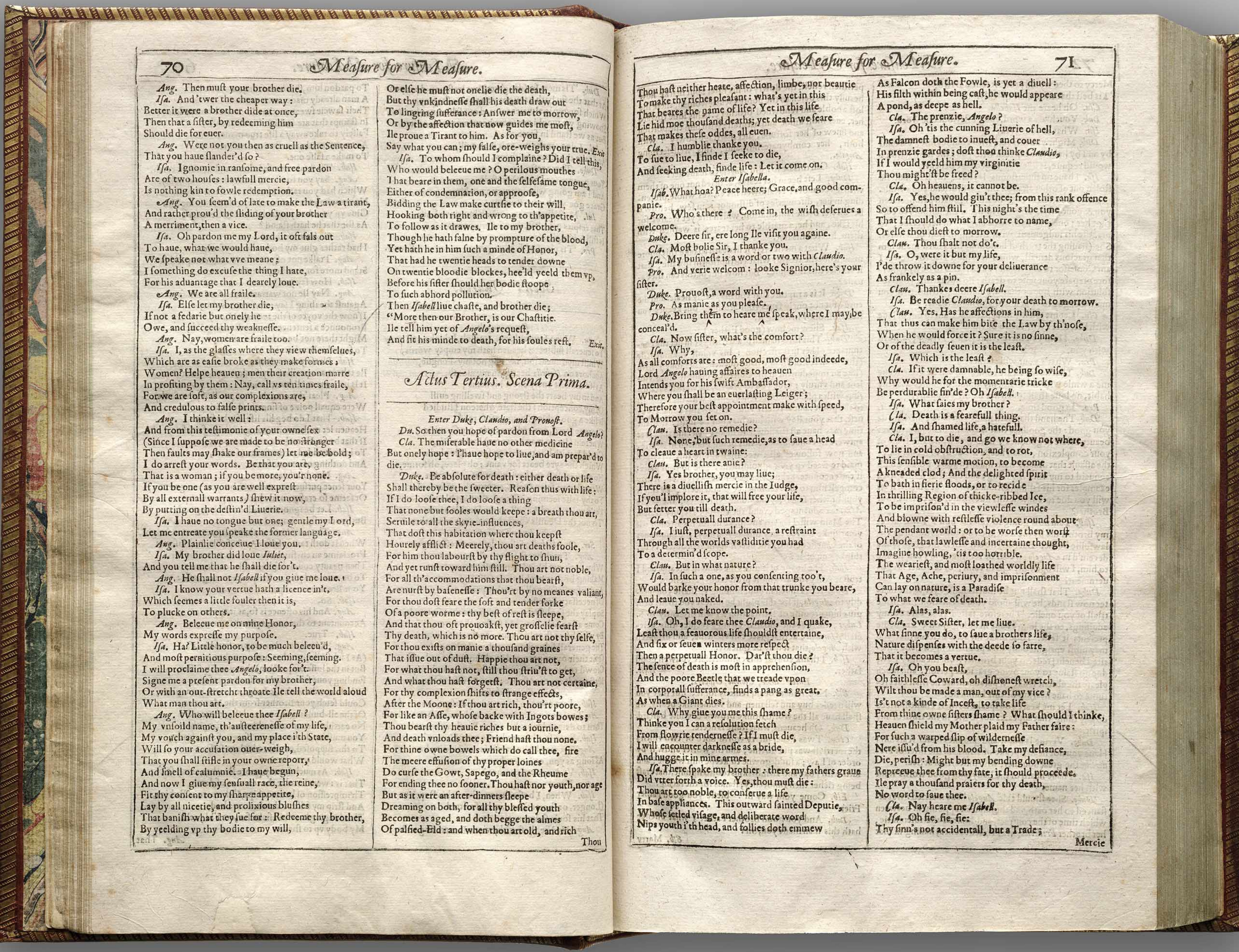
Enter Seruant.

Ser. One *Iſabell*, a Siſter, deſires acceſſe to you.
Ang. Teach her the way: oh, heauens
Why doe's my bloud thus muſter to my heart,
Making both it vnable for it ſelfe,
And diſpoſſeſsing all my other parts
Of neceſſary fitneſſe?
So play the fooliſh throngs with one that ſwounds,
Come all to help him, and ſo ſtop the ayre
By which hee ſhould reuiue: and euen ſo
The generall ſubiect to a wel-wiſht King
Quit their owne part, and in obſequious fondneſſe
Crowd to his preſence, where their vn-taught loue
Muſt needs appear offence: how now faire Maid.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. I am come to know your pleaſure.
An. That you might know it, wold much better pleaſe (me,
Then to demand what 'tis: your Brother cannot liue.
Iſab. Euen ſo: heauen keepe your Honor.
Ang. Yet may he liue a while: and it may be
As long as you, or I: yet he muſt die.
Iſab. Vnder your Sentence?
Ang. Yea.
Iſab. When, I beſeech you: that in his Reprieue
(Longer, or ſhorter) he may be ſo fitted
That his ſoule ſicken not.
Ang. Ha? fie, theſe filthy vices: It were as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature ſtolne
A man already made, as to remit
Their ſawcie ſweetnes, that do coyne heauens Image
In ſtamps that are forbid: 'tis all as eaſie,
Falſely to take away a life true made,
As to put mettle in reſtrained meanes
To make a falſe one.
Iſab. 'Tis ſet downe ſo in heauen, but not in earth.
Ang. Say you ſo: then I ſhall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the moſt iuſt Law
Now tooke your brothers life, and to redeeme him
Giue vp your body to ſuch ſweet vncleanneſſe
As ſhe that he hath ſtaind?
Iſab. Sir, beleeue this.
I had rather giue my body, then my ſoule.
Ang. I talke not of your ſoule: our compel'd ſins
Stand more for number, then for accompt.
Iſab. How ſay you?
Ang. Nay Ile not warrant that: for I can ſpeake
Againſt the thing I ſay: Anſwere to this,
I (now the voyce of the recorded Law)
Pronounce a ſentence on your Brothers life,
Might there not be a charitie in ſinne,
To ſaue this Brothers life?
Iſab. Pleaſe you to doo't,
Ile take it as a perill to my ſoule,
It is no ſinne at all, but charitie.
Ang. Pleaſ'd you to doo't, at perill of your ſoule
Were equall poize of ſinne, and charitie.
Iſab. That I do beg his life, if it be ſinne
Heauen let me beare it: you granting of my ſuit,
If that be ſin, Ile make it my Morne-praier,
To haue it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your anſwere.
Ang. Nay, but heare me,
Your ſence purſues not mine: either you are ignorant,
Or ſeeme ſo crafty; and that's not good.
Iſab. Let be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciouſly to know I am no better.
Ang. Thus wiſdome wiſhes to appeare moſt bright,
When it doth taxe it ſelfe: As theſe blacke Maſques
Proclaime an en-ſhield beauty ten times louder
Then beauty could diſplaied: But marke me,
To be receiued plaine, Ile ſpeake more groſſe:
Your Brother is to dye.
Iſab. So.
Ang. And his offence is ſo, as it appeares,
Accountant to the Law, vpon that paine.
Iſab. True.
Ang. Admit no other way to ſaue his life
(As I ſubſcribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loſſe of queſtion) that you, his Siſter,
Finding your ſelfe deſir'd of ſuch a perſon,
Whoſe creadit with the Iudge, or owne great place,
Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles
Of the all-building-Law: and that there were
No earthly meane to ſaue him, but that either
You muſt lay downe the treaſures of your body,
To this ſuppoſed, or elſe to let him ſuffer:
What would you doe?
Iſab. As much for my poore Brother, as my ſelfe;
That is: were I vnder the tearmes of death,
Th'impreſſion of keene whips, I'ld weare as Rubies,
And ſtrip my ſelfe to death, as to a bed,
That longing haue bin ſicke for, ere I'ld yeeld
My body vp to ſhame.

Ang. That



Ang. Then muſt your brother die.
Iſa. And 'twer the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother dide at once,
Then that a ſiſter, by redeeming him
Should die for euer.
Ang. Were not you then as cruell as the Sentence,
That you haue ſlander'd ſo?
Iſa. Ignomie in ranſome, and free pardon
Are of two houſes: lawfull mercie,
Is nothing kin to fowle redemption.
Ang. You ſeem'd of late to make the Law a tirant,
And rather prou'd the ſliding of your brother
A merriment, then a vice.
Iſa. Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft fals out
To haue, what we would haue,
We ſpeake not what vve meane;
I ſomething do excuſe the thing I hate,
For his aduantage that I dearely loue.
Ang. We are all fraile.
Iſa. Elſe let my brother die,
If not a fedarie but onely he
Owe, and ſucceed thy weakneſſe.
Ang. Nay, women are fraile too.
Iſa. I, as the glaſſes where they view themſelues,
Which are as eaſie broke as they make formes;
Women? Helpe heauen; men their creation marre
In profiting by them: Nay, call vs ten times fraile,
For we are ſoft, as our complexions are,
And credulous to falſe prints.
Ang. I thinke it well:
And from this teſtimonie of your owne ſex
(Since I ſuppoſe we are made to be no ſtronger
Then faults may ſhake our frames) let me be bold;
I do arreſt your words. Be that you are,
That is a woman; if you be more, you'r none.
If you be one (as you are well expreſt
By all externall warrants) ſhew it now,
By putting on the deſtin'd Liuerie.
Iſa. I haue no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me entreate you ſpeake the former language.
Ang. Plainlie conceiue I loue you.
Iſa. My brother did loue *Iuliet*,
And you tell me that he ſhall die for't.
Ang. He ſhall not *Iſabell* if you giue me loue.
Iſa. I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
Which ſeemes a little fouler then it is,
To plucke on others.
Ang. Beleeue me on mine Honor,
My words expreſſe my purpoſe.
Iſa. Ha? Little honor, to be much beleeu'd,
And moſt pernitious purpoſe: Seeming, ſeeming.
I will proclaime thee *Angelo*, looke for't.
Signe me a preſent pardon for my brother,
Or with an out-ſtretcht throate Ile tell the world aloud
What man thou art.
Ang. Who will beleeue thee *Iſabell*?
My vnſoild name, th'auſteereneſſe of my life,
My vouch againſt you, and my place i'th State,
Will ſo your accuſation ouer-weigh,
That you ſhall ſtifle in your owne report,
And ſmell of calumnie. I haue begun,
And now I giue my ſenſuall race, the reine,
Fit thy conſent to my ſharpe appetite,
Lay by all nicetie, and prolixious bluſhes
That baniſh what they ſue for: Redeeme thy brother,
By yeelding vp thy bodie to my will,
Or elſe he muſt not onelie die the death,
But thy vnkindneſſe ſhall his death draw out
To lingring ſufferance: Anſwer me to morrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me moſt,
Ile proue a Tirant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my falſe, ore-weighs your true. *Exit*
Iſa. To whom ſhould I complaine? Did I tell this,
Who would beleeue me? O perilous mouthes
That beare in them, one and the ſelfeſame tongue,
Either of condemnation, or approofe,
Bidding the Law make curtſie to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,
To follow as it drawes. Ile to my brother,
Though he hath falne by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him ſuch a minde of Honor,
That had he twentie heads to tender downe
On twentie bloodie blockes, hee'ld yeeld them vp,
Before his ſiſter ſhould her bodie ſtoope
To ſuch abhord pollution.
Then *Iſabell* liue chaſte, and brother die;
"More then our Brother, is our Chaſtitie.
Ile tell him yet of *Angelo's* requeſt,
And fit his minde to death, for his ſoules reſt. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Prouoſt.

Du. So then you hope of pardon from Lord *Angelo*?
Cla. The miſerable haue no other medicine
But onely hope: I'haue hope to liue, and am prepar'd to die.
Duke. Be abſolute for death: either death or life
Shall thereby be the ſweeter. Reaſon thus with life:
If I do looſe thee, I do looſe a thing
That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art,
Seruile to all the skyie-influences,
That doſt this habitation where thou keepſt
Hourely afflict: Meerely, thou art deaths foole,
For him thou labourſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet runſt toward him ſtill. Thou art not noble,
For all th'accommodations that thou bearſt,
Are nurſt by baſeneſſe: Thou'rt by no meanes valiant,
For thou doſt feare the ſoft and tender forke
Of a poore worme: thy beſt of reſt is ſleepe,
And that thou oft prouoakſt, yet groſſelie fearſt
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy ſelfe,
For thou exiſts on manie a thouſand graines
That iſſue out of duſt. Happie thou art not,
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriu'ſt to get,
And what thou haſt forgetſt. Thou art not certaine,
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,
For like an Aſſe, whoſe backe with Ingots bowes;
Thou bearſt thy heauie riches but a iournie,
And death vnloads thee; Friend haſt thou none.
For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire
The meere effuſion of thy proper loines
Do curſe the Gowt, Sapego, and the Rheume
For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor youth, nor age
But as it were an after-dinners ſleepe
Dreaming on both, for all thy bleſſed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes
Of palſied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich

Thou haſt neither heate, affection, limbe, nor beautie
To make thy riches pleaſant: what's yet in this
That beares the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid moe thouſand deaths; yet death we feare
That makes theſe oddes, all euen.
Cla. I humblie thanke you.
To ſue to liue, I finde I ſeeke to die,
And ſeeking death, finde life: Let it come on.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. What hoa? Peace heere; Grace, and good companie.
Pro. Who's there? Come in, the wiſh deſerues a welcome.
Duke. Deere ſir, ere long Ile viſit you againe.
Cla. Moſt holie Sir, I thanke you.
Iſa. My buſineſſe is a word or two with *Claudio*.
Pro. And verie welcom: looke Signior, here's your ſiſter.
Duke. Prouoſt, a word with you.
Pro. As manie as you pleaſe.
Duke. Bring them to heare me ſpeak, where I may be conceal'd.
Cla. Now ſiſter, what's the comfort?
Iſa. Why,
As all comforts are: moſt good, moſt good indeede,
Lord *Angelo* hauing affaires to heauen
Intends you for his ſwift Ambaſſador,
Where you ſhall be an euerlaſting Leiger;
Therefore your beſt appointment make with ſpeed,
To Morrow you ſet on.
Clau. Is there no remedie?
Iſa. None, but ſuch remedie, as to ſaue a head
To cleaue a heart in twaine:
Clau. But is there anie?
Iſa. Yes brother, you may liue;
There is a diuelliſh mercie in the Iudge,
If you'l implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
Cla. Perpetuall durance?
Iſa. I iuſt, perpetuall durance, a reſtraint
Through all the worlds vaſtiditie you had
To a determin'd ſcope.
Clau. But in what nature?
Iſa. In ſuch a one, as you conſenting too't,
Would barke your honor from that trunke you beare,
And leaue you naked.
Clau. Let me know the point.
Iſa. Oh, I do feare thee *Claudio*, and I quake,
Leaſt thou a feauorous life ſhouldſt entertaine,
And ſix or ſeuen winters more reſpect
Then a perpetuall Honor. Dar'ſt thou die?
The ſence of death is moſt in apprehenſion,
And the poore Beetle that we treade vpon
In corporall ſufferance, finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.
Cla. Why giue you me this ſhame?
Thinke you I can a reſolution fetch
From flowrie tenderneſſe? If I muſt die,
I will encounter darkneſſe as a bride,
And hugge it in mine armes.
Iſa. There ſpake my brother: there my fathers graue
Did vtter forth a voice. Yes, thou muſt die:
Thou art too noble, to conſerue a life
In baſe appliances. This outward ſainted Deputie,
Whoſe ſetled viſage, and deliberate word
Nips youth i'th head, and follies doth emmew
As Falcon doth the Fowle, is yet a diuell:
His filth within being caſt, he would appeare
A pond, as deepe as hell.
Cla. The prenzie, *Angelo*?
Iſa. Oh 'tis the cunning Liuerie of hell,
The damneſt bodie to inueſt, and couer
In prenzie gardes; doſt thou thinke *Claudio*,
If I would yeeld him my virginitie
Thou might'ſt be freed?
Cla. Oh heauens, it cannot be.
Iſa. Yes, he would giu't thee; from this rank offence
So to offend him ſtill. This night's the time
That I ſhould do what I abhorre to name,
Or elſe thou dieſt to morrow.
Clau. Thou ſhalt not do't.
Iſa. O, were it but my life,
I'de throw it downe for your deliuerance
As frankely as a pin.
Clau. Thankes deere *Iſabell*.
Iſa. Be readie *Claudio*, for your death to morrow.
Clau. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th'noſe,
When he would force it? Sure it is no ſinne,
Or of the deadly ſeuen it is the leaſt.
Iſa. Which is the leaſt?
Cla. If it were damnable, he being ſo wiſe,
Why would he for the momentarie tricke
Be perdurablie fin'de? Oh *Iſabell*.
Iſa. What ſaies my brother?
Cla. Death is a fearefull thing.
Iſa. And ſhamed life, a hatefull.
Cla. I, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot,
This ſenſible warme motion, to become
A kneaded clod; And the delighted ſpirit
To bath in fierie floods, or to recide
In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſſe windes
And blowne with reſtleſſe violence round about
The pendant world: or to be worſe then worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſſe and incertaine thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
The wearieſt, and moſt loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, periury, and impriſonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradiſe
To what we feare of death.
Iſa. Alas, alas.
Cla. Sweet Siſter, let me liue.
What ſinne you do, to ſaue a brothers life,
Nature diſpenſes with the deede ſo farre,
That it becomes a vertue.
Iſa. Oh you beaſt,
Oh faithleſſe Coward, oh diſhoneſt wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kinde of Inceſt, to take life
From thine owne ſiſters ſhame? What ſhould I thinke,
Heauen ſhield my Mother plaid my Father faire:
For ſuch a warped ſlip of wilderneſſe
Nere iſſu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, periſh: Might but my bending downe
Repreeue thee from thy fate, it ſhould proceede.
Ile pray a thouſand praiers for thy death,
No word to ſaue thee.
Cla. Nay heare me *Iſabell*.
Iſa. Oh fie, fie, fie:
Thy ſinn's not accidentall, but a Trade;

Mercy to thee would proue it ſelfe a Bawd,
'Tis beſt that thou dieſt quickly.

Cla. Oh heare me *Iſabella*.

Duk. Vouchſafe a word, yong ſiſter, but one word.

Iſa. What is your Will.

Duk. Might you diſpenſe with your leyſure, I would by and by haue ſome ſpeech with you: the ſatiſfaction I would require, is likewiſe your owne benefit.

Iſa. I haue no ſuperfluous leyſure, my ſtay muſt be ſtolen out of other affaires: but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I haue ouer-heard what hath paſt between you & your ſiſter. *Angelo* had neuer the purpoſe to corrupt her; onely he hath made an aſſay of her vertue, to practiſe his iudgement with the diſpoſition of natures. She (hauing the truth of honour in her) hath made him that gracious deniall, which he is moſt glad to receiue: I am Confeſſor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true, therfore prepare your ſelfe to death: do not ſatisfie your reſolution with hopes that are fallible, to morrow you muſt die, goe to your knees, and make ready.

Cla. Let me ask my ſiſter pardon, I am ſo out of loue with life, that I will ſue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: farewell: *Prouoſt*, a word with you.

Pro. What's your will (father?)

Duk. That now you are come, you wil be gone: leaue me a while with the Maid, my minde promiſes with my habit, no loſſe ſhall touch her by my company.

Pro. In good time. *Exit.*

Duk. The hand that hath made you faire, hath made you good: the goodnes that is cheape in beauty, makes beauty briefe in goodnes; but grace being the ſoule of your complexion, ſhall keepe the body of it euer faire: the aſſault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath conuaid to my vnderſtanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I ſhould wonder at *Angelo*: how will you doe to content this Subſtitute, and to ſaue your Brother?

Iſab. I am now going to reſolue him: I had rather my brother die by the Law, then my ſonne ſhould be vnlawfullie borne. But (oh) how much is the good Duke deceiu'd in *Angelo*: if euer he returne, and I can ſpeake to him, I will open my lips in vaine, or diſcouer his gouernment.

Duke. That ſhall not be much amiſſe: yet, as the matter now ſtands, he will auoid your accuſation: he made triall of you onelie. Therefore faſten your eare on my aduiſings, to the loue I haue in doing good; a remedie preſents it ſelfe. I doe make my ſelfe beleeue that you may moſt vprighteouſly do a poor wronged Lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry Law; doe no ſtaine to your owne gracious perſon, and much pleaſe the abſent Duke, if peraduenture he ſhall euer returne to haue hearing of this buſineſſe.

Iſab. Let me heare you ſpeake farther; I haue ſpirit to do any thing that appeares not fowle in the truth of my ſpirit.

Duke. Vertue is bold, and goodnes neuer fearefull: Haue you not heard ſpeake of *Mariana* the ſiſter of *Fredericke* the great Souldier, who miſcarried at Sea?

Iſa. I haue heard of the Lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Shee ſhould this *Angelo* haue married: was affianced to her oath, and the nuptiall appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the ſolemnitie, her brother *Fredericke* was wrackt at Sea, hauing in that periſhed veſſell, the dowry of his ſiſter: but marke how heauily this befell to the poore Gentlewoman, there ſhe loſt a noble and renowned brother, in his loue toward her, euer moſt kinde and naturall: with him the portion and ſinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry: with both, her combynate-husband, this well-ſeeming *Angelo*.

Iſab. Can this be ſo? did *Angelo* ſo leaue her?

Duke. Left her in her teares, & dried not one of them with his comfort: ſwallowed his vowes whole, pretending in her, diſcoueries of diſhonor: in few, beſtow'd her on her owne lamentation, which ſhe yet weares for his ſake: and he, a marble to her teares, is waſhed with them, but relents not.

Iſab. What a merit were it in death to take this poore maid from the world? what corruption in this life, that it will let this man liue? But how out of this can ſhee auaile?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may eaſily heale: and the cure of it not onely ſaues your brother, but keepes you from diſhonor in doing it.

Iſab. Shew me how (good Father.)

Duk. This fore-named Maid hath yet in her the continuance of her firſt affection: his vniuſt vnkindeneſſe (that in all reaſon ſhould haue quenched her loue) hath (like an impediment in the Current) made it more violent and vnruly: Goe you to *Angelo*, anſwere his requiring with a plauſible obedience, agree with his demands to the point: onely referre your ſelfe to this aduantage; firſt, that your ſtay with him may not be long: that the time may haue all ſhadow, and ſilence in it: and the place anſwere to conuenience: this being granted in courſe, and now followes all: wee ſhall aduiſe this wronged maid to ſteed vp your appointment, goe in your place: if the encounter acknowledge it ſelfe heereafter, it may compell him to her recompence; and heere, by this is your brother ſaued, your honor vntainted, the poore *Mariana* aduantaged, and the corrupt Deputy ſcaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt: if you thinke well to carry this as you may, the doublenes of the benefit defends the deceit from reproofe. What thinke you of it?

Iſab. The image of it giues me content already, and I truſt it will grow to a moſt proſperous perfection.

Duk. It lies much in your holding vp: haſte you ſpeedily to *Angelo*, if for this night he intreat you to his bed, giue him promiſe of ſatisfaction: I will preſently to S. *Lukes*, there at the moated-Grange recides this deiected *Mariana*; at that place call vpon me, and diſpatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Iſab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well good father. *Exit.*

Enter Elbow, Clowne, Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needes buy and ſell men and women like beaſts, we ſhall haue all the world drinke browne & white baſtard.

Duk. Oh heauens, what ſtuffe is heere.

Clow. Twas neuer merry world ſince of two vſuries the merrieſt was put downe, and the worſer allow'd by order of Law; a fur'd gowne to keepe him warme; and furd with Foxe and Lamb-skins too, to ſignifie, that craft being richer then Innocency, ſtands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way ſir: 'bleſſe you good Father Frier.

Duk. And you good Brother Father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry Sir, he hath offended the Law; and Sir, we take him to be a Theefe too Sir: for wee haue found vpon him Sir, a ſtrange Pick-lock, which we haue ſent to the Deputie.

Duke. Fie, ſirrah, a Bawd, a wicked bawd,
The euill that thou cauſeſt to be done,
That is thy meanes to liue. Do thou but thinke
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a backe
From ſuch a filthie vice: ſay to thy ſelfe,
From their abhominable and beaſtly touches
I drinke, I eate away my ſelfe, and liue:
Canſt thou beleeue thy liuing is a life,
So ſtinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clo. Indeed, it do's ſtinke in ſome ſort, Sir:
But yet Sir I would proue.

Duke. Nay, if the diuell haue giuen thee proofs for ſin
Thou wilt proue his. Take him to priſon Officer:
Correction, and Inſtruction muſt both worke
Ere this rude beaſt will profit.

Elb. He muſt before the Deputy Sir, he ha's giuen him warning: the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-maſter: if he be a Whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as ſome would ſeeme to bee
From our faults, as faults from ſeeming free.

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His necke will come to your waſt, a Cord ſir.

Clo. I ſpy comfort, I cry baile: Here's a Gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Luc. How now noble *Pompey*? What, at the wheels of *Caſar*? Art thou led in triumph? What is there none of *Pigmalions* Images newly made woman to bee had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What ſaiſt thou to this Tune, Matter, and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th laſt raine? Ha? What ſaiſt thou Trot? Is the world as it was Man? Which is the vvay? Is it ſad, and few words? Or how? The tricke of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: ſtill vvorſe?

Luc. How doth my deere Morſell, thy Miſtris? Procures ſhe ſtill? Ha?

Clo. Troth ſir, ſhee hath eaten vp all her beefe, and ſhe is her ſelfe in the tub.

Luc. Why 'tis good: It is the right of it: it muſt be ſo. Euer your freſh Whore, and your pouder'd Baud, an vnſhun'd conſequence, it muſt be ſo. Art going to priſon *Pompey*?

Clo. Yes faith ſir.

Luc. Why 'tis not amiſſe *Pompey*: farewell: goe ſay I ſent thee thether: for debt *Pompey*? Or how?

Elb. For being a baud, for being a baud.

Luc. Well, then impriſon him: If impriſonment be the due of a baud, why 'tis his right. Baud is he doubtleſſe, and of antiquity too: Baud borne. Farwell good *Pompey*: Commend me to the priſon *Pompey*, you will turne good husband now *Pompey*, you vvill keepe the houſe.

Clo. I hope Sir, your good Worſhip wil be my baile?

Luc. No indeed vvil I not *Pompey*, it is not the wear: I will pray (*Pompey*) to encreaſe your bondage if you take it not patiently: Why, your mettle is the more: Adieu truſtie *Pompey*.
Bleſſe you Friar.

Duke. And you.

Luc. Do's *Bridget* paint ſtill, *Pompey*? Ha?

Elb. Come your waies ſir, come.

Clo. You will not baile me then Sir?

Luc. Then *Pompey*, nor now: what newes abroad *Frier*? What newes?

Elb. Come your waies ſir, come.

Luc. Goe to kennell (*Pompey*) goe:
What newes *Frier* of the Duke?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Luc. Some ſay he is with the Emperor of *Ruſſia*: other ſome, he is in *Rome*: but where is he thinke you?

Duke. I know not where: but whereſoeuer, I wiſh him well.

Luc. It was a mad fantaſticall tricke of him to ſteale from the State, and vſurpe the beggerie hee was neuer borne to: Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in his abſence: he puts tranſgreſſion too't.

Duke. He do's well in't.

Luc. A little more lenitie to Lecherie would doe no harme in him: Something too crabbed that way, *Frier*.

Duk. It is too general a vice, and ſeueritie muſt cure it.

Luc. Yes in good ſooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is vvell allied, but it is impoſſible to extirpe it quite, Frier, till eating and drinking be put downe. They ſay this *Angelo* vvas not made by Man and Woman, after this downe-right vvay of Creation: is it true, thinke you?

Duke. How ſhould he be made then?

Luc. Some report, a Sea-maid ſpawn'd him. Some, that he vvas begot betweene two Stock-fiſhes. But it is certaine, that when he makes water, his Vrine is congeal'd ice, that I know to bee true: and he is a motion generatiue, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleaſant ſir, and ſpeake apace.

Luc. Why, what a ruthleſſe thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a Cod-peece, to take away the life of a man? Would the Duke that is abſent haue done this? Ere he vvould haue hang'd a man for the getting a hundred Baſtards, he vvould haue paide for the Nurſing a thouſand. He had ſome feeling of the ſport, hee knew the ſeruice, and that inſtructed him to mercie.

Duke. I neuer heard the abſent Duke much detected for Women, he was not enclin'd that vvay.

Luc. Oh Sir, you are deceiu'd.

Duke. 'Tis not poſſible.

Luc. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty: and his vſe was, to put a ducket in her Clack-diſh; the Duke had Crochets in him. Hee would be drunke too, that let me informe you.

Duke. You do him wrong, ſurely.

Luc. Sir, I vvas an inward of his: a ſhie fellow vvas the Duke, and I beleeue I know the cauſe of his vvithdrawing.

Duke. What (I prethee) might be the cauſe?

Luc. No, pardon: 'Tis a ſecret muſt bee lockt within the teeth and the lippes: but this I can let you vnderſtand, the greater file of the ſubiect held the Duke to be vviſe.

Duke. Wiſe? Why no queſtion but he was.

Luc. A very ſuperficiall, ignorant, vnweighing fellow

Duke. Either this is Enuie in you, Folly, or miſtaking: The very ſtreame of his life, and the buſineſſe he hath helmed, muſt vppon a warranted neede, giue him a better proclamation. Let him be but teſtimonied in his owne bringings forth, and hee ſhall appeare to the enuious, a Scholler, a Stateſman, and a Soldier: therefore you ſpeake vnskilfully: or, if your knowledge bee more, it is much darkned in your malice.

Luc. Sir,I know him, and I loue him.

Duke. Loue talkes with better knowledge,& knowledge with deare loue.

Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly beleeue that, ſince you know not what you ſpeake. But if euer the Duke returne (as our praiers are he may) let mee deſire you to make your anſwer before him : if it bee honeſt you haue ſpoke, you haue courage to maintaine it; I am bound to call vppon you, and I pray you your name?

Luc. Sir my name is *Lucio*,wel known to the Duke.

Duke. He ſhall know you better Sir, if I may liue to report you.

Luc. I feare you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will returne no more: or you imagine me to vnhurtfull an oppoſite:but indeed I can doe you little harme : You'll for-ſweare this againe?

Luc. Ile be hang'd firſt : Thou art deceiu'd in mee Friar. But no more of this : Canſt thou tell if *Claudio* die to morrow, or no?

Duke. Why ſhould he die Sir?

Luc. Why? For filling a bottle with a Tunne-diſh : I would the Duke we talke of were return'd againe: this vngenitur'd Agent will vn-people the Prouince with Continencie. Sparrowes muſt not build in his houſeeeues, becauſe they are lecherous: The Duke yet would haue darke deeds darkelie anſwered, hee would neuer bring them to light : would hee were return'd. Marrie this *Claudio* is condemned for vntruſſing.Farwell good Friar, I prethee pray for me : The Duke (I ſay to thee againe) would eate Mutton on Fridaies. He's now paſt it, yet (and I ſay to thee) hee would mouth with a beggar, though ſhe ſmelt browne-bread and Garlicke : ſay that I ſaid ſo : Farewell. *Exit.*

Duke. No might, nor greatneſſe in mortality
Can cenſure ſcape : Back-wounding calumnie
The whiteſt vertue ſtrikes. What King ſo ſtrong,
Can tie the gall vp in the ſlanderous tong?
But who comes heere?

Enter Eſcalus, Prouoſt, and Bawd.

Eſc. Go, away with her to priſon.

Bawd. Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor is accounted a mercifull man : good my Lord.

Eſc. Double, and trebble admonition, and ſtill forfeite in the ſame kinde? This would make mercy ſweare and play the Tirant.

Pro. A Bawd of eleuen yeares continuance, may it pleaſe your Honor.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one *Lucio's* information againſt me, Miſtris *Kate Keepe-downe* was with childe by him in the Dukes time, he promis'd her marriage : his Childe is a yeere and a quarter olde come *Philip* and *Iacob* : I haue kept it my ſelfe; and ſee how hee goes about to abuſe me.

Eſc. That fellow is a fellow of much Licenſe : Let him be call'd before vs, Away with her to priſon : Goe too, no more words. Prouoſt, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd, *Claudio* muſt die to morrow : Let him be furniſh'd with Diuines, and haue all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pitie, it ſhould not be ſo with him.

Pro. So pleaſe you, this Friar hath beene with him, and aduis'd him for th'entertainment of death.

Eſc. Good'euen, good Father.

Duke. Bliſſe, and goodneſſe on you.

Eſc. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this Countrie,though my chance is now
To vſe it for my time : I am a brother
Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea,
In ſpeciall buſineſſe from his Holineſſe.

Eſc. What newes abroad i'th World?

Duke. None, but that there is ſo great a Feauor on goodneſſe, that the diſſolution of it muſt cure it. Noueltie is onely in requeſt, and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kinde of courſe, as it is vertuous to be conſtant in any vndertaking. There is ſcarſe truth enough aliue to make Societies ſecure, but Securitie enough to make Fellowſhips accurſt: Much vpon this riddle runs the wiſedome of the world : This newes is old enough, yet it is euerie daies newes. I pray you Sir,of what diſpoſition was the Duke?

Eſc. One, that aboue all other ſtrifes,
Contended eſpecially to know himſelfe.

Duke. What pleaſure was he giuen to?

Eſc. Rather reioycing to ſee another merry, then merrrie at anie thing which profeſt to make him reioice. A Gentleman of all temperance. But leaue wee him to his euents, with a praier they may proue proſperous, & let me deſire to know, how you finde *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to vnderſtand, that you haue lent him viſitation.

Duke. He profeſſes to haue receiued no ſiniſter meaſure from his Iudge, but moſt willingly humbles himſelfe to the determination of Iuſtice : yet had he framed to himſelfe (by the inſtruction of his frailty) manie deceyuing promiſes of life, which I (by my good leiſure) haue diſcredited to him, and now is he reſolu'd to die.

Eſc. You haue paid the heauens your Function, and the priſoner the verie debt of your Calling. I haue labour'd for the poore Gentleman,to the extremeſt ſhore of my modeſtie,but my brother-Iuſtice haue I found ſo ſeuere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, hee is indeede Iuſtice.

Duke. If his owne life,
Anſwere the ſtraitneſſe of his proceeding,
It ſhall become him well : wherein if he chance to faile
he hath ſentenc'd himſelfe.

Eſc. I am going to viſit the priſoner, Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you.
He who the ſword of Heauen will beare,
Should be as holy, as ſeueare :
Patterne in himſelfe to know,
Grace to ſtand, and Vertue go :
More, nor leſſe to others paying,
Then by ſelfe-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whoſe cruell ſtriking,
Kils for faults of his owne liking :
Twice trebble ſhame on *Angelo*,
To vveede my vice, and let his grow.
Oh, what may Man within him hide,
Though Angel on the outward ſide?
How may likeneſſe made in crimes,
Making practiſe on the Times,
To draw with ydle Spiders ſtrings
Moſt ponderous and ſubſtantiall things?
Craft againſt vice, I muſt applie.
With *Angelo* to night ſhall lye
His old betroathed (but deſpiſed:)
So diſguiſe ſhall by th'diſguiſed
Pay with falſhood, falſe exacting,
And performe an olde contracting. *Exit*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Mariana, and Boy ſinging.

Song. *Take, oh take thoſe lips away,*
that ſo ſweetly were forſworne,
And thoſe eyes : the breake of day
lights that doe miſlead the Morne;
But my kiſſes bring againe, bring againe,
Seales of loue, but ſeal'd in vaine, ſeal'd in vaine.

Enter Duke.

Mar. Breake off thy ſong, and haſte thee quick away,
Here comes a man of comfort, whoſe aduice
Hath often ſtill'd my brawling diſcontent.
I cry you mercie, Sir, and well could wiſh
You had not found me here ſo muſicall.
Let me excuſe me, and beleeue me ſo,
My mirth it much diſpleaſ'd, but pleaſ'd my woe.

Duk. 'Tis good; though Muſick oft hath ſuch a charme
To make bad, good; and good prouoake to harme.
I pray you tell me,hath any body enquir'd for mee here to day; much vpon this time haue I promiſ'd here to meete.

Mar. You haue not bin enquir'd after : I haue ſat here all day.

Enter Iſabell.

Duk. I doe conſtantly beleeue you : the time is come euen now. I ſhall craue your forbearance alittle,may be I will call vpon you anone for ſome aduantage to your ſelfe.

Mar. I am alwayes bound to you. *Exit.*

Duk. Very well met,and well come :
What is the newes from this good Deputie?

Iſab. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Bricke,
Whoſe weſterne ſide is with a Vineyard back't;
And to that Vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger Key :
This other doth command a little doore,
Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leades,
There haue I made my promiſe, vpon the
Heauy midle of the night,to call vpon him.

Duk. But ſhall you on your knowledge find this way?

Iſab. I haue t'ane a due,and wary note vpon't,
With whiſpering,and moſt guiltie diligence,
In action all of precept,he did ſhow me
The way twice ore.

Duk. Are there no other tokens
Betweene you 'greed,concerning her obſeruance?

Iſab. No : none but onely a repaire ith' darke,
And that I haue poſſeſt him,my moſt ſtay
Can be but briefe : for I haue made him know,
I haue a Seruant comes with me along
That ſtaies vpon me; whoſe perſwaſion is,
I come about my Brother.

Duk. 'Tis well borne vp.
I haue not yet made knowne to *Mariana*

Enter Mariana.

A word of this : what hoa,within; come forth,
I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,
She comes to doe you good.

Iſab. I doe deſire the like.

Duk. Do you perſwade your ſelfe that I reſpect you?

Mar. Good Frier, I know you do,and haue found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand
Who hath a ſtorie readie for your eare :
I ſhall attend your leiſure, but make haſte
The vaporous night approaches.

Mar. Wilt pleaſe you walke aſide. *Exit.*

Duke. Oh Place,and greatnes : millions of falſe eies
Are ſtucke vpon thee : volumes of report
Run with theſe falſe, and moſt contrarious Queſt
Vpon thy doings : thouſand eſcapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreame,
And racke thee in their fancies. Welcome,how agreed?

Enter Mariana and Iſabella.

Iſab. Shee'll take the enterprize vpon her father,
If you aduiſe it.

Duke. It is not my conſent,
But my entreaty too.

Iſa. Little haue you to ſay
When you depart from him, but ſoft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mar. Feare me not.

Duk. Nor gentle daughter, feare you not at all :
He is your husband on a pre-contract :
To bring you thus together 'tis no ſinne,
Sith that the Iuſtice of your title to him
Doth flouriſh the deceit. Come, let vs goe,
Our Corne's to reape,for yet our Tithes to ſow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prouoſt and Clowne.

Pro. Come hither ſirha; can you cut off a mans head?

Clo. If the man be a Bachelor Sir,I can :
But if he be a married man, he's his wiues head,
And I can neuer cut off a womans head.

Pro. Come ſir,leaue me your ſnatches, and yeeld mee a direct anſwere. To morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine* : heere is in our priſon a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take it on you to aſſiſt him, it ſhall redeeme you from your Gyues : if not,you ſhall haue your full time of impriſonment, and your deliuerance with an vnpittied whipping; for you haue beene a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I haue beene an vnlawfull bawd,time out of minde, but yet I will bee content to be a lawfull hangman : I would bee glad to receiue ſome inſtruction from my fellow partner.

Pro. What hoa, *Abhorſon* : where's *Abhorſon* there?

Enter Abhorſon.

Abh. Doe you call ſir?

Pro. Sirha,here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow in your execution : if you thinke it meet,compound with him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you,if not, vſe him for the preſent, and diſmiſſe him, hee cannot plead his eſtimation with you : he hath beene a Bawd.

Abh. A Bawd Sir? fie vpon him,he will diſcredit our myſterie.

Pro. Goe too Sir, you waigh equallie : a feather will turne the Scale. *Exit.*

Clo. Pray ſir, by your good fauor : for ſurely ſir, a good fauor you haue,but that you haue a hanging look : Doe you call ſir,your occupation a Myſterie?

Abh. I Sir, a Miſterie.

Clo. Painting Sir, I haue heard ſay, is a Miſterie; and your Whores ſir, being members of my occupation, vſing painting, do proue my Occupation, a Miſterie: but what Miſterie there ſhould be in hanging, if I ſhould be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abh. Sir, it is a Miſterie.

Clo. Proofe.

Abh. Euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Clo. If it be too little for your theefe, your true man thinkes it bigge enough. If it bee too bigge for your Theefe, your Theefe thinkes it little enough: So euerie true mans apparrell fits your Theefe.

Enter Prouoſt.

Pro. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will ſerue him: For I do finde your Hangman is a more penitent Trade then your Bawd: he doth oftner aske forgiueneſſe.

Pro. You ſirrah, prouide your blocke and your Axe to morrow, foure a clocke.

Abh. Come on (Bawd) I will inſtruct thee in my Trade: follow.

Clo. I do deſire to learne ſir: and I hope, if you haue occaſion to vſe me for your owne turne, you ſhall finde me y'are. For truly ſir, for your kindneſſe, I owe you a good turne. *Exit*

Pro. Call hether *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:
Th'one has my pitie; not a iot the other,
Being a Murtherer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Looke, here's the Warrant *Claudio*, for thy death,
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to morrow
Thou muſt be made immortall. Where's *Barnardine*?

Cla. As faſt lock'd vp in ſleepe, as guiltleſſe labour,
When it lies ſtarkely in the Trauellers bones,
He will not wake.

Pro. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your ſelfe. But harke, what noiſe?
Heauen giue your ſpirits comfort: by, and by,
I hope it is ſome pardon, or repreeue
For the moſt gentle *Claudio*. Welcome Father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The beſt, and wholſomſt ſpirits of the night,
Inuellop you, good Prouoſt: who call'd heere of late?

Pro. None ſince the Curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Iſabell*?

Pro. No.

Duke. They will then er't be long.

Pro. What comfort is for *Claudio*?

Duke. There's ſome in hope.

Pro. It is a bitter Deputie.

Duke. Not ſo, not ſo: his life is paralel'd
Euen with the ſtroke and line of his great Iuſtice:
He doth with holie abſtinence ſubdue
That in himſelfe, which he ſpurres on his powre
To qualifie in others: were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tirrannous,
But this being ſo, he's iuſt. Now are they come.
This is a gentle Prouoſt, ſildome when
The ſteeled Gaoler is the friend of men:
How now? what noiſe? That ſpirit's poſſeſt with haſt,
That wounds th'vnſiſting Poſterne with theſe ſtrokes.

Pro. There he muſt ſtay vntil the Officer
Ariſe to let him in: he is call'd vp.

Duke. Haue you no countermand for *Claudio* yet?
But he muſt die to morrow?

Pro. None Sir, none.

Duke. As neere the dawning Prouoſt, as it is,
You ſhall heare more ere Morning.

Pro. Happely
You ſomething know: yet I beleeue there comes
No countermand: no ſuch example haue we:
Beſides, vpon the verie ſiege of Iuſtice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publike eare
Profeſt the contrarie.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Duke. This is his Lords man.

Pro. And heere comes *Claudio's* pardon.

Meſſ. My Lord hath ſent you this note,
And by mee this further charge;
That you ſwerue not from the ſmalleſt Article of it,
Neither in time, matter, or other circumſtance.
Good morrow: for as I take it, it is almoſt day.

Pro. I ſhall obey him.

Duke. This is his Pardon purchas'd by ſuch ſin,
For which the Pardoner himſelfe is in:
Hence hath offence his quicke celeritie,
When it is borne in high Authority.
When Vice makes Mercie; Mercie's ſo extended,
That for the faults loue, is th'offender friended.
Now Sir, what newes?

Pro. I told you:
Lord *Angelo* (be-like) thinking me remiſſe
In mine Office, awakens mee
With this vnwonted putting on, methinks ſtrangely:
For he hath not vs'd it before.

Duk. Pray you let's heare.

The Letter.

Whatſoeuer you may heare to the contrary, let Claudio *be executed by foure of the clocke, and in the afternoone* Bernardine*: For my better ſatisfaction, let mee haue* Claudios *head ſent me by fiue. Let this be duely performed with a thought that more depends on it, then we muſt yet deliuer. Thus faile not to doe your Office, as you will anſwere it at your perill.*

What ſay you to this Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in th'afternoone?

Pro. A Bohemian borne: But here nurſt vp & bred, One that is a priſoner nine yeeres old.

Duke. How came it, that the abſent Duke had not either deliuer'd him to his libertie, or executed him? I haue heard it was euer his manner to do ſo.

Pro. His friends ſtill wrought Repreeues for him: And indeed his fact till now in the gouernment of Lord *Angelo*, came not to an vndoubtfull proofe.

Duke. It is now apparant?

Pro. Moſt manifeſt, and not denied by himſelfe.

Duke. Hath he borne himſelfe penitently in priſon? How ſeemes he to be touch'd?

Pro. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken ſleepe, careleſſe, wreakleſſe, and feareleſſe of what's paſt, preſent, or to come: inſenſible of mortality, and deſperately mortall.

Duke. He wants aduice.

Pro. He wil heare none: he hath euermore had the liberty of the priſon: giue him leaue to eſcape hence, hee would not. Drunke many times a day, if not many daies entirely drunke. We haue verie oft awak'd him, as if to carrie him to execution, and ſhew'd him a ſeeming warrant for it, it hath not moued him at all.

Duke. More of him anon: There is written in your brow Prouoſt, honeſty and conſtancie; if I reade it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me: but in the boldnes of my cunning, I will lay my ſelfe in hazard: *Claudio*, whom heere you haue warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the Law, then *Angelo* who hath ſentenc'd him. To make you vnderſtand this in a manifeſted effect, I craue but foure daies reſpit: for the which, you are to do me both a preſent, and a dangerous courteſie.

Pro. Pray Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Pro. Alacke, how may I do it? Hauing the houre limited, and an expreſſe command, vnder penaltie, to deliuer his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my caſe as *Claudio's*, to croſſe this in the ſmalleſt.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you,
If my inſtructions may be your guide,
Let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed,
And his head borne to *Angelo*.

Pro. *Angelo* hath ſeene them both,
And will diſcouer the fauour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great diſguiſer, and you may adde to it; Shaue the head, and tie the beard, and ſay it was the deſire of the penitent to be ſo bar'de before his death: you know the courſe is common. If any thing fall to you vpon this, more then thankes and good fortune, by the Saint whom I profeſſe, I will plead againſt it with my life.

Pro. Pardon me, good Father, it is againſt my oath.

Duke. Were you ſworne to the Duke, or to the Deputie?

Pro. To him, and to his Subſtitutes.

Duke. You will thinke you haue made no offence, if the Duke auouch the iuſtice of your dealing?

Pro. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a reſemblance, but a certainty; yet ſince I ſee you fearfull, that neither my coate, integrity, nor perſwaſion, can with eaſe attempt you, I wil go further then I meant, to plucke all feares out of you. Looke you Sir, heere is the hand and Seale of the Duke: you know the Charracter I doubt not, and the Signet is not ſtrange to you?

Pro. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents of this, is the returne of the Duke; you ſhall anon ouer-reade it at your pleaſure: where you ſhall finde within theſe two daies, he wil be heere. This is a thing that *Angelo* knowes not, for hee this very day receiues letters of ſtrange tenor, perchance of the Dukes death, perchance entering into ſome Monaſterie, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Looke, th'vnfolding Starre calles vp the Shepheard; put not your ſelfe into amazement, how theſe things ſhould be; all difficulties are but eaſie vvhen they are knowne. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardines* head: I will giue him a preſent ſhrift, and aduiſe him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this ſhall abſolutely reſolue you: Come away, it is almoſt cleere dawne. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. I am as well acquainted heere, as I was in our houſe of profeſſion: one would thinke it vvere Miſtris *Ouer-dons* owne houſe, for heere be manie of her olde Cuſtomers. Firſt, here's yong Mr *Raſh*, hee's in for a commoditie of browne paper, and olde Ginger, nine ſcore and ſeuenteene pounds, of which hee made fiue Markes readie money: marrie then, Ginger was not much in requeſt, for the olde Women vvere all dead. Then is there heere one Mr *Caper*, at the ſuite of Maſter *Three-Pile* the Mercer, for ſome foure ſuites of Peach-colour'd Satten, which now peaches him a beggar. Then haue vve heere, yong *Dizie*, and yong Mr *Deepe-vow*, and Mr *Copperſpurre*, and Mr *Starue-Lackey* the Rapier and dagger man, and yong *Drop-heire* that kild luſtie *Pudding*, and Mr *Forthlight* the Tilter, and braue Mr *Shootie* the great Traueller, and wilde *Halfe-Canne* that ſtabb'd Pots, and I thinke fortie more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lords ſake.

Enter Abhorſon.

Abh. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hether.

Clo. Mr *Barnardine*, you muſt riſe and be hang'd, Mr *Barnardine*.

Abh. What hoa *Barnardine*.

Barnardine within.

Bar. A pox o'your throats: who makes that noyſe there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends Sir, the Hangman:
You muſt be ſo good Sir to riſe, and be put to death.

Bar. Away you Rogue, away, I am ſleepie.

Abh. Tell him he muſt awake,
And that quickly too.

Clo: Pray Maſter *Barnardine*, awake till you are executed, and ſleepe afterwards.

Ab. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is comming Sir, he is comming: I heare his Straw ruſſle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abh. Is the Axe vpon the blocke, ſirrah?

Clo. Verie readie Sir.

Bar. How now *Abhorſon*?
What's the newes vvith you?

Abh. Truly Sir, I would deſire you to clap into your prayers: for looke you, the Warrants come.

Bar. You Rogue, I haue bin drinking all night,
I am not fitted for't.

Clo. Oh, the better Sir: for he that drinkes all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may ſleepe the ſounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abh. Looke you Sir, heere comes your ghoſtly Father: do we ieſt now thinke you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charitie, and hearing how haſtily you are to depart, I am come to aduiſe you,
Comfort you, and pray with you.

Bar. Friar, not I: I haue bin drinking hard all night, and I will haue more time to prepare mee, or they ſhall beat out my braines with billets: I will not conſent to die this day, that's certaine.

Duke. Oh ſir, you muſt: and therefore I beſeech you
Looke forward on the iournie you ſhall go.

Bar. I ſweare I will not die to day for anie mans perſwaſion.

Duke. But heare you:

Bar. Not a word; if you haue anie thing to ſay to me, come to my Ward: for thence will not I to day. *Exit*

Enter Prouoſt.

Duke. Vnfit to liue, or die: oh grauell heart.

After him (Fellowes) bring him to the blocke.

Pro. Now Sir, how do you finde the priſoner?

Duke. A creature vnpre-par'd, vnmeet for death,
And to tranſport him in the minde he is,
Were damnable.

Pro. Heere in the priſon, Father,
There died this morning of a cruell Feauor,
One *Ragozine*, a moſt notorious Pirate,
A man of *Claudio*'s yeares: his beard, and head
Iuſt of his colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobate, til he were wel enclin'd,
And ſatisfie the Deputie with the viſage
Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. Oh, 'tis an accident that heauen prouides:
Diſpatch it preſently, the houre drawes on
Prefixt by *Angelo*: See this be done,
And ſent according to command, whiles I
Perſwade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Pro. This ſhall be done (good Father) preſently:
But *Barnardine* muſt die this afternoone,
And how ſhall we continue *Claudio*,
To ſaue me from the danger that might come,
If he were knowne aliue?

Duke. Let this be done,
Put them in ſecret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*,
Ere twice the Sun hath made his iournall greeting
To yond generation, you ſhal finde
Your ſafetie manifeſted.

Pro. I am your free dependant. *Exit.*

Duke. Quicke, diſpatch, and ſend the head to *Angelo*
Now wil I write Letters to *Angelo*,
(The Prouoſt he ſhal beare them) whoſe contents
Shal witneſſe to him I am neere at home:
And that by great Iniunctions I am bound
To enter publikely: him Ile deſire
To meet me at the conſecrated Fount,
A League below the Citie: and from thence,
By cold gradation, and weale-ballanc'd forme.
We ſhal proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Prouoſt.

Pro. Heere is the head, Ile carrie it my ſelfe.

Duke. Conuenient is it: Make a ſwift returne,
For I would commune with you of ſuch things,
That want no eare but yours.

Pro. Ile make all ſpeede. *Exit*

Iſabell within.

Iſa. Peace hoa, be heere.

Duke. The tongue of *Iſabell*. She's come to know,
If yet her brothers pardon be come hither:
But I will keepe her ignorant of her good,
To make her heauenly comforts of diſpaire,
When it is leaſt expected.

Enter Iſabella.

Iſa. Hoa, by your leaue.

Duke. Good morning to you, faire, and gracious daughter.

Iſa. The better giuen me by ſo holy a man,
Hath yet the Deputie ſent my brothers pardon?

Duke. He hath releaſd him, *Iſabell*, from the world,
His head is off, and ſent to *Angelo*.

Iſa. Nay, but it is not ſo.

Duke. It is no other,
Shew your wiſedome daughter in your cloſe patience.

Iſa. Oh, I wil to him, and plucke out his eies.

Duk. You ſhal not be admitted to his ſight.

Iſa. Vnhappie *Claudio*, wretched *Iſabell*,
Iniurious world, moſt damned *Angelo*.

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a iot,
Forbeare it therefore, giue your cauſe to heauen,
Marke what I ſay, which you ſhal finde
By euery ſillable a faithful veritie.
The Duke comes home to morrow: nay drie your eyes,
One of our Couent, and his Confeſſor
Giues me this inſtance: Already he hath carried
Notice to *Eſcalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meete him at the gates,
There to giue vp their powre: If you can pace your wiſdome,
In that good path that I would wiſh it go,
And you ſhal haue your boſome on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, reuenges to your heart,
And general Honor.

Iſa. I am directed by you.

Duk. This Letter then to Friar *Peter* giue,
'Tis that he ſent me of the Dukes returne:
Say, by this token, I deſire his companie
At *Mariana*'s houſe to night. Her cauſe, and yours
Ile perfect him withall, and he ſhal bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuſe him home and home. For my poore ſelfe,
I am combined by a ſacred Vow,
And ſhall be abſent. Wend you with this Letter:
Command theſe fretting waters from your eies
With a light heart; truſt not my holie Order
If I peruert your courſe: whoſe heere?

Enter Lucio.

Luc. Good'euen;
Frier, where's the Prouoſt?

Duke. Not within Sir.

Luc. Oh prettie *Iſabella*, I am pale at mine heart, to ſee thine eyes ſo red: thou muſt be patient; I am faine to dine and ſup with water and bran: I dare not for my head fill my belly. One fruitful Meale would ſet mee too't: but they ſay the Duke will be heere to Morrow. By my troth *Iſabell* I lou'd thy brother, if the olde fantaſtical Duke of darke corners had bene at home, he had liued.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marueilous little beholding to your reports, but the beſt is, he liues not in them.

Luc. Friar, thou knoweſt not the Duke ſo wel as I do: he's a better woodman then thou tak'ſt him for.

Duke. Well: you'l anſwer this one day. Fare ye well.

Luc. Nay tarrie, Ile go along with thee,
I can tel thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You haue told me too many of him already ſir if they be true: if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Wench with childe.

Duke. Did you ſuch a thing?

Luc. Yes marrie did I; but I was faine to forſwear it, They would elſe haue married me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir your company is fairer then honeſt, reſt you well.

Lucio. By my troth Ile go with thee to the lanes end: if baudy talke offend you, we'el haue very litle of it: nay Friar, I am a kind of Burre, I ſhal ſticke. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Angelo & Eſcalus.

Eſc. Euery Letter he hath writ, hath diſuouch'd other.

Ang.

An. In moſt vneuen and diſtracted manner, his actions ſhow much like to madneſſe, pray heauen his wiſedome bee not tainted: and why meet him at the gates and reliuer ou rauthorities there?

Eſc. I gheſſe not.

Ang. And why ſhould wee proclaime it in an howre before his entring, that if any craue redreſſe of iniuſtice, they ſhould exhibit their petitions in the ſtreet?

Eſc. He ſhowes his reaſon for that: to haue a diſpatch of Complaints, and to deliuer vs from deuices heereafter, which ſhall then haue no power to ſtand againſt vs.

Ang. Well: I beſeech you let it bee proclaim'd betimes i'th' morne, Ile call you at your houſe: giue notice to ſuch men of ſort and ſuite as are to meete him.

Eſc. I ſhall ſir: fareyouwell. *Exit.*

Ang. Good night.
This deede vnſhapes me quite, makes me vnpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowred maid,
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The Law againſt it? But that her tender ſhame
Will not proclaime againſt her maiden loſſe,
How might ſhe tongue me? yet reaſon dares her no,
For my Authority beares of a credent bulke,
That no particular ſcandall once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He ſhould haue liu'd,
Saue that his riotous youth with dangerous ſenſe
Might in the times to come haue ta'ne reuenge
By ſo receiuing a diſhonor'd life
With ranſome of ſuch ſhame: would yet he had liued.
Alack, when once our grace we haue forgot,
Nothing goes right, we would, and we would not. *Exit.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Duke and Frier Peter.

Duke. Theſe Letters at fit time deliuer me,
The Prouoſt knowes our purpoſe and our plot,
The matter being a foote, keepe your inſtruction
And hold you euer to our ſpeciall drift,
Though ſometimes you doe blench from this to that
As cauſe doth miniſter: Goe call at *Flauia*'s houſe,
And tell him where I ſtay: giue the like notice
To *Valencius*, *Rowland*, and to *Craſſus*,
And bid them bring the Trumpets to the gate:
But ſend me *Flauius* firſt.

Peter. It ſhall be ſpeeded well.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee *Varrius*, thou haſt made good haſt,
Come, we will walke: There's other of our friends
Will greet vs heere anon: my gentle *Varrius*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Iſabella and Mariana.

Iſab. To ſpeak ſo indirectly I am loath,
I would ſay the truth, but to accuſe him ſo
That is your part, yet I am aduis'd to doe it,
He ſaies, to vaile full purpoſe.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Iſab. Beſides he tells me, that if peraduenture
He ſpeake againſt me on the aduerſe ſide,
I ſhould not thinke it ſtrange, for 'tis a phyſicke
That's bitter, to ſweet end.

Enter Peter.

Mar. I would *Frier Peter*

Iſab. Oh peace, the *Frier* is come.

Peter. Come I haue found you out a ſtand moſt fit,
Where you may haue ſuch vantage on the *Duke*
He ſhall not paſſe you:
Twice haue the Trumpets ſounded.
The generous, and graueſt Citizens
Haue hent the gates, and very neere vpon
The *Duke* is entring:
Therefore hence away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Eſculus, Lucio, Citizens at ſeuerall doores.

Duk. My very worthy Coſen, fairely met,
Our old, and faithfull friend, we are glad to ſee you.

Ang. Eſc. Happy returne be to yont royall grace.

Duk. Many and harty thankings to you both:
We haue made enquiry of you, and we heare
Such goodneſſe of your Iuſtice, that our ſoule
Cannot but yeeld you forth to publique thankes
Forerunning more requitall.

Ang. You make my bonds ſtill greater.

Duk. Oh your deſert ſpeaks loud, & I ſhould wrong it
To locke it in the wards of couert boſome
When it deſerues with characters of braſſe
A forted reſidence 'gainſt the tooth of time,
And razure of obliuion: Giue we your hand
And let the Subiect ſee, to make them know
That outward curteſies would faine proclaime
Fauours that keepe within: Come *Eſcalus*,
You muſt walke by vs, on our other hand:
And good ſupporters are you.

Enter Peter and Iſabella.

Peter. Now is your time
Speake loud, and kneele before him.

Iſab. Iuſtice, O royall *Duke*, vaile your regard
Vpon a wrong'd (I would faine haue ſaid a Maid)
Oh worthy Prince, diſhonor not your eye
By throwing it on any other obiect,
Till you haue heard me, in my true complaint,
And giuen me Iuſtice, Iuſtice, Iuſtice, Iuſtice.

Duk. Relate your wrongs;
In what, by whom? be briefe:
Here is Lord *Angelo* ſhall giue you Iuſtice,
Reueale your ſelfe to him.

Iſab. Oh worthy *Duke*,
You bid me ſeeke redemption of the diuell,
Heare me your ſelfe: for that which I muſt ſpeake
Muſt either puniſh me, not being beleeu'd,
Or wring redreſſe from you:
Heare me: oh heare me, heere.

Ang. My Lord, her wits I feare me are not firme;
She hath bin a ſuitor to me, for her Brother
Cut off by courſe of Iuſtice.

Iſab. By courſe of Iuſtice.

Ang. And ſhe will ſpeake moſt bitterly, and ſtrange.

Iſab. Moſt ſtrange: but yet moſt truely wil I ſpeake,
That *Angelo's* forſworne, is it not ſtrange?
That *Angelo's* a murtherer, is't not ſtrange?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous thiefe,
An hypocrite, a virgin violator,
Is it not ſtrange? and ſtrange?
Duke. Nay it is ten times ſtrange?
Iſa. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Then this is all as true, as it is ſtrange;
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th'end of reckning.
Duke. Away with her: poore ſoule
She ſpeakes this, in th'infirmity of ſence.
Iſa. Oh Prince, I coniure thee, as thou beleeu'ſt
There is another comfort, then this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madneſſe: make not impoſſible
That which but ſeemes vnlike, 'tis not impoſſible
But one, the wickedſt caitiffe on the ground
May ſeeme as ſhie, as graue, as iuſt, as abſolute:
As *Angelo*, euen ſo may *Angelo*
In all his dreſſings, caracts, titles, formes,
Be an arch-villaine: Beleeue it, royall Prince
If he be leſſe, he's nothing, but he's more,
Had I more name for badneſſe.
Duke. By mine honeſty
If ſhe be mad, as I beleeue no other,
Her madneſſe hath the oddeſt frame of ſenſe,
Such a dependancy of thing, on thing,
As ere I heard in madneſſe.
Iſab. Oh gracious *Duke*
Harpe not on that; nor do not baniſh reaſon
For inequality, but let your reaſon ſerue
To make the truth appeare, where it ſeemes hid,
And hide the falſe ſeemes true.
Duk. Many that are not mad
Haue ſure more lacke of reaſon:
What would you ſay?
Iſab. I am the Siſter of one *Claudio*,
Condemnd vpon the Act of Fornication
To looſe his head, condemn'd by *Angelo*,
I, (in probation of a Siſterhood)
Was ſent to by my Brother; one *Lucio*
As then the Meſſenger.
Luc. That's I, and't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and deſir'd her,
To try her gracious fortune with Lord *Angelo*,
For her poore Brothers pardon.
Iſab. That's he indeede.
Duk. You were not bid to ſpeake.
Luc. No, my good Lord,
Nor wiſh'd to hold my peace.
Duk. I wiſh you now then,
Pray you take note of it: and when you haue
A buſineſſe for your ſelfe: pray heauen you then
Be perfect.
Luc. I warrant your honor.
Duk. The warrant's for your ſelfe: take heede to't.
Iſab. This Gentleman told ſomewhat of my Tale.
Luc. Right.
Duk. It may be right, but you are i'the wrong
To ſpeake before your time: proceed,
Iſab. I went
To this pernicious Caitiffe Deputie.
Duk. That's ſomewhat madly ſpoken.
Iſab. Pardon it,
The phraſe is to the matter.
Duke. Mended againe: the matter: proceed.
Iſab. In briefe, to ſet the needleſſe proceſſe by:
How I perſwaded, how I praid, and kneel'd,
How he refeld me, and how I replide
(For this was of much length) the vild concluſion
I now begin with griefe, and ſhame to vtter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaſte body
To his concupiſcible intemperate luſt
Releaſe my brother; and after much debatement,
My ſiſterly remorſe, confutes mine honour,
And I did yeeld to him: But the next morne betimes,
His purpoſe ſurfetting, he ſends a warrant
For my poore brothers head.
Duke. This is moſt likely.
Iſab. Oh that it were as like as it is true.
Duk. By heauen (fond wretch) ẏ knowſt not what thou (ſpeak'ſt,
Or elſe thou art ſuborn'd againſt his honor
In hatefull practiſe: firſt his Integritie
Stands without blemiſh: next it imports no reaſon,
That with ſuch vehemency he ſhould purſue
Faults proper to himſelfe: if he had ſo offended
He would haue waigh'd thy brother by himſelfe,
And not haue cut him off: ſome one hath ſet you on:
Confeſſe the truth, and ſay by whoſe aduice
Thou cam'ſt heere to complaine.
Iſab. And is this all?
Then oh you bleſſed Miniſters aboue
Keepe me in patience, and with ripened time
Vnfold the euill, which is heere wrapt vp
In countenance: heauen ſhield your Grace from woe,
As I thus wrong'd, hence vnbeleeued goe.
Duke. I know you'ld faine be gone: An Officer:
To priſon with her: Shall we thus permit
A blaſting and a ſcandalous breath to fall,
On him ſo neere vs? This needs muſt be a practiſe;
Who knew of your intent and comming hither?
Iſa. One that I would were heere, *Frier Lodowick*.
Duk. A ghoſtly Father, belike:
Who knowes that *Lodowicke*?
Luc. My Lord, I know him, 'tis a medling Fryer,
I doe not like the man: had he been Lay my Lord,
For certaine words he ſpake againſt your Grace
In your retirment, I had ſwing'd him ſoundly.
Duke. Words againſt mee? this 'a good Fryer belike
And to ſet on this wretched woman here
Againſt our Subſtitute: Let this Fryer be found.
Luc. But yeſternight my Lord, ſhe and that Fryer
I ſaw them at the priſon: a ſawcy Fryar,
A very ſcuruy fellow.
Peter. Bleſſed be your Royall Grace:
I haue ſtood by my Lord, and I haue heard
Your royall eare abus'd: firſt hath this woman
Moſt wrongfully accus'd your Subſtitute,
Who is as free from touch, or ſoyle with her
As ſhe from one vngot.
Duke. We did beleeue no leſſe.
Know you that Frier *Lodowick* that ſhe ſpeakes of?
Peter. I know him for a man diuine and holy,
Not ſcuruy, nor a temporary medler
As he's reported by this Gentleman:
And on my truſt, a man that neuer yet
Did (as he vouches) miſ-report your Grace.
Luc. My Lord, moſt villanouſly, beleeue it.
Peter. Well: he in time may come to cleere himſelfe;
But at this inſtant he is ſicke, my Lord:
Of

Of a ſtrange Feauor: vpon his meere requeſt
Being come to knowledge, that there was complaint
Intended 'gainſt Lord *Angelo*, came I hether
To ſpeake as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and falſe: And what he with his oath
And all probation will make vp full cleare
Whenſoeuer he's conuented: Firſt for this woman,
To iuſtifie this worthy Noble man
So vulgarly and perſonally accus'd,
Her ſhall you heare diſproued to her eyes,
Till ſhe her ſelfe confeſſe it.
Duk. Good Frier, let's heare it:
Doe you not ſmile at this, Lord *Angelo*?
Oh heauen, the vanity of wretched fooles.
Giue vs ſome ſeates, Come coſen *Angelo*,
In this I'll be impartiall: be you Iudge
Of your owne Cauſe: Is this the Witnes Frier?

Enter Mariana.

Firſt, let her ſhew your face, and after, ſpeake.
Mar. Pardon my Lord, I will not ſhew my face
Vntill my husband bid me.
Duke. What, are you married?
Mar. No my Lord.
Duke. Are you a Maid?
Mar. No my Lord.
Duk. A Widow then?
Mar. Neither, my Lord.

Duk. Why you are nothing then: neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife?

Luc. My Lord, ſhe may be a Puncke: for many of them, are neither Maid, Widow, nor Wife.

Duk. Silence that fellow: I would he had ſome cauſe to prattle for himſelfe.

Luc. Well my Lord.
Mar. My Lord, I doe confeſſe I nere was married,
And I confeſſe beſides, I am no Maid,
I haue known my husband, yet my husband
Knowes not, that euer he knew me.
Luc. He was drunk then, my Lord, it can be no better.
Duk. For the benefit of ſilence, would thou wert ſo to.
Luc. Well, my Lord.
Duk. This is no witneſſe for Lord *Angelo*.
Mar. Now I come to't, my Lord.
Shee that accuſes him of Fornication,
In ſelfe-ſame manner, doth accuſe my husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with ſuch a time,
When I'le depoſe I had him in mine Armes
With all th'effect of Loue.
Ang. Charges ſhe moe then me?
Mar. Not that I know.
Duk. No? you ſay your husband.
Mar. Why iuſt, my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,
Who thinkes he knowes, that he nere knew my body,
But knows, he thinkes, that he knowes *Iſabels*.
Ang. This is a ſtrange abuſe: Let's ſee thy face.
Mar. My husband bids me, now I will vnmaske.
This is that face, thou cruell *Angelo*
Which once thou ſworſt, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which with a vowd contract
Was faſt belockt in thine: This is the body
That tooke away the match from *Iſabell*,
And did ſupply thee at thy garden-houſe
In her Imagin'd perſon.
Duke. Know you this woman?
Luc. Carnallie ſhe ſaies.
Duk. Sirha, no more.
Luc. Enoug my Lord.
Ang. My Lord, I muſt confeſſe, I know this woman,
And fiue yeres ſince there was ſome ſpeech of marriage
Betwixt my ſelfe, and her: which was broke off,
Partly for that her promis'd proportions
Came ſhort of Compoſition: But in chiefe
For that her reputation was diſ-valued
In leuitie: Since which time of fiue yeres
I neuer ſpake with her, ſaw her, nor heard from her
Vpon my faith, and honor.
Mar. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heauen, and words frō breath,
As there is ſence in truth, and truth in vertue,
I am affianced this mans wife, as ſtrongly
As words could make vp vowes: And my good Lord,
But Tueſday night laſt gon, in's garden houſe,
He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in ſafety raiſe me from my knees,
Or elſe for euer be confixed here
A Marble Monument.
Ang. I did but ſmile till now,
Now, good my Lord, giue me the ſcope of Iuſtice,
My patience here is touch'd: I doe perceiue
Theſe poore informall women, are no more
But inſtruments of ſome more mightier member
That ſets them on. Let me haue way, my Lord
To finde this practiſe out.
Duke. I, with my heart,
And puniſh them to your height of pleaſure.
Thou fooliſh Frier, and thou pernicious woman
Compact with her that's gone: thinkſt thou, thy oathes,
Though they would ſwear downe each particular Saint,
Were teſtimonies againſt his worth, and credit
That's ſeald in approbation? you, Lord *Eſcalus*
Sit with my Cozen, lend him your kinde paines
To finde out this abuſe, whence 'tis deriu'd.
There is another Frier that ſet them on,
Let him be ſent for.
Peter. Would he were here, my Lord, for he indeed
Hath ſet the women on to this Complaint;
Your Prouoſt knowes the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.
Duke. Goe, doe it inſtantly:
And you, my noble and well-warranted Coſen
Whom it concernes to heare this matter forth,
Doe with your iniuries as ſeemes you beſt
In any chaſtiſement; I for a while
Will leaue you; but ſtir not you till you haue
Well determin'd vpon theſe Slanderers. *Exit.*

Eſc. My Lord, wee'll doe it throughly: Signior *Lucio*, did not you ſay you knew that Frier *Lodowick* to be a diſhoneſt perſon?

Luc. *Cucullus non facit Monachum*, honeſt in nothing but in his Clothes, and one that hath ſpoke moſt villanous ſpeeches of the Duke.

Eſc. We ſhall intreat you to abide heere till he come, and inforce them againſt him: we ſhall finde this Frier a notable fellow.

Luc. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Eſc. Call that ſame *Iſabell* here once againe, I would ſpeake with her: pray you, my Lord, giue mee leaue to queſtion, you ſhall ſee how Ile handle her.

Luc. Not better then he, by her owne report.

Eſc. Say you?

Luc. Marry ſir, I thinke, if you handled her priuately
ſhee

She would ſooner confeſſe,perchance publikely ſhe'll be aſham'd.

Enter Duke,Prouoſt,Iſabella.

Eſc. I will goe darkely to worke with her.
Luc. That's the way: for women are light at midnight.
Eſc. Come on Miſtris, here's a Gentlewoman,
Denies all that you haue ſaid.
Luc. My Lord, here comes the raſcall I ſpoke of,
Here, with the *Prouoſt.*
Eſc. In very good time: ſpeake not you to him, till we call vpon you.
Luc. Mum.
Eſc. Come Sir, did you ſet theſe women on to ſlander Lord *Angelo*? they haue confeſ'd you did.
Duk. 'Tis falſe.
Eſc. How? Know you where you are?
Duk. Reſpect to your great place; and let the diuell
Be ſometime honour'd, for his burning throne.
Where is the *Duke*? 'tis he ſhould heare me ſpeake.
Eſc. The *Duke's* in vs: and we will heare you ſpeake,
Looke you ſpeake iuſtly.
Duk. Boldly,at leaſt. But oh poore ſoules,
Come you to ſeeke the Lamb here of the Fox;
Good night to your redreſſe: Is the *Duke* gone?
Then is your cauſe gone too: The *Duke's* vniuſt,
Thus to retort your manifeſt Appeale,
And put your triall in the villaines mouth,
Which here you come to accuſe.
Luc. This is the raſcall: this is he I ſpoke of.
Eſc. Why thou vnreuerend, and vnhallowed Fryer:
Is't not enough thou haſt ſuborn'd theſe women,
To accuſe this worthy man? but in foule mouth,
And in the witneſſe of his proper eare,
To call him villaine; and then to glance from him,
To th'*Duke* himſelfe, to taxe him with Iniuſtice?
Take him hence;to th'racke with him: we'll towze you
Ioynt by ioynt, but we will know his purpoſe:
What? vniuſt?
Duk. Be not ſo hot: the *Duke* dare
No more ſtretch this finger of mine,then he
Dare racke his owne: his Subiect am I not,
Nor here Prouinciall: My buſineſſe in this State
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*,
Where I haue ſeene corruption boyle and bubble,
Till it ore-run the Stew: Lawes,for all faults,
But faults ſo countenanc'd,that the ſtrong Statutes
Stand like the forfeites in a Barbers ſhop,
As much in mocke,as marke.
Eſc. Slander to th' State:
Away with him to priſon.
Ang. What can you vouch againſt him Signior *Lucio*?
Is this the man that you did tell vs of?
Luc. 'Tis he,my Lord: come hither goodman baldpate, doe you know me?
Duk. I remember you Sir,by the ſound of your voice,
I met you at the Priſon,in the abſence of the *Duke*.
Luc. Oh,did you ſo? and do you remember what you ſaid of the *Duke*.
Duk. Moſt notedly Sir.
Luc. Do you ſo Sir: And was the *Duke* a fleſh-monger, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?
Duk. You muſt(Sir)change perſons with me,ere you make that my report: you indeede ſpoke ſo of him, and much more, much worſe.
Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I plucke thee by the noſe, for thy ſpeeches?
Duk. I proteſt,I loue the *Duke*, as I loue my ſelfe.
Ang. Harke how the villaine would cloſe now, after his treaſonable abuſes.
Eſc. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away with him to priſon: Where is the *Prouoſt*? away with him to priſon: lay bolts enough vpon him: let him ſpeak no more: away with thoſe Giglets too,and with the other confederate companion.
Duk. Stay Sir,ſtay a while.
Ang. What,reſiſts he? helpe him *Lucio*.
Luc. Come ſir,come ſir,come ſir: foh ſir, why you bald-pated lying raſcall: you muſt be hooded muſt you? ſhow your knaues viſage with a poxe to you: ſhow your ſheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an houre: will't not off?
Duk. Thou art the firſt knaue, that ere mad'ſt a *Duke*.
Firſt *Prouoſt*,let me bayle theſe gentle three:
Sneake not away Sir,for the Fryer, and you,
Muſt haue a word anon: lay hold on him.
Luc. This may proue worſe then hanging.
Duk. What you haue ſpoke,I pardon: ſit you downe,
We'll borrow place of him; Sir,by your leaue:
Ha'ſt thou or word,or wit, or impudence,
That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha'ſt
Rely vpon it, till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.
Ang. Oh,my dread Lord,
I ſhould be guiltier then my guiltineſſe,
To thinke I can be vndiſcerneable,
When I perceiue your grace, like powre diuine,
Hath look'd vpon my paſſes. Then good Prince,
No longer Seſſion hold vpon my ſhame,
But let my Triall,be mine owne Confeſſion:
Immediate ſentence then, and ſequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.
Duk. Come hither *Mariana*,
Say: was't thou ere contracted to this woman?
Ang. I was my Lord.
Duk. Goe take her hence, and marry her inſtantly.
Doe you the office (*Fryer*) which conſummate,
Returne him here againe: goe with him *Prouoſt*. *Exit.*
Eſc. My Lord,I am more amaz'd at his diſhonor,
Then at the ſtrangeneſſe of it.
Duk. Come hither *Iſabell*,
Your *Frier* is now your Prince: As I was then
Aduertyſing, and holy to your buſineſſe,
(Not changing heart with habit) I am ſtill,
Atturnied at your ſeruice.
Iſab. Oh giue me pardon
That I,your vaſſaile, haue imploid,and pain'd
Your vnknowne Soueraigntie.
Duk. You are pardon'd *Iſabell*:
And now,deere Maide, be you as free to vs.
Your Brothers death I know ſits at your heart:
And you may maruaile, why I obſcur'd my ſelfe,
Labouring to ſaue his life: and would not rather
Make raſh remonſtrance of my hidden powre,
Then let him ſo be loſt: oh moſt kinde Maid,
It was the ſwift celeritie of his death,
Which I did thinke,with ſlower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpoſe: but peace be with him,
That life is better life paſt fearing death,
Then that which liues to feare: make it your comfort,

So

So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo,Maria,Peter,Prouoſt.

Iſab. I doe my Lord.
Duk. For this new-maried man,approaching here,
Whoſe ſalt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well defended honor: you muſt pardon
For *Mariana's* ſake: But as he adiudg'd your Brother,
Being criminall,in double violation
Of ſacred Chaſtitie,and of promiſe-breach,
Thereon dependant for your Brothers life,
The very mercy of the Law cries out
Moſt audible,euen from his proper tongue.
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*,death for death:
Haſte ſtill paies haſte,and leaſure,anſwers leaſure;
Like doth quit like, and *Meaſure* ſtill for *Meaſure*:
Then *Angelo*, thy fault's thus manifeſted;
Which though thou would'ſt deny,denies thee vantage.
We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke
Where *Claudio* ſtoop'd to death, and with like haſte.
Away with him.
Mar. Oh my moſt gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?
Duk. It is your husband mock't you with a husband,
Conſenting to the ſafe-guard of your honor,
I thought your marriage fit: elſe Imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choake your good to come: For his Poſſeſſions,
Although by confutation they are ours;
We doe en-ſtate,and widow you with all,
To buy you a better husband.
Mar. Oh my deere Lord,
I craue no other,nor no better man.
Duke. Neuer craue him,we are definitiue.
Mar. Gentle my Liege.
Duke. You doe but looſe your labour.
Away with him to death: Now Sir,to you.
Mar. Oh my good Lord,ſweet *Iſabell*, take my part,
Lend me your knees,and all my life to come,
I'll lend you all my life to doe you ſeruice.
Duke. Againſt all ſence you doe importune her,
Should ſhe kneele downe, in mercie of this fact,
Her Brothers ghoſt,his paued bed would breake,
And take her hence in horror.
Mar. *Iſabell*:
Sweet *Iſabel*, doe yet but kneele by me,
Hold vp your hands, ſay nothing: I'll ſpeake all.
They ſay beſt men are moulded out of faults,
And for the moſt, become much more the better
For being a little bad: So may my husband.
Oh *Iſabel*: will you not lend a knee?
Duke. He dies for *Claudio's* death.
Iſab. Moſt bounteous Sir.
Looke if it pleaſe you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my Brother liu'd: I partly thinke,
A due ſinceritie gouerned his deedes,
Till he did looke on me: Since it is ſo,
Let him not die: my Brother had but Iuſtice,
In that he did the thing for which he dide.
For *Angelo*,his Act did not ore-take his bad intent,
And muſt be buried but as an intent
That periſh'd by the way: thoughts are no ſubiects
Intents,but meerely thoughts.
Mar. Meerely my Lord.
Duk. Your ſuite's vnprofitable: ſtand vp I ſay:
I haue bethought me of another fault.
Prouoſt, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an vnuſuall howre?
Pro. It was commanded ſo.
Duke. Had you a ſpeciall warrant for the deed?
Pro. No my good Lord: it was by priuate meſſage.
Duk. For which I doe diſcharge you of your office,
Giue vp your keyes.
Pro. Pardon me,noble Lord,
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
Yet did repent me after more aduice,
For teſtimony whereof, one in the priſon
That ſhould by priuate order elſe haue dide,
I haue reſeru'd aliue.
Duk. What's he?
Pro. His name is *Barnardine*.
Duke. I would thou hadſt done ſo by *Claudio*:
Goe fetch him hither, let me looke vpon him.
Eſc. I am ſorry, one ſo learned, and ſo wiſe
As you, Lord *Angelo*, haue ſtil appear'd,
Should ſlip ſo groſſelie, both in the heat of bloud
And lacke of temper'd iudgement afterward.
Ang. I am ſorrie, that ſuch ſorrow I procure,
And ſo deepe ſticks it in my penitent heart,
That I craue death more willingly then mercy,
'Tis my deſeruing, and I doe entreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Prouoſt,Claudio,Iulietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine*?
Pro. This my Lord.
Duke. There was a Friar told me of this man.
Sirha, thou art ſaid to haue a ſtubborne ſoule
That apprehends no further then this world,
And ſquar'ſt thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd,
But for thoſe earthly faults, I quit them all,
And pray thee take this mercie to prouide
For better times to come: Frier aduiſe him,
I leaue him to your hand. What muffeld fellow's that?
Pro. This is another priſoner that I ſau'd,
Who ſhould haue di'd when *Claudio* loſt his head,
As like almoſt to *Claudio*, as himſelfe.
Duke. If he be like your brother, for his ſake
Is he pardon'd, and for your louelie ſake
Giue me your hand, and ſay you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that:
By this Lord *Angelo* perceiues he's ſafe,
Methinkes I ſee a quickning in his eye:
Well *Angelo*, your euill quits you well.
Looke that you loue your wife: her worth,worth yours
I finde an apt remiſſion in my ſelfe:
And yet heere's one in place I cannot pardon,
You ſirha, that knew me for a foole,a Coward,
One all of Luxurie, an aſſe, a mad man:
Wherein haue I ſo deſeru'd of you
That you extoll me thus?
Luc. 'Faith my Lord, I ſpoke it but according to the trick: if you will hang me for it you may: but I had rather it would pleaſe you,I might be whipt.
Duke. Whipt firſt, ſir, and hang'd after.
Proclaime it Prouoſt round about the Citie,
If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow
(As I haue heard him ſweare himſelfe there's one
whom he begot with childe) let her appeare,
And he ſhall marry her: the nuptiall finiſh'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.
Luc. I beſeech your Highneſſe doe not marry me to a Whore: your Highneſſe ſaid euen now,I made you a Duke,good my Lord do not recompence me,in making me a Cuckold.

Duk. Vpon

Duke. Vpon mine honor thou ſhalt marrie her.
Thy ſlanders I forgiue, and therewithall
Remit thy other forfeits: take him to priſon,
And ſee our pleaſure herein executed.
Luc. Marrying a punke my Lord, is preſſing to death,
Whipping and hanging.
Duke. Slandering a Prince deſerues it.
She *Claudio* that you wrong'd, looke you reſtore.
Ioy to you *Mariana*, loue her *Angelo*:
I haue confes'd her, and I know her vertue.
Thanks good friend, *Eſcalus*, for thy much goodneſſe,
There's more behinde that is more gratulate.
Thanks *Prouoſt* for thy care, and ſecrecie,
We ſhall imploy thee in a worthier place.
Forgiue him *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio's*,
Th'offence pardons it ſelfe. Deere *Iſabell*,
I haue a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing eare incline;
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So bring vs to our Pallace, where wee'll ſhow
What's yet behinde, that meete you all ſhould know.

The Scene Vienna.

The names of all the Actors.

Vincentio: the Duke.
Angelo, the Deputie.
Eſcalus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a yong Gentleman.
Lucio, a fantaſtique.
2. Other like Gentlemen.
Prouoſt.
Thomas. } *2. Friers.*
Peter.
Elbow, a ſimple Conſtable.
Froth, a fooliſh Gentleman.
Clowne.
Abhorſon, an Executioner.
Barnardine, a diſſolute priſoner.
Iſabella, ſiſter to Claudio.
Mariana, betrothed to Angelo.
Iuliet, beloued of Claudio.
Franciſca, a Nun.
Miſtris Ouer-don, a Bawd.

FINIS.

The Comedie of Errors.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter the Duke of Epheſus, with the Merchant of Siracuſa, Iaylor, and other attendants.

Marchant.
PRoceed *Solinus* to procure my fall,
And by the doome of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of *Siracuſa*, plead no more.
I am not partiall to infringe our Lawes;
The enmity and diſcord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke,
To Merchants our well-dealing Countrimen,
Who wanting gilders to redeeme their liues,
Haue ſeal'd his rigorous ſtatutes with their blouds,
Excludes all pitty from our threatning lookes:
For ſince the mortall and inteſtine iarres
Twixt thy ſeditious Countrimen and vs,
It hath in ſolemne Synodes beene decreed,
Both by the *Siracuſians* and our ſelues,
To admit no trafficke to our aduerſe townes:
Nay more, if any borne at *Epheſus*
Be ſeene at any *Siracuſian* Marts and Fayres:
Againe, if any *Siracuſian* borne
Come to the Bay of *Epheſus*, he dies:
His goods confiſcate to the Dukes diſpoſe,
Vnleſſe a thouſand markes be leuied
To quit the penalty, and to ranſome him:
Thy ſubſtance, valued at the higheſt rate,
Cannot amount vnto a hundred Markes,
Therefore by Law thou art condemn'd to die.
Mer. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewiſe with the euening Sonne.
Duk. Well *Siracuſian*; ſay in briefe the cauſe
Why thou departedſt from thy natiue home?
And for what cauſe thou cam'ſt to *Epheſus*.
Mer. A heauier taske could not haue beene impos'd,
Then I to ſpeake my griefes vnſpeakeable:
Yet that the world may witneſſe that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
Ile vtter what my ſorrow giues me leaue.
In *Syracuſa* was I borne, and wedde
Vnto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me; had not our hap beene bad:
With her I liu'd in ioy, our wealth increaſt
By proſperous voyages I often made
To *Epidamium*, till my factors death,
And he great care of goods at randone left,
Drew me from kinde embracements of my ſpouſe;
From whom my abſence was not ſixe moneths olde,
Before her ſelfe (almoſt at fainting vnder
The pleaſing puniſhment that women beare)
Had made prouiſion for her following me,
And ſoone, and ſafe, arriued where I was:
There had ſhe not beene long, but ſhe became
A ioyfull mother of two goodly ſonnes:
And, which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,
As could not be diſtinguiſh'd but by names.
That very howre, and in the ſelfe-ſame Inne,
A meane woman was deliuered
Of ſuch a burthen Male, twins both alike:
Thoſe, for their parents were exceeding poore,
I bought, and brought vp to attend my ſonnes.
My wife, not meanely prowd of two ſuch boyes,
Made daily motions for our home returne:
Vnwilling I agreed, alas, too ſoone wee came aboord.
A league from *Epidamium* had we ſaild
Before the alwaies winde-obeying deepe
Gaue any Tragicke Inſtance of our harme:
But longer did we not retaine much hope;
For what obſcured light the heauens did grant,
Did but conuay vnto our fearefull mindes
A doubtfull warrant of immediate death,
Which though my ſelfe would gladly haue imbrac'd,
Yet the inceſſant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what ſhe ſaw muſt come,
And pitteous playnings of the prettie babes
That mourn'd for faſhion, ignorant what to feare,
Forſt me to ſeeke delayes for them and me,
And this it was: (for other meanes was none)
The Sailors ſought for ſafety by our boate,
And left the ſhip then ſinking ripe to vs:
My wife, more carefull for the latter borne,
Had faſtned him vnto a ſmall ſpare Maſt,
Such as ſea-faring men prouide for ſtormes:
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whil'ſt I had beene like heedfull of the other.
The children thus diſpos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
Faſtned our ſelues at eyther end the maſt,
And floating ſtraight, obedient to the ſtreame,
Was carried towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length the ſonne gazing vpon the earth,
Diſperſt thoſe vapours that offended vs,
And by the benefit of his wiſhed light
The ſeas waxt calme, and we diſcouered
Two ſhippes from farre, making amaine to vs:
Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidarus* this,
But ere they came, oh let me ſay no more,
Gather the ſequell by that went before.
Duk. Nay forward old man, doe not breake off ſo,

For we may pitty, though not pardon thee.
Merch. Oh had the gods done ſo, I had not now
Worthily tearm'd them mercileſſe to vs:
For ere the ſhips could meet by twice fiue leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne vp,
Our helpefull ſhip was ſplitted in the midſt;
So that in this vniuſt diuorce of vs,
Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for,
Her part, poore ſoule, ſeeming as burdened
With leſſer waight, but not with leſſer woe,
Was carried with more ſpeed before the winde,
And in our ſight they three were taken vp
By Fiſhermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length another ſhip had ſeiz'd on vs,
And knowing whom it was their hap to ſaue,
Gaue healthfull welcome to their ſhip-wrackt gueſts,
And would haue reft the Fiſhers of their prey,
Had not their backe beene very ſlow of ſaile;
And therefore homeward did they bend their courſe.
Thus haue you heard me ſeuer'd from my bliſſe,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell ſad ſtories of my owne miſhaps.
Duke. And for the ſake of them thou ſorroweſt for,
Doe me the fauour to dilate at full,
What haue befalne of them and they till now.
Merch. My yongeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,
At eighteene yeeres became inquiſitiue
After his brother; and importun'd me
That his attendant, ſo his caſe was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,
Might beare him company in the queſt of him:
Whom whil'ſt I laboured of a loue to ſee,
I hazarded the loſſe of whom I lou'd.
Fiue Sommers haue I ſpent in fartheſt *Greece*,
Roming cleane through the bounds of *Aſia*,
And coaſting homeward, came to *Epheſus*:
Hopeleſſe to finde, yet loth to leaue vnſought
Or that, or any place that harbours men:
But heere muſt end the ſtory of my life,
And happy were I in my timelie death,
Could all my trauells warrant me they liue.
Duke. Hapleſſe *Egeon* whom the fates haue markt
To beare the extremitie of dire miſhap:
Now truſt me, were it not againſt our Lawes,
Againſt my Crowne, my oath, my dignity,
Which Princes would they may not diſanull,
My ſoule ſhould ſue as aduocate for thee:
But though thou art adiudged to the death,
And paſſed ſentence may not be recal'd
But to our honours great diſparagement:
Yet will I fauour thee in what I can;
Therefore Marchant, Ile limit thee this day
To ſeeke thy helpe by beneficiall helpe,
Try all the friends thou haſt in *Epheſus*,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make vp the ſumme,
And liue: if no, then thou art doom'd to die:
Iaylor, take him to thy cuſtodie.
Iaylor. I will my Lord.
Merch. Hopeleſſe and helpeleſſe doth *Egean* wend,
But to procraſtinate his liueleſſe end. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antipholis Erotes, a Marchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore giue out you are of *Epidamium*,
Leſt that your goods too ſoone be confiſcate:
This very day a *Syracuſian* Marchant
Is apprehended for a riuall here,
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the ſtatute of the towne,
Dies ere the wearie ſunne ſet in the Weſt:
There is your monie that I had to keepe.
Ant. Goe beare it to the Centaure, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there *Dromio*, till I come to thee;
Within this houre it will be dinner time,
Till that Ile view the manners of the towne,
Peruſe the traders, gaze vpon the buildings,
And then returne and ſleepe within mine Inne,
For with long trauaile I am ſtiffe and wearie.
Get thee away.
Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And goe indeede, hauing ſo good a meane.
Exit Dromio.
Ant. A truſtie villaine ſir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholly,
Lightens my humour with his merry ieſts:
What will you walke with me about the towne,
And then goe to my Inne and dine with me?
E.Mar. I am inuited ſir to certaine Marchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I craue your pardon, ſoone at fiue a clocke,
Pleaſe you, Ile meete with you vpon the Mart,
And afterward conſort you till bed time:
My preſent buſineſſe cals me from you now.
Ant. Farewell till then: I will goe looſe my ſelfe,
And wander vp and downe to view the Citie.
E.Mar. Sir, I commend you to your owne content.
Exeunt.
Ant. He that commends me to mine owne content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get:
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the Ocean ſeekes another drop,
Who falling there to finde his fellow forth,
(Vnſeene, inquiſitiue) confounds himſelfe.
So I, to finde a Mother and a Brother,
In queſt of them (vnhappie a) looſe my ſelfe.

Enter Dromio of Epheſus.

Here comes the almanacke of my true date:
What now? How chance thou art return'd ſo ſoone.
E.Dro. Return'd ſo ſoone, rather approacht too late:
The Capon burnes, the Pig fals from the ſpit;
The clocke hath ſtrucken twelue vpon the bell:
My Miſtris made it one vpon my cheeke:
She is ſo hot becauſe the meate is colde:
The meate is colde, becauſe you come not home:
You come not home, becauſe you haue no ſtomacke:
You haue no ſtomacke, hauing broke your faſt:
But we that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.
Ant. Stop in your winde ſir, tell me this I pray?
Where haue you left the mony that I gaue you.
E.Dro. Oh ſixe pence that I had a wenſday laſt,
To pay the Sadler for my Miſtris crupper:
The Sadler had it Sir, I kept it not.
Ant. I am not in a ſportiue humor now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the monie?
We being ſtrangers here, how dar'ſt thou truſt
So great a charge from thine owne cuſtodie.
E.Dro. I pray you ieſt ſir as you ſit at dinner:
I from my Miſtris come to you in poſt:
If I returne I ſhall be poſt indeede.

For ſhe will ſcoure your fault vpon my pate:
Me thinkes your maw, like mine, ſhould be your cooke,
And ſtrike you home without a meſſenger.
Ant. Come *Dromio*, come, theſe ieſts are out of ſeaſon,
Reſerue them till a merrier houre then this:
Where is the gold I gaue in charge to thee?
E.Dro. To me ſir? why you gaue no gold to me?
Ant. Come on ſir knaue, haue done your fooliſhnes,
And tell me how thou haſt diſpos'd thy charge.
E.Dro. My charge was but to fetch you frō the Mart
Home to your houſe, the *Phœnix* ſir, to dinner;
My Miſtris and her ſiſter ſtaies for you.
Ant. Now as I am a Chriſtian anſwer me,
In what ſafe place you haue beſtow'd my monie;
Or I ſhall breake that merrie ſconce of yours
That ſtands on tricks, when I am vndiſpos'd:
Where is the thouſand Markes thou hadſt of me?
E.Dro. I haue ſome markes of yours vpon my pate:
Some of my Miſtris markes vpon my ſhoulders:
But not a thouſand markes betweene you both.
If I ſhould pay your worſhip thoſe againe,
Perchance you will not beare them patiently.
Ant. Thy Miſtris markes? what Miſtris ſlaue haſt thou?
E.Dro. Your worſhips wife, my Miſtris at the *Phœnix*;
She that doth faſt till you come home to dinner:
And praies that you will hie you home to dinner.
Ant. What wilt thou flout me thus vnto my face
Being forbid? There take you that ſir knaue.
E.Dro. What meane you ſir, for God ſake hold your
Nay, and you will not ſir, Ile take my heeles. (hands:
Exeunt Dromio Ep.
Ant. Vpon my life by ſome deuiſe or other,
The villaine is ore-wrought of all my monie.
They ſay this towne is full of coſenage:
As nimble Iuglers that deceiue the eie:
Darke working Sorcerers that change the minde:
Soule-killing Witches, that deforme the bodie;
Diſguiſed Cheaters, prating Mountebankes;
And manie ſuch like liberties of ſinne:
If it proue ſo, I will be gone the ſooner:
Ile to the Centaur to goe ſeeke this ſlaue,
I greatly feare my monie is not ſafe. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholis Sereptus, with Luciana her Siſter.

Adr. Neither my husband nor the ſlaue return'd,
That in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeeke his Maſter?
Sure *Luciana* it is two a clocke.
Luc. Perhaps ſome Merchant hath inuited him,
And from the Mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner:
Good Siſter let vs dine, and neuer fret;
A man is Maſter of his libertie:
Time is their Maſter, and when they ſee time,
They'll goe or come; if ſo, be patient Siſter.
Adr. Why ſhould their libertie then ours be more?
Luc. Becauſe their buſineſſe ſtill lies out adore.
Adr. Looke when I ſerue him ſo, he takes it thus.
Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.
Adr. There's none but aſſes will be bridled ſo.
Luc. Why, headſtrong liberty is laſht with woe:
There's nothing ſituate vnder heauens eye,
But hath his bound in earth, in ſea, in skie.
The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowles
Are their males ſubiects, and at their controules:
Man more diuine, the Maſter of all theſe,
Lord of the wide world, and wilde watry ſeas,
Indued with intellectuall ſence and ſoules,
Of more preheminence then fiſh and fowles,
Are maſters to their females, and their Lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.
Adri. This ſeruitude makes you to keepe vnwed.
Luci. Not this, but troubles of the marriage bed.
Adr. But were you wedded, you wold bear ſome ſway
Luc. Ere I learne loue, Ile practiſe to obey.
Adr. How if your husband ſtart ſome other where?
Luc. Till he come home againe, I would forbeare.
Adr. Patience vnmou'd, no maruel though ſhe pauſe,
They can be meeke, that haue no other cauſe:
A wretched ſoule bruis'd with aduerſitie,
We bid be quiet when we heare it crie.
But were we burdned with like waight of paine,
As much, or more, we ſhould our ſelues complaine:
So thou that haſt no vnkinde mate to greeue thee,
With vrging helpeleſſe patience would releeue me;
But if thou liue to ſee like right bereft,
This foole-beg'd patience in thee will be left.
Luci. Well, I will marry one day but to trie:
Heere comes your man, now is your husband nie.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardie maſter now at hand?
E.Dro. Nay, hee's at too hands with mee, and that my two eares can witneſſe.
Adr. Say, didſt thou ſpeake with him? knowſt thou his minde?
E. Dro. I, I, he told his minde vpon mine eare,
Beſhrew his hand, I ſcarce could vnderſtand it.
Luc. Spake hee ſo doubtfully, thou couldſt not feele his meaning.
E. Dro. Nay, hee ſtrooke ſo plainly, I could too well feele his blowes; and withall ſo doubtfully, that I could ſcarce vnderſtand them.
Adri. But ſay, I prethee, is he comming home?
It ſeemes he hath great care to pleaſe his wife.
E.Dro. Why Miſtreſſe, ſure my Maſter is horne mad.
Adri. Horne mad, thou villaine?
E.Dro. I meane not Cuckold mad,
But ſure he is ſtarke mad:
When I deſir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a hundred markes in gold:
'Tis dinner time, quoth I: my gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burne, quoth I: my gold quoth he:
Will you come, quoth I: my gold, quoth he;
Where is the thouſand markes I gaue thee villaine?
The Pigge quoth I, is burn'd: my gold, quoth he:
My miſtreſſe, ſir, quoth I: hang vp thy Miſtreſſe:
I know not thy miſtreſſe, out on thy miſtreſſe.
Luci. Quoth who?
E.Dr. Quoth my Maſter, I know quoth he, no houſe, no wife, no miſtreſſe: ſo that my arrant due vnto my tongue, I thanke him, I bare home vpon my ſhoulders: for in concluſion, he did beat me there.
Adri. Go back againe, thou ſlaue, & fetch him home.
Dro. Goe backe againe, and be new beaten home?
For Gods ſake ſend ſome other meſſenger.

Adri. Backe ſlaue, or I will breake thy pate a-croſſe.
Dro. And he will bleſſe ý croſſe with other beating:
Betweene you, I ſhall haue a holy head.
Adri. Hence prating peſant, fetch thy Maſter home.
Dro. Am I ſo round with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you doe ſpurne me thus:
You ſpurne me hence, and he will ſpurne me hither,
If I laſt in this ſeruice, you muſt caſe me in leather.
Luci. Fie how impatience lowreth in your face.
Adri. His company muſt do his minions grace,
Whil'ſt I at home ſtarue for a merrie looke:
Hath homelie age th'alluring beauty tooke
From my poore cheeke? then he hath waſted it.
Are my diſcourſes dull? Barren my wit,
If voluble and ſharpe diſcourſe be mar'd,
Vnkindneſſe blunts it more then marble hard.
Doe their gay veſtments his affections baite?
That's not my fault, hee's maſter of my ſtate.
What ruines are in me that can be found,
By him not ruin'd? Then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed faire,
A ſunnie looke of his, would ſoone repaire.
But, too vnruly Deere, he breakes the pale,
And feedes from home; poore I am but his ſtale.
Luci. Selfe-harming Iealouſie; fie beat it hence.
Ad. Vnfeeling fools can with ſuch wrongs diſpence:
I know his eye doth homage other-where,
Or elſe, what lets it but he would be here?
Siſter, you know he promis'd me a chaine,
Would that alone, a loue he would detaine,
So he would keepe faire quarter with his bed:
I ſee the Iewell beſt enamaled
Will looſe his beautie: yet the gold bides ſtill
That others touch, and often touching will,
Where gold and no man that hath a name,
By falſhood and corruption doth it ſhame:
Since that my beautie cannot pleaſe his eie,
Ile weepe (what's left away) and weeping die.
Luci. How manie fond fooles ſerue mad Ielouſie?
Exit.

Enter Antipholis Errotis.

Ant. The gold I gaue to *Dromio* is laid vp
Safe at the *Centaur*, and the heedfull ſlaue
Is wandred forth in care to ſeeke me out
By computation and mine hoſts report.
I could not ſpeake with *Dromio*, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the Mart? ſee here he comes.

Enter Dromio Siracuſia.

How now ſir, is your merrie humor alter'd?
As you loue ſtroakes, ſo ieſt with me againe:
You know no *Centaur*? you receiu'd no gold?
Your Miſtreſſe ſent to haue me home to dinner?
My houſe was at the *Phœnix*? Waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madlie thou did didſt anſwere me?
S.Dro. What anſwer ſir? when ſpake I ſuch a word?
E.Ant. Euen now, euen here, not halfe an howre ſince.
S.Dro. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence
Home to the *Centaur* with the gold you gaue me.
Ant. Villaine, thou didſt denie the golds receit,
And toldſt me of a Miſtreſſe, and a dinner,
For which I hope thou feltſt I was diſpleas'd.
S.Dro: I am glad to ſee you in this merrie vaine,
What meanes this ieſt, I pray you Maſter tell me?
Ant. Yea, doſt thou ieere & flowt me in the teeth?
Thinkſt ý I ieſt? hold, take thou that, & that. *Beats Dro.*
S.Dr. Hold ſir, for Gods ſake, now your ieſt is earneſt,
Vpon what bargaine do you giue it me?
Antiph. Becauſe that I familiarlie ſometimes
Doe vſe you for my foole, and chat with you,
Your ſawcineſſe will ieſt vpon my loue,
And make a Common of my ſerious howres,
When the ſunne ſhines, let fooliſh gnats make ſport,
But creepe in crannies, when he hides his beames:
If you will ieſt with me, know my aſpect,
And faſhion your demeanor to my lookes,
Or I will beat this method in your ſconce.

S.Dro. Sconce call you it? ſo you would leaue battering, I had rather haue it a head, and you vſe theſe blows long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and Inſconce it to, or elſe I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders, but I pray ſir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Doſt thou not know?

S.Dro, Nothing ſir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S.Dro. I ſir, and wherefore; for they ſay, euery why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why firſt for flowting me, and then wherefore, for vrging it the ſecond time to me.

S.Dro. Was there euer anie man thus beaten out of ſeaſon, when in the why and the wherefore, is neither rime nor reaſon. Well ſir, I thanke you.

Ant. Thanke me ſir, for what?

S.Dro. Marry ſir, for this ſomething that you gaue me for nothing.

Ant. Ile make you amends next, to giue you nothing for ſomething. But ſay ſir, is it dinner time?

S.Dro. No ſir, I thinke the meat wants that I haue.

Ant. In good time ſir: what's that?

S.Dro. Baſting.

Ant. Well ſir, then 'twill be drie.

S.Dro. If it be ſir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reaſon?

S.Dro. Leſt it make you chollericke, and purchaſe me another drie baſting.

Ant. Well ſir, learne to ieſt in good time, there's a time for all things.

S.Dro. I durſt haue denied that before you vvere ſo chollericke.

Anti. By what rule ſir?

S.Dro. Marry ſir, by a rule as plaine as the plaine bald pate of Father time himſelfe.

Ant. Let's heare it.

S.Dro. There's no time for a man to recouer his haire that growes bald by nature.

Ant. May he not doe it by fine and recouerie?

S.Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a perewig, and recouer the loſt haire of another man.

Ant. Why, is Time ſuch a niggard of haire, being (as it is) ſo plentifull an excrement?

S.Dro. Becauſe it is a bleſſing that hee beſtowes on beaſts, and what he hath ſcanted them in haire, hee hath giuen them in wit.

Ant. Why, but theres manie a man hath more haire then wit.

S.Dro. Not a man of thoſe but he hath the wit to loſe his haire.

Ant. Why thou didſt conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S.Dro. The plainer dealer, the ſooner loſt; yet he looſeth it in a kinde of iollitie.

An. For what reaſon.

S.Dro. For two, and ſound ones to.

An. Nay not ſound I pray you.

S.Dro. Sure ones then.

An. Nay, not ſure in a thing falſing.

S.Dro. Certaine ones then.

An. Name them.

S.Dro. The one to ſaue the money that he ſpends in trying: the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in his porrage.

An. You would all this time haue prou'd, there is no time for all things.

S.Dro. Marry and did ſir: namely, in no time to recouer haire loſt by Nature.

An. But your reaſon was not ſubſtantiall, why there is no time to recouer.

S.Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himſelfe is bald, and therefore to the worlds end, will haue bald followers.

An. I knew 'twould be a bald concluſion: but ſoft, who wafts vs yonder.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adri. I, I, *Antipholus*, looke ſtrange and frowne,
Some other Miſtreſſe hath thy ſweet aſpects:
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou vn-vrg'd wouldſt vow,
That neuer words were muſicke to thine eare,
That neuer obiect pleaſing in thine eye,
That neuer touch well welcome to thy hand,
That neuer meat ſweet-ſauour'd in thy taſte,
Vnleſſe I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd, or caru'd to thee.
How comes it now, my Husband, oh how comes it,
That thou art then eſtranged from thy ſelfe?
Thy ſelfe I call it, being ſtrange to me:
That vndiuidable Incorporate
Am better then thy deere ſelfes better part.
Ah doe not teare away thy ſelfe from me;
For know my loue: as eaſie maiſt thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulfe,
And take vnmingled thence that drop againe
Without addition or diminiſhing,
As take from me thy ſelfe, and not me too.
How deerely would it touch thee to the quicke,
Shouldſt thou but heare I were licencious?
And that this body conſecrate to thee,
By Ruffian Luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Wouldſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurne at me,
And hurle the name of husband in my face,
And teare the ſtain'd skin of my Harlot brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding ring,
And breake it with a deepe-diuorcing vow?
I know thou canſt, and therefore ſee thou doe it.
I am poſſeſt with an adulterate blot,
My bloud is mingled with the crime of luſt:
For if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I doe digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted by thy contagion:
Keepe then faire league and truce with thy true bed,
I liue diſtain'd, thou vndiſhonoured.
Antip. Plead you to me faire dame? I know you not:
In *Epheſus* I am but two houres old,
As ſtrange vnto your towne, as to your talke,
Who euery word by all my wit being ſcan'd,
Wants wit in all, one word to vnderſtand.
Luci. Fie brother, how the world is chang'd with you:
When were you wont to vſe my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by *Dromio* home to dinner.
Ant. By *Dromio*? *Drom.* By me.
Adr. By thee, and this thou didſt returne from him.
That he did buffet thee, and in his blowes,
Denied my houſe for his, me for his wife.
Ant. Did you conuerſe ſir with this gentlewoman:
What is the courſe and drift of your compact?
S.Dro. I ſir? I neuer ſaw her till this time.
Ant. Villaine thou lieſt, for euen her verie words,
Didſt thou deliuer to me on the Mart.
S.Dro. I neuer ſpake with her in all my life.
Ant. How can ſhe thus then call vs by our names?
Vnleſſe it be by inſpiration.
Adri. How ill agrees it with your grauitie,
To counterfeit thus groſely with your ſlaue,
Abetting him to thwart me in my moode;
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come I will faſten on this ſleeue of thine:
Thou art an Elme my husband, I a Vine:
Whoſe weakneſſe married to thy ſtranger ſtate,
Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate:
If ought poſſeſſe thee from me, it is droſſe,
Vſurping Iuie, Brier, or idle Moſſe,
Who all for want of pruning, with intruſion,
Infect thy ſap, and liue on thy confuſion.
Ant. To mee ſhee ſpeakes, ſhee moues mee for her theame;
What, was I married to her in my dreame?
Or ſleepe I now, and thinke I heare all this?
What error driues our eies and eares amiſſe?
Vntill I know this ſure vncertaintie,
Ile entertaine the free'd fallacie.
Luc. *Dromio*, goe bid the ſeruants ſpred for dinner.
S.Dro. Oh for my beads, I croſſe me for a ſinner.
This is the Fairie land, oh ſpight of ſpights,
We talke with Goblins, Owles and Sprights;
If we obay them not, this will inſue:
They'll ſucke our breath, or pinch vs blacke and blew.
Luc. Why prat'ſt thou to thy ſelfe, and anſwer'ſt not?
Dromio, thou *Dromio*, thou ſnaile, thou ſlug, thou ſot.
S.Dro. I am transformed Maſter, am I not?
Ant. I thinke thou art in minde, and ſo am I.
S.Dro. Nay Maſter, both in minde, and in my ſhape.
Ant. Thou haſt thine owne forme.
S.Dro. No, I am an Ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an Aſſe.
S.Dro. 'Tis true ſhe rides me, and I long for graſſe.
'Tis ſo, I am an Aſſe, elſe it could neuer be,
But I ſhould know her as well as ſhe knowes me.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a foole,
To put the finger in the eie and weepe;
Whil'ſt man and Maſter laughes my woes to ſcorne:
Come ſir to dinner, *Dromio* keepe the gate:
Husband Ile dine aboue with you to day,
And ſhriue you of a thouſand idle prankes:
Sirra, if any aske you for your Maſter,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
Come ſiſter, *Dromio* play the Porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heauen, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well aduiſde:
Knowne vnto theſe, and to my ſelfe diſguiſde:
Ile ſay as they ſay, and perſeuer ſo:
And in this miſt at all aduentures go.
S.Dro. Maſter, ſhall I be Porter at the gate?
Adr. I, and let none enter, leaſt I breake your pate.
Luc. Come, come, *Antipholus*, we dine to late.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Antipholus of Epheſus, his man Dromio, Angelo the Goldſmith, and Balthaſer the Merchant.

E.Anti. Good ſignior *Angelo* you muſt excuſe vs all,
My wife is ſhrewiſh when I keepe not howres;
Say that I lingerd with you at your ſhop
To ſee the making of her Carkanet,
And that to morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villaine that would face me downe
He met me on the Mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thouſand markes in gold,
And that I did denie my wife and houſe;
Thou drunkard thou, what didſt thou meane by this?
E.Dro. Say what you wil ſir, but I know what I know,
That you beat me at the Mart I haue your hand to ſhow;
If yͤ skin were parchment, & yͤ blows you gaue were ink,
Your owne hand-writing would tell you what I thinke.
E.Ant. I thinke thou art an aſſe.
E.Dro. Marry ſo it doth appeare
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blowes I beare,
I ſhould kicke being kickt, and being at that paſſe,
You would keepe from my heeles, and beware of an aſſe.
E.An. Y'are ſad ſignior *Balthazar*, pray God our cheer
May anſwer my good will, and your good welcom here.
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap ſir, & your welcom deer.
E.An. Oh ſignior *Balthazar*, either at fleſh or fiſh,
A table full of welcome, makes ſcarce one dainty diſh.
Bal. Good meat ſir is cõmon that euery churle affords.
Anti. And welcome more common, for thats nothing but words.
Bal. Small cheere and great welcome, makes a merrie feaſt.
Anti. I, to a niggardly Hoſt, and more ſparing gueſt:
But though my cates be meane, take them in good part,
Better cheere may you haue, but not with better hart.
But ſoft, my doore is lockt; goe bid them let vs in.
E.Dro. *Maud, Briget, Marian, Ciſley, Gillian, Ginn.*
S.Dro. Mome, Malthorſe, Capon, Coxcombe, Idiot, Patch,
Either get thee from the dore, or ſit downe at the hatch:
Doſt thou coniure for wenches, that yͧ calſt for ſuch ſtore,
When one is one too many, goe get thee from the dore.
E.Dro. What patch is made our Porter? my Maſter ſtayes in the ſtreet.
S.Dro. Let him walke from whence he came, leſt hee catch cold on's feet.
E.Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the dore.
S.Dro. Right ſir, Ile tell you when, and you'll tell me wherefore.
Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I haue not din'd to day.
S.Dro. Nor to day here you muſt not come againe when you may.
Anti. What art thou that keep'ſt mee out from the howſe I owe?
S.Dro. The Porter for this time Sir, and my name is *Dromio.*
E.Dro. O villaine, thou haſt ſtolne both mine office and my name,
The one nere got me credit, the other mickle blame:
If thou hadſt beene *Dromio* to day in my place,
Thou wouldſt haue chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an aſſe.

Enter Luce.

Luce. What a coile is there *Dromio*? who are thoſe at the gate?
E.Dro. Let my Maſter in *Luce.*
Luce. Faith no, hee comes too late, and ſo tell your Maſter.
E.Dro. O Lord I muſt laugh, haue at you with a Prouerbe,
Shall I ſet in my ſtaffe.
Luce. Haue at you with another, that's when? can you tell?
S.Dro. If thy name be called *Luce, Luce* thou haſt anſwer'd him well.
Anti. Doe you heare you minion, you'll let vs in I hope?
Luce. I thought to haue askt you.
S.Dro. And you ſaid no.
E.Dro. So come helpe, well ſtrooke, there was blow for blow.
Anti. Thou baggage let me in.
Luce. Can you tell for whoſe ſake?
E.Drom. Maſter, knocke the doore hard.
Luce. Let him knocke till it ake.
Anti. You'll crie for this minion, if I beat the doore downe.
Luce. What needs all that, and a paire of ſtocks in the towne?

Enter Adriana.

Adr. Who is that at the doore yͭ keeps all this noiſe?
S.Dro. By my troth your towne is troubled with vnruly boies.
Anti. Are you there Wife? you might haue come before.
Adri. Your wife ſir knaue? go get you from the dore.
E.Dro. If you went in paine Maſter, this knaue wold goe ſore.
Angelo. Heere is neither cheere ſir, nor welcome, we would faine haue either.
Baltz. In debating which was beſt, wee ſhall part with neither.
E.Dro. They ſtand at the doore, Maſter, bid them welcome hither.
Anti. There is ſomething in the winde, that we cannot get in.
E.Dro. You would ſay ſo Maſter, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warme within: you ſtand here in the cold.
It would make a man mad as a Bucke to be ſo bought and ſold.
Ant. Go fetch me ſomething, Ile break ope the gate.
S.Dro. Breake any breaking here, and Ile breake your knaues pate.
E.Dro. A man may breake a word with your ſir, and words are but winde:
I and breake it in your face, ſo he break it not behinde.
S.Dro. It ſeemes thou want'ſt breaking, out vpon thee hinde.
E.Dro. Here's too much out vpon thee, I pray thee let me in.
S.Dro. I, when fowles haue no feathers, and fiſh haue no fin.
Ant. Well, Ile breake in: go borrow me a crow.
E.Dro. A crow without feather, Maſter meane you ſo;

For a fiſh without a finne, ther's a fowle without a fether,
If a crow help vs in ſirra, wee'll plucke a crow together.
Ant. Go, get thee gon, fetch me an iron Crow.
Balth. Haue patience ſir, oh let it not be ſo,
Heerein you warre againſt your reputation,
And draw within the compaſſe of ſuſpect
Th'vnuiolated honor of your wife.
Once this your long experience of your wiſedome,
Her ſober vertue, yeares, and modeſtie,
Plead on your part ſome cauſe to you vnknowne;
And doubt not ſir, but ſhe will well excuſe
Why at this time the dores are made againſt you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let vs to the Tyger all to dinner,
And about euening come your ſelfe alone,
To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint:
If by ſtrong hand you offer to breake in
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common rowt
Againſt your yet vngalled eſtimation,
That may with foule intruſion enter in,
And dwell vpon your graue when you are dead;
For ſlander liues vpon ſucceſſion;
For euer hows'd, where it gets poſſeſſion.
Anti. You haue preuail'd, I will depart in quiet,
And in deſpight of mirth meane to be merrie:
I know a wench of excellent diſcourſe,
Prettie and wittie; wilde, and yet too gentle;
There will we dine: this woman that I meane
My wife (but I proteſt without deſert)
Hath oftentimes vpbraided me withall:
To her will we to dinner, get you home
And fetch the chaine, by this I know 'tis made,
Bring it I pray you to the *Porpentine*,
For there's the houſe: That chaine will I beſtow
(Be it for nothing but to ſpight my wife)
Vpon mine hoſteſſe there, good ſir make haſte:
Since mine owne doores refuſe to entertaine me,
Ile knocke elſe-where, to ſee if they'll diſdaine me.
Ang. Ile meet you at that place ſome houre hence.
Anti. Do ſo, this ieſt ſhall coſt me ſome expence.
Exeunt.

Enter Iuliana, with Antipholus of Siracuſia.

Iulia. And may it be that you haue quite forgot
A husbands office? ſhall *Antipholus*
Euen in the ſpring of Loue, thy Loue-ſprings rot?
Shall loue in buildings grow ſo ruinate?
If you did wed my ſiſter for her wealth,
Then for her wealths-ſake vſe her with more kindneſſe:
Or if you like elſe-where doe it by ſtealth,
Muffle your falſe loue with ſome ſhew of blindneſſe:
Let not my ſiſter read it in your eye:
Be not thy tongue thy owne ſhames Orator:
Looke ſweet, ſpeake faire, become diſloyaltie:
Apparell vice like vertues harbenger:
Beare a faire preſence, though your heart be tainted,
Teach ſinne the carriage of a holy Saint,
Be ſecret falſe: what need ſhe be acquainted?
What ſimple thiefe brags of his owne attaine?
'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy lookes at boord:
Shame hath a baſtard fame, well managed,
Ill deeds is doubled with an euill word:
Alas poore women, make vs not beleeue
(Being compact of credit) that you loue vs,
Though others haue the arme, ſhew vs the ſleeue:
We in your motion turne, and you may moue vs.
Then gentle brother get you in againe;
Comfort my ſiſter, cheere her, call her wiſe;
'Tis holy ſport to be a little vaine,
When the ſweet breath of flatterie conquers ſtrife.
S.Anti. Sweete Miſtris, what your name is elſe I know not;
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine:
Leſſe in your knowledge, and your grace you ſhow not,
Then our earths wonder, more then earth diuine.
Teach me deere creature how to thinke and ſpeake:
Lay open to my earthie groſſe conceit:
Smothred in errors, feeble, ſhallow, weake,
The foulded meaning of your words deceit:
Againſt my ſoules pure truth, why labour you,
To make it wander in an vnknowne field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transforme me then, and to your powre Ile yeeld.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping ſiſter is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage doe I owe:
Farre more, farre more, to you doe I decline:
Oh traine me not ſweet Mermaide with thy note,
To drowne me in thy ſiſter floud of teares:
Sing Siren for thy ſelfe, and I will dote:
Spread ore the ſiluer waues thy golden haires;
And as a bud Ile take thee, and there lie:
And in that glorious ſuppoſition thinke,
He gaines by death, that hath ſuch meanes to die:
Let Loue, being light, be drowned if ſhe ſinke.
Luc. What are you mad, that you doe reaſon ſo?
Ant. Not mad, but mated, how I doe not know.
Luc. It is a fault that ſpringeth from your eie.
Ant. For gazing on your beames faire ſun being by.
Luc. Gaze when you ſhould, and that will cleere your ſight.
Ant. As good to winke ſweet loue, as looke on night.
Luc. Why call you me loue? Call my ſiſter ſo.
Ant. Thy ſiſters ſiſter.
Luc. That's my ſiſter.
Ant. No: it is thy ſelfe, mine owne ſelfes better part:
Mine eies cleere eie, my deere hearts deerer heart;
My foode, my fortune, and my ſweet hopes aime;
My ſole earths heauen, and my heauens claime.
Luc. All this my ſiſter is, or elſe ſhould be.
Ant. Call thy ſelfe ſiſter ſweet, for I am thee;
Thee will I loue, and with thee lead my life;
Thou haſt no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Giue me thy hand.
Luc. Oh ſoft ſir, hold you ſtill:
Ile fetch my ſiſter to get her good will. *Exit.*

Enter Dromio, Siracuſia.

Ant. Why how now *Dromio*, where run'ſt thou ſo faſt?
S.Dro. Doe you know me ſir? Am I *Dromio*? Am I your man? Am I my ſelfe?
Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thy ſelfe.
Dro. I am an aſſe, I am a womans man, and beſides my ſelfe.
Ant. What womans man? and how beſides thy ſelfe?
Dro. Marrie ſir, beſides my ſelfe, I am due to a woman:
One that claimes me, one that haunts me, one that will haue me.

Anti. What claime laies ſhe to thee?
Dro. Marry ſir, ſuch claime as you would lay to your horſe, and ſhe would haue me as a beaſt, not that I beeing a beaſt ſhe would haue me, but that ſhe being a verie beaſtly creature layes claime to me.
Anti. What is ſhe?
Dro. A very reuerent body: I ſuch a one, as a man may not ſpeake of, without he ſay ſir reuerence, I haue but leane lucke in the match, and yet is ſhe a wondrous fat marriage.
Anti. How doſt thou meane a fat marriage?
Dro. Marry ſir, ſhe's the Kitchin wench, & al greaſe, and I know not what vſe to put her too, but to make a Lampe of her, and run from her by her owne light. I warrant, her ragges and the Tallow in them, will burne a *Poland* Winter: If ſhe liues till doomeſday, ſhe'l burne a weeke longer then the whole World.
Anti. What complexion is ſhe of?
Dro. Swart like my ſhoo, but her face nothing like ſo cleane kept: for why? ſhe ſweats a man may goe ouer-ſhooes in the grime of it.
Anti. That's a fault that water will mend.
Dro. No ſir, 'tis in graine, *Noahs* flood could not do it.
Anti. What's her name?
Dro. *Nell* Sir: but her name is three quarters, that's an Ell and three quarters, will not meaſure her from hip to hip.
Anti. Then ſhe beares ſome bredth?
Dro. No longer from head to foot, then from hippe to hippe: ſhe is ſphericall, like a globe: I could find out Countries in her.
Anti. In what part of her body ſtands *Ireland*?
Dro. Marry ſir in her buttockes, I found it out by the bogges.
Ant, Where *Scotland*?
Dro. I found it by the barrenneſſe, hard in the palme of the hand.
Ant. Where *France*?
Dro. In her forhead, arm'd and reuerted, making warre againſt her heire.
Ant. Where *England*?
Dro. I look'd for the chalkle Cliffes, but I could find no whiteneſſe in them. But I gueſſe, it ſtood in her chin by the ſalt rheume that ranne betweene *France*, and it.
Ant. Where *Spaine*?
Dro. Faith I ſaw it not: but I felt it hot in her breth.
Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies*?
Dro. Oh ſir, vpon her noſe, all ore embelliſhed with Rubies, Carbuncles, Saphires, declining their rich Aſpect to the hot breath of Spaine, who ſent whole Armadoes of Carrects to be ballaſt at her noſe.
Anti. Where ſtood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?
Dro. Oh ſir, I did not looke ſo low. To conclude, this drudge or Diuiner layd claime to mee, call'd mee *Dromio*, ſwore I was aſſur'd to her, told me what priuie markes I had about mee, as the marke of my ſhoulder, the Mole in my necke, the great Wart on my left arme, that I amaz'd ranne from her as a witch. And I thinke, if my breſt had not beene made of faith, and my heart of ſteele, ſhe had transform'd me to a Curtull dog, & made me turne i'th wheele.
Anti. Go hie thee preſently, poſt to the rode,
And if the winde blow any way from ſhore,
I will not harbour in this Towne to night.
If any Barke put forth, come to the Mart,
Where I will walke till thou returne to me:
If euerie one knowes vs, and we know none,
'Tis time I thinke to trudge, packe, and be gone.
Dro. As from a Beare a man would run for life,
So flie I from her that would be my wife. *Exit*
Anti. There's none but Witches do inhabite heere,
And therefore 'tis hie time that I were hence:
She that doth call me husband, euen my ſoule
Doth for a wife abhorre. But her faire ſiſter
Poſſeſt with ſuch a gentle ſoueraigne grace,
Of ſuch inchanting preſence and diſcourſe,
Hath almoſt made me Traitor to my ſelfe:
But leaſt my ſelfe be guilty to ſelfe wrong,
Ile ſtop mine eares againſt the Mermaids ſong.

Enter Angelo with the Chaine.

Ang. Mr *Antipholus.*
Anti. I that's my name.
Ang. I know it well ſir, loe here's the chaine,
I thought to haue tane you at the *Porpentine*,
The chaine vnfiniſh'd made me ſtay thus long.
Anti. What is your will that I ſhal do with this?
Ang. What pleaſe your ſelfe ſir: I haue made it for you.
Anti. Made it for me ſir, I beſpoke it not.
Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twentie times you haue:
Go home with it, and pleaſe your Wife withall,
And ſoone at ſupper time Ile viſit you,
And then receiue my money for the chaine.
Anti. I pray you ſir receiue the money now,
For feare you ne're ſee chaine, nor mony more.
Ang. You are a merry man ſir, fare you well. *Exit.*
Ant. What I ſhould thinke of this, I cannot tell:
But this I thinke, there's no man is ſo vaine,
That would refuſe ſo faire an offer'd Chaine.
I ſee a man heere needs not liue by ſhifts,
When in the ſtreets he meetes ſuch Golden gifts:
Ile to the Mart, and there for *Dromio* ſtay,
If any ſhip put out, then ſtraight away. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter a Merchant, Goldſmith, and an Officer.

Mar. You know ſince Pentecoſt the ſum is due,
And ſince I haue not much importun'd you,
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To *Perſia*, and want Gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make preſent ſatisfaction,
Or Ile attach you by this Officer.
Gold. Euen iuſt the ſum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by *Antipholus*,
And in the inſtant that I met with you,
He had of me a Chaine, at fiue a clocke
I ſhall receiue the money for the ſame:
Pleaſeth you walke with me downe to his houſe,
I will diſcharge my bond, and thanke you too.

Enter Antipholus Epheſ. Dromio from the Courtizans.

Offi. That labour may you ſaue: See where he comes.
Ant. While I go to the Goldſmiths houſe, go thou
And

And buy a ropes end, that will I beſtow
Among my wife, and their confederates,
For locking me out of my doores by day:
But ſoft I ſee the Goldſmith; get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.
Dro. I buy a thouſand pound a yeare, I buy a rope. *Exit Dromio*
Eph. Ant. A man is well holpe vp that truſts to you,
I promiſed your preſence, and the Chaine,
But neither Chaine nor Goldſmith came to me:
Belike you thought our loue would laſt too long
If it were chain'd together: and therefore came not.
Gold. Sauing your merrie humor: here's the note
How much your Chaine weighs to the vtmoſt charect,
The fineneſſe of the Gold, and chargefull faſhion,
Which doth amount to three odde Duckets more
Then I ſtand debted to this Gentleman,
I pray you ſee him preſently diſcharg'd,
For he is bound to Sea, and ſtayes but for it.
Anti. I am not furniſh'd with the preſent monie:
Beſides I haue ſome buſineſſe in the towne,
Good Signior take the ſtranger to my houſe,
And with you take the Chaine, and bid my wife
Diſburſe the ſumme, on the receit thereof,
Perchance I will be there as ſoone as you.
Gold. Then you will bring the Chaine to her your ſelfe.
Anti. No beare it with you, leaſt I come not time enough.
Gold. Well ſir, I will? Haue you the Chaine about you?
Ant. And if I haue not ſir, I hope you haue:
Or elſe you may returne without your money.
Gold. Nay come I pray you ſir, giue me the Chaine:
Both winde and tide ſtayes for this Gentleman,
And I too blame haue held him heere too long.
Anti. Good Lord, you vſe this dalliance to excuſe
Your breach of promiſe to the *Porpentine*,
I ſhould haue chid you for not bringing it,
But like a ſhrew you firſt begin to brawle.
Mar. The houre ſteales on, I pray you ſir diſpatch.
Gold. You heare how he importunes me, the Chaine.
Ant. Why giue it to my wife, and fetch your mony.
Gold. Come, come, you know I gaue it you euen now.
Either ſend the Chaine, or ſend me by ſome token.
Ant. Fie, now you run this humor out of breath,
Come where's the Chaine, I pray you let me ſee it.
Mar. My buſineſſe cannot brooke this dalliance,
Good ſir ſay, whe'r you'l anſwer me, or no:
If not, Ile leaue him to the Officer.
Ant. I anſwer you? What ſhould I anſwer you.
Gold. The monie that you owe me for the Chaine.
Ant. I owe you none, till I receiue the Chaine.
Gold. You know I gaue it you halfe an houre ſince.
Ant. You gaue me none, you wrong mee much to ſay ſo.
Gold. You wrong me more ſir in denying it.
Conſider how it ſtands vpon my credit.
Mar. Well Officer, arreſt him at my ſuite.
Offi. I do, and charge you in the Dukes name to obey me.
Gold. This touches me in reputation.
Either conſent to pay this ſum for me,
Or I attach you by this Officer.
Ant. Conſent to pay thee that I neuer had:
Arreſt me fooliſh fellow if thou dar'ſt.
Gold. Heere is thy fee, arreſt him Officer.
I would not ſpare my brother in this caſe,
If he ſhould ſcorne me ſo apparantly.
Offic. I do arreſt you ſir, you heare the ſuite.
Ant. I do obey thee, till I giue thee baile.
But ſirrah, you ſhall buy this ſport as deere,
As all the mettall in your ſhop will anſwer.
Gold. Sir, ſir, I ſhall haue Law in *Epheſus*,
To your notorious ſhame, I doubt it not.

Enter Dromio Sira. from the Bay.

Dro. Maſter, there's a Barke of *Epidamium*,
That ſtaies but till her Owner comes aboord,
And then ſir ſhe beares away. Our fraughtage ſir,
I haue conuei'd aboord, and I haue bought
The Oyle, the *Balſamum*, and Aqua-vitæ.
The ſhip is in her trim, the merrie winde
Blowes faire from land: they ſtay for nought at all,
But for their Owner, Maſter, and your ſelfe.
An. How now? a Madman? Why thou peeuiſh ſheep
What ſhip of *Epidamium* ſtaies for me.
S. Dro. A ſhip you ſent me too, to hier waftage.
Ant. Thou drunken ſlaue, I ſent thee for a rope,
And told thee to what purpoſe, and what end.
S. Dro. You ſent me for a ropes end as ſoone,
You ſent me to the Bay ſir, for a Barke.
Ant. I will debate this matter at more leiſure
And teach your eares to liſt me with more heede:
To *Adriana* Villaine hie thee ſtraight:
Giue her this key, and tell her in the Deske
That's couer'd o're with Turkiſh Tapiſtrie,
There is a purſe of Duckets, let her ſend it:
Tell her, I am arreſted in the ſtreete,
And that ſhall baile me: hie thee ſlaue, be gone,
On Officer to priſon, till it come. *Exeunt*
S. Dromio. To *Adriana*, that is where we din'd,
Where Dowſabell did claime me for her husband,
She is too bigge I hope for me to compaſſe,
Thither I muſt, although againſt my will:
For ſeruants muſt their Maſters mindes fulfill. *Exit*

Enter Adriana and *Luciana.*

Adr. Ah *Luciana*, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceiue auſteerely in his eie,
That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no:
Look'd he or red or pale, or ſad or merrily?
What obſeruation mad'ſt thou in this caſe?
Oh, his hearts Meteors tilting in his face.
Luc. Firſt he deni'de you had in him no right.
Adr. He meant he did me none: the more my ſpight
Luc. Then ſwore he that he was a ſtranger heere.
Adr. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworne hee were.
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.
Adr. And what ſaid he?
Luc. That loue I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what perſwaſion did he tempt thy loue?
Luc. With words, that in an honeſt ſuit might moue.
Firſt, he did praiſe my beautie, then my ſpeech.
Adr. Did'ſt ſpeake him faire?
Luc. Haue patience I beſeech.
Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me ſtill,
My tongue, though not my heart, ſhall haue his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and ſere,
Ill-fac'd, worſe bodied, ſhapeleſſe euery where:
Vicious, vngentle, fooliſh, blunt, vnkinde,
Stigma-

Stigmaticall in making worſe in minde.
Luc. Who would be iealous then of ſuch a one?
No euill loſt is wail'd,when it is gone.
Adr. Ah but I thinke him better then I ſay:
And yet would herein others eies were worſe:
Farre from her neſt the Lapwing cries away;
My heart praies for him,though my tongue doe curſe.

Enter S.Dromio.

Dro. Here goe: the deske,the purſe,ſweet now make haſte.
Luc. How haſt thou loſt thy breath?
S.Dro. By running faſt.
Adr. Where is thy Maſter *Dromio*? Is he well?
S.Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worſe then hell:
A diuell in an euerlaſting garment hath him;
On whoſe hard heart is button'd vp with ſteele:
A Feind,a Fairie,pittileſſe and ruffe:
A Wolfe,nay worſe, a fellow all in buffe:
A back friend,a ſhoulder-clapper, one that countermáds
The paſſages of allies,creekes,and narrow lands:
A hound that runs Counter,and yet draws drifoot well,
One that before the Iudgmẽt carries poore ſoules to hel.
Adr. Why man,what is the matter?
S.Dro. I doe not know the matter, hee is reſted on the caſe.
Adr. What is he arreſted? tell me at whoſe ſuite?
S.Dro. I know not at whoſe ſuite he is areſted well; but is in a ſuite of buffe which reſted him,that can I tell, will you ſend him Miſtris redemption, the monie in his deske.
Adr. Go fetch it Siſter: this I wonder at.
Exit Luciana.
Thus he vnknowne to me ſhould be in debt:
Tell me,was he areſted on a band?
S.Dro. Not on a band,but on a ſtronger thing:
A chaine,a chaine, doe you not here it ring.
Adria. What,the chaine?
S.Dro. No,no,the bell, 'tis time that I were gone:
It was two ere I left him,and now the clocke ſtrikes one.
Adr. The houres come backe, that did I neuer here.
S.Dro. Oh yes,if any houre meete a Serieant,a turnes backe for verie feare.
Adri. As if time were in debt: how fondly do'ſt thou reaſon?
S.Dro. Time is a verie bankerout,and owes more then he's worth to ſeaſon.
Nay,he's a theefe too: haue you not heard men ſay,
That time comes ſtealing on by night and day?
If I be in debt and theft,and a Serieant in the way,
Hath he not reaſon to turne backe an houre in a day?

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go *Dromio*, there's the monie,beare it ſtraight,
And bring thy Maſter home imediately.
Come ſiſter, I am preſt downe with conceit:
Conceit,my comfort and my iniurie. *Exit.*

Enter Antipholus Siracuſia.

There's not a man I meete but doth ſalute me
As if I were their well acquainted friend,
And euerie one doth call me by my name:
Some tender monie to me, ſome inuite me;
Some other giue me thankes for kindneſſes;
Some offer me Commodities to buy.
Euen now a tailor cal'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me Silkes that he had bought for me,
And therewithall tooke meaſure of my body.
Sure theſe are but imaginarie wiles,
And lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

Enter Dromio.Sir.

S.Dro. Maſter,here's the gold you ſent me for: what haue you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd?
Ant. What gold is this? What *Adam* do'ſt thou meane?
S.Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradiſe: but that *Adam* that keepes the priſon; hee that goes in the calues-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall: hee that came behinde you ſir,like an euill angel,and bid you forſake your libertie.
Ant. I vnderſtand thee not.
S.Dro. No? why 'tis a plaine caſe: he that went like a Baſe-Viole in a caſe of leather; the man ſir, that when gentlemen are tired giues them a ſob, and reſts them: he ſir,that takes pittie on decaied men, and giues them ſuites of durance: he that ſets vp his reſt to doe more exploits with his Mace,then a Moris Pike.
Ant. What thou mean'ſt an officer?
S.Dro. I ſir,the Serieant of the Band: he that brings any man to anſwer it that breakes his Band: one that thinkes a man alwaies going to bed, and ſaies,God giue you good reſt.
Ant. Well ſir,there reſt in your foolerie:
Is there any ſhips puts forth to night? may we be gone?
S.Dro. Why ſir,I brought you word an houre ſince, that the Barke *Expedition* put forth to night, and then were you hindred by the Serieant to tarry for the *Hoy Delay*: Here are the angels that you ſent for to deliuer you.
Ant. The fellow is diſtract,and ſo am I,
And here we wander in illuſions:
Some bleſſed power deliuer vs from hence.

Enter a Curtizan.

Cur. Well met,well met, Maſter *Antipholus*:
I ſee ſir you haue found the Gold-ſmith now:
Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day.
Ant. Sathan auoide,I charge thee tempt me not.
S.Dro. Maſter,is this Miſtris *Sathan*?
Ant. It is the diuell.
S.Dro. Nay,ſhe is worſe,ſhe is the diuels dam: And here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes,that the wenches ſay God dam me,That's as much to ſay, God make me a light wench: It is written,they appeare to men like angels of light, light is an effect of fire,and fire will burne: *ergo*,light wenches will burne,come not neere her.
Cur. Your man and you are maruailous merrie ſir.
Will you goe with me,wee'll mend our dinner here?
S.Dro. Maſter,if do expect ſpoon-meate, or beſpeake a long ſpoone.
Ant. Why *Dromio*?
S.Dro. Marrie he muſt haue a long ſpoone that muſt eate with the diuell.
Ant. Auoid then fiend, what tel'ſt thou me of ſupping?
Thou art,as you are all a ſorcereſſe:
I coniure thee to leaue me,and be gon.
Cur. Giue me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promis'd,
And Ile be gone ſir,and not trouble you.
S.Dro. Some diuels aske but the parings of ones naile,
a

a ruſh, a haire, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherrie-ſtone: but ſhe more couetous, wold haue a chaine: Maſter be wiſe, and if you giue it her, the diuell will ſhake her Chaine,and fright vs with it.
Cur. I pray you ſir my Ring, or elſe the Chaine,
I hope you do not meane to cheate me ſo?
Ant. Auant thou witch: Come *Dromio* let vs go.
S.Dro. Flie pride ſaies the Pea-cocke, Miſtris that you know. *Exit.*
Cur. Now out of doubt *Antipholus* is mad,
Elſe would he neuer ſo demeane himſelfe,
A Ring he hath of mine worth fortie Duckets,
And for the ſame he promis'd me a Chaine,
Both one and other he denies me now:
The reaſon that I gather he is mad,
Beſides this preſent inſtance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,
Of his owne doores being ſhut againſt his entrance.
Belike his wife acquainted with his fits,
On purpoſe ſhut the doores againſt his way:
My way is now to hie home to his houſe,
And tell his wife, that being Lunaticke,
He ruſh'd into my houſe, and tooke perforce
My Ring away. This courſe I fitteſt chooſe,
For fortie Duckets is too much to looſe.

Enter Antipholus Epheſ. with a Iailor.

An. Feare me not man, I will not breake away,
Ile giue thee ere I leaue thee ſo much money
To warrant thee as I am reſted for.
My wife is in a wayward moode to day,
And will not lightly truſt the Meſſenger,
That I ſhould be attach'd in *Epheſus*,
I tell you 'twill ſound harſhly in her eares.

Enter Dromio Eph.with a ropes end.

Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie.
How now ſir? Haue you that I ſent you for?
E.Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.
Anti. But where's the Money?
E.Dro. Why ſir, I gaue the Monie for the Rope.
Ant. Fiue hundred Duckets villaine for a rope?
E. Dro. Ile ſerue you ſir fiue hundred at the rate.
Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?
E.Dro. To a ropes end ſir, and to that end am I return'd.
Ant. And to that end ſir, I will welcome you.
Offi. Good ſir be patient.
E.Dro. Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in aduerſitie.
Offi. Good now hold thy tongue.
E.Dro. Nay, rather perſwade him to hold his hands.
Anti. Thou whoreſon ſenſeleſſe Villaine.
E.Dro. I would I were ſenſeleſſe ſir, that I might not feele your blowes.
Anti. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blowes,and ſo is an Aſſe.
E.Dro. I am an Aſſe indeede, you may prooue it by my long eares. I haue ſerued him from the houre of my Natiuitie to this inſtant, and haue nothing at his hands for my ſeruice but blowes. When I am cold, he heates me with beating: when I am warme,he cooles me with beating: I am wak'd with it when I ſleepe, rais'd with it when I ſit, driuen out of doores with it when I goe from home, welcom'd home with it when I returne,nay I beare it on my ſhoulders, as a begger woont her brat: and I thinke when he hath lam'd me, I ſhall begge with it from doore to doore.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtizan, and a Schoolemaſter, call'd Pinch.

Ant. Come goe along, my wife is comming yonder.
E.Dro. Miſtris *reſpice finem*, reſpect your end, or rather the propheſie like the Parrat,beware the ropes end.
Anti. Wilt thou ſtill talke? *Beats Dro.*
Curt. How ſay you now? Is not your husband mad?
Adri. His inciuility confirmes no leſſe:
Good Doctor *Pinch*,you are a Coniurer,
Eſtabliſh him in his true ſence againe,
And I will pleaſe you what you will demand.
Luc. Alas how fiery, and how ſharpe he lookes.
Cur. Marke,how he trembles in his extaſie.
Pinch. Giue me your hand, and let mee feele your pulſe.
Ant. There is my hand, and let it feele your eare.
Pinch. I charge thee Sathan,hous'd within this man,
To yeeld poſſeſſion to my holie praiers,
And to thy ſtate of darkneſſe hie thee ſtraight,
I coniure thee by all the Saints in heauen.
Anti. Peace doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.
Adr. Oh that thou wer't not, poore diſtreſſed ſoule.
Anti. You Minion you, are theſe your Cuſtomers?
Did this Companion with the ſaffron face
Reuell and feaſt it at my houſe to day,
Whil'ſt vpon me the guiltie doores were ſhut,
And I denied to enter in my houſe.
Adr. O husband, God doth know you din'd at home
Where would you had remain'd vntill this time,
Free from theſe ſlanders, and this open ſhame.
Anti. Din'd at home? Thou Villaine, what ſayeſt thou?
Dro. Sir ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.
Ant. Were not my doores lockt vp, and I ſhut out?
Dro. Perdie, your doores were lockt, and you ſhut out.
Anti. And did not ſhe her ſelfe reuile me there?
Dro. *Sans* Fable, ſhe her ſelfe reuil'd you there.
Anti. Did not her Kitchen maide raile, taunt, and ſcorne me?
Dro. *Certis* ſhe did, the kitchin veſtall ſcorn'd you.
Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?
Dro. In veritie you did, my bones beares witneſſe,
That ſince haue felt the vigor of his rage.
Adr. Is't good to ſooth him in theſe crontraries?
Pinch. It is no ſhame, the fellow finds his vaine,
And yeelding to him, humors well his frenſie.
Ant. Thou haſt ſubborn'd the Goldſmith to arreſt mee.
Adr. Alas, I ſent you Monie to redeeme you,
By *Dromio* heere, who came in haſt for it.
Dro. Monie by me? Heart and good will you might,
But ſurely Maſter not a ragge of Monie.
Ant. Wentſt not thou to her for a purſe of Duckets.
Adri. He came to me, and I deliuer'd it.
Luci. And I am witneſſe with her that ſhe did.
Dro. God and the Rope-maker beare me witneſſe,
That I was ſent for nothing but a rope.
Pinch. Miſtris, both Man and Maſter is poſſeſt,
I know it by their pale and deadly lookes,
They

They muſt be bound and laide in ſome darke roome.
Ant. Say wherefore didſt thou locke me forth to day,
And why doſt thou denie the bagge of gold?
Adr. I did not gentle husband locke thee forth.
Dro. And gentle Mr I receiu'd no gold:
But I confeſſe ſir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Diſſembling Villain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both
Ant. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all,
And art confederate with a damned packe,
To make a loathſome abiect ſcorne of me:
But with theſe nailes, Ile plucke out theſe falſe eyes,
That would behold in me this ſhamefull ſport.

Enter three or foure, and offer to binde him: Hee ſtriues.

Adr. Oh binde him, binde him, let him not come neere me.
Pinch. More company, the fiend is ſtrong within him
Luc. Aye me poore man, how pale and wan he looks.
Ant. What will you murther me, thou Iailor thou?
I am thy priſoner, wilt thou ſuffer them to make a reſcue?
Offi. Maſters let him go: he is my priſoner, and you ſhall not haue him.
Pinch. Go binde this man, for he is franticke too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeuiſh Officer?
Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man
Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelfe?
Offi. He is my priſoner, if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will diſcharge thee ere I go from thee,
Beare me forthwith vnto his Creditor,
And knowing how the debt growes I will pay it.
Good Maſter Doctor ſee him ſafe conuey'd
Home to my houſe, oh moſt vnhappy day.
Ant. Oh moſt vnhappie ſtrumpet.
Dro. Maſter, I am heere entred in bond for you.
Ant. Out on thee Villaine, wherefore doſt thou mad mee?
Dro. Will you be bound for nothing, be mad good Maſter, cry the diuell.
Luc. God helpe poore ſoules, how idlely doe they talke.
Adr. Go beare him hence, ſiſter go you with me:
Say now, whoſe ſuite is he arreſted at?

Exeunt. Manet Offic. Adri. Luci. Courtizan

Off. One *Angelo* a Goldſmith, do you know him?
Adr. I know the man: what is the ſumme he owes?
Off. Two hundred Duckets.
Adr. Say, how growes it due.
Off. Due for a Chaine your husband had of him.
Adr. He did beſpeake a Chain for me, but had it not.
Cur. When as your husband all in rage to day
Came to my houſe, and tooke away my Ring,
The Ring I ſaw vpon his finger now,
Straight after did I meete him with a Chaine.
Adr. It may be ſo, but I did neuer ſee it.
Come Iailor, bring me where the Goldſmith is,
I long to know the truth heereof at large.

Enter Antipholus Siracuſia with his Rapier drawne, and Dromio Sirac.

Luc. God for thy mercy, they are looſe againe.
Adr. And come with naked ſwords,
Let's call more helpe to haue them bound againe.
Runne all out.

Off. Away, they'l kill vs.
Exeunt omnes, as faſt as may be, frighted.
S. Ant. I ſee theſe Witches are affraid of ſwords.
S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from you.
Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our ſtuffe from thence:
I long that we were ſafe and ſound aboord.
Dro. Faith ſtay heere this night, they will ſurely do vs no harme: you ſaw they ſpeake vs faire, giue vs gold: me thinkes they are ſuch a gentle Nation, that but for the Mountaine of mad fleſh that claimes mariage of me, I could finde in my heart to ſtay heere ſtill, and turne Witch.
Ant. I will not ſtay to night for all the Towne,
Therefore away, to get our ſtuffe aboord. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

Enter the Merchant and the Goldſmith.

Gold. I am ſorry Sir that I haue hindred you,
But I proteſt he had the Chaine of me,
Though moſt diſhoneſtly he doth denie it.
Mar. How is the man eſteem'd heere in the Citie?
Gold. Of very reuerent reputation ſir,
Of credit infinite, highly belou'd,
Second to none that liues heere in the Citie:
His word might beare my wealth at any time.
Mar. Speake ſoftly, yonder as I thinke he walkes.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio againe.

Gold. 'Tis ſo: and that ſelfe chaine about his necke,
Which he forſwore moſt monſtrouſly to haue.
Good ſir draw neere to me, Ile ſpeake to him:
Signior *Antipholus*, I wonder much
That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble,
And not without ſome ſcandall to your ſelfe,
With circumſtance and oaths, ſo to denie
This Chaine, which now you weare ſo openly.
Beſide the charge, the ſhame, impriſonment,
You haue done wrong to this my honeſt friend,
Who but for ſtaying on our Controuerſie,
Had hoiſted ſaile, and put to ſea to day:
This Chaine you had of me, can you deny it?
Ant. I thinke I had, I neuer did deny it.
Mar. Yes that you did ſir, and forſwore it too.
Ant. Who heard me to denie it or forſweare it?
Mar. Theſe eares of mine thou knowſt did heare thee:
Fie on thee wretch, 'tis pitty that thou liu'ſt
To walke where any honeſt men reſort.
Ant. Thou art a Villaine to impeach me thus,
Ile proue mine honor, and mine honeſtie
Againſt thee preſently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand:
Mar. I dare and do defie thee for a villaine.

They draw. Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, & others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for God ſake, he is mad,
Some get within him, take his ſword away:
Binde *Dromio* too, and beare them to my houſe.
S. Dro. Runne maſter run, for Gods ſake take a houſe,
This is ſome Priorie, in, or we are ſpoyl'd.
Exeunt to the Priorie.

Enter Ladie Abbeſſe.

Ab. Be quiet people, wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poore diſtracted husband hence,
Let vs come in, that we may binde him faſt,
And beare him home for his recouerie.
Gold. I knew he vvas not in his perfect wits.
Mar. I am ſorry now that I did draw on him.
Ab. How long hath this poſſeſſion held the man.
Adr. This weeke he hath beene heauie, ſower ſad,
And much different from the man he was:
But till this afternoone his paſſion
Ne're brake into extremity of rage.
Ab. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wrack of ſea,
Buried ſome deere friend, hath not elſe his eye
Stray'd his affection in vnlawfull loue,
A ſinne preuailing much in youthfull men,
Who giue their eies the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrowes is he ſubiect too?
Adr. To none of theſe, except it be the laſt,
Namely, ſome loue that drew him oft from home.
Ab. You ſhould for that haue reprehended him.
Adr. Why ſo I did.
Ab. I but not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly as my modeſtie would let me.
Ab. Haply in priuate.
Adr. And in aſſemblies too.
Ab. I, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copie of our Conference.
In bed he ſlept not for my vrging it,
At boord he fed not for my vrging it:
Alone, it was the ſubiect of my Theame:
In company I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him, it was vilde and bad.
Ab. And thereof came it, that the man was mad.
The venome clamors of a iealous woman,
Poiſons more deadly then a mad dogges tooth.
It ſeemes his ſleepes were hindred by thy railing,
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou ſaiſt his meate was ſawc'd with thy vpbraidings,
Vnquiet meales make ill digeſtions,
Thereof the raging fire of feauer bred,
And what's a Feauer, but a fit of madneſſe?
Thou ſayeſt his ſports were hindred by thy bralles.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue
But moodie and dull melancholly,
Kinſman to grim and comfortleſſe diſpaire,
And at her heeles a huge infectious troope
Of pale diſtemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in ſport, and life-preſeruing reſt
To be diſturb'd, would mad or man, or beaſt:
The conſequence is then, thy iealous fits
Hath ſcar'd thy husband from the vſe of wits.
Luc. She neuer reprehended him but mildely,
When he demean'd himſelfe, rough, rude, and wildly,
Why beare you theſe rebukes, and anſwer not?
Adri. She did betray me to my owne reproofe,
Good people enter, and lay hold on him.
Ab. No, not a creature enters in my houſe.
Ad. Then let your ſeruants bring my husband forth
Ab. Neither: he tooke this place for ſanctuary,
And it ſhall priuiledge him from your hands,
Till I haue brought him to his wits againe,
Or looſe my labour in aſſaying it.
Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurſe,
Diet his ſickneſſe, for it is my Office,
And will haue no atturney but my ſelfe,
And therefore let me haue him home with me.
Ab. Be patient, for I will not let him ſtirre,
Till I haue vs'd the approoued meanes I haue,
With wholſome ſirrups, drugges, and holy prayers
To make of him a formall man againe:
It is a branch and parcell of mine oath,
A charitable dutie of my order,
Therefore depart, and leaue him heere with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leaue my husband heere:
And ill it doth beſeeme your holineſſe
To ſeparate the husband and the wife.
Ab. Be quiet and depart, thou ſhalt not haue him.
Luc. Complaine vnto the Duke of this indignity.
Adr. Come go, I will fall proſtrate at his feete,
And neuer riſe vntill my teares and prayers
Haue won his grace to come in perſon hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbeſſe.
Mar. By this I thinke the Diall points at fiue:
Anon I'me ſure the Duke himſelfe in perſon
Comes this way to the melancholly vale;
The place of depth, and ſorrie execution,
Behinde the ditches of the Abbey heere.
Gold. Vpon what cauſe?
Mar. To ſee a reuerent *Siracuſian* Merchant,
Who put vnluckily into this Bay
Againſt the Lawes and Statutes of this Towne,
Beheaded publikely for his offence.
Gold. See where they come, we wil behold his death
Luc. Kneele to the Duke before he paſſe the Abbey.

Enter the Duke of Epheſus, and the Merchant of Siracuſe bare head, with the Headſman, & other Officers.

Duke. Yet once againe proclaime it publikely,
If any friend will pay the ſumme for him,
He ſhall not die, ſo much we tender him.
Adr. Iuſtice moſt ſacred Duke againſt the Abbeſſe.
Duke. She is a vertuous and a reuerend Lady,
It cannot be that ſhe hath done thee wrong.
Adr. May it pleaſe your Grace, *Antipholus* my husbād,
Who I made Lord of me, and all I had,
At your important Letters this ill day,
A moſt outragious fit of madneſſe tooke him:
That deſp'rately he hurried through the ſtreete,
With him his bondman, all as mad as he,
Doing diſpleaſure to the Citizens,
By ruſhing in their houſes: bearing thence
Rings, Iewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and ſent him home,
Whil'ſt to take order for the wrongs I went,
That heere and there his furie had committed,
Anon I wot not, by what ſtrong eſcape
He broke from thoſe that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himſelfe,
Each one with irefull paſſion, with drawne ſwords
Met vs againe, and madly bent on vs
Chac'd vs away: till raiſing of more aide
We came againe to binde them: then they fled
Into this Abbey, whether we purſu'd them,
And heere the Abbeſſe ſhuts the gates on vs,
And will not ſuffer vs to fetch him out,
Nor ſend him forth, that we may beare him hence.

Therefore moſt gracious Duke with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for helpe.

Duke. Long ſince thy husband ſeru'd me in my wars
And I to thee ingag'd a Princes word,
When thou didſt make him Maſter of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go ſome of you, knocke at the Abbey gate,
And bid the Lady Abbeſſe come to me:
I will determine this before I ſtirre.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Oh Miſtris, Miſtris, ſhift and ſaue your ſelfe,
My Maſter and his man are both broke looſe,
Beaten the Maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,
Whoſe beard they haue ſindg'd off with brands of fire,
And euer as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pailes of puddled myre to quench the haire;
My M^{r} preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with Cizers nickes him like a foole:
And ſure (vnleſſe you ſend ſome preſent helpe)
Betweene them they will kill the Coniurer.

Adr. Peace foole, thy Maſter and his man are here,
And that is falſe thou doſt report to vs.

Meſſ. Miſtris, vpon my life I tel you true,
I haue not breath'd almoſt ſince I did ſee it.
He cries for you, and vowes if he can take you,
To ſcorch your face, and to disfigure you:

Cry within.

Harke, harke, I heare him Miſtris: flie, be gone.

Duke. Come ſtand by me, feare nothing: guard with Halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband: witneſſe you,
That he is borne about inuiſible,
Euen now we hous'd him in the Abbey heere.
And now he's there, paſt thought of humane reaſon.

Enter Antipholus, and E. Dromio of Epheſus.

E. Ant. Iuſtice moſt gracious Duke, oh grant me iuſtice,
Euen for the ſeruice that long ſince I did thee,
When I beſtrid thee in the warres, and tooke
Deepe ſcarres to ſaue thy life; euen for the blood
That then I loſt for thee, now grant me iuſtice.

Mar. Fat. Vnleſſe the feare of death doth make me dote, I ſee my ſonne *Antipholus* and *Dromio.*

E. Ant. Iuſtice (ſweet Prince) againſt yͤ Woman there:
She whom thou gau'ſt to me to be my wife;
That hath abuſed and diſhonored me,
Euen in the ſtrength and height of iniurie:
Beyond imagination is the wrong
That ſhe this day hath ſhameleſſe throwne on me.

Duke. Diſcouer how, and thou ſhalt finde me iuſt.

E. Ant. This day (great Duke) ſhe ſhut the doores vpon me,
While ſhe with Harlots feaſted in my houſe.

Duke. A greeuous fault: ſay woman, didſt thou ſo?

Adr. No my good Lord. My ſelfe, he, and my ſiſter,
To day did dine together: ſo befall my ſoule,
As this is falſe he burthens me withall.

Luc. Nere may I looke on day, nor ſleepe on night,
But ſhe tels to your Highneſſe ſimple truth.

Gold. O periur'd woman! They are both forſworne,
In this the Madman iuſtly chargeth them.

E. Ant. My Liege, I am aduiſed what I ſay,
Neither diſturbed with the effect of Wine,
Nor headie-raſh prouoak'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiſer mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That Goldſmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witneſſe it: for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a Chaine,
Promiſing to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where *Balthaſar* and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not comming thither,
I went to ſeeke him. In the ſtreet I met him,
And in his companie that Gentleman.
There did this periur'd Goldſmith ſweare me downe,
That I this day of him receiu'd the Chaine,
Which God he knowes, I ſaw not. For the which,
He did arreſt me with an Officer.
I did obey, and ſent my Peſant home
For certaine Duckets: he with none return'd.
Then fairely I beſpoke the Officer
To go in perſon with me to my houſe.
By'th'way, we met my wife, her ſiſter, and a rabble more
Of vilde Confederates: Along with them
They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry leane-fac'd Villaine;
A meere Anatomie, a Mountebanke,
A thred-bare Iugler, and a Fortune-teller,
A needy-hollow-ey'd-ſharpe-looking-wretch;
A liuing dead man. This pernicious ſlaue,
Forſooth tooke on him as a Coniurer:
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no-face (as 'twere) out-facing me,
Cries out, I was poſſeſt. Then altogether
They fell vpon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a darke and dankiſh vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in ſunder,
I gain'd my freedome; and immediately
Ran hether to your Grace, whom I beſeech
To giue me ample ſatisfaction
For theſe deepe ſhames, and great indignities.

Gold. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witnes with him:
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he ſuch a Chaine of thee, or no?

Gold. He had my Lord, and when he ran in heere,
Theſe people ſaw the Chaine about his necke.

Mar. Beſides, I will be ſworne theſe eares of mine,
Heard you confeſſe you had the Chaine of him,
After you firſt forſwore it on the Mart,
And thereupon I drew my ſword on you:
And then you fled into this Abbey heere,
From whence I thinke you are come by Miracle.

E. Ant. I neuer came within theſe Abbey wals,
Nor euer didſt thou draw thy ſword on me:
I neuer ſaw the Chaine, ſo helpe me heauen:
And this is falſe you burthen me withall.

Duke. Why what an intricate impeach is this?
I thinke you all haue drunke of *Circes* cup:
If heere you hous'd him, heere he would haue bin,
If he were mad, he would not pleade ſo coldly:
You ſay he din'd at home, the Goldſmith heere
Denies that ſaying. Sirra, what ſay you?

E. Dro. Sir he din'de with her there, at the Porpentine.

Cur. He did, and from my finger ſnacht that Ring.

E. Anti. Tis true (my Liege) this Ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the Abbey heere?

Curt. As ſure (my Liege) as I do ſee your Grace.

Duke. Why this is ſtraunge: Go call the Abbeſſe hither.
I thinke you are all mated, or ſtarke mad.

Exit one to the Abbeſſe.

Fa. Moſt mighty Duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a word:
Haply I ſee a friend will ſaue my life,
And pay the ſum that may deliuer me.

Duke. Speake freely *Siracuſian* what thou wilt.

Fath. Is not your name ſir call'd *Antipholus*?
And is not that your bondman *Dromio*?

E. Dro. Within this houre I was his bondman ſir,
But he I thanke him gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I *Dromio*, and his man, vnbound.

Fath. I am ſure you both of you remember me.

Dro. Our ſelues we do remember ſir by you:
For lately we were bound as you are now.
You are not *Pinches* patient, are you ſir?

Father. Why looke you ſtrange on me? you know me well.

E. Ant. I neuer ſaw you in my life till now.

Fa. Oh! griefe hath chang'd me ſince you ſaw me laſt,
And carefull houres with times deformed hand,
Haue written ſtrange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, doſt thou not know my voice?

Ant. Neither.

Fat. *Dromio*, nor thou?

Dro. No truſt me ſir, nor I.

Fa. I am ſure thou doſt?

E. Dromio. I ſir, but I am ſure I do not, and whatſoeuer a man denies, you are now bound to beleeue him.

Fath. Not know my voice, oh times e tremity
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poore tongue
In ſeuen ſhort yeares, that heere my onely ſonne
Knowes not my feeble key of vntun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming Winters drizled ſnow,
And all the Conduits of my blood froze vp:
Yet hath my night of life ſome memorie:
My waſting lampes ſome fading glimmer left;
My dull deafe eares a little vſe to heare:
All theſe old witneſſes, I cannot erre.
Tell me, thou art my ſonne *Antipholus.*

Ant. I neuer ſaw my Father in my life.

Fa. But ſeuen yeares ſince, in *Siracuſa* boy
Thou know'ſt we parted, but perhaps my ſonne,
Thou ſham'ſt to acknowledge me in miſerie.

Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the City,
Can witneſſe with me that it is not ſo.
I ne're ſaw *Siracuſa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee *Siracuſian*, twentie yeares
Haue I bin Patron to *Antipholus*,
During which time, he ne're ſaw *Siracuſa*:
I ſee thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbeſſe with Antipholus Siracuſa, and Dromio Sir.

Abbeſſe. Moſt mightie Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

All gather to ſee them.

Adr. I ſee two husbands, or mine eyes deceiue me.

Duke. One of theſe men is *genius* to the other:
And ſo of theſe, which is the naturall man,
And which the ſpirit? Who deciphers them?

S. Dromio. I Sir am *Dromio*, command him away.

E. Dro. I Sir am *Dromio*, pray let me ſtay.

S. Ant. *Egeon* art thou not? or elſe his ghoſt.

S. Drom. Oh my olde Maſter, who hath bound him heere?

Abb. Who euer bound him, I will loſe his bonds,
And gaine a husband by his libertie:
Speake olde *Egeon*, if thou bee'ſt the man
That hadſt a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
That bore thee at a burthen two faire ſonnes?
Oh if thou bee'ſt the ſame *Egeon*, ſpeake:
And ſpeake vnto the ſame *Æmilia.*

Duke. Why heere begins his Morning ſtorie right:
Theſe two *Antipholus*, theſe two ſo like,
And theſe two *Dromio's*, one in ſemblance:
Beſides her vrging of her wracke at ſea,
Theſe are the parents to theſe children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Fa. If I dreame not, thou art *Æmilia*,
If thou art ſhe, tell me, where is that ſonne
That floated with thee on the fatall rafte.

Abb. By men of *Epidamium*, he, and I,
And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken vp;
But by and by, rude Fiſhermen of *Corinth*
By force tooke *Dromio*, and my ſonne from them,
And me they left with thoſe of *Epidamium.*
What then became of them, I cannot tell:
I, to this fortune that you ſee mee in.

Duke. *Antipholus* thou cam'ſt from *Corinth* firſt.

S. Ant. No ſir, not I, I came from *Siracuſe.*

Duke. Stay, ſtand apart, I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from *Corinth* my moſt gracious Lord

E. Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this Town by that moſt famous Warriour,
Duke *Menaphon*, your moſt renowned Vnckle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to day?

S. Ant. I, gentle Miſtris.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

E. Ant. No, I ſay nay to that.

S. Ant. And ſo do I, yet did ſhe call me ſo:
And this faire Gentlewoman her ſiſter heere
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I ſhall haue leiſure to make good,
If this be not a dreame I ſee and heare.

Goldſmith. That is the Chaine ſir, which you had of mee.

S. Ant. I thinke it be ſir, I denie it not.

E. Ant. And you ſir for this Chaine arreſted me.

Gold. I thinke I did ſir, I deny it not.

Adr. I ſent you monie ſir to be your baile
By *Dromio*, but I thinke he brought it not.

E. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purſe of Duckets I receiu'd from you,
And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:
I ſee we ſtill did meete each others man,
And I was tane for him, and he for me,
And thereupon theſe errors are aroſe.

E. Ant. Theſe Duckets pawne I for my father heere.

Duke. It ſhall not neede, thy father hath his life.

Cur. Sir I muſt haue that Diamond from you.

E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheere.

Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchſafe to take the paines
To go with vs into the Abbey heere,
And heare at large diſcourſed all our fortunes,
And all that are aſſembled in this place:
That by this ſimpathized one daies error
Haue ſuffer'd wrong. Goe, keepe vs companie,

And we ſhall make full ſatisfaction.
Thirtie three yeares haue I but gone in trauaile
Of you my ſonnes, and till this preſent houre
My heauie burthen are deliuered:
The Duke my husband, and my children both,
And you the Kalenders of their Natiuity,
Go to a Goſſips feaſt, and go with mee,
After ſo long greeſe ſuch Natiuitie.

Duke. With all my heart, Ile Goſſip at this feaſt.

Exeunt omnes. Manet the two Dromio's and two Brothers.

S.Dro. Maſt. ſhall I fetch your ſtuffe from ſhipbord?

E.An. *Dromio*, what ſtuffe of mine haſt thou imbarkt

S.Dro. Your goods that lay at hoſt ſir in the Centaur.

S.Ant. He ſpeakes to me, I am your maſter *Dromio*.
Come go with vs, wee'l looke to that anon,
Embrace thy brother there, reioyce with him. *Exit*

S.Dro. There is a fat friend at your maſters houſe,
That kitchin'd me for you to day at dinner:
She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife,

E.D. Me thinks you are my glaſſe, & not my brother:
I ſee by you, I am a ſweet-fac'd youth,
Will you walke in to ſee their goſſipping?

S.Dro. Not I ſir, you are my elder.

E.Dro. That's a queſtion, how ſhall we trie it.

S.Dro. Wee'l draw Cuts for the Signior, till then, lead thou firſt.

E.Dro. Nay then thus:
We came into the world like brother and brother:
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.
Exeunt.

FINIS.

Much adoe about Nothing.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter Leonato Gouernour of Meſſina, Innogen his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his Neece, with a meſſenger.

Leonato.

I Learne in this Letter, that *Don Peter* of *Arragon*, comes this night to *Meſſina*.

Meſſ. He is very neere by this: he was not three Leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many Gentlemen haue you loſt in this action?

Meſſ. But few of any ſort, and none of name.

Leon. A victorie is twice it ſelfe, when the atchieuer brings home full numbers: I finde heere, that Don *Peter* hath beſtowed much honor on a yong *Florentine*, called *Claudio*.

Meſſ. Much deſeru'd on his part, and equally remembred by Don *Pedro*, he hath borne himſelfe beyond the promiſe of his age, doing in the figure of a Lambe, the feats of a Lion, he hath indeede better bettred expectation, then you muſt expect of me to tell you how.

Leo. He hath an Vnckle heere in *Meſſina*, wil be very much glad of it.

Meſſ. I haue alreadie deliuered him letters, and there appeares much ioy in him, euen ſo much, that ioy could not ſhew it ſelfe modeſt enough, without a badg of bitterneſſe.

Leo. Did he breake out into teares?

Meſſ. In great meaſure.

Leo. A kinde ouerflow of kindneſſe, there are no faces truer, then thoſe that are ſo waſh'd, how much better is it to weepe at ioy, then to ioy at weeping?

Bea. I pray you, is Signior *Mountanto* return'd from the warres, or no?

Meſſ. I know none of that name, Lady, there was none ſuch in the armie of any ſort.

Leon. What is he that you aske for Neece?

Hero. My couſin meanes Signior Benedick of *Padua*

Meſſ. O he's return'd, and as pleaſant as euer he was.

Beat. He ſet vp his bils here in *Meſſina*, & challeng'd Cupid at the Flight: and my Vnckles foole reading the Challenge, ſubſcrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the Burbolt. I pray you, how many hath hee kil'd and eaten in theſe warres? But how many hath he kil'd? for indeed, I promis'd to eate all of his killing.

Leon. 'Faith Neece, you taxe Signior Benedicke too much, but hee'l be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Meſſ. He hath done good ſeruice Lady in theſe wars.

Beat. You had muſty victuall, and he hath holpe to eaſe it: he's a very valiant Trencher-man, hee hath an excellent ſtomacke.

Meſſ. And a good ſouldier too Lady.

Beat. And a good ſouldier to a Lady. But what is he to a Lord?

Meſſ. A Lord to a Lord, a man to a man, ſtuft with all honourable vertues.

Beat. It is ſo indeed, he is no leſſe then a ſtuft man: but for the ſtuffing well, we are all mortall.

Leon. You muſt not (ſir) miſtake my Neece, there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick, & her: they neuer meet, but there's a skirmiſh of wit between them.

Bea. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our laſt conflict, foure of his fiue wits went halting off, and now is the whole man gouern'd with one: ſo that if hee haue wit enough to keepe himſelfe warme, let him beare it for a difference betweene himſelfe and his horſe: For it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be knowne a reaſonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath euery month a new ſworne brother.

Meſſ. I'st poſſible?

Beat. Very eaſily poſſible: he weares his faith but as the faſhion of his hat, it euer changes with ỳ next block.

Meſſ. I ſee (Lady) the Gentleman is not in your bookes.

Bea. No, and he were, I would burne my ſtudy. But I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young ſquarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the diuell?

Meſſ. He is moſt in the company of the right noble *Claudio*.

Beat. O Lord, he will hang vpon him like a diſeaſe: he is ſooner caught then the peſtilence, and the taker runs preſently mad. God helpe the noble *Claudio*, if hee haue caught the Benedict, it will coſt him a thouſand pound ere he be cur'd.

Meſſ. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Bea. Do good friend.

Leo. You'l ne're run mad Neece.

Bea. No, not till a hot Ianuary.

Meſſ. *Don Pedro* is approach'd.

Enter don Pedro, Claudio, Benedicke, Balthaſar, and Iohn the baſtard.

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the faſhion of the world is to auoid coſt, and you encounter it.

Leon. Neuer came trouble to my houſe in the likenes of your Grace: for trouble being gone, comfort ſhould remaine: but when you depart from me, ſorrow abides, and happineſſe takes his leaue.

Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly: I thinke this is your daughter.

Leonato. Her mother hath many times told me ſo.

Bened. Were you in doubt that you askt her?

Leonato. Signior Benedicke, no, for then were you a childe.

Pedro. You haue it full Benedicke, we may gheſſe by this, what you are, being a man, truely the Lady fathers her ſelfe: be happie Lady, for you are like an honorable father.

Ben. If Signior *Leonato* be her father, ſhe would not haue his head on her ſhoulders for al Meſſina, as like him as ſhe is.

Beat. I wonder that you will ſtill be talking, ſignior Benedicke, no body markes you.

Ben. What my deere Ladie Diſdaine! are you yet liuing?

Beat. Is it poſſible Diſdaine ſhould die, while ſhee hath ſuch meete foode to feede it, as Signior Benedicke? Curteſie it ſelfe muſt conuert to Diſdaine, if you come in her preſence.

Bene. Then is curteſie a turne-coate, but it is certaine I am loued of all Ladies, onely you excepted: and I would I could finde in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truely I loue none.

Beat. A deere happineſſe to women, they would elſe haue beene troubled with a pernitious Suter, I thanke God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that, I had rather heare my Dog barke at a Crow, than a man ſweare he loues me.

Bene. God keepe your Ladiſhip ſtill in that minde, ſo ſome Gentleman or other ſhall ſcape a predeſtinate ſcratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worſe, and 'twere ſuch a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare Parrat teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue, is better than a beaſt of your.

Ben. I would my horſe had the ſpeed of your tongue, and ſo good a continuer, but keepe your way a Gods name, I haue done.

Beat. You alwaies end with a Iades tricke, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the ſumme of all: *Leonato*, ſignior *Claudio*, and ſignior *Benedicke*; my deere friend *Leonato*, hath inuited you all, I tell him we ſhall ſtay here, at the leaſt a moneth, and he heartily praies ſome occaſion may detaine vs longer: I dare ſweare hee is no hypocrite, but praies from his heart.

Leon. If you ſweare, my Lord, you ſhall not be forſworne, let mee bid you welcome, my Lord, being reconciled to the Prince your brother: I owe you all duetie.

Iohn. I thanke you, I am not of many words, but I thanke you.

Leon. Pleaſe it your grace leade on?

Pedro. Your hand *Leonato*, we will goe together.

Exeunt. Manet Benedicke and Claudio.

Clau. *Benedicke*, didſt thou note the daughter of ſignior *Leonato*?

Bene. I noted her not, but I lookt on her.

Clau. Is ſhe not a modeſt yong Ladie?

Bene. Doe you queſtion me as an honeſt man ſhould doe, for my ſimple true iudgement? or would you haue me ſpeake after my cuſtome, as being a profeſſed tyrant to their ſexe?

Clau. No, I pray thee ſpeake in ſober iudgement.

Bene: Why yfaith me thinks ſhee's too low for a hie praiſe, too browne for a faire praiſe, and too little for a great praiſe, onely this commendation I can affoord her, that were ſhee other then ſhe is, ſhe were vnhandſome, and being no other, but as ſhe is, I doe not like her.

Clau. Thou think'ſt I am in ſport, I pray thee tell me truely how thou lik'ſt her.

Bene. Would you buie her, that you enquier after her?

Clau. Can the world buie ſuch a iewell?

Ben. Yea, and a caſe to put it into, but ſpeake you this with a ſad brow? Or doe you play the flowting iacke, to tell vs Cupid is a good Hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare Carpenter: Come, in what k ey ſhall a man take you to goe in the ſong?

Clau. In mine eie, ſhe is the ſweeteſt Ladie that euer I lookt on.

Bene. I can ſee yet without ſpectacles, and I ſee no ſuch matter: there's her coſin, and ſhe were not poſſeſt with a furie, exceedes her as much in beautie, as the firſt of Maie doth the laſt of December: but I hope you haue no intent to turne husband, haue you?

Clau. I would ſcarce truſt my ſelfe, though I had ſworne the contrarie, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Bene. Iſt come to this? in faith hath not the world one man but he will weare his cap with ſuſpition? ſhall I neuer ſee a batcheller of three ſcore againe? goe to yfaith, and thou wilt needes thruſt thy necke into a yoke, weare the print of it, and ſigh away ſundaies: looke, *don Pedro* is returned to ſeeke you.

Enter don Pedro, Iohn the baſtard.

Pedr. What ſecret hath held you here, that you followed not to *Leonatoes*?

Bened. I would your Grace would conſtraine mee to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegeance.

Ben. You heare, Count *Claudio*, I can be ſecret as a dumbe man, I would haue you thinke ſo (but on my allegiance, marke you this, on my allegiance) hee is in loue, With who? now that is your Graces part: marke how ſhort his anſwere is, with *Hero*, *Leonatoes* ſhort daughter.

Clau. If this were ſo, ſo were it vttred.

Bened. Like the old tale, my Lord, it is not ſo, nor 'twas not ſo: but indeede, God forbid it ſhould be ſo.

Clau. If my paſſion change not ſhortly, God forbid it ſhould be otherwiſe.

Pedro. Amen, if you loue her, for the Ladie is verie well worthie.

Clau. You ſpeake this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedr. By my troth I ſpeake my thought.

Clau. And in faith, my Lord, I ſpoke mine.

Bened. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I ſpeake mine.

Clau. That I loue her, I feele.

Pedr. That ſhe is worthie, I know.

Bened. That I neither feele how ſhee ſhould be loued, nor know how ſhee ſhould be worthie, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me, I will die in it at the ſtake.

Pedr. Thou waſt euer an obſtinate heretique in the deſpight of Beautie.

Clau. And neuer could maintaine his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That

Ben. That a woman conceiued me, I thanke her: that ſhe brought mee vp, I likewiſe giue her moſt humble thankes: but that I will haue a rechate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an inuiſible baldricke, all women ſhall pardon me: becauſe I will not do them the wrong to miſtruſt any, I will doe my ſelfe the right to truſt none: and the fine is, (for the which I may goe the finer) I will liue a Batchellor.

Pedro. I ſhall ſee thee ere I die, looke pale with loue.

Bene. With anger, with ſickneſſe, or with hunger, my Lord, not with loue: proue that euer I looſe more blood with loue, then I will get againe with drinking, picke out mine eyes with a Ballet-makers penne, and hang me vp at the doore of a brothel-houſe for the ſigne of blinde Cupid.

Pedro. Well, if euer thou dooſt fall from this faith, thou wilt proue a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a Cat, & ſhoot at me, and he that hit's me, let him be clapt on the ſhoulder, and cal'd *Adam*.

Pedro. Well, as time ſhall trie: In time the ſauage Bull doth beare the yoake.

Bene. The ſauage bull may, but if euer the ſenſible *Benedicke* beare it, plucke off the bulles hornes, and ſet them in my forehead, and let me be vildely painted, and in ſuch great Letters as they write, heere is good horſe to hire: let them ſignifie vnder my ſigne, here you may ſee *Benedicke* the married man.

Clau. If this ſhould euer happen, thou wouldſt bee horne mad.

Pedro. Nay, if Cupid haue not ſpent all his Quiuer in Venice, thou wilt quake for this ſhortly.

Bene. I looke for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the houres, in the meane time, good Signior *Benedicke*, repaire to *Leonatoes*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not faile him at ſupper, for indeede he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I haue almoſt matter enough in me for ſuch an Embaſſage, and ſo I commit you.

Clau. To the tuition of God. From my houſe, if I had it.

Pedro. The ſixt of Iuly. Your louing friend, *Benedick.*

Bene. Nay mocke not, mocke not; the body of your diſcourſe is ſometime guarded with fragments, and the guardes are but ſlightly baſted on neither, ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conſcience, and ſo I leaue you. *Exit.*

Clau. My Liege, your Highneſſe now may doe mee good.

Pedro. My loue is thine to teach, teach it but how,
And thou ſhalt ſee how apt it is to learne
Any hard Leſſon that may do thee good.

Clau. Hath *Leonato* any ſonne my Lord?

Pedro. No childe but *Hero*, ſhe's his onely heire.
Doſt thou affect her *Claudio*?

Clau. O my Lord,
When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd vpon her with a ſouldiers eie,
That lik'd, but had a rougher taske in hand,
Than to driue liking to the name of loue:
But now I am return'd, and that warre-thoughts
Haue left their places vacant: in their roomes,
Come thronging ſoft and delicate deſires,
All prompting mee how faire yong *Hero* is,
Saying I lik'd her ere I went to warres.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a louer preſently,
And tire the hearer with a booke of words:
If thou doſt loue faire *Hero*, cheriſh it,
And I will breake with her: waſt not to this end,
That thou beganſt to twiſt ſo fine a ſtory?

Clau. How ſweetly doe you miniſter to loue,
That know loues griefe by his complexion!
But leſt my liking might too ſodaine ſeeme,
I would haue ſalu'd it with a longer treatiſe.

Ped. What need ẏ bridge much broder then the flood?
The faireſt graunt is the neceſſitie:
Looke what will ſerue, is fit: 'tis once, thou loueſt,
And I will fit thee with the remedie,
I know we ſhall haue reuelling to night,
I will aſſume thy part in ſome diſguiſe,
And tell faire *Hero* I am *Claudio*,
And in her boſome Ile vnclaſpe my heart,
And take her hearing priſoner with the force
And ſtrong incounter of my amorous tale:
Then after, to her father will I breake,
And the concluſion is, ſhee ſhall be thine,
In practiſe let vs put it preſently. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leonato and an old man, brother to Leonato.

Leo. How now brother, where is my coſen your ſon: hath he prouided this muſicke?

Old. He is very buſie about it, but brother, I can tell you newes that you yet dreamt not of.

Lo. Are they good?

Old. As the euents ſtamps them, but they haue a good couer: they ſhew well outward, the Prince and Count *Claudio* walking in a thick pleached alley in my orchard, were thus ouer-heard by a man of mine: the Prince diſcouered to *Claudio* that hee loued my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance, and if hee found her accordant, hee meant to take the preſent time by the top, and inſtantly breake with you of it.

Leo. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Old. A good ſharpe fellow, I will ſend for him, and queſtion him your ſelfe.

Leo. No, no; wee will hold it as a dreame, till it appeare it ſelfe: but I will acquaint my daughter withall, that ſhe may be the better prepared for an anſwer, if peraduenture this bee true: goe you and tell her of it: cooſins, you know what you haue to doe, O I crie you mercie friend, goe you with mee and I will vſe your skill, good coſin haue a care this buſie time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Iohn the Baſtard, and Conrade his companion.

Con. What the good yeere my Lord, why are you thus out of meaſure ſad?

Ioh. There is no meaſure in the occaſion that breeds, therefore the ſadneſſe is without limit.

Con. You ſhould heare reaſon.

Iohn. And when I haue heard it, what bleſſing bringeth it?

Con. If not a preſent remedy, yet a patient ſufferance.

Ioh. I wonder that thou (being as thou ſaiſt thou art, borne vnder *Saturne*) goeſt about to apply a morall medicine, to a mortifying miſchiefe: I cannot hide what I am: I muſt bee ſad when I haue cauſe, and ſmile at no mans ieſts, eat when I haue ſtomacke, and wait for no mans leiſure: ſleepe when I am drowſie, and tend on no mans buſineſſe, laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humor.

Con. Yea, but you muſt not make the ful ſhow of this, till you may doe it without controllment, you haue of late ſtood out againſt your brother, and hee hath tane you newly into his grace, where it is impoſſible you ſhould take root, but by the faire weather that you make your ſelfe, it is needful that you frame the ſeaſon for your owne harueſt.

Iohn. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a roſe in his grace, and it better fits my bloud to be diſdain'd of all, then to faſhion a carriage to rob loue from any: in this (though I cannot be ſaid to be a flattering honeſt man) it muſt not be denied but I am a plaine dealing villaine, I am truſted with a muſſell, and enfranchiſde with a clog, therefore I haue decreed, not to ſing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite: if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the meane time, let me be that I am, and ſeeke not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no vſe of your diſcontent?

Iohn. I will make all vſe of it, for I vſe it onely. Who comes here? what newes *Borachio*?

Enter Borachio.

Bor. I came yonder from a great ſupper, the Prince your brother is royally entertained by *Leonato*, and I can giue you intelligence of an intended marriage.

Iohn. Will it ſerue for any Modell to build miſchiefe on? What is hee for a foole that betrothes himſelfe to vnquietneſſe?

Bor. Mary it is your brothers right hand.

Iohn. Who, the moſt exquiſite *Claudio*?

Bor. Euen he.

Iohn. A proper ſquier, and who, and who, which way lookes he?

Bor. Mary on *Hero*, the daughter and Heire of *Leonato.*

Iohn. A very forward March-chicke, how came you to this?

Bor. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was ſmoaking a muſty roome, comes me the Prince and *Claudio*, hand in hand in ſad conference: I whipt behind the Arras, and there heard it agreed vpon, that the Prince ſhould wooe *Hero* for himſelfe, and hauing obtain'd her, giue her to Count *Claudio.*

Iohn. Come, come, let vs thither, this may proue food to my diſpleaſure, that young ſtart-vp hath all the glorie of my ouerthrow: if I can croſſe him any way, I bleſſe my ſelfe euery way, you are both ſure, and will aſſiſt mee?

Conr. To the death my Lord.

Iohn. Let vs to the great ſupper, their cheere is the greater that I am ſubdued, would the Cooke were of my minde: ſhall we goe proue whats to be done?

Bor. Wee'll wait vpon your Lordſhip.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, and a kinſman.

Leonato. Was not Count *Iohn* here at ſupper?

Brother. I ſaw him not.

Beatrice. How tartly that Gentleman lookes, I neuer can ſee him, but I am heart-burn'd an howre after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy diſpoſition.

Beatrice. Hee were an excellent man that were made iuſt in the mid-way betweene him and *Benedicke*, the one is too like an image and ſaies nothing, and the other too like my Ladies eldeſt ſonne, euermore tatling.

Leon. Then halfe ſignior *Benedicks* tongue in Count *Iohns* mouth, and halfe Count *Iohns* melancholy in Signior *Benedicks* face.

Beat. With a good legge, and a good foot vnckle, and money enough in his purſe, ſuch a man would winne any woman in the world, if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth Neece, thou wilt neuer get thee a husband, if thou be ſo ſhrewd of thy tongue.

Brother. Infaith ſhee's too curſt.

Beat. Too curſt is more then curſt, I ſhall leſſen Gods ſending that way: for it is ſaid, God ſends a curſt Cow ſhort hornes, but to a Cow too curſt he ſends none.

Leon. So, by being too curſt, God will ſend you no hornes.

Beat. Iuſt, if he ſend me no husband, for the which bleſſing, I am at him vpon my knees euery morning and euening: Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leonato. You may light vpon a husband that hath no beard.

Batrice. What ſhould I doe with him? dreſſe him in my apparell, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? he that hath a beard, is more then a youth: and he that hath no beard, is leſſe then a man: and hee that is more then a youth, is not for mee: and he that is leſſe then a man, I am not for him: therefore I will euen take ſixepence in carneſt of the Berrord, and leade his Apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, goe you into hell.

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the Deuill meete mee like an old Cuckold with hornes on his head, and ſay, get you to heauen *Beatrice*, get you to heauen, heere's no place for you maids, ſo deliuer I vp my Apes, and away to S. *Peter*: for the heauens, hee ſhewes mee where the Batchellers ſit, and there liue wee as merry as the day is long.

Brother. Well neece, I truſt you will be rul'd by your father.

Beatrice. Yes faith, it is my coſens dutie to make curtſie, and ſay, as it pleaſe you: but yet for all that coſin, let him be a handſome fellow, or elſe make an other curſie, and ſay, father, as it pleaſe me.

Leonato. Well neece, I hope to ſee you one day fitted with a husband.

Beatrice. Not till God make men of ſome other mettall then earth, would it not grieue a woman to be ouermaſtred with a peece of valiant duſt? to make account of her life to a clod of waiward marle? no vnckle, ile none: *Adams* ſonnes are my brethren, and truly I hold it a ſinne to match in my kinred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you, if the Prince doe ſolicit you in that kinde, you know your anſwere.

Beatrice. The fault will be in the muſicke coſin, if you be not woed in good time: if the Prince bee too important, tell him there is meaſure in euery thing, & ſo dance out the anſwere, for heare me *Hero*, wooing, wedding, & repenting, is as a Scotch ijgge, a meaſure, and a cinquepace: the firſt ſuite is hot and haſty like a Scotch ijgge (and full as fantaſticall) the wedding manerly modeſt, (as a meaſure) full of ſtate & aunchentry, and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinquepace faſter and faſter, till he ſinkes into his graue.

Leonata. Coſin you apprehend paſſing ſhrewdly.

Beatrice. I haue a good eye vnckle, I can ſee a Church by daylight.

Leon. The reuellers are entring brother, make good roome.

Enter Prince, Pedro, Claudio, and Benedicke, and Balthaſar, or dumbe Iohn, Maskers with a drum.

Pedro. Lady, will you walke about with your friend?

Hero. So you walke ſoftly, and looke ſweetly, and ſay nothing, I am yours for the walke, and eſpecially when I walke away.

Pedro. With me in your company.

Hero. I may ſay ſo when I pleaſe.

Pedro. And when pleaſe you to ſay ſo?

Hero. When I like your fauour, for God defend the Lute ſhould be like the caſe.

Pedro. My viſor is *Philemons* roofe, within the houſe is Loue.

Hero. Why then your viſor ſhould be thatcht.

Pedro. Speake low if you ſpeake Loue.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Mar. So would not I for your owne ſake, for I haue manie ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Mar. I ſay my prayers alowd.

Ben. I loue you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Mar. God match me with a good dauncer.

Balt. Amen.

Mar. And God keepe him out of my ſight when the daunce is done: anſwer Clarke.

Balt. No more words the Clarke is anſwered.

Vrſula. I know you well enough, you are Signior *Anthonio.*

Anth. At a word, I am not.

Vrſula. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Anth. To tell you true, I counterfet him.

Vrſu. You could neuer doe him ſo ill well, vnleſſe you were the very man: here's his dry hand vp & down, you are he, you are he.

Anth. At a word I am not.

Vrſula. Come, come, doe you thinke I doe not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it ſelfe? goe to, mumme, you are he, graces will appeare, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you ſo?

Bene. No, you ſhall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bened. Not now.

Beat. That I was diſdainfull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales: well, this was Signior *Benedicke* that ſaid ſo.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am ſure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, beleeue me.

Beat. Did he neuer make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?

Beat. Why he is the Princes ieaſter, a very dull foole, onely his gift is, in deuiſing impoſsible ſlanders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his witte, but in his villanie, for hee both pleaſeth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him: I am ſure he is in the Fleet, I would he had boorded me.

Bene. When I know the Gentleman, Ile tell him what you ſay.

Beat. Do, do, hee'l but breake a compariſon or two on me, which peraduenture (not markt, or not laugh'd at) ſtrikes him into melancholly, and then there's a Partridge wing ſaued, for the foole will eate no ſupper that night. We muſt follow the Leaders.

Ben. In euery good thing.

Bea. Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leaue them at the next turning. *Exeunt.*

Muſicke for the dance.

Iohn. Sure my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawne her father to breake with him about it: the Ladies follow her, and but one viſor remaines.

Borachio. And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bearing.

Iohn. Are not you ſignior *Benedicke*?

Clau. You know me well, I am hee.

Iohn. Signior, you are verie neere my Brother in his loue, he is enamor'd on *Hero*, I pray you diſſwade him from her, ſhe is no equall for his birth: you may do the part of an honeſt man in it.

Claudio. How know you he loues her?

Iohn. I heard him ſweare his affection,

Bor. So did I too, and he ſwore he would marrie her to night.

Iohn. Come, let vs to the banquet. *Ex. manet Clau.*

Clau. Thus anſwere I in name of Benedicke,
But heare theſe ill newes with the eares of *Claudio*:
'Tis certaine ſo, the Prince woes for himſelfe:
Friendſhip is conſtant in all other things,
Saue in the Office and affaires of loue:
Therefore all hearts in loue vſe their owne tongues.
Let euerie eye negotiate for it ſelfe,
And truſt no Agent: for beautie is a witch,
Againſt whoſe charmes, faith melteth into blood:
This is an accident of hourely proofe,
Which I miſtruſted not. Farewell therefore *Hero.*

Enter Benedicke.

Ben. Count *Claudio.*

Clau. Yea, the ſame.

Ben. Come, will you go with me?

Clau. Whither?

Ben. Euen to the next Willow, about your own buſineſſe, Count. What faſhion will you weare the Garland off? About your necke, like an Vſurers chaine? Or vnder your arme, like a Lieutenants ſcarfe? You muſt weare it one way, for the Prince hath got your *Hero.*

Clau. I wiſh him ioy of her.

Ben. Why that's ſpoken like an honeſt Drouier, ſo they ſel Bullockes: but did you thinke the Prince wold haue ſerued you thus?

Clau. I pray you leaue me.

Ben. Ho now you ſtrike like the blindman, 'twas the boy that ſtole your meate, and you'l beat the poſt.

Clau. If it will not be, Ile leaue you. *Exit.*

Ben. Alas poore hurt fowle, now will he creepe into ſedges: But that my Ladie *Beatrice* ſhould know me, & not know me: the Princes foole! Hah? It may be I goe vnder that title, becauſe I am merrie: yea but ſo I am apt to do my ſelfe wrong: I am not ſo reputed, it is the baſe (though bitter) diſpoſition of *Beatrice*, that putt's the world into her perſon, and ſo giues me out: well, Ile be reuenged as I may.

Enter the Prince.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count, did you ſee him?

Bene. Troth my Lord,I haue played the part of Lady Fame, I found him heere as melancholy as a Lodge in a Warren,I told him,and I thinke,told him true,that your grace had got the will of this young Lady, and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland,as being forſaken,or to binde him a rod, as being worthy to be whipt.

Pedro. To be whipt,what's his fault?

Bene. The flat tranſgreſſion of a Schoole-boy, who being ouer-ioyed with finding a birds neſt, ſhewes it his companion, and he ſteales it.

Pedro. Wilt thou make a truſt, a tranſgreſſion? the tranſgreſſion is in the ſtealer.

Ben. Yet it had not beene amiſſe the rod had beene made, and the garland too,for the garland he might haue worne himſelfe,and the rod hee might haue beſtowed on you,who(as I take it)haue ſtolne his birds neſt.

Pedro. I will but teach them to ſing, and reſtore them to the owner.

Bene. If their ſinging anſwer your ſaying,by my faith you ſay honeſtly.

Pedro. The Lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrell to you, the Gentleman that daunſt with her, told her ſhee is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O ſhe miſuſde me paſt the indurance of a block: an oake but with one greene leafe on it, would haue anſwered her: my very viſor began to aſſume life,and ſcold with her: ſhee told mee, not thinking I had beene my ſelfe, that I was the Princes Ieſter, and that I was duller then a great thaw, hudling ieſt vpon ieſt, with ſuch impoſſible conueiance vpon me, that I ſtood like a man at a marke, with a whole army ſhooting at me: ſhee ſpeakes poynyards, and euery word ſtabbes: if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no liuing neere her, ſhe would infect to the north ſtarre: I would not marry her,though ſhe were indowed with all that *Adam* had left him before he tranſgreſt, ſhe would haue made *Hercules* haue turnd ſpit, yea, and haue cleft his club to make the fire too: come, talke not of her, you ſhall finde her the infernall Ate in good apparell. I would to God ſome ſcholler would coniure her,for certainely while ſhe is heere, a man may liue as quiet in hell,as in a ſanctuary, and people ſinne vpon purpoſe, becauſe they would goe thither, ſo indeed all diſquiet, horror, and perturbation followes her.

Enter Claudio and Beatrice,Leonato, Hero.

Pedro. Looke heere ſhe comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command mee any ſeruice to the worlds end? I will goe on the ſlighteſt arrand now to the Antypodes that you can deuiſe to ſend me on: I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the furtheſt inch of Aſia: bring you the length of *Preſter Iohns* foot: fetch you a hayre off the great *Chams* beard: doe you any embaſſage to the Pigmies, rather then hould three words conference, with this Harpy: you haue no employment for me?

Pedro. None,but to deſire your good company.

Bene. O God ſir,heeres a diſh I loue not,I cannot indure this Lady tongue. *Exit.*

Pedr. Come Lady, come, you haue loſt the heart of Signior *Benedicke.*

Beatr. Indeed my Lord, hee lent it me a while, and I gaue him vſe for it,a double heart for a ſingle one, marry once before he wonne it of mee,with falſe dice,therefore your Grace may well ſay I haue loſt it.

Pedro. You haue put him downe Lady,you haue put him downe.

Beat. So I would not he ſhould do me, my Lord,leſt I ſhould prooue the mother of fooles: I haue brought Count *Claudio*,whom you ſent me to ſeeke.

Pedro. Why how now Count, wherfore are you ſad?

Claud. Not ſad my Lord.

Pedro. How then? ſicke?

Claud. Neither,my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither ſad, nor ſicke, nor merry, nor well: but ciuill Count,ciuill as an Orange,and ſomething of a iealous complexion.

Pedro. Ifaith Lady, I thinke your blazon to be true, though Ile be ſworne, if hee be ſo, his conceit is falſe: heere *Claudio*, I haue wooed in thy name, and faire *Hero* is won, I haue broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God giue thee ioy.

Leona. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match,& all grace ſay, Amen to it.

Beatr. Speake Count, tis your Qu.

Claud. Silence is the perfecteſt Herault of ioy, I were but little happy if I could ſay, how much? Lady, as you are mine, I am yours, I giue away my ſelfe for you, and doat vpon the exchange.

Beat. Speake coſin, or (if you cannot) ſtop his mouth with a kiſſe, and let not him ſpeake neither.

Pedro. Infaith Lady you haue a merry heart.

Beatr. Yea my Lord I thanke it,poore foole it keepes on the windy ſide of Care,my cooſin tells him in his eare that he is in my heart.

Clau. And ſo ſhe doth cooſin.

Beat. Good Lord for alliance: thus goes euery one to the world but I,and I am ſun-burn'd,I may ſit in a corner and cry, heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady *Beatrice*, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather haue one of your fathers getting: hath your Grace ne're a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Prince. Will you haue me? Lady.

Beat. No,my Lord, vnleſſe I might haue another for working-daies, your Grace is too coſtly to weare euerie day: but I beſeech your Grace pardon mee, I was borne to ſpeake all mirth, and no matter.

Prince. Your ſilence moſt offends me, and to be merry, beſt becomes you,for out of queſtion,you were born in a merry howre.

Beatr. No ſure my Lord, my Mother cried, but then there was a ſtarre daunſt,and vnder that was I borne: coſins God giue you ioy.

Leonato. Neece,will you looke to thoſe things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy Vncle,by your Graces pardon. *Exit Beatrice.*

Prince. By my troth a pleaſant ſpirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her my Lord, ſhe is neuer ſad,but when ſhe ſleepes, and not euer ſad then: for I haue heard my daughter ſay,ſhe hath often dreamt of vnhappineſſe, and wakt her ſelfe with laughing.

Pedro. Shee cannot indure to heare tell of a husband.

Leonato. O,by no meanes, ſhe mocks all her wooers out of ſuite.

Prince. She were an excellent wife for *Benedick*,

Leonato. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a weeke married, they would talke themſelues madde.

Prince. Counte *Claudio*, when meane you to goe to Church?

Clau. To morrow my Lord, Time goes on crutches, till Loue haue all his rites.

Leonata. Not till monday, my deare ſonne, which is hence a iuſt ſeuen night,and a time too briefe too,to haue all things anſwer minde.

Prince. Come, you ſhake the head at ſo long a breathing, but I warrant thee *Claudio*, the time ſhall not goe dully by vs, I will in the *interim*, vndertake one of *Hercules* labors, which is, to bring Signior *Benedicke* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountaine of affection, th'one with th'other, I would faine haue it a match, and I doubt not but to faſhion it, if you three will but miniſter ſuch aſſiſtance as I ſhall giue you direction.

Leonata. My Lord, I am for you, though it coſt mee ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I my Lord.

Prin. And you to gentle *Hero*?

Hero. I will doe any modeſt office,my Lord, to helpe my coſin to a good husband.

Prin. And *Benedick* is not the vnhopefulleſt husband that I know: thus farre can I praiſe him,hee is of a noble ſtraine, of approued valour,and confirm'd honeſty,I will teach you how to humour your coſin, that ſhee ſhall fall in loue with *Benedicke*, and I, with your two helpes,will ſo practiſe on *Benedicke*, that in deſpight of his quicke wit,and his queaſie ſtomacke,hee ſhall fall in loue with *Beatrice*: if wee can doe this, *Cupid* is no longer an Archer, his glory ſhall be ours, for wee are the onely louegods, goe in with me,and I will tell you my drift. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn and Borachio.

Ioh. It is ſo, the Count *Claudio* ſhal marry the daughter of *Leonato.*

Bora. Yea my Lord,but I can croſſe it.

Iohn. Any barre, any croſſe, any impediment,will be medicinable to me, I am ſicke in diſpleaſure to him, and whatſoeuer comes athwart his affection, ranges euenly with mine, how canſt thou croſſe this marriage?

Bor. Not honeſtly my Lord, but ſo couertly, that no diſhoneſty ſhall appeare in me.

Iohn. Shew me breefely how.

Bor. I thinke I told your Lordſhip a yeere ſince,how much I am in the fauour of *Margaret*,the waiting gentlewoman to *Hero.*

Iohn. I remember.

Bor. I can at any vnſeaſonable inſtant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Ladies chamber window.

Iohn. What life is in that,to be the death of this marriage?

Bor. The poyſon of that lies in you to temper, goe you to the Prince your brother,ſpare not to tell him,that hee hath wronged his Honor in marrying the renowned *Claudio*, whoſe eſtimation do you mightily hold vp, to a contaminated ſtale,ſuch a one as *Hero.*

Iohn. What proofe ſhall I make of that?

Bor. Proofe enough, to miſuſe the Prince, to vexe *Claudio*,to vndoe *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*, looke you for any other iſſue?

Iohn. Onely to deſpight them,I will endeauour any thing.

Bor. Goe then,finde me a meete howre, to draw on *Pedro* and the Count *Claudio* alone, tell them that you know that *Hero* loues me, intend a kinde of zeale both to the Prince and *Claudio* (as in a loue of your brothers honor who hath made this match) and his friends reputation, who is thus like to be coſen'd with the ſemblance of a maid,that you haue diſcouer'd thus: they will ſcarcely beleeue this without triall: offer them inſtances which ſhall beare no leſſe likelihood, than to ſee mee at her chamber window,heare me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; heare *Margaret* terme me *Claudio*, and bring them to ſee this the very night before the intended wedding, for in the meane time, I will ſo faſhion the matter, that *Hero* ſhall be abſent,and there ſhall appeare ſuch ſeeming truths of *Heroes* diſloyaltie, that iealouſie ſhall be cal'd aſſurance, and all the preparation ouerthrowne.

Iohn. Grow this to what aduerſe iſſue it can, I will put it in practiſe: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thouſand ducates.

Bor. Be thou conſtant in the accuſation, and my cunning ſhall not ſhame me.

Iohn. I will preſentlie goe learne their day of marriage. *Exit.*

Enter Benedicke alone.

Bene. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber window lies a booke, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am heere already ſir. *Exit.*

Bene. I know that, but I would haue thee hence, and heere againe. I doe much wonder, that one man ſeeing how much another man is a foole, when he dedicates his behauiours to loue, will after hee hath laught at ſuch ſhallow follies in others, become the argument of his owne ſcorne, by falling in loue, & ſuch a man is *Claudio*, I haue known when there was no muſicke with him but the drum and the fife, and now had hee rather heare the taber and the pipe: I haue knowne when he would haue walkt ten mile afoot, to ſee a good armor, and now will he lie ten nights awake caruing the faſhion of a new doublet: he was wont to ſpeake plaine,& to the purpoſe (like an honeſt man & a ſouldier) and now is he turn'd orthography, his words are a very fantaſticall banquet, iuſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes: may I be ſo conuerted, & ſee with theſe eyes? I cannot tell, I thinke not: I will not bee ſworne, but loue may transforme me to an oyſter,but Ile take my oath on it, till he haue made an oyſter of me, he ſhall neuer make me ſuch a foole: one woman is faire,yet I am well: another is wiſe,yet I am well: another vertuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman ſhall not come in my grace: rich ſhee ſhall be,that's certaine: wiſe,or Ile none: vertuous,or Ile neuer cheapen her: faire,or Ile neuer looke on her: milde, or come not neere me: Noble, or not for an Angell: of good diſcourſe: an excellent Muſitian,and her haire ſhal be of what colour it pleaſe God, hah! the Prince and Monſieur Loue, I will hide me in the Arbor.

Enter Prince,Leonato,Claudio, and Iacke Wilſon.

Prin. Come,ſhall we heare this muſicke?

Claud. Yea my good Lord: how ſtill the euening is,
As huſht on purpoſe to grace harmonie.

Prin. See you where *Benedicke* hath hid himſelfe?

Clau. O very well my Lord: the muſicke ended,
Wee'll fit the kid-foxe with a penny worth.

Prince. Come *Balthaſar*, wee'll heare that ſong again.

Balth. O good my Lord,taxe not ſo bad a voyce,
To ſlander muſicke any more then once.

Prin. It is the witneſſe ſtill of excellency, To ſlander Muſicke any more then once.

Prince. It is the witneſſe ſtill of excellencie,
To put a ſtrange face on his owne perfection,
I pray thee ſing,and let me woe no more.

Balth. Becauſe you talke of wooing,I will ſing,
Since many a wooer doth commence his ſuit,
To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he wooes,
Yet will he ſweare he loues.

Prince. Nay pray thee come,
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Doe it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
Theres not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Prince. Why theſe are very crotchets that he ſpeaks,
Note notes forſooth,and nothing.

Bene. Now diuine aire, now is his ſoule rauiſht, is it not ſtrange that ſheepes guts ſhould hale ſoules out of mens bodies ? well , a horne for my money when all's done.

The Song.

Sigh no more Ladies, ſigh no more,
Men were deceiuers euer,
One foote in Sea, and one on ſhore,
To one thing conſtant neuer,
Then ſigh not ſo, but let them goe,
And be you blithe and bonnie,
Conuerting all your ſounds of woe,
Into hey nony nony.

Sing no more ditties, ſing no moe,
Of dumps ſo dull and heauy,
The fraud of men were euer ſo,
Since ſummer firſt was leauy,
Then ſigh not ſo, &c.

Prince. By my troth a good ſong.

Balth. And an ill ſinger,my Lord.

Prince. Ha,no, no faith, thou ſingſt well enough for a ſhift.

Ben. And he had been a dog that ſhould haue howld thus , they would haue hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voyce bode no miſchiefe , I had as liefe haue heard the night-rauen, come what plague could haue come after it.

Prince. Yea marry, doſt thou heare *Balthaſar*? I pray thee get vs ſome excellent muſick : for to morrow night we would haue it at the Lady *Heroes* chamber window.

Balth. The beſt I can,my Lord. *Exit Balthaſar.*

Prince. Do ſo, farewell. Come hither *Leonato,* what was it you told me of to day , that your Niece *Beatrice* was in loue with ſignior *Benedicke*?

Cla. O I, ſtalke on, ſtalke on,the foule ſits. I did neuer thinke that Lady would haue loued any man.

Leon. No,nor I neither,but moſt wonderful,that ſhe ſhould ſo dote on Signior *Benedicke,* whom ſhee hath in all outward behauiours ſeemed euer to abhorre.

Bene. Is't poſſible ? ſits the winde in that corner ?

Leo. By my troth my Lord , I cannot tell what to thinke of it, but that ſhe loues him with an inraged affection, it is paſt the infinite of thought.

Prince. May be ſhe doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith like enough.

Leon. O God ! counterfeit ? there was neuer counterfeit of paſſion,came ſo neere the life of paſſion as ſhe diſcouers it.

Prince. Why what effects of paſſion ſhewes ſhe ?

Claud. Baite the hooke well, this fiſh will bite.

Leon. What effects my Lord ? ſhee will ſit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Clau. She did indeed.

Prin. How, how I pray you ? you amaze me,I would haue thought her ſpirit had beene inuincible againſt all aſſaults of affection.

Leo. I would haue ſworne it had,my Lord,eſpecially againſt *Benedicke.*

Bene. I ſhould thinke this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow ſpeakes it : knauery cannot ſure hide himſelfe in ſuch reuerence.

Claud. He hath tane th'infection,hold it vp.

Prince. Hath ſhee made her affection known to *Benedicke* ?

Leonato. No, and ſweares ſhe neuer will, that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, ſo your daughter ſaies : ſhall I, ſaies ſhe,that haue ſo oft encountred him with ſcorne, write to him that I loue him ?

Leo. This ſaies ſhee now when ſhee is beginning to write to him, for ſhee'll be vp twenty times a night, and there will ſhe ſit in her ſmocke, till ſhe haue writ a ſheet of paper : my daughter tells vs all.

Clau. Now you talke of a ſheet of paper,I remember a pretty ieſt your daughter told vs of.

Leon. O when ſhe had writ it, & was reading it ouer, ſhe found *Benedicke* and *Beatrice* betweene the ſheete.

Clau. That.

Leon. O ſhe tore the letter into a thouſand halfpence, raild at her ſelf,that ſhe ſhould be ſo immodeſt to write, to one that ſhee knew would flout her : I meaſure him, ſaies ſhe, by my owne ſpirit,for I ſhould flout him if hee writ to mee,yea though I loue him,I ſhould.

Clau. Then downe vpon her knees ſhe falls, weepes, ſobs, beates her heart, teares her hayre,praies, curſes, O ſweet *Benedicke,* God giue me patience.

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter ſaies ſo, and the extaſie hath ſo much ouerborne her, that my daughter is ſomtime afeard ſhe will doe a deſperate out-rage to her ſelfe, it is very true.

Princ. It were good that *Benedicke* knew of it by ſome other, if ſhe will not diſcouer it.

Clau. To what end ? he would but make a ſport of it, and torment the poore Lady worſe.

Prin. And he ſhould, it were an almes to hang him, ſhee's an excellent ſweet Lady, and(out of all ſuſpition,) ſhe is vertuous.

Claudio. And ſhe is exceeding wiſe.

Prince. In euery thing,but in louing *Benedicke.*

Leon. O my Lord,wiſedome and bloud combating in ſo tender a body, we haue ten proofes to one,that bloud hath the victory, I am ſorry for her, as I haue iuſt cauſe, being her Vncle,and her Guardian.

Prince. I would ſhee had beſtowed this dotage on mee , I would haue daft all other reſpects, and made her halfe my ſelfe : I pray you tell *Benedicke* of it , and heare what he will ſay.

Leon. Were it good thinke you ?

Clau. *Hero* thinkes ſurely ſhe wil die, for ſhe ſaies ſhe will die , if hee loue her not , and ſhee will die ere ſhee make her loue knowne, and ſhe will die if hee wooe her, rather than ſhee will bate one breath of her accuſtomed croſſeneſſe.

Prin. She doth well, if ſhe ſhould make tender of her

loue, 'tis very poſſible hee'l ſcorne it,for the man(as you know all) hath a contemptible ſpirit.

Clau. He is a very proper man.

Prin. He hath indeed a good outward happines.

Clau. 'Fore God, and in my minde very wiſe.

Prin. He doth indeed ſhew ſome ſparkes that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Prin. As *Hector,* I aſſure you, and in the managing of quarrels you may ſee hee is wiſe, for either hee auoydes them with great diſcretion , or vndertakes them with a Chriſtian-like feare.

Leon. If hee doe feare God,a muſt neceſſarilie keepe peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a quarrell with feare and trembling.

Prin. And ſo will he doe, for the man doth fear God, howſoeuer it ſeemes not in him,by ſome large ieaſts hee will make: well, I am ſorry for your niece, ſhall we goe ſee *Benedicke,* and tell him of her loue.

Claud. Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out with good counſell.

Leon. Nay that's impoſſible,ſhe may weare her heart out firſt.

Prin. Well,we will heare further of it by your daughter, let it coole the while , I loue *Benedicke* well, and I could wiſh he would modeſtly examine himſelfe, to ſee how much he is vnworthy to haue ſo good a Lady.

Leon. My Lord,will you walke? dinner is ready.

Clau. If he do not doat on her vpon this, I wil neuer truſt my expectation.

Prin. Let there be the ſame Net ſpread for her , and that muſt your daughter and her gentlewoman carry : the ſport will be,when they hold one an opinion of anothers dotage,and no ſuch matter, that's the Scene that I would ſee,which will be meerely a dumbe ſhew : let vs ſend her to call him into dinner. *Exeunt.*

Bene. This can be no tricke,the conference was ſadly borne, they haue the truth of this from *Hero,* they ſeeme to pittie the Lady : it ſeemes her affections haue the full bent : loue me ? why it muſt be requited : I heare how I am cenſur'd, they ſay I will beare my ſelfe proudly, if I perceiue the loue come from her : they ſay too, that ſhe will rather die than giue any ſigne of affection: I did neuer thinke to marry, I muſt not ſeeme proud, happy are they that heare their detractions , and can put them to mending : they ſay the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth , I can beare them witneſſe : and vertuous, tis ſo , I cannot reprooue it, and wiſe, but for louing me, by my troth it is no addition to her witte, nor no great argument of her folly; for I wil be horribly in loue with her,I may chance haue ſome odde quirkes and remnants of witte broken on mee, becauſe I haue rail'd ſo long againſt marriage : but doth not the appetite alter ? a man loues the meat in his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quips and ſentences, and theſe paper bullets of the braine awe a man from the careere of his humour ? No, the world muſt be peopled. When I ſaid I would die a batcheler,I did not think I ſhould liue till I were maried,here comes *Beatrice* : by this day,ſhee's a faire Lady,I doe ſpie ſome markes of loue in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Againſt my wil I am ſent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Faire *Beatrice,* I thanke you for your paines.

Beat. I tooke no more paines for thoſe thankes,then you take paines to thanke me, if it had been painefull, I would not haue come.

Bene. You take pleaſure then in the meſſage.

Beat. Yea iuſt ſo much as you may take vpon a kniues point,and choake a daw withall : you haue no ſtomacke ſignior, fare you well. *Exit.*

Bene. Ha, againſt my will I am ſent to bid you come into dinner : there's a double meaning in that : I tooke no more paines for thoſe thankes then you tooke paines to thanke me, that's as much as to ſay,any paines that I take for you is as eaſie as thankes : if I do not take pitty of her I am a villaine, if I doe not loue her I am a Iew, I will goe get her picture. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Hero and two Gentlemen, Margaret, and Vrſula.

Hero. Good *Margaret* runne thee to the parlour,
There ſhalt thou finde my Coſin *Beatrice,*
Propoſing with the Prince and *Claudio,*
Whiſper her eare, and tell her I and *Vrſula,*
Walke in the Orchard,and our whole diſcourſe
Is all of her, ſay that thou ouer-heardſt vs,
And bid her ſteale into the pleached bower,
Where hony-ſuckles ripened by the ſunne,
Forbid the ſunne to enter : like fauourites,
Made proud by Princes,that aduance their pride,
Againſt that power that bred it,there will ſhe hide her,
To liſten our purpoſe, this is thy office,
Beare thee well in it, and leaue vs alone.

Marg. Ile make her come I warrant you preſently.

Hero. Now *Vrſula,* when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley vp and downe,
Our talke muſt onely be of *Benedicke,*
When I doe name him,let it be thy part,
To praiſe him more then euer man did merit,
My talke to thee muſt be how *Benedicke*
Is ſicke in loue with *Beatrice* : of this matter,
Is little *Cupids* crafty arrow made,
That onely wounds by heare-ſay:now begin,
Enter Beatrice.
For looke where *Beatrice* like a Lapwing runs
Cloſe by the ground, to heare our conference.

Vrſ. The pleaſant'ſt angling is to ſee the fiſh
Cut with her golden ores the ſiluer ſtreame,
And greedily deuoure the treacherous baite :
So angle we for *Beatrice,* who euen now,
Is couched in the wood-bine couerture,
Feare you not my part of the Dialogue.

Her. Then go we neare her that her eare looſe nothing,
Of the falſe ſweete baite that we lay for it :
No truely *Vrſula,* ſhe is too diſdainfull,
I know her ſpirits are as coy and wilde,
As Haggerds of the rocke.

Vrſula. But are you ſure,
That *Benedicke* loues *Beatrice* ſo intirely ?

Her. So ſaies the Prince,and my new trothed Lord.

Vrſ. And did they bid you tell her of it,Madam ?

Her. They did intreate me to acquaint her of it,
But I perſwaded them,if they lou'd *Benedicke,*

To wiſh him wraſtle with affection,
And neuer to let *Beatrice* know of it.

Vrſula. Why did you ſo, doth not the Gentleman
Deſerue as full as fortunate a bed,
As euer *Beatrice* ſhall couch vpon?

Hero. O God of loue! I know he doth deſerue,
As much as may be yeelded to a man:
But Nature neuer fram'd a womans heart,
Of prowder ſtuffe then that of *Beatrice*:
Diſdaine and Scorne ride ſparkling in her eyes,
Miſ-prizing what they looke on, and her wit
Values it ſelfe ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeemes weake: ſhe cannot loue,
Nor take no ſhape nor proiect of affection,
Shee is ſo ſelfe indeared.

Vrſula. Sure I thinke ſo,
And therefore certainely it were not good
She knew his loue, leſt ſhe make ſport at it.

Hero. Why you ſpeake truth, I neuer yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd.
But ſhe would ſpell him backward: if faire fac'd,
She would ſweare the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter:
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,
Made a foule blot: if tall, a launce ill headed:
If low, an agot very vildlie cut:
If ſpeaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:
If ſilent, why a blocke moued with none.
So turnes ſhe euery man the wrong ſide out,
And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that
Which ſimpleneſſe and merit purchaſeth.

Vrſu. Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, not to be ſo odde, and from all faſhions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her ſo? if I ſhould ſpeake,
She would mocke me into ayre, O ſhe would laugh me
Out of my ſelfe, preſſe me to death with wit,
Therefore let *Benedicke* like couered fire,
Conſume away in ſighes, waſte inwardly:
It were a better death, to die with mockes,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Vrſu. Yet tell her of it, heare what ſhee will ſay.

Hero. No, rather I will goe to *Benedicke*,
And counſaile him to fight againſt his paſſion,
And truly Ile deuiſe ſome honeſt ſlanders,
To ſtaine my coſin with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impoiſon liking.

Vrſu. O doe not doe your coſin ſuch a wrong,
She cannot be ſo much without true iudgement,
Hauing ſo ſwift and excellent a wit
As ſhe is priſde to haue, as to refuſe
So rare a Gentleman as ſignior *Benedicke*.

Hero. He is the onely man of Italy,
Alwaies excepted, my deare *Claudio*.

Vrſu. I pray you be not angry with me, Madame,
Speaking my fancy: Signior *Benedicke*,
For ſhape, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes formoſt in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

Vrſu. His excellence did earne it ere he had it:
When are you married Madame?

Hero. Why euerie day to morrow, come goe in,
Ile ſhew thee ſome attires, and haue thy counſell,
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to morrow.

Vrſu. Shee's tane I warrant you,
We haue caught her Madame?

Hero. If it proue ſo, then louing goes by haps,
Some *Cupid* kills with arrowes, ſome with traps. *Exit.*

Beat. What fire is in mine eares? can this be true?
Stand I condemn'd for pride and ſcorne ſo much?
Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride, adew,
No glory liues behinde the backe of ſuch.
And *Benedicke*, loue on, I will requite thee,
Taming my wilde heart to thy louing hand:
If thou doſt loue, my kindeneſſe ſhall incite thee
To binde our loues vp in a holy band.
For others ſay thou doſt deſerue, and I
Beleeue it better then reportingly. *Exit.*

Euter Prince, Claudio, Benedicke, and Leonato.

Prince. I doe but ſtay till your marriage be conſummate, and then go I toward Arragon.

Clau. Ile bring you thither my Lord, if you'l vouchſafe me.

Prin. Nay, that would be as great a ſoyle in the new gloſſe of your marriage, as to ſhew a childe his new coat and forbid him to weare it, I will onely bee bold with *Benedicke* for his companie, for from the crowne of his head, to the ſole of his foot, he is all mirth, he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupids* bow-ſtring, and the little hang-man dare not ſhoot at him, he hath a heart as ſound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper, for what his heart thinkes, his tongue ſpeakes.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I haue bin.

Leo. So ſay I, methinkes you are ſadder.

Claud. I hope he be in loue.

Prin. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of bloud in him to be truly toucht with loue, if he be ſad, he wants money.

Bene. I haue the tooth-ach.

Prin. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You muſt hang it firſt, and draw it afterwards.

Prin. What? ſigh for the tooth-ach.

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worme.

Bene. Well, euery one cannot maſter a griefe, but hee that has it.

Clau. Yet ſay I, he is in loue.

Prin. There is no appearance of fancie in him, vnleſſe it be a fancy that he hath to ſtrange diſguiſes, as to bee a Dutchman to day, a Frenchman to morrow: vnleſſe hee haue a fancy to this foolery, as it appeares hee hath, hee is no foole for fancy, as you would haue it to appeare he is.

Clau. If he be not in loue vvith ſome vvoman, there is no beleeuing old ſignes, a bruſhes his hat a mornings, What ſhould that bode?

Prin. Hath any man ſeene him at the Barbers?

Clau. No, but the Barbers man hath beene ſeen with him, and the olde ornament of his cheeke hath alreadie ſtuft tennis balls.

Leon. Indeed he lookes yonger than hee did, by the loſſe of a beard.

Prin. Nay a rubs himſelfe vvith Ciuit, can you ſmell him out by that?

Clau. That's as much as to ſay, the ſweet youth's in loue.

Prin. The greateſt note of it is his melancholy.

Clau. And vvhen vvas he vvont to vvaſh his face?

Prin. Yea, or to paint himſelfe? for the which I heare vvhat they ſay of him.

Clau. Nay, but his ieſting ſpirit, vvhich is now crept into a lute-ſtring, and now gouern'd by ſtops.

Prin. Indeed that tels a heauy tale for him: conclude, he is in loue.

Clau. Nay, but I know who loues him.

Prince. That would I know too, I warrant one that knowes him not.

Cla. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in deſpight of all, dies for him.

Prin. Shee ſhall be buried with her face vpwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charme for the tooth-ake, old ſignior, walke aſide with mee, I haue ſtudied eight or nine wiſe words to ſpeake to you, which theſe hobby-horſes muſt not heare.

Prin. For my life to breake with him about *Beatrice*.

Clau. 'Tis euen ſo, *Hero* and *Margaret* haue by this played their parts with *Beatrice*, and then the two Beares will not bite one another when they meete.

Enter Iohn the Baſtard.

Baſt. My Lord and brother, God ſaue you.

Prin. Good den brother.

Baſt. If your leiſure ſeru'd, I would ſpeake with you.

Prince. In priuate?

Baſt. If it pleaſe you, yet Count *Claudio* may heare, for what I would ſpeake of, concernes him.

Prin. What's the matter?

Baſta. Meanes your Lordſhip to be married to morrow?

Prin. You know he does.

Baſt. I know not that when he knowes what I know.

Clau. If there be any impediment, I pray you diſcouer it.

Baſt. You may thinke I loue you not, let that appeare hereafter, and ayme better at me by that I now will manifeſt, for my brother (I thinke, he holds you well, and in deareneſſe of heart) hath holpe to effect your enſuing marriage: ſurely ſute ill ſpent, and labour ill beſtowed.

Prin. Why, what's the matter?

Baſtard. I came hither to tell you, and circumſtances ſhortned, (for ſhe hath beene too long a talking of) the Lady is diſloyall.

Clau. Who *Hero*?

Baſt. Euen ſhee, *Leonatoes Hero*, your *Hero*, euery mans *Hero*.

Clau. Diſloyall?

Baſt. The word is too good to paint out her wickedneſſe, I could ſay ſhe were worſe, thinke you of a worſe title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not till further warrant: goe but with mee to night, you ſhal ſee her chamber window entred, euen the night before her wedding day, if you loue her, then to morrow wed her: But it would better fit your honour to change your minde.

Claud. May this be ſo?

Princ. I will not thinke it.

Baſt. If you dare not truſt that you ſee, confeſſe not that you know: if you will follow mee, I will ſhew you enough, and when you haue ſeene more, & heard more, proceed accordingly.

Clau. If I ſee any thing to night, why I ſhould not marry her to morrow in the congregation, where I ſhold wedde, there will I ſhame her.

Prin. And as I wooed for thee to obtaine her, I will ioyne with thee to diſgrace her.

Baſt. I will diſparage her no farther, till you are my witneſſes, beare it coldly but till night, and let the iſſue ſhew it ſelfe.

Prin. O day vntowardly turned!

Claud. O miſchiefe ſtrangelie thwarting!

Baſtard. O plague right well preuented! ſo will you ſay, when you haue ſeene the ſequele. *Exit.*

Enter Dogbery and his compartner with the watch.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or elſe it were pitty but they ſhould ſuffer ſaluation body and ſoule.

Dogb. Nay, that were a puniſhment too good for them, if they ſhould haue any allegiance in them, being choſen for the Princes watch.

Verges. Well, giue them their charge, neighbour *Dogbery*.

Dog. Firſt, who thinke you the moſt deſartleſſe man to be Conſtable?

Watch.1. *Hugh Ote-cake* ſir, or *George Sea-coale*, for they can write and reade.

Dogb. Come hither neighbour Sea-coale, God hath bleſt you with a good name: to be a wel-fauoured man, is the gift of Fortune, but to write and reade, comes by Nature.

Watch 2. Both which Maſter Conſtable

Dogb. You haue: I knew it would be your anſwere: well, for your fauour ſir, why giue God thankes, & make no boaſt of it, and for your writing and reading, let that appeare when there is no need of ſuch vanity, you are thought heere to be the moſt ſenſleſſe and fit man for the Conſtable of the watch: therefore beare you the lanthorne: this is your charge: You ſhall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man ſtand in the Princes name.

Watch 2. How if a will not ſtand?

Dogb. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and preſently call the reſt of the Watch together, and thanke God you are ridde of a knaue.

Verges. If he will not ſtand when he is bidden, hee is none of the Princes ſubiects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Princes ſubiects: you ſhall alſo make no noiſe in the ſtreetes: for, for the Watch to babble and talke, is moſt tollerable, and not to be indured.

Watch. We will rather ſleepe than talke, wee know what belongs to a Watch.

Dog. Why you ſpeake like an ancient and moſt quiet watchman, for I cannot ſee how ſleeping ſhould offend: only haue a care that your bills be not ſtolne: well, you are to call at all the Alehouſes, and bid them that are drunke get them to bed.

Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone till they are ſober, if they make you not then the better anſwere, you may ſay, they are not the men you tooke them for.

Watch. Well ſir.

Dogb. If you meet a theefe, you may ſuſpect him, by vertue of your office, to be no true man: and for ſuch kinde of men, the leſſe you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honeſty.

Watch. If wee know him to be a thiefe, ſhall wee not lay hands on him.

Dogb. Truly by your office you may, but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the moſt peaceable way for you, if you doe take a theefe, is, to let him ſhew himſelfe what he is, and ſteale out of your company.

Ver. You haue bin alwaies cal'd a merciful mã partner.

Dog. Truely I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath anie honeſtie in him.

Verges. If you heare a child crie in the night you muſt call to the nurſe, and bid her ſtill it.

Watch. How if the nurſe be aſleepe and will not heare vs?

Dog. Why then depart in peace, and let the childe wake her with crying, for the ewe that will not heare her Lambe when it baes, will neuer anſwere a calfe when he bleates.

Verges. 'Tis verie true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: you conſtable are to preſent the Princes owne perſon, if you meete the Prince in the night, you may ſtaie him.

Verges. Nay birladie that I thinke a cannot.

Dog. Fiue ſhillings to one on't with anie man that knowes the Statues, he may ſtaie him, marrie not without the prince be willing, for indeed the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to ſtay a man againſt his will.

Verges. Birladie I thinke it be ſo.

Dog. Ha, ah ha, well maſters good night, and there be anie matter of weight chances, call vp me, keepe your fellowes counſailes, and your owne, and good night, come neighbour.

Watch. Well maſters, we heare our charge, let vs go ſit here vpon the Church bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honeſt neighbors. I pray you watch about ſignior *Leonatoes* doore, for the wedding being there to morrow, there is a great coyle to night, adiew, be vigitant I beſeech you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bor. What, *Conrade*?

Watch. Peace, ſtir not.

Bor. *Conrade* I ſay.

Con. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bor. Mas and my elbow itcht, I thought there would a ſcabbe follow.

Con. I will owe thee an anſwere for that, and now forward with thy tale.

Bor. Stand thee cloſe then vnder this penthouſe, for it driſſels raine, and I will, like a true drunkard, vtter all to thee.

Watch. Some treaſon maſters, yet ſtand cloſe.

Bor. Therefore know, I haue earned of *Don Iohn* a thouſand Ducates.

Con. Is it poſſible that anie villanie ſhould be ſo deare?

Bor. Thou ſhould'ſt rather aske if it were poſſible anie villanie ſhould be ſo rich? for when rich villains haue neede of poore ones, poore ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bor. That ſhewes thou art vnconfirm'd, thou knoweſt that the faſhion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloake, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparell.

Bor. I meane the faſhion.

Con. Yes the faſhion is the faſhion.

Bor. Tuſh, I may as well ſay the foole's the foole, but ſeeſt thou not what a deformed theefe this faſhion is?

Watch. I know that deformed, a has bin a vile theefe, this vii. yeares, a goes vp and downe like a gentle man: I remember his name.

Bor. Did'ſt thou not heare ſome bodie?

Con. No, 'twas the vaine on the houſe.

Bor. Seeſt thou not (I ſay) what a deformed thiefe this faſhion is, how giddily a turnes about all the Hot-bloods, betweene foureteene & fiue & thirtie, ſometimes faſhioning them like *Pharaoes* ſouldiours in the rechie painting, ſometime like god Bels prieſts in the old Church window, ſometime like the ſhauen *Hercules* in the ſmircht worm-eaten tapeſtrie, where his cod-peece ſeemes as maſſie as his club.

Con. All this I ſee, and ſee that the faſhion weares out more apparrell then the man; but art not thou thy ſelfe giddie with the faſhion too that thou haſt ſhifted out of thy tale into telling me of the faſhion?

Bor. Not ſo neither, but know that I haue to night wooed *Margaret* the Lady *Heroes* gentle-woman, by the name of *Hero*, ſhe leanes me out at her miſtris chambervvindow, bids me a thouſand times good night: I tell this tale vildly. I ſhould firſt tell thee how the Prince *Claudio* and my Maſter planted, and placed, and poſſeſſed by my Maſter *Don Iohn*, ſaw a far off in the Orchard this amiable incounter.

Con. And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero*?

Bor. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the diuell my Maſter knew ſhe was *Margaret* and partly by his oathes, which firſt poſſeſt them, partly by the darke night which did deceiue them, but chiefely, by my villanie, which did confirme any ſlander that *Don Iohn* had made, away vvent *Claudio* enraged, ſwore hee vvould meete her as he was apointed next morning at the Temple, and there, before the whole congregation ſhame her with vvhat he ſaw o're night, and ſend her home againe vvithout a husbaud.

Watch.1. We charge you in the Princes name ſtand.

Watch.2. Call vp the right maſter Conſtable, vve haue here recouered the moſt dangerous peece of lechery, that euer vvas knowne in the Common-wealth.

Watch.1. And one Deformed is one of them, I know him, a vveares a locke.

Conr. Maſters, maſters.

Watch.2. Youle be made bring deformed forth I warrant you.

Conr. Maſters, neuer ſpeake, vve charge you, let vs obey you to goe vvith vs.

Bor. We are like to proue a goodly commoditie, being taken vp of theſe mens bils.

Conr. A commoditie in queſtion I warrant you, come vveele obey you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hero, and Margaret, and Vrſula.

Hero. Good *Vrſula* wake my coſin *Beatrice*, and deſire her to riſe..

Vrſu. I will Lady.

Her. And bid her come hither.

Vrſ. Well.

Mar. Troth I thinke your other rebato were better.

Bero. No pray thee good *Meg*, Ile vveare this.

Marg. By my troth's not ſo good, and I vvarrant your coſin vvill ſay ſo.

Bero. My coſin's a foole, and thou art another, ile vveare none but this.

Mar. I like the new tire vvithin excellently, if the haire vvere a thought browner: and your gown's a moſt rare faſhion yfaith, I ſaw the Dutcheſſe of *Millaines* gowne that they praiſe ſo.

Bero. O that exceedes they ſay.

Mar. By my troth's but a night-gowne in reſpect of yours, cloth a gold and cuts, and lac'd with ſiluer, ſet with pearles, downe ſleeues, ſide ſleeues, and skirts, round vnderborn with a blewiſh tinſel, but for a fine queint gracefull and excellent faſhion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God giue mee ioy to weare it, for my heart is exceeding heauy.

Marga. 'Twill be heauier ſoone, by the waight of a man.

Hero. Fie vpon thee, art not aſham'd?

Marg. Of what Lady? of ſpeaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your Lord honourable without marriage? I thinke you would haue me ſay, ſauing your reuerence a husband: and bad thinking doe not wreſt true ſpeaking, Ile offend no body, is there any harme in the heauier for a husband? none I thinke, and it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwiſe 'tis light and not heauy, aske my Lady *Beatrice* elſe, here ſhe comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow Coze.

Beat. Good morrow ſweet *Hero*.

Hero. Why how now? do you ſpeake in the ſick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, me thinkes.

Mar. Claps into Light a loue, (that goes without a burden,) do you ſing it and Ile dance it.

Beat. Ye Light aloue with your heeles, then if your husband haue ſtables enough, you'll looke he ſhall lacke no barnes.

Mar. O illegitimate conſtruction! I ſcorne that with my heeles.

Beat. 'Tis almoſt fiue a clocke coſin, 'tis time you were ready, by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho.

Mar. For a hauke, a horſe, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Mar. Well, and you be not turn'd Turke, there's no more ſayling by the ſtarre.

Beat. What meanes the foole trow?

Mar. Nothing I, but God ſend euery one their harts deſire.

Hero. Theſe gloues the Count ſent mee, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am ſtuft coſin, I cannot ſmell.

Mar. A maid and ſtuft! there's goodly catching of colde.

Beat. O God helpe me, God help me, how long haue you profeſt apprehenſion?

Mar. Euer ſince you left it, doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not ſeene enough, you ſhould weare it in your cap, by my troth I am ſicke.

Mar. Get you ſome of this diſtill'd *carduus benedictus* and lay it to your heart, it is the onely thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prickſt her with a thiſſell.

Beat. *Benedictus*, why *benedictus*? you haue ſome morall in this *benedictus*.

Mar. Morall? no by my troth, I haue no morall meaning, I meant plaine holy thiſſell, you may thinke perchance that I thinke you are in loue, nay birlady I am not ſuch a foole to thinke what I liſt, nor I liſt not to thinke what I can, nor indeed I cannot thinke, if I would thinke my hart out of thinking, that you are in loue, or that you will be in loue, or that you can be in loue: yet *Benedicke* was ſuch another, and now is he become a man, he ſwore hee would neuer marry, and yet now in deſpight of his heart he eates his meat without grudging, and how you may be conuerted I know not, but me thinkes you looke with your eies as other women doe.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keepes.

Mar. Not a falſe gallop.

Enter Vrſula.

Vrſula. Madam, withdraw, the Prince, the Count, ſignior *Benedicke*, Don *Iohn*, and all the gallants of the towne are come to fetch you to Church.

Hero. Helpe to dreſſe mee good coze, good *Meg*, good *Vrſula*.

Enter Leonato, and the Conſtable, and the Headborough.

Leonato. What would you with mee, honeſt neighbour?

Conſt.Dog. Mary ſir I would haue ſome confidence with you, that decernes you nearely.

Leon. Briefe I pray you, for you ſee it is a buſie time with me.

Conſt.Dog. Mary this it is ſir.

Headb. Yes in truth it is ſir.

Leon. What is it my good friends?

Con.Do. Goodman Verges ſir ſpeakes a little of the matter, an old man ſir, and his wits are not ſo blunt, as God helpe I would deſire they were, but infaith honeſt as the skin betweene his browes.

Head. Yes I thank God, I am as honeſt as any man liuing, that is an old man, and no honeſter then I.

Con.Dog. Compariſons are odorous, palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Con.Dog. It pleaſes your worſhip to ſay ſo, but we are the poore Dukes officers, but truely for mine owne part, if I were as tedious as a King I could finde in my heart to beſtow it all of your worſhip.

Leon. All thy tediouſneſſe on me, ah?

Conſt.Dog. Yea, and 'twere a thouſand times more than 'tis, for I heare as good exclamation on your Worſhip as of any man in the Citie, and though I bee but a poore man, I am glad to heare it.

Head. And ſo am I.

Leon. I would faine know what you haue to ſay.

Head. Marry ſir our watch to night, excepting your worſhips preſence, haue tane a couple of as arrant knaues as any in Meſſina.

Con.Dog. A good old man ſir, hee will be talking as they ſay, when the age is in, the wit is out, God helpe vs, it is a world to ſee: well ſaid yfaith neighbour *Verges*, well, God's a good man, and two men ride of a horſe, one muſt ride behinde, an honeſt ſoule yfaith ſir, by my troth he is, as euer broke bread, but God is to bee worſhipt, all men are not alike, alas good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too ſhort of you.

Con.Do. Gifts that God giues.

Leon. I muſt leaue you.

Con.Dog. One word ſir, our watch ſir haue indeede comprehended two aſpitious perſons, & we would haue them this morning examined before your worſhip.

Leon. Take their examination your ſelfe, and bring it me, I am now in great haſte, as may appeare vnto you.

Conſt. It ſhall be ſuffigance. *(Exit.*

Leon. Drinke ſome wine ere you goe: fare you well.

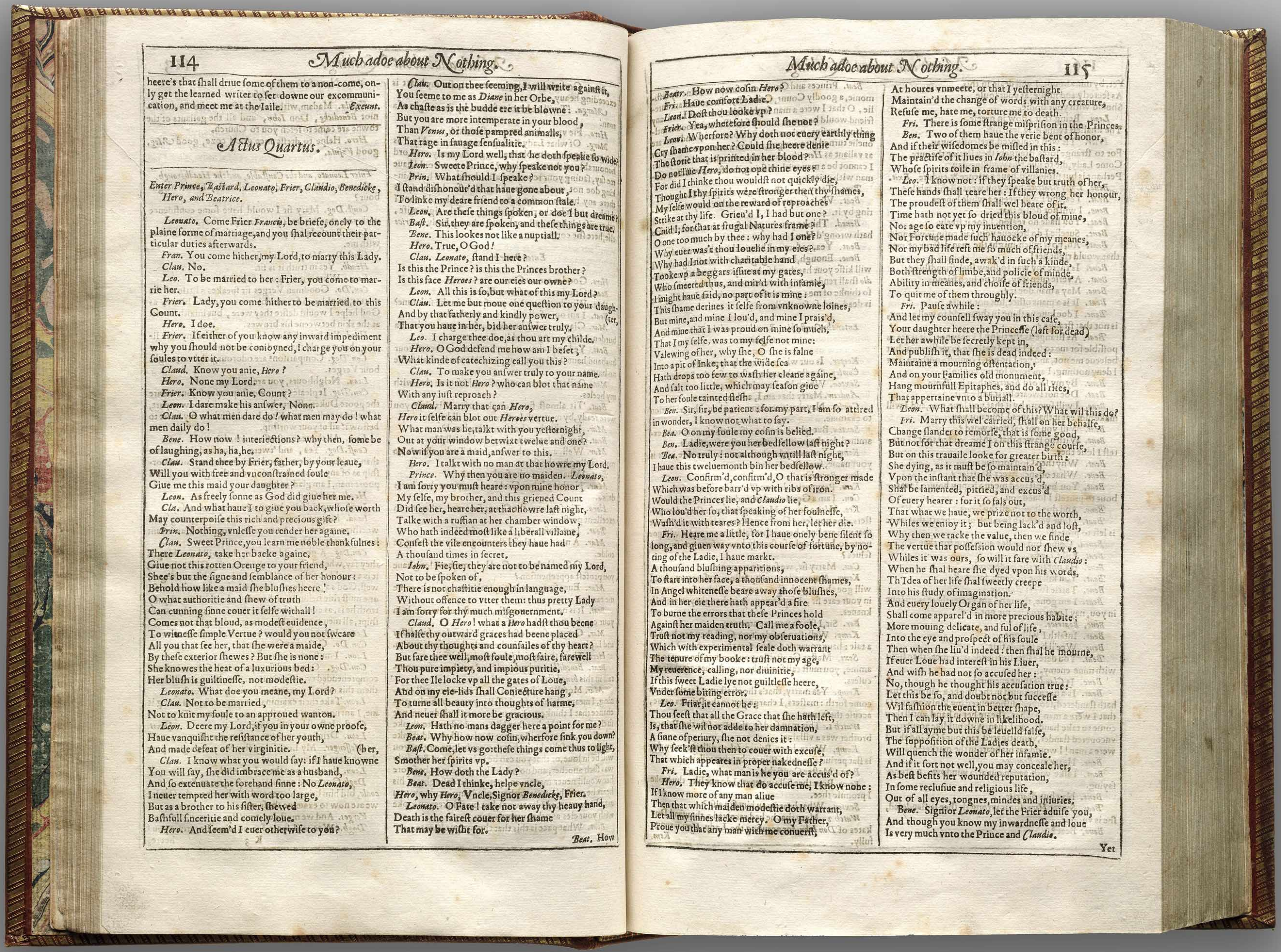
Meſſenger. My Lord, they ſtay for you to giue your daughter to her husband.

Leon. Ile wait vpon them, I am ready.

Dogb. Goe good partner, goe get you to *Francis Seacoale*, bid him bring his pen and inkehorne to the Gaole: we are now to examine thoſe men.

Verges. And we muſt doe it wiſely.

Dogb. Wee will ſpare for no witte I warrant you:



heere's that ſhall driue ſome of them to a non-come, onely get the learned writer to ſet downe our excommunication, and meet me at the Iaile. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Prince, Baſtard, Leonato, Frier, Claudio, Benedicke, Hero, and Beatrice.

Leonato. Come Frier *Francis*, be briefe, onely to the plaine forme of marriage,and you ſhal recount their particular duties afterwards.
Fran. You come hither,my Lord,to marry this Lady.
Clau. No.
Leo. To be married to her : Frier, you come to marrie her.
Frier. Lady, you come hither to be married to this Count.
Hero. I doe.
Frier. If either of you know any inward impediment why you ſhould not be conioyned, I charge you on your ſoules to vtter it.
Claud. Know you anie, *Hero* ?
Hero. None my Lord.
Frier. Know you anie, Count ?
Leon. I dare make his anſwer, None.
Clau. O what men dare do ! what men may do ! what men daily do !
Bene. How now ! interiections ? why then, ſome be of laughing, as ha, ha, he.
Clau. Stand thee by Frier, father, by your leaue,
Will you with free and vnconſtrained ſoule
Giue me this maid your daughter ?
Leon. As freely ſonne as God did giue her me.
Cla. And what haue I to giue you back, whoſe worth
May counterpoiſe this rich and precious gift ?
Prin. Nothing, vnleſſe you render her againe.
Clau. Sweet Prince,you learn me noble thankfulnes :
There *Leonato,* take her backe againe,
Giue not this rotten Orenge to your friend,
Shee's but the ſigne and ſemblance of her honour :
Behold how like a maid ſhe bluſhes heere !
O what authoritie and ſhew of truth
Can cunning ſinne couer it ſelfe withall !
Comes not that bloud, as modeſt euidence,
To witneſſe ſimple Vertue ? would you not ſweare
All you that ſee her, that ſhe were a maide,
By theſe exterior ſhewes ? But ſhe is none :
She knowes the heat of a luxurious bed :
Her bluſh is guiltineſſe, not modeſtie.
Leonato. What doe you meane, my Lord ?
Clau. Not to be married,
Not to knit my ſoule to an approued wanton.
Leon. Deere my Lord, if you in your owne proofe,
Haue vanquiſht the reſiſtance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginitie.
Clau. I know what you would ſay: if I haue knowne (her,
You will ſay, ſhe did imbrace me as a husband,
And ſo extenuate the forehand ſinne : No *Leonato,*
I neuer tempted her with word too large,
But as a brother to his ſiſter, ſhewed
Baſhfull ſinceritie and comely loue.
Hero. And ſeem'd I euer otherwiſe to you ?
Clau. Out on thee ſeeming, I will write againſt it,
You ſeeme to me as *Diane* in her Orbe,
As chaſte as is the budde ere it be blowne :
But you are more intemperate in your blood,
Than *Venus*, or thoſe pampred animalls,
That rage in ſauage ſenſualitie.
Hero. Is my Lord well, that he doth ſpeake ſo wide ?
Leon. Sweete Prince, why ſpeake not you ?
Prin. What ſhould I ſpeake ?
I ſtand diſhonour'd that haue gone about,
To linke my deare friend to a common ſtale.
Leon. Are theſe things ſpoken, or doe I but dreame ?
Baſt. Sir, they are ſpoken, and theſe things are true.
Bene. This lookes not like a nuptiall.
Hero. True, O God !
Clau. *Leonato*, ſtand I here ?
Is this the Prince ? is this the Princes brother ?
Is this face *Heroes* ? are our eies our owne ?
Leon. All this is ſo, but what of this my Lord ?
Clau. Let me but moue one queſtion to your daugh- (ter,
And by that fatherly and kindly power,
That you haue in her, bid her anſwer truly.
Leo. I charge thee doe, as thou art my childe.
Hero. O God defend me how am I beſet,
What kinde of catechizing call you this ?
Clau. To make you anſwer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not *Hero* ? who can blot that name
With any iuſt reproach ?
Claud. Marry that can *Hero,*
Hero it ſelfe can blot out *Heroes* vertue.
What man was he, talkt with you yeſternight,
Out at your window betwixt twelue and one ?
Now if you are a maid, anſwer to this.
Hero. I talkt with no man at that howre my Lord.
Prince. Why then you are no maiden. *Leonato,*
I am ſorry you muſt heare : vpon mine honor,
My ſelfe, my brother, and this grieued Count
Did ſee her, heare her, at that howre laſt night,
Talke with a ruffian at her chamber window,
Who hath indeed moſt like a liberall villaine,
Confeſt the vile encounters they haue had
A thouſand times in ſecret.
Iohn. Fie, fie, they are not to be named my Lord,
Not to be ſpoken of,
There is not chaſtitie enough in language,
Without offence to vtter them: thus pretty Lady
I am ſorry for thy much miſgouernment.
Claud. O *Hero* ! what a *Hero* hadſt thou beene
If halfe thy outward graces had beene placed
About thy thoughts and counſailes of thy heart ?
But fare thee well, moſt foule, moſt faire, farewell
Thou pure impiety, and impious puritie,
For thee Ile locke vp all the gates of Loue,
And on my eie-lids ſhall Coniecture hang,
To turne all beauty into thoughts of harme,
And neuer ſhall it more be gracious.
Leon. Hath no mans dagger here a point for me ?
Beat. Why how now coſin, wherfore ſink you down ?
Baſt. Come, let vs go: theſe things come thus to light,
Smother her ſpirits vp.
Bene. How doth the Lady ?
Beat. Dead I thinke, helpe vncle,
Hero, why *Hero,* Vncle, Signor *Benedicke,* Frier.
Leonato. O Fate ! take not away thy heauy hand,
Death is the faireſt couer for her ſhame
That may be wiſht for.

Beatr. How now coſin *Hero* ?
Fri. Haue comfort Ladie.
Leon. Doſt thou looke vp ?
Frier. Yea, wherefore ſhould ſhe not ?
Leon. Wherfore ? Why doth not euery earthly thing
Cry ſhame vpon her ? Could ſhe heere denie
The ſtorie that is printed in her blood ?
Do not liue *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes :
For did I thinke thou wouldſt not quickly die,
Thought I thy ſpirits were ſtronger then thy ſhames,
My ſelfe would on the reward of reproaches
Strike at thy life. Grieu'd I, I had but one ?
Chid I, for that at frugal Natures frame ?
O one too much by thee : why had I one ?
Why euer was't thou louelie in my eies ?
Why had I not with charitable hand
Tooke vp a beggars iſſue at my gates,
Who ſmeered thus, and mir'd with infamie,
I might haue ſaid, no part of it is mine :
This ſhame deriues it ſelfe from vnknowne loines,
But mine, and mine I lou'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on mine ſo much,
That I my ſelfe, was to my ſelfe not mine:
Valewing of her, why ſhe, O ſhe is falne
Into a pit of Inke, that the wide ſea
Hath drops too few to waſh her cleane againe,
And ſalt too little, which may ſeaſon giue
To her foule tainted fleſh.
Ben. Sir, ſir, be patient : for my part, I am ſo attired in wonder, I know not what to ſay.
Bea. O on my ſoule my coſin is belied.
Ben. Ladie, were you her bedfellow laſt night ?
Bea. No truly : not although vntill laſt night,
I haue this tweluemonth bin her bedfellow.
Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd, O that is ſtronger made
Which was before barr'd vp with ribs of iron.
Would the Princes lie, and *Claudio* lie,
Who lou'd her ſo, that ſpeaking of her foulneſſe,
Waſh'd it with teares ? Hence from her, let her die.
Fri. Heare me a little, for I haue onely bene ſilent ſo long, and giuen way vnto this courſe of fortune, by noting of the Ladie, I haue markt.
A thouſand bluſhing apparitions,
To ſtart into her face, a thouſand innocent ſhames,
In Angel whiteneſſe beare away thoſe bluſhes,
And in her eie there hath appear'd a fire
To burne the errors that theſe Princes hold
Againſt her maiden truth. Call me a foole,
Truſt not my reading, nor my obſeruations,
Which with experimental ſeale doth warrant
The tenure of my booke : truſt not my age,
My reuerence, calling, nor diuinitie,
If this ſweet Ladie lye not guiltleſſe heere,
Vnder ſome biting error.
Leo. Friar, it cannot be :
Thou ſeeſt that all the Grace that ſhe hath left,
Is, that ſhe wil not adde to her damnation,
A ſinne of periury, ſhe not denies it :
Why ſeek'ſt thou then to couer with excuſe,
That which appeares in proper nakedneſſe ?
Fri. Ladie, what man is he you are accus'd of ?
Hero. They know that do accuſe me, I know none :
If I know more of any man aliue
Then that which maiden modeſtie doth warrant,
Let all my ſinnes lacke mercy. O my Father,
Proue you that any man with me conuerſt,
At houres vnmeete, or that I yeſternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,
Refuſe me, hate me, torture me to death.
Fri. There is ſome ſtrange miſpriſion in the Princes.
Ben. Two of them haue the verie bent of honor,
And if their wiſedomes be miſled in this :
The practiſe of it liues in *Iohn* the baſtard,
Whoſe ſpirits toile in frame of villanies.
Leo. I know not : if they ſpeake but truth of her,
Theſe hands ſhall teare her : If they wrong her honour,
The proudeſt of them ſhall wel heare of it.
Time hath not yet ſo dried this bloud of mine,
Nor age ſo eate vp my inuention,
Nor Fortune made ſuch hauocke of my meanes,
Nor my bad life reft me ſo much of friends,
But they ſhall finde, awak'd in ſuch a kinde,
Both ſtrength of limbe, and policie of minde,
Ability in meanes, and choiſe of friends,
To quit me of them throughly.
Fri. Pauſe awhile :
And let my counſell ſway you in this caſe,
Your daughter heere the Princeſſe (left for dead)
Let her awhile be ſecretly kept in,
And publiſh it, that ſhe is dead indeed :
Maintaine a mourning oſtentation,
And on your Families old monument,
Hang mournfull Epitaphes, and do all rites,
That appertaine vnto a buriall.
Leon. What ſhall become of this? What wil this do?
Fri. Marry this wel carried, ſhall on her behalfe,
Change ſlander to remorſe, that is ſome good,
But not for that dreame I on this ſtrange courſe,
But on this trauaile looke for greater birth :
She dying, as it muſt be ſo maintain'd,
Vpon the inſtant that ſhe was accus'd,
Shal be lamented, pittied, and excus'd
Of euery hearer : for it ſo fals out,
That what we haue, we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enioy it ; but being lack'd and loſt,
Why then we racke the value, then we finde
The vertue that poſſeſsion would not ſhew vs
Whiles it was ours, ſo will it fare with *Claudio* :
When he ſhal heare ſhe dyed vpon his words,
Th'Idea of her life ſhal ſweetly creepe
Into his ſtudy of imagination.
And euery louely Organ of her life,
Shall come apparel'd in more precious habite ;
More mouing delicate, and ful of life,
Into the eye and proſpect of his ſoule
Then when ſhe liu'd indeed : then ſhal he mourne,
If euer Loue had intereſt in his Liuer,
And wiſh he had not ſo accuſed her :
No, though he thought his accuſation true :
Let this be ſo, and doubt not but ſucceſſe
Wil faſhion the euent in better ſhape,
Then I can lay it downe in likelihood.
But if all ayme but this be leuelld falſe,
The ſuppoſition of the Ladies death,
Will quench the wonder of her infamie.
And if it ſort not well, you may conceale her,
As beſt befits her wounded reputation,
In ſome recluſiue and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongnes, mindes and iniuries.
Bene. Signior *Leonato*, let the Frier aduiſe you,
And though you know my inwardneſſe and loue
Is very much vnto the Prince and *Claudio.*

William Shakespeare *Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies* London, 1623 Octavo VIEW 71 *of* 462

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Yet, by mine honor, I will deale in this,
As ſecretly and iuſtlie, as your ſoule
Should with your bodie.

Leon. Being that I flow in greefe,
The ſmalleſt twine may lead me.

Frier. 'Tis well conſented, preſently away,
For to ſtrange ſores, ſtrangely they ſtraine the cure,
Come Lady, die to liue, this wedding day
Perhaps is but prolong'd, haue patience & endure. *Exit.*

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, haue you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.

Bene. I will not deſire that.

Beat. You haue no reaſon, I doe it freely.

Bene. Surelie I do beleeue your fair coſin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deſerue of mee that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to ſhew ſuch friendſhip?

Beat. A verie euen way, but no ſuch friend.

Bene. May a man doe it?

Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

Bene. I doe loue nothing in the world ſo well as you, is not that ſtrange?

Beat. As ſtrange as the thing I know not, it were as poſſible for me to ſay, I loued nothing ſo well as you, but beleeue me not, and yet I lie not, I confeſſe nothing, nor I deny nothing, I am ſorry for my couſin.

Bene. By my ſword *Beatrice* thou lou'ſt me.

Beat. Doe not ſweare by it and eat it.

Bene. I will ſweare by it that you loue mee, and I will make him eat it that ſayes I loue not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no ſawce that can be deuiſed to it, I proteſt I loue thee.

Beat. Why then God forgiue me.

Bene. What offence ſweet Beatrice?

Beat. You haue ſtayed me in a happy howre, I was about to proteſt I loued you.

Bene. And doe it with all thy heart.

Beat. I loue you with ſo much of my heart, that none is left to proteſt.

Bened. Come, bid me doe any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio.*

Bene. Ha, not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to denie, farewell.

Bene. Tarrie ſweet *Beatrice.*

Beat. I am gone, though I am heere, there is no loue in you, nay I pray you let me goe.

Bene. *Beatrice.*

Beat. Infaith I will goe.

Bene. Wee'll be friends firſt.

Beat. You dare eaſier be friends with mee, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemie?

Beat. Is a not approued in the height a villaine, that hath ſlandered, ſcorned, diſhonoured my kinſwoman? O that I were a man! what, beare her in hand vntill they come to take hands, and then with publike accuſation vncouered ſlander, vnmittigated rancour? O God that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Heare me *Beatrice.*

Beat. Talke with a man out at a window, a proper ſaying.

Bene. Nay but *Beatrice.*

Beat. Sweet *Hero*, ſhe is wrong'd, ſhee is ſlandered, ſhe is vndone.

Bene. Beat?

Beat. Princes and Counties! ſurelie a Princely teſtimonie, a goodly Count, Comfect, a ſweet Gallant ſurelie, O that I were a man for his ſake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my ſake! But manhood is melted into curſies, valour into complement, and men are onelie turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lie, and ſweares it: I cannot be a man with wiſhing, therfore I will die a woman with grieuing.

Bene. Tarry good *Beatrice*, by this hand I loue thee.

Beat. Vſe it for my loue ſome other way then ſwearing by it.

Bened. Thinke you in your ſoule the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero*?

Beat. Yea, as ſure as I haue a thought, or a ſoule.

Bene. Enough, I am engagde, I will challenge him, I will kiſſe your hand, and ſo leaue you: by this hand *Claudio* ſhall render me a deere account: as you heare of me, ſo thinke of me: goe comfort your cooſin, I muſt ſay ſhe is dead, and ſo farewell.

Enter the Conſtables, Borachio, and the Towne Clerke in gownes.

Keeper. Is our whole diſſembly appeard?

Cowley. O a ſtoole and a cuſhion for the Sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Andrew. Marry that am I, and my partner.

Cowley. Nay that's certaine, wee haue the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined, let them come before maſter Conſtable.

Kemp. Yea marry, let them come before mee, what is your name, friend?

Bor. *Borachio.*

Kem. Pray write downe *Borachio.* Yours ſirra.

Con. I am a Gentleman ſir, and my name is *Conrade.*

Kee. Write downe Maſter gentleman *Conrade*: maiſters, doe you ſerue God: maiſters, it is proued alreadie that you are little better than falſe knaues, and it will goe neere to be thought ſo ſhortly, how anſwer you for your ſelues?

Con. Marry ſir, we ſay we are none.

Kemp. A maruellous witty fellow I aſſure you, but I will goe about with him: come you hither ſirra, a word in your eare ſir, I ſay to you, it is thought you are falſe knaues.

Bor. Sir, I ſay to you, we are none.

Kemp. Well, ſtand aſide, 'fore God they are both in a tale: haue you writ downe that they are none?

Sext. Maſter Conſtable, you goe not the way to examine, you muſt call forth the watch that are their accuſers.

Kemp. Yea marry, that's the efteſt way, let the watch come forth: maſters, I charge you in the Princes name, accuſe theſe men.

Watch 1. This man ſaid ſir, that *Don Iohn* the Princes brother was a villaine.

Kemp. Write down, Prince *Iohn* a villaine: why this is flat periurie, to call a Princes brother villaine.

Bora. Maſter Conſtable.

Kemp. Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy looke I promiſe thee.

Sexton. What heard you him ſay elſe?

Watch 2. Mary that he had receiued a thouſand Dukates of *Don Iohn*, for accuſing the Lady *Hero* wrongfully.

Kem.

Kemp. Flat Burglarie as euer was committed.

Conſt. Yea by th'maſſe that it is.

Sexton. What elſe fellow?

Watch 1. And that Count *Claudio* did meane vpon his words, to diſgrace *Hero* before the whole aſſembly, and not marry her.

Kemp. O villaine! thou wilt be condemn'd into euerlaſting redemption for this.

Sexton. What elſe?

Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more maſters then you can deny, Prince *Iohn* is this morning ſecretly ſtolne away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, in this very manner refus'd, and vpon the griefe of this ſodainely died: Maſter Conſtable, let theſe men be bound, and brought to *Leonato*, I will goe before, and ſhew him their examination.

Conſt. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sex. Let them be in the hands of *Coxcombe.*

Kem. Gods my life, where's the Sexton? let him write downe the Princes Officer *Coxcombe*: come, binde them thou naughty varlet.

Couley. Away, you are an aſſe, you are an aſſe.

Kemp. Doſt thou not ſuſpect my place? doſt thou not ſuſpect my yeeres? O that hee were heere to write mee downe an aſſe! but maſters, remember that I am an aſſe: though it be not written down, yet forget not yͭ I am an aſſe: No thou villaine, yͧ art full of piety as ſhall be prou'd vpon thee by good witneſſe, I am a wiſe fellow, and which is more, an officer, and which is more, a houſhoulder, and which is more, as pretty a peece of fleſh as any in Meſſina, and one that knowes the Law, goe to, & a rich fellow enough, goe to, and a fellow that hath had loſſes, and one that hath two gownes, and euery thing handſome about him: bring him away: O that I had been writ downe an aſſe! *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Leonato and his brother.

Brother. If you goe on thus, you will kill your ſelfe,
And 'tis not wiſedome thus to ſecond griefe,
Againſt your ſelfe.

Leon. I pray thee ceaſe thy counſaile,
Which falls into mine eares as profitleſſe,
As water in a ſiue: giue not me counſaile,
Nor let no comfort delight mine eare,
But ſuch a one whoſe wrongs doth ſute with mine.
Bring me a father that ſo lou'd his childe,
Whoſe ioy of her is ouer-whelmed like mine,
And bid him ſpeake of patience,
Meaſure his woe the length and bredth of mine,
And let it anſwere euery ſtraine for ſtraine,
As thus for thus, and ſuch a griefe for ſuch,
In euery lineament, branch, ſhape, and forme:
If ſuch a one will ſmile and ſtroke his beard,
And ſorrow, wagge, crie hem, when he ſhould grone,
Patch griefe with prouerbs, make misfortune drunke,
With candle-waſters: bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience:
But there is no ſuch man, for brother, men
Can counſaile, and ſpeake comfort to that griefe,
Which they themſelues not feele, but taſting it,
Their counſaile turnes to paſſion, which before,
Would giue preceptiall medicine to rage,
Fetter ſtrong madneſſe in a ſilken thred,
Charme ache with ayre, and agony with words,
No, no, 'tis all mens office, to ſpeake patience
To thoſe that wring vnder the load of ſorrow:
But no mans vertue nor ſufficiencie
To be ſo morall, when he ſhall endure
The like himſelfe: therefore giue me no counſaile,
My griefs cry lowder then aduertiſement.

Broth. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leonato. I pray thee peace, I will be fleſh and bloud,
For there was neuer yet Philoſopher,
That could endure the tooth-ake patiently,
How euer they haue writ the ſtile of gods,
And made a puſh at chance and ſufferance.

Brother. Yet bend not all the harme vpon your ſelfe,
Make thoſe that doe offend you, ſuffer too.

Leon. There thou ſpeak'ſt reaſon, nay I will doe ſo,
My ſoule doth tell me, *Hero* is belied,
And that ſhall *Claudio* know, ſo ſhall the Prince,
And all of them that thus diſhonour her.

Enter Prince and Claudio.

Brot. Here comes the *Prince* and *Claudio* haſtily.

Prin. Good den, good den.

Clau. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Heare you my Lords?

Prin. We haue ſome haſte *Leonato.*

Leo. Some haſte my Lord! wel, fareyouwel my Lord,
Are you ſo haſty now? well, all is one.

Prin. Nay, do not quarrell with vs, good old man.

Brot. If he could rite himſelfe with quarrelling,
Some of vs would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry yͧ doſt wrong me, thou diſſembler, thou:
Nay, neuer lay thy hand vpon thy ſword,
I feare thee not.

Claud. Marry beſhrew my hand,
If it ſhould giue your age ſuch cauſe of feare,
Infaith my hand meant nothing to my ſword.

Leonato. Tuſh, tuſh, man, neuer fleere and ieſt at me,
I ſpeake not like a dotard, nor a foole,
As vnder priuiledge of age to bragge,
What I haue done being yong, or what would doe,
Were I not old, know *Claudio* to thy head,
Thou haſt ſo wrong'd my innocent childe and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reuerence by,
And with grey haires and bruiſe of many daies,
Doe challenge thee to triall of a man,
I ſay thou haſt belied mine innocent childe.
Thy ſlander hath gone through and through her heart,
And ſhe lies buried with her anceſtors:
O in a tombe where neuer ſcandall ſlept,
Saue this of hers, fram'd by thy villanie.

Claud. My villany?

Leonato. Thine *Claudio*, thine I ſay.

Prin. You ſay not right old man.

Leon. My Lord, my Lord,
Ile proue it on his body if he dare,
Deſpight his nice fence, and his actiue practiſe,
His Maie of youth, and bloome of luſtihood.

Claud. Away, I will not haue to do with you.

Leo. Canſt thou ſo daffe me? thou haſt kild my child,
If thou kilſt me, boy, thou ſhalt kill a man.

Bro. He ſhall kill two of vs, and men indeed,
But that's no matter, let him kill one firſt:

Win me and weare me,let him anſwere me,
Come follow me boy,come ſir boy,come follow me
Sir boy,ile whip you from your foyning fence,
Nay,as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother.

*Brot.*Content your ſelf,God knows I lou'd my neece,
And ſhe is dead,ſlander'd to death by villaines,
That dare as well anſwer a man indeede,
As I dare take a ſerpent by the tongue.
Boyes,apes,braggarts,Iackes,milke-ſops.

Leon. Brother *Anthony.*

Brot. Hold you content,what man?I know them,yea
And what they weigh,euen to the vtmoſt ſcruple,
Scambling,out-facing,faſhion-monging boyes,
That lye,and cog,and flout,depraue,and ſlander,
Goe antiquely,andſhow outward hidiouſneſſe,
And ſpeake of halfe a dozen dang'rous words,
How they might hurt their enemies,if they durſt.
And this is all.

Leon. But brother *Anthonie.*

Ant. Come,'tis no matter,
Do not you meddle,let me deale in this.

*Pri.*Gentlemen both,we will not wake your patience
My heart is ſorry for your daughters death:
But on my honour ſhe was charg'd with nothing
But what was true,and very full of proofe.

Leon. My Lord,my Lord.

Prin. I will not heare you.

Enter Benedicke.

Leo. No come brother,away,I will be heard.

Exeunt ambo.

Bro. And ſhall,or ſome of vs will ſmart for it.

Prin. See,ſee,here comes the man we went to ſeeke.

Clau. Now ſignior,what newes?

Ben. Good day my Lord.

Prin. Welcome ſignior, you are almoſt come to part almoſt a fray.

Clau. Wee had likt to haue had our two noſes ſnapt off with two old men without teeth.

Prin. *Leonato* and his brother,what think'ſt thou?had wee fought, I doubt we ſhould haue beene too yong for them.

Ben. In a falſe quarrell there is no true valour,I came to ſeeke you both.

Clau. We haue beene vp and downe to ſeeke thee,for we are high proofe melancholly,and would faine haue it beaten away,wilt thou vſe thy wit?

Ben. It is in my ſcabberd,ſhall I draw it?

Prin. Doeſt thou weare thy wit by thy ſide?

Clau. Neuer any did ſo,though verie many haue been beſide their wit,I will bid thee drawe,as we do the minſtrels,draw to pleaſure vs.

Prin. As I am an honeſt man he lookes pale, art thou ſicke,or angrie?

Clau. What,courage man: what though care kil'd a cat,thou haſt mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Ben. Sir, I ſhall meete your wit in the careere, and you charge it againſt me, I pray you chuſe another ſubiect.

Clau. Nay then giue him another ſtaffe, this laſt was broke croſſe.

*Prin.*By this light,he changes more and more,I thinke he be angrie indeede.

Clau. If he be,he knowes how to turne his girdle.

Ben. Shall I ſpeake a word in your eare?

Clau. God bleſſe me from a challenge.

Ben. You are a villaine,I ieſt not,I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare,and when you dare: do me right,or I will proteſt your cowardiſe: you haue kill'd a ſweete Ladie,and her death ſhall fall heauie on you,let me heare from you.

Clau. Well,I will meete you, ſo I may haue good cheare.

Prin. What,a feaſt,a feaſt?

Clau. I faith I thanke him,he hath bid me to a calues head and a Capon, the which if I doe not carue moſt curiouſly, ſay my knife's naught, ſhall I not finde a woodcocke too?

Ben. Sir,your wit ambles well,it goes eaſily.

Prin. Ile tell thee how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day: I ſaid thou hadſt a fine wit:true ſaies ſhe,a fine little one: no ſaid I,a great wit: right ſaies ſhee, a great groſſe one: nay ſaid I, a good wit: iuſt ſaid ſhe,it hurts no body: nay ſaid I, the gentleman is wiſe: certain ſaid ſhe, a wiſe gentleman: nay ſaid I, he hath the tongues: that I beleeue ſaid ſhee, for hee ſwore a thing to me on munday night,which he forſwore on tueſday morning: there's a double tongue, there's two tongues: thus did ſhee an howre together tranſ-ſhape thy particular vertues,yet at laſt ſhe concluded with a ſigh, thou waſt the propreſt man in Italie.

Claud. For the which ſhe wept heartily, and ſaid ſhee car'd not.

Prin. Yea that ſhe did,but yet for all that,and if ſhee did not hate him deadlie, ſhee would loue him dearely, the old mans daughter told vs all.

Clau. All,all,and moreouer, God ſaw him vvhen he was hid in the garden.

Prin. But when ſhall we ſet the ſauage Bulls hornes on the ſenſible *Benedicks* head?

Clau. Yea and text vnder-neath, heere dwells *Benedicke* the married man.

Ben. Fare you well, Boy, you know my minde,I will leaue you now to your goſſep-like humor, you breake ieſts as braggards do their blades, which God be thanked hurt not: my Lord,for your manie courteſies I thank you, I muſt diſcontinue your companie, your brother the Baſtard is fled from *Meſſina*: you haue among you, kill'd a ſweet and innocent Ladie: for my Lord Lackebeard there,he and I ſhall meete, and till then peace be with him.

Prin. He is in earneſt.

Clau. In moſt profound earneſt, and Ile warrant you, for the loue of Beatrice.

Prin. And hath challeng'd thee.

Clau. Moſt ſincerely.

*Prin.*What a prettie thing man is,when he goes in his doublet and hoſe,and leaues off his wit.

Enter Conſtable,Courade,and Berachio.]

Clau. He is then a Giant to an Ape,but then is an Ape a Doctor to ſuch a man.

Prin. But ſoft you,let me be,plucke vp my heart,and be ſad, did he not ſay my brother was fled?

Conſt. Come you ſir,if iuſtice cannot tame you,ſhee ſhall nere weigh more reaſons in her ballance, nay, and you be a curſing hypocrite once,you muſt be lookt to.

Prin. How now,two of my brothers men bound? *Berachio* one.

Clau. Harken after their offence my Lord.

Prin. Officers,what offence haue theſe men done?

Con. Marrie

Conſt. Marrie ſir, they haue committed falſe report, moreouer they haue ſpoken vntruths, ſecondarily they are ſlanders, ſixt and laſtly, they haue belyed a Ladie, thirdly,they haue verified vniuſt things,and to conclude they are lying knaues.

Prin. Firſt I aske thee what they haue done, thirdlie I aske thee vvhat's their offence,ſixt and laſtlie why they are committed, and to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Clau. Rightlie reaſoned,and in his owne diuiſion,and by my troth there's one meaning vvell ſuted.

Prin. Who haue you offended maſters, that you are thus bound to your anſwer?this learned Conſtable is too cunning to be vnderſtood,vvhat's your offence?

Bor. Sweete Prince,let me go no farther to mine anſwere: do you heare me, and let this Count kill mee: I haue deceiued euen your verie eies: vvhat your wiſedomes could not diſcouer, theſe ſhallow fooles haue brought to light, vvho in the night ouerheard me confeſſing to this man,how *Don Iohn* your brother incenſed me to ſlander the Ladie *Hero*, how you were brought into the Orchard,and ſaw me court *Margaret* in *Heroes* garments, how you diſgrac'd her vvhen you ſhould marrie her: my villanie they haue vpon record,vvhich I had rather ſeale vvith my death, then repeate ouer to my ſhame: the Ladie is dead vpon mine and my maſters falſe accuſation: and briefelie, I deſire nothing but the reward of a villaine.

Prin. Runs not this ſpeech like yron through your bloud?

Clau. I haue drunke poiſon whiles he vtter'd it.

Prin. But did my Brother ſet thee on to this?

Bor. Yea,and paid me richly for the practiſe of it.

Prin. He is compos'd and fram'd of treacherie,
And fled he is vpon this villanie.

Clau. Sweet *Hero*,now thy image doth appeare
In the rare ſemblance that I lou'd it firſt.

Conſt. Come,bring away the plaintiffes,by this time our *Sexton* hath reformed *Signior Leonato* of the matter: and maſters,do not forget to ſpecifie when time & place ſhall ſerue,that I am an Aſſe.

Con.2. Here,here comes maſter *Signior Leonato*, and the *Sexton* too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villaine? let me ſee his eies,
That when I note another man like him,
I may auoide him: vvhich of theſe is he?

*Bor.*If you vvould know your wronger,looke on me.

Leon. Art thou thou the ſlaue that with thy breath haſt kild mine innocent childe?

Bor. Yea,euen I alone.

Leo. No,not ſo villaine,thou beliest thy ſelfe,
Here ſtand a paire of honourable men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it:
I thanke you Princes for my daughters death,
Record it with your high and worthie deedes,
'Twas brauely done,if you bethinke you of it.

Clau. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I muſt ſpeake,chooſe your reuenge your ſelfe,
Impoſe me to what penance your inuention
Can lay vpon my ſinne,yet ſinn'd I not,
But in miſtaking.

Prin. By my ſoule nor I,
And yet to ſatisfie this good old man,
I vvould bend vnder anie heauie vvaight,
That heele enioyne me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter liue,
That vvere impoſſible,but I praie you both,
Poſſeſſe the people in *Meſſina* here,
How innocent ſhe died,and if your loue
Can labour aught in ſad inuention,
Hang her an epitaph vpon her toomb,
And ſing it to her bones,ſing it to night:
To morrow morning come you to my houſe,
And ſince you could not be my ſonne in law,
Be yet my Nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almoſt the copie of my childe that's dead,
And ſhe alone is heire to both of vs,
Giue her the right you ſhould haue giu'n her coſin,
And ſo dies my reuenge.

Clau. O noble ſir!
Your ouerkindneſſe doth wring teares from me,
I do embrace your offer,and diſpoſe
For henceforth of poore *Claudio.*

Leon. To morrow then I will expect your comming,
To night I take my leaue,this naughtie man
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*,
Who I beleeue was packt in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bor. No by my ſoule ſhe was not,
Nor knew not what ſhe did when ſhe ſpoke to me,
But alwaies hath bin iuſt and vertuous,
In anie thing that I do know by her.

Conſt. Moreouer ſir,which indeede is not vnder white and black,this plaintiffe here, the offendour did call mee aſſe, I beſeech you let it be remembred in his puniſhment,and alſo the vvatch heard them talke of one Deformed,they ſay he weares a key in his eare and a lock hanging by it,and borrowes monie in Gods name,the which he hath vs'd ſo long,and neuer paied,that now men grow hard-harted and will lend nothing for Gods ſake: praie you examine him vpon that point.

Leon. I thanke thee for thy care and honeſt paines.

Conſt. Your vvorſhip ſpeakes like a moſt thankefull and reuerend youth,and I praiſe God for you.

Leon. There's for thy paines.

Conſt. God ſaue the foundation.

Leon. Goe, I diſcharge thee of thy priſoner, and I thanke thee.

Conſt. I leaue an arrant knaue vvith your vvorſhip, which I beſeech your worſhip to correct your ſelfe, for the example of others: God keepe your vvorſhip, I wiſh your worſhip vvell, God reſtore you to health, I humblie giue you leaue to depart, and if a merrie meeting may be wiſht, God prohibite it: come neighbour.

Leon. Vntill to morrow morning, Lords,farewell.

Exeunt.

Brot. Farewell my Lords,vve looke for you to morrow.

Prin. We will not faile.

Clau. To night ile mourne with *Hero.*

Leon. Bring you theſe fellowes on, weel talke vvith *Margaret*,how her acquaintance grew vvith this lewd fellow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Benedicke and Margaret.

Ben. Praie thee ſweete Miſtris *Margaret*, deſerue vvell at my hands, by helping mee to the ſpeech of *Beatrice.*

Mar. Will you then write me a Sonnet in praiſe of my beautie?

Bene. In ſo high a ſtile *Margaret,* that no man liuing ſhall come ouer it, for in moſt comely truth thou deſerueſt it.

Mar. To haue no man come ouer me, why, ſhall I alwaies keepe below ſtaires?

Bene. Thy wit is as quicke as the grey-hounds mouth, it catches.

Mar. And yours, as blunt as the Fencers foiles, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A moſt manly wit *Margaret,* it will not hurt a woman: and ſo I pray thee call *Beatrice,* I giue thee the bucklers.

Mar. Giue vs the ſwords, wee haue bucklers of our owne.

Bene. If you vſe them *Margaret,* you muſt put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for Maides.

Mar. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I thinke hath legges. *Exit Margarite.*

Ben. And therefore will come. The God of loue that ſits aboue, and knowes me, and knowes me, how pittifull I deſerue. I meane in ſinging, but in louing, Leander the good ſwimmer, Troilous the firſt imploier of pandars, and a whole booke full of theſe quondam carpet-mongers, whoſe name yet runne ſmoothly in the euen rode of a blanke verſe, why they were neuer ſo truely turned ouer and ouer as my poore ſelfe in loue: marrie I cannot ſhew it rime, I haue tried, I can finde out no rime to Ladie but babie, an innocent rime: for ſcorne, horne, a hard time: for ſchoole foole, a babling time: verie ominous endings, no, I was not borne vnder a riming Plannet, for I cannot wooe in feſtiuall tearmes:

Enter Beatrice.

ſweete *Beatrice* would'ſt thou come when I cal'd thee?

Beat. Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O ſtay but till then.

Beat. Then, is ſpoken: fare you well now, and yet ere I goe, let me goe with that I came, which is, with knowing what hath paſt betweene you and *Claudio.*

Bene. Onely foule words, and thereupon I will kiſſe thee.

Beat. Foule words is but foule wind, and foule wind is but foule breath, and foule breath is noiſome, therefore I will depart vnkiſt.

Bene. Thou haſt frighted the word out of his right ſence, ſo forcible is thy wit, but I muſt tell thee plainely, *Claudio* vndergoes my challenge, and either I muſt ſhortly heare from him, or I will ſubſcribe him a coward, and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didſt thou firſt fall in loue with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd ſo politique a ſtate of euill, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you firſt ſuffer loue for me?

Bene. Suffer loue! a good epithite, I do ſuffer loue indeede, for I loue thee againſt my will.

Beat. In ſpight of your heart I think, alas poore heart, if you ſpight it for my ſake, I will ſpight it for yours, for I will neuer loue that which my friend hates.

Bened. Thou and I are too wiſe to wooe peaceablie.

Bea. It appeares not in this confeſſion, there's not one wiſe man among twentie that will praiſe himſelfe.

Bene. An old, an old inſtance *Beatrice,* that liu'd in the time of good neighbours, if a man doe not erect in this age his owne tombe ere he dies, hee ſhall liue no longer in monuments, then the Bels ring, & the Widdow weepes.

Beat. And how long is that thinke you?

Ben. Queſtion, why an hower in clamour and a quarter in rhewme, therfore is it moſt expedient for the wiſe, if Don worme (his conſcience) finde no impediment to the contrarie, to be the trumpet of his owne vertues, as I am to my ſelfe ſo much for praiſing my ſelfe, who I my ſelfe will beare witneſſe is praiſe worthie, and now tell me, how doth your coſin?

Beat. Verie ill.

Bene. And how doe you?

Beat. Verie ill too.

Enter Vrſula.

Bene. Serue God, loue me, and mend, there will I leaue you too, for here comes one in haſte.

Vrſ. Madam, you muſt come to your Vncle, yonders old coile at home, it is prooued my Ladie *Hero* hath bin falſelie accuſde, the *Prince* and *Claudio* mightilie abuſde, and *Don Iohn* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come preſentlie?

Beat. Will you go heare this newes Signior?

Bene. I will liue in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eies: and moreouer, I will goe with thee to thy Vncles. *Exeunt.*

Enter Claudio, Prince, and three or foure with Tapers.

Clau. Is this the monument of *Leonato*?

Lord. It is my Lord. *Epitaph.*

Done to death by ſlanderous tongues,
Was the Hero *that here lies:*
Death in guerdon of her wrongs,
Giues her fame which neuer dies:
So the life that dyed with ſhame,
Liues in death with glorious fame.
Hang thou there vpon the tombe,
Praiſing her when I am dombe.

Clau. Now muſick ſound & ſing your ſolemn hymne

Song.

Pardon goddeſſe of the night,
Thoſe that ſlew thy virgin knight,
For the which with ſongs of woe,
Round about her tombe they goe:
Midnight aſſiſt our mone, helpe vs to ſigh and grone.
Heauily, heauily.
Graues yawne and yeelde your dead,
Till death be vttered,
Heauenly, heauenly.

Lo. Now vnto thy bones good night, yeerely will I do (this right.
Prin. Good morrow maſters, put your Torches out,
The wolues haue preied, and looke, the gentle day
Before the wheeles of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowſie Eaſt with ſpots of grey:
Thanks to you all, and leaue vs, fare you well.
Clau. Good morrow maſters, each his ſeuerall way.
Prin. Come let vs hence, and put on other weedes,
And then to *Leonatoes* we will goe.
Clau. And Hymen now with luckier iſſue ſpeeds,

Then this for whom we rendred vp this woe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leonato, Bene. Marg. Vrſula, old man, Frier, Hero.

Frier. Did I not tell you ſhe was innocent?
Leo. So are the *Prince* and *Claudio* who accus'd her,
Vpon the errour that you heard debated:
But *Margaret* was in ſome fault for this,
Although againſt her will as it appeares,
In the true courſe of all the queſtion.
Old. Well, I am glad that all things ſort ſo well.
Bene. And ſo am I, being elſe by faith enforc'd
To call young *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.
Leo. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your ſelues,
And when I ſend for you, come hither mask'd:
The *Prince* and *Claudio* promis'd by this howre
To viſit me, you know your office Brother,
You muſt be father to your brothers daughter,
And giue her to young *Claudio.* *Exeunt Ladies.*
Old. Which I will doe with confirm'd countenance.
Bene. Frier, I muſt intreat your paines, I thinke.
Frier. To doe what Signior?
Bene. To binde me, or vndoe me, one of them:
Signior *Leonato,* truth it is good Signior,
Your neece regards me with an eye of fauour.
Leo. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis moſt true.
Bene. And I doe with an eye of loue requite her.
Leo. The ſight whereof I thinke you had from me,
From *Claudio,* and the *Prince,* but what's your will?
Bened. Your anſwer ſir is Enigmaticall,
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May ſtand with ours, this day to be conioyn'd,
In the ſtate of honourable marriage,
In which (good Frier) I ſhall deſire your helpe.
Leon. My heart is with your liking.
Frier. And my helpe.

Enter Prince and Claudio, with attendants.

Prin. Good morrow to this faire aſſembly.
Leo. Good morrow *Prince,* good morrow *Claudio:*
We heere attend you, are you yet determin'd,
To day to marry with my brothers daughter?
Claud. Ile hold my minde were ſhe an Ethiope.
Leo. Call her forth brother, heres the Frier ready.
Prin. Good morrow *Benedike,* why what's the matter?
That you haue ſuch a Februarie face,
So full of froſt, of ſtorme, and clowdineſſe.
Claud. I thinke he thinkes vpon the ſauage bull:
Tuſh, feare not man, wee'll tip thy hornes with gold,
And all Europa ſhall reioyce at thee,
As once *Europa* did at luſty *Ioue,*
When he would play the noble beaſt in loue.
Ben. Bull *Ioue* ſir, had an amiable low,
And ſome ſuch ſtrange bull leapt your fathers Cow,
A got a Calfe in that ſame noble feat,
Much like to you, for you haue iuſt his bleat.

Enter brother, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, Vrſula.

Cla. For this I owe you: here comes other recknings.
Which is the Lady I muſt ſeize vpon?
Leo. This ſame is ſhe, and I doe giue you her.
Cla. Why then ſhe's mine, ſweet let me ſee your face.
Leon. No that you ſhal not, till you take her hand,
Before this Frier, and ſweare to marry her.
Clau. Giue me your hand before this holy Frier,
I am your husband if you like of me.
Hero. And when I liu'd I was your other wife,
And when you lou'd, you were my other husband.
Clau. Another *Hero*?
Hero. Nothing certainer.
One *Hero* died, but I doe liue,
And ſurely as I liue, I am a maid.
Prin. The former *Hero, Hero* that is dead.
Leon. Shee died my Lord, but whiles her ſlander liu'd.
Frier. All this amazement can I qualifie,
When after that the holy rites are ended,
Ile tell you largely of faire *Heroes* death:
Meane time let wonder ſeeme familiar,
And to the chappell let vs preſently.
Ben. Soft and faire Frier, which is *Beatrice*?
Beat. I anſwer to that name, what is your will?
Bene. Doe not you loue me?
Beat. Why no, no more then reaſon.
Bene. Why then your Vncle, and the Prince, & *Claudio,* haue beene deceiued, they ſwore you did.
Beat. Doe not you loue mee?
Bene. Troth no, no more then reaſon.
Beat. Why then my Coſin *Margaret* and *Vrſula*
Are much deceiu'd, for they did ſweare you did.
Bene. They ſwore you were almoſt ſicke for me.
Beat. They ſwore you were wel-nye dead for me.
Bene. 'Tis no matter, then you doe not loue me?
Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence.
Leon. Come Coſin, I am ſure you loue the gentlemã.
Clau. And Ile be ſworne vpon't, that he loues her,
For heres a paper written in his hand,
A halting ſonnet of his owne pure braine,
Faſhioned to *Beatrice.*
Hero. And heeres another,
Writ in my coſins hand, ſtolne from her pocket,
Containing her affection vnto *Benedicke.*

Bene. A miracle, here's our owne hands againſt our hearts: come I will haue thee, but by this light I take thee for pittie.

Beat. I would not denie you, but by this good day, I yeeld vpon great perſwaſion, & partly to ſaue your life, for I was told, you were in a conſumption.

Leon. Peace I will ſtop your mouth.

Prin. How doſt thou *Benedicke* the married man?

Bene. Ile tell thee what Prince: a Colledge of wittecrackers cannot flout mee out of my humour, doſt thou think I care for a Satyre or an Epigram? no, if a man will be beaten with braines, a ſhall weare nothing handſome about him: in briefe, ſince I do purpoſe to marry, I will thinke nothing to any purpoſe that the world can ſay againſt it, and therefore neuer flout at me, for I haue ſaid againſt it: for man is a giddy thing, and this is my concluſion: for thy part *Claudio,* I did thinke to haue beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinſman, liue vnbruis'd, and loue my couſin.

Cla. I had well hop'd ỷ wouldſt haue denied *Beatrice,* ỷ I might haue cudgel'd thee out of thy ſingle life, to make thee a double dealer, which out of queſtiõ thou wilt be, if my Couſin do not looke exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends, let's haue a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wiues heeles.

Leon. Wee'll haue dancing afterward.

Bene. Firſt, of my vvord, therfore play muſick. *Prince,* thou art ſad, get thee a vvife, get thee a vvife, there is no ſtaff more reuerend then one tipt with horn. *Enter. Meſ.*

Meſſen. My Lord, your brother *Iohn* is tane in flight,
And brought with armed men backe to *Meſſina.*

Bene. Thinke not on him till to morrow, ile deuiſe thee braue puniſhments for him: ſtrike vp Pipers. *Dance.*

FINIS.

Loues Labour's loſt.

Actus primus.

Enter Ferdinand King of Nauarre, Berowne, Longauill, and Dumane.

Ferdinand.
LEt *Fame*, that all hunt after in their liues,
Liue regiſtred vpon our brazen Tombes,
And then grace vs in the diſgrace of death:
when ſpight of cormorant deuouring Time,
Th'endeuour of this preſent breath may buy:
That honour which ſhall bate his ſythes keene edge,
And make vs hoyres of all eternitie.
Therefore braue Conquerours, for ſo you are,
That warre againſt your owne affections,
And the huge Armie of the worlds deſires.
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force,
Nauar ſhall be the wonder of the world.
Our Court ſhall be a little Achademe,
Still and contemplatiue in liuing Art.
You three, *Berowne*, *Dumaine*, and *Longauill*,
Haue ſworne for three yeeres terme, to liue with me:
My fellow Schollers, and to keepe thoſe ſtatutes
That are recorded in this ſcedule heere.
Your oathes are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names:
That his owne hand may ſtrike his honour downe,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch heerein:
If you are arm'd to doe, as ſworne to do,
Subſcribe to your deepe oathes, and keepe it to.
Longauill. I am reſolu'd, 'tis but a three yeeres faſt:
The minde ſhall banquet, though the body pine,
Fat paunches haue leane pates: and dainty bits,
Make rich the ribs, but bankerout the wits.
Dumane. My louing Lord, *Dumane* is mortified,
The groſſer manner of theſe worlds delights,
He throwes vpon the groſſe worlds baſer ſlaues:
To loue, to wealth, to pompe, I pine and die,
With all theſe liuing in Philoſophie.
Berowne. I can but ſay their proteſtation ouer,
So much, deare Liege, I haue already ſworne,
That is, to liue and ſtudy heere three yeeres.
But there are other ſtrict obſeruances:
As not to ſee a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
And one day in a weeke to touch no foode:
And but one meale on euery day beſide:
The which I hope is not enrolled there.
And then to ſleepe but three houres in the night,
And not be ſeene to winke of all the day.
When I was wont to thinke no harme all night,
And make a darke night too of halfe the day:
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O, theſe are barren taskes, too hard to keepe,
Not to ſee Ladies, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleepe.
Ferd. Your oath is paſt, to paſſe away from theſe.
Berow. Let me ſay no my Liedge, and if you pleaſe,
I onely ſwore to ſtudy with your grace,
And ſtay heere in your Court for three yeeres ſpace.
Longa. You ſwore to that *Berowne*, and to the reſt.
Berow. By yea and nay ſir, than I ſwore in ieſt.
What is the end of ſtudy, let me know?
Fer. Why that to know which elſe wee ſhould not know.
Ber. Things hid & bard (you meane) frõ cõmon ſenſe.
Ferd. I, that is ſtudies god-like recompence.
Bero. Come on then, I will ſweare to ſtudie ſo,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus, to ſtudy where I well may dine,
When I to faſt expreſſely am forbid.
Or ſtudie where to meet ſome Miſtreſſe fine,
When Miſtreſſes from common ſenſe are hid.
Or hauing ſworne too hard a keeping oath,
Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.
If ſtudies gaine be thus, and this be ſo,
Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,
Sweare me to this, and I will nere ſay no.
Ferd. Theſe be the ſtops that hinder ſtudie quite,
And traine our intellects to vaine delight.
Ber. Why? all delights are vaine, and that moſt vaine
Which with paine purchas'd, doth inherit paine,
As painefully to poare vpon a Booke,
To ſeeke the light of truth, while truth the while
Doth falſely blinde the eye-ſight of his looke:
Light ſeeeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So ere you finde where light in darkeneſſe lies,
Your light growes darke by loſing of your eyes.
Studie me how to pleaſe the eye indeede,
By fixing it vpon a fairer eye,
Who dazling ſo, that eye ſhall be his heed,
And giue him light that it was blinded by.
Studie is like the heauens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe ſearch'd with ſawcy lookes:
Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,
Saue baſe authoritie from others Bookes.
Theſe earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,
That giue a name to euery fixed Starre,
Haue no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Then thoſe that walke and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
And euery Godfather can giue a name.
Fer. How well hee's read, to reaſon againſt reading.

Dum. Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding.
Lon. Hee weedes the corne, and ſtill lets grow the weeding.
Ber. The Spring is neare when greene geeſſe are a breeding.
Dum. How followes that?
Ber. Fit in his place and time.
Dum. In reaſon nothing.
Ber. Something then in rime.
Ferd. *Berowne* is like an enuious ſneaping Froſt,
That bites the firſt borne infants of the Spring.
Ber. Wel, ſay I am, why ſhould proud Summer boaſt,
Before the Birds haue any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I ioy in any abortiue birth?
At Chriſtmas I no more deſire a Roſe,
Then wiſh a Snow in Mayes new fangled ſhowes:
But like of each thing that in ſeaſon growes.
So you to ſtudie now it is too late,
That were to clymbe ore the houſe to vnlocke the gate.
Fer. Well, ſit you out: go home *Berowne*: adue.
Ber. No my good Lord, I haue ſworn to ſtay with you.
And though I haue for barbariſme ſpoke more,
Then for that Angell knowledge you can ſay,
Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue ſworne,
And bide the pennance of each three yeares day.
Giue me the paper, let me reade the ſame,
And to the ſtricteſt decrees Ile write my name.
Fer. How well this yeelding reſcues thee from ſhame.
Ber. *Item.* That no woman ſhall come within a mile of my Court.
Hath this bin proclaimed?
Lon. Foure dayes agoe.
Ber. Let's ſee the penaltie.
On paine of looſing her tongue.
Who deuis'd this penaltie?
Lon. Marry that did I.
Ber. Sweete Lord, and why?
Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,
A dangerous law againſt gentilitie.
Item, If any man be ſeene to talke with a woman within the tearme of three yeares, hee ſhall indure ſuch publique ſhame as the reſt of the Court ſhall poſſibly deuiſe.
Ber. This Article my Liedge your ſelfe muſt breake,
For well you know here comes in Embaſſie
The *French* Kings daughter, with your ſelfe to ſpeake:
A Maide of grace and compleate maieſtie,
About ſurrender vp of *Aquitaine*:
To her decrepit, ſicke, and bed-rid Father.
Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
Or vainly comes th'admired Princeſſe hither.
Fer. What ſay you Lords?
Why, this was quite forgot.
Ber. So Studie euermore is ouerſhot,
While it doth ſtudy to haue what it would,
It doth forget to doe the thing it ſhould:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won as townes with fire, ſo won, ſo loſt.
Fer. We muſt of force diſpence with this Decree,
She muſt lye here on meere neceſſitie.
Ber. Neceſſity will make vs all forſworne
Three thouſand times within this three yeeres ſpace:
For euery man with his affects is borne,
Not by might maſtred, but by ſpeciall grace.
If I breake faith, this word ſhall breake for me,
I am forſworne on meere neceſſitie.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the leaſt degree,
Stands in attainder of eternall ſhame.
Suggeſtions are to others as to me:
But I beleeue although I ſeeme ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keepe his oth.
But is there no quicke recreation granted?
Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is hanted
With a refined trauailer of *Spaine*,
A man in all the worlds new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his braine:
One, who the muſicke of his owne vaine tongue,
Doth rauiſh like inchanting harmonie:
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Haue choſe as vmpire of their mutinie.
This childe of fancie that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our ſtudies ſhall relate,
In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight:
From tawnie *Spaine* loſt in the worlds debate.
How you delight my Lords, I know not I,
But I proteſt I loue to heare him lie,
And I will vſe him for my Minſtrelſie.
Bero. *Armado* is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire, new words, faſhions owne Knight.
Lon. *Coſtard* the ſwaine and he, ſhall be our ſport,
And ſo to ſtudie, three yeeres is but ſhort.

Enter a Conſtable with Coſtard with a Letter.

Conſt. Which is the Dukes owne perſon.
Ber. This fellow, What would'ſt?
Con. I my ſelfe reprehend his owne perſon, for I am his graces Tharborough: But I would ſee his own perſon in fleſh and blood.
Ber. This is he.
Con. Signeor *Arme*, *Arme* commends you:
Ther's villanie abroad, this letter will tell you more.
Clow. Sir the Contempts thereof are as touching mee.
Fer. A letter from the magnificent *Armado*.
Ber. How low ſoeuer the matter, I hope in God for high words.
Lon. A high hope for a low heauen, God grant vs patience.
Ber. To heare, or forbeare hearing.
Lon. To heare meekely ſir, and to laugh moderately, or to forbeare both.
Ber. Well ſir, be it as the ſtile ſhall giue vs cauſe to clime in the merrineſſe.
Clo. The matter is to me ſir, as concerning *Iaquenetta*. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.
Ber. In what manner?
Clo. In manner and forme following ſir all thoſe three. I was ſeene with her in the Mannor houſe, ſitting with her vpon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke: which put to gether, is in manner and forme following. Now ſir for the manner; It is the manner of a man to ſpeake to a woman, for the forme in ſome forme.
Ber. For the following ſir.
Clo. As it ſhall follow in my correction, and God defend the right.
Fer. Will you heare this Letter with attention?
Ber. As we would heare an Oracle.
Clo. Such is the ſimplicitie of man to harken after the fleſh.

Ferdinand.

G*Reat Deputie, the Welkins Vicegerent, and ſole dominator of* Nauar, *my ſoules earths God, and bodies foſtring patrone:*

Coſt. Not a vvord of *Coſtard* yet.

Ferd. So it is.

Coſt. It may be ſo: but if he ſay it is ſo, he is in telling true: but ſo.

Ferd. Peace,

Clow. Be to me, and euery man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No words,

Clow. Of other mens ſecrets I beſeech you.

Ferd. So it is beſieged with ſable coloured melancholie, I did commend the blacke oppreſſing humour to the moſt wholeſome Phyſicke of thy health-giuing ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my ſelfe to walke: the time When? about the ſixt houre, When beaſts moſt graſe, birds beſt pecke, and men ſit downe to that nouriſhment which is called ſupper: So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I meane I walkt vpon, it is ycliped, Thy Parke. Then for the place Where? where I meane I did encounter that obſcene and moſt prepoſterous euent that draweth from my ſnow-white pen the ebon coloured Inke, which heere thou vieweſt, beholdeſt, ſuruayeſt, or ſeeſt. But to the place Where? It ſtandeth North North-eaſt and by Eaſt from the Weſt corner of thy curious knotted garden; There did I ſee that low ſpirited Swaine, that baſe Minow of thy myrth, (*Clown.* Mee?) *that vnletered ſmall knowing ſoule,* (*Clow* Me?) *that ſhallow vaſſall* (*Clow.* Still mee?) *which as I remember, hight* Coſtard, (*Clow.* O me) *ſorted and conſorted contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaymed Edict and Continet, Cannon: Which with, ô with, but with this I paſſion to ſay wherewith:*

Clo. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eue, *a female; or for thy more ſweet vnderſtanding a woman: him, I (as my euer eſteemed dutie prickes me on) haue ſent to thee, to receiue the meed of puniſhment by thy ſweet Graces Officer* Anthony Dull, *a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, & eſtimation.*

Anth. Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you? I am *Anthony Dull.*

Ferd. For Iaquenetta (*ſo is the weaker veſſell called*) *which I apprehended with the aforeſaid Swaine, I keeper her as a veſſell of thy Lawes furie, and ſhall at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice, bring her to triall. Thine in all complements of deuoted and heart-burning heat of dutie.*

Don Adriana de Armado.

Ber. This is not ſo well as I looked for, but the beſt that euer I heard.

Fer. I the beſt, for the worſt. But ſirra, What ſay you to this?

Clo. Sir I confeſſe the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

Clo. I doe confeſſe much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaimed a yeeres impriſoment to bee taken with a Wench.

Clow. I was taken with none ſir, I was taken vvith a Damoſell.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damoſell.

Clo. This was no Damoſell neyther ſir, ſhee was a Virgin.

Fer. It is ſo varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clo. If it were, I denie her Virginitie: I was taken with a Maide.

Fer. This Maid will not ſerue your turne ſir.

Clo. This Maide will ſerue my turne ſir.

Kin. Sir I will pronounce your ſentence: You ſhall faſt a Weeke with Branne and water.

Clo. I had rather pray a Moneth with Mutton and Porridge.

Kin. And *Don Armado* ſhall be your keeper.
My Lord *Berowne*, ſee him deliuer'd ore,
And goe we Lords to put in practice that,
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworne.

Bero. Ile lay my head to any good mans hat,
Theſe oathes and lawes will proue an idle ſcorne.
Sirra, come on.

Clo. I ſuffer for the truth ſir: for true it is, I was taken with *Iaquenetta*, and *Iaquenetta* is a true girle, and therefore welcome the ſowre cup of proſperitie, affliction may one day ſmile againe, and vntill then ſit downe ſorrow. *Exit.*

Enter Armado and Moth his Page.

Arma. Boy, What ſigne is it when a man of great ſpirit growes melancholy?

Boy. A great ſigne ſir, that he will looke ſad.

Brag. Why? ſadneſſe is one and the ſelfe-ſame thing deare impe.

Boy. No no, O Lord ſir no.

Brag. How canſt thou part ſadneſſe and melancholy my tender *Iuuenall?*

Boy. By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough ſigneur.

Brag. Why tough ſigneur? Why tough ſigneur?

Boy. Why tender *Iuuenall?* Why tender *Iuuenall?*

Brag. I ſpoke it tender *Iuuenall*, as a congruent apathaton, appertaining to thy young daies, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough ſigneur, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.

Brag. Pretty and apt.

Boy. How meane you ſir, I pretty, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying prettie?

Brag. Thou pretty becauſe little.

Boy. Little pretty, becauſe little: wherefore apt?

Brag. And therefore apt, becauſe quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praiſe Maſter?

Brag. In thy condigne praiſe.

Boy. I will praiſe an Eele with the ſame praiſe.

Brag. What? that an Eele is ingenuous.

Boy. That an Eeele is quicke.

Brag. I doe ſay thou art quicke in anſweres. Thou heat'ſt my bloud.

Boy. I am anſwer'd ſir.

Brag. I loue not to be croſt.

Boy. He ſpeakes the meere contrary, croſſes loue not (him.

Br. I haue promis'd to ſtudy iij. yeres with the Duke.

Boy. You may doe it in an houre ſir.

Brag. Impoſſible.

Boy. How many is one thrice told?

Bra. I am ill at reckning, it fits the ſpirit of a Tapſter.

Boy. You are a gentleman and a gameſter ſir.

Brag. I confeſſe both, they are both the varniſh of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am ſure you know how much the groſſe ſumme of deuſ-ace amounts to.

Brag. It doth amount to one more then two.

Boy. Which the baſe vulgar call three.

Br. True. *Boy.* Why ſir is this ſuch a peece of ſtudy? Now here's three ſtudied, ere you'll thrice wink, & how eaſie it is to put yeres to the word three, and ſtudy three yeeres in two words, the dancing horſe will tell you.

Brag. A moſt fine Figure.

Boy. To proue you a Cypher.

Brag. I will heereupon confeſſe I am in loue: and as it is baſe for a Souldier to loue; ſo am I in loue with a baſe wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection, would deliuer mee from the reprobate thought of it, I would take Deſire priſoner, and ranſome him to any French Courtier for a new deuis'd curtſie. I thinke ſcorne to ſigh, me thinkes I ſhould out-ſweare *Cupid.* Comfort me Boy, What great men haue beene in loue?

Boy. Hercules Maſter.

Brag. Moſt ſweete *Hercules*: more authority deare Boy, name more; and ſweet my childe let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Boy. Sampſon Maſter, he was a man of good carriage, great carriage: for hee carried the Towne-gates on his backe like a Porter: and he was in loue.

Brag. O well-knit *Sampſon*, ſtrong ioynted *Sampſon*; I doe excell thee in my rapier, as much as thou didſt mee in carrying gates. I am in loue too. Who was *Sampſons* loue my deare *Moth*?

Boy. A Woman, Maſter.

Brag. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the foure, or the three, or the two, or one of the foure.

Brag. Tell me preciſely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the ſea-water Greene ſir.

Brag. Is that one of the foure complexions?

Boy. As I haue read ſir, and the beſt of them too.

Brag. Greene indeed is the colour of Louers: but to haue a Loue of that colour, methinkes *Sampſon* had ſmall reaſon for it. He ſurely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was ſo ſir, for ſhe had a greene wit.

Brag. My Loue is moſt immaculate white and red.

Boy. Moſt immaculate thoughts Maſter, are mask'd vnder ſuch colours.

Brag. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers witte, and my mothers tongue aſſiſt mee.

Brag. Sweet inuocation of a childe, moſt pretty and patheticall.

Boy. If ſhee be made of white and red,
Her faults will nere be knowne:
For bluſh-in cheekes by faults are bred,
And feares by pale white ſhowne:
Then if ſhe feare, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know,
For ſtill her cheekes poſſeſſe the ſame,
Which natiue ſhe doth owe:

A dangerous rime maſter againſt the reaſon of white and redde.

Brag. Is there not a ballet Boy, of the King and the Begger?

Boy. The world was very guilty of ſuch a Ballet ſome three ages ſince, but I thinke now 'tis not to be found: or if it were, it would neither ſerue for the writing, nor the tune.

Brag. I will haue that ſubiect newly writ ore, that I may example my digreſſion by ſome mighty preſident. Boy, I doe loue that Countrey girle that I tooke in the Parke with the rationall hinde *Coſtard*: ſhe deſerues well.

Boy. To bee whip'd: and yet a better loue then my Maſter.

Brag. Sing Boy, my ſpirit grows heauy in loue.

Boy. And that's great maruell, louing a light wench.

Brag. I ſay ſing.

Boy. Forbeare till this company be paſt.

Enter Clowne, Conſtable, and Wench.

Conſt. Sir, the Dukes pleaſure, is that you keepe *Coſtard* ſafe, and you muſt let him take no delight, nor no penance, but hee muſt faſt three daies a weeke: for this Damſell, I muſt keepe her at the Parke, ſhee is alowd for the Day-woman. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Brag. I do betray my ſelfe with bluſhing: Maide.

Maid. Man.

Brag. I wil viſit thee at the Lodge.

Maid. That's here by.

Brag. I know where it is ſituate.

Mai. Lord how wiſe you are!

Brag. I will tell thee wonders.

Ma. With what face?

Brag. I loue thee.

Mai. So I heard you ſay.

Brag. And ſo farewell.

Mai. Faire weather after you.

Clo. Come *Iaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*

Brag. Villaine, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Clo. Well ſir, I hope when I doe it, I ſhall doe it on a full ſtomacke.

Brag. Thou ſhalt be heauily puniſhed.

Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Clo. Take away this villaine, ſhut him vp.

Boy. Come you tranſgreſſing ſlaue, away.

Clow. Let mee not bee pent vp ſir, I will faſt being looſe.

Boy. No ſir, that were faſt and looſe: thou ſhalt to priſon.

Clow. Well, if euer I do ſee the merry dayes of deſolation that I haue ſeene, ſome ſhall ſee.

Boy. What ſhall ſome ſee?

Clow. Nay nothing, Maſter *Moth*, but what they looke vpon. It is not for priſoners to be ſilent in their words, and therefore I will ſay nothing: I thanke God, I haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. *Exit.*

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is baſe) where her ſhooe (which is baſer) guided by her foote (which is baſeſt) doth tread. I ſhall be forſworn (which is a great argument of falſhood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falſly attempted? Loue is a familiar, Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill Angell but Loue, yet *Sampſon* was ſo tempted, and he had an excellent ſtrength: Yet was *Salomon* ſo ſeduced, and hee had a very good witte. *Cupids* Butſhaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spaniards Rapier: The firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerue my turne: the *Paſſado* hee reſpects not, the *Duello* he regards not; his diſgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to ſubdue men. Adue Valour, ruſt Rapier, bee ſtill Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea hee loueth. Aſſiſt me ſome extemporall god of Rime, for I am ſure I ſhall turne Sonnet. Deuiſe Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit.*

Finis Actus Primus.

Actus Secunda.

Enter the Princeſſe of France, with three attending Ladies, and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madam ſummon vp your deareſt ſpirits,
Conſider who the King your father ſends:
To whom he ſends, and what's his Embaſſie.
Your ſelfe, held precious in the worlds eſteeme,
To parlee with the ſole inheritour
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchleſſe *Nauarre*, the plea of no leſſe weight
Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene.
Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When ſhe did ſtarue the generall world beſide,
And prodigally gaue them all to you.
Queen. Good L. *Boyet*, my beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe:
Beauty is bought by iudgement of the eye,
Not vttred by baſe ſale of chapmens tongues:
I am leſſe proud to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much wiling to be counted wiſe,
In ſpending your wit in the praiſe of mine.
But now to taske the tasker, good *Boyet*,
Prin. You are not ignorant all-telling fame
Doth noyſe abroad *Nauar* hath made a vow,
Till painefull ſtudie ſhall out-weare three yeares,
No woman may approach his ſilent Court:
Therefore to's ſeemeth it a needfull courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleaſure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthineſſe, we ſingle you,
As our beſt mouing faire ſoliciter:
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On ſerious buſineſſe crauing quicke diſpatch,
Importunes perſonall conference with his grace.
Haſte, ſignifie ſo much while we attend,
Like humble viſag'd ſuters his high will.
Boy. Proud of imployment, willingly I goe. *Exit.*
Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is ſo:
Who are the Votaries my louing Lords, that are vow-fellowes with this vertuous Duke?
Lor. *Longauill* is one.
Princ. Know you the man?
1 *Lady.* I know him Madame at a marriage feaſt,
Betweene L. *Perigort* and the beautious heire
Of *Iaques Fauconbridge* ſolemnized.
In *Normandie* ſaw I this *Longauill*,
A man of ſoueraigne parts he is eſteem'd:
Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The onely ſoyle of his faire vertues gloſſe,
If vertues gloſſe will ſtaine with any ſoile,
Is a ſharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will:
Whoſe edge hath power to cut whoſe will ſtill wills,
It ſhould none ſpare that come within his power.
Prin. Some merry mocking Lord belike, iſt ſo?
Lad. 1. They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humors know.
Prin. Such ſhort liu'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the reſt?
2. *Lad.* The yong *Dumaine*, a well accompliſht youth,
Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued.
Moſt power to doe moſt harme, leaſt knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill ſhape good,
And ſhape to win grace though ſhe had no wit.
I ſaw him at the Duke *Alanſoes* once,
And much too little of that good I ſaw,
Is my report to his great worthineſſe.
Roſſa. Another of theſe Students at that time,
Was there with him, as I haue heard a truth.
Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth,
I neuer ſpent an houres talke withall.
His eye begets occaſion for his wit,
For euery obiect that the one doth catch,
The other turnes to a mirth-mouing ieſt.
Which his faire tongue (conceits expoſitor)
Deliuers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged eares play treuant at his tales,
And yonger hearings are quite rauiſhed.
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.
Prin. God bleſſe my Ladies, are they all in loue?
That euery one her owne hath garniſhed,
With ſuch bedecking ornaments of praiſe.
Ma. Heere comes *Boyet*.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, what admittance Lord?
Boyet. *Nauar* had notice of your faire approach;
And he and his competitors in oath,
Were all addreſt to meete you gentle Lady
Before I came: Marrie thus much I haue learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes heere to beſiege his Court,
Then ſeeke a diſpenſation for his oath:
To let you enter his vnpeopled houſe.

Enter Nauar, Longauill, Dumaine, and Berowne.

Heere comes *Nauar*.
Nau. Faire Princeſſe, welcom to the Court of *Nauar*.
Prin. Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome I haue not yet: the roofe of this Court is too high to bee yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too baſe to be mine.
Nau. You ſhall be welcome Madam to my Court.
Prin. I wil be welcome then, Conduct me thither.
Nau. Heare me deare Lady, I haue ſworne an oath.
Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forſworne.
Nau. Not for the world faire Madam, by my will.
Prin. Why, will ſhall breake it will, and nothing els.
Nau. Your Ladiſhip is ignorant what it is.
Prin. Were my Lord ſo, his ignorance were wiſe,
Where now his knowledge muſt proue ignorance.
I heare your grace hath ſworne out Houſekeeping:
'Tis deadly ſinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And ſinne to breake it:
But pardon me, I am too ſodaine bold,
To teach a Teacher ill beſeemeth me.
Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my comming,
And ſodainly reſolue me in my ſuite.
Nau. Madam, I will, if ſodainly I may.
Prin. You will the ſooner that I were away,
For you'll proue periur'd if you make me ſtay.
Berow. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?
Roſa. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Ber. I know you did.
Roſa. How needleſſe was it then to ask the queſtion?
Ber. You muſt not be ſo quicke.
Roſa. 'Tis long of you ỳ ſpur me with ſuch queſtions.
Ber. Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.
Roſa. Not till it leaue the Rider in the mire.
Ber. What time a day?
Roſa. The howre that fooles ſhould aske.
Ber. Now faire befall your maske.
Roſa. Faire fall the face it couers.
Ber. And ſend you many louers.
Roſa. Amen, ſo you be none.
Ber. Nay then will I be gone.
Kin. Madame, your father heere doth intimate,
The paiment of a hundred thouſand Crownes,
Being but th'one halfe, of an intire ſumme,
Disburſed by my father in his warres.
But ſay that he, or we, as neither haue
Receiu'd that ſumme; yet there remaines vnpaid
A hundred thouſand more: in ſurety of the which,
One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the moneys worth.
If then the King your father will reſtore
But that one halfe which is vnſatisfied,
We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,
And hold faire friendſhip with his Maieſtie:
But that it ſeemes he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to haue repaie,
An hundred thouſand Crownes, and not demands
One paiment of a hundred thouſand Crownes,
To haue his title liue in *Aquitaine*.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And haue the money by our father lent,
Then *Aquitane*, ſo guelded as it is.
Deare Princeſſe, were not his requeſts ſo farre
From reaſons yeelding, your faire ſelfe ſhould make
A yeelding 'gainſt ſome reaſon in my breſt,
And goe well ſatisfied to *France* againe.
Prin. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo vnſeeming to confeſſe receyt
Of that which hath ſo faithfully beene paid.
Kin. I doe proteſt I neuer heard of it,
And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,
Or yeeld vp *Aquitaine*.
Prin. We arreſt your word:
Boyet, you can produce acquittances
For ſuch a ſumme, from ſpeciall Officers,
Of *Charles* his Father.
Kin. Satisfie me ſo.
Boyet. So pleaſe your Grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other ſpecialties are bound,
To morrow you ſhall haue a ſight of them.
Kin. It ſhall ſuffice me; at which enterview,
All liberall reaſon would I yeeld vnto:
Meane time, receiue ſuch welcome at my hand,
As Honour, without breach of Honour may
Make tender of, to thy true worthineſſe.
You may not come faire Princeſſe in my gates,
But heere without you ſhall be ſo receiu'd,
As you ſhall deeme your ſelfe lodg'd in my heart,
Though ſo deni'd farther harbour in my houſe:
Your owne good thoughts excuſe me, and farewell,
To morrow we ſhall viſit you againe.
Prin. Sweet health & faire deſires conſort your grace.
Kin. Thy own wiſh wiſh I thee, in euery place. *Exit.*
Boy. Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart.
La.Ro. Pray you doe my commendations,
I would be glad to ſee it.
Boy. I would you heard it grone.
La.Ro. Is the ſoule ſicke?
Boy. Sicke at the heart.
La.Ro. Alacke, let it bloud.
Boy. Would that doe it good?
La.Ro. My Phiſicke ſaies I.
Boy. Will you prick't with your eye.
La.Ro. *No poynt*, with my knife.
Boy. Now God ſaue thy life.
La.Ro. And yours from long liuing.
Ber. I cannot ſtay thankſ-giuing. *Exit.*

Enter Dumane.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that ſame?
Boy. The heire of *Alanſon*, *Roſalin* her name.
Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounſier fare you well.
Long. I beſeech you a word: what is ſhe in the white?
Boy. A woman ſomtimes, if you ſaw her in the light.
Long. Perchance light in the light: I deſire her name.
Boy. Shee hath but one for her ſelfe,
To deſire that were a ſhame.
Long. Pray you ſir, whoſe daughter?
Boy. Her Mothers, I haue heard.
Long. Gods bleſſing a your beard.
Boy. Good ſir be not offended,
Shee is an heyre of *Faulconbridge*.
Long. Nay, my choller is ended:
Shee is a moſt ſweet Lady. *Exit. Long.*
Boy. Not vnlike ſir, that may be.

Enter Beroune.

Ber. What's her name in the cap.
Boy. *Katherine* by good hap.
Ber. Is ſhe wedded, or no.
Boy. To her will ſir, or ſo.
Ber. You are welcome ſir, adiew.
Boy. Fare well to me ſir, and welcome to you. *Exit.*
La.Ma. That laſt is *Beroune*, the mery mad-cap Lord.
Not a word with him, but a ieſt.
Boy. And euery ieſt but a word.
Pri. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.
La.Ma. Two hot Sheepes marie:
And wherefore not Ships? (lips.
Boy. No Sheepe (ſweet Lamb) vnleſſe we feed on your
La. You Sheep & I paſture: ſhall that finiſh the ieſt?
Boy. So you grant paſture for me.
La. Not ſo gentle beaſt.
My lips are no Common, though ſeuerall they be.
Bo. Belonging to whom?
La. To my fortunes and me.
Prin. Good wits wil be iangling, but gentles agree.
This ciuill warre of wits were much better vſed
On *Nauar* and his bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd.
Bo. If my obſeruation (which very ſeldome lies
By the hearts ſtill rhetoricke, diſcloſed with eyes)
Deceiue me not now, *Nauar* is infected.
Prin. With what?
Bo. With that which we Louers intitle affected.
Prin. Your reaſon.
Bo. Why all his behauiours doe make their retire,
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough deſire.
His hart like an Agot with your print impreſſed,

Proud with his forme,in his eie pride expreſſed.
His tongue all impatient to ſpeake and not ſee,
Did ſtumble with haſte in his eie-ſight to be,
All ſences to that ſence did make their repaire,
To feele onely looking on faireſt of faire:
Me thought all his ſences were lockt in his eye,
As Iewels in Chriſtall for ſome Prince to buy. (glaſt,
Who tendring their own worth from whence they were
Did point out to buy them along as you paſt.
His faces owne margent did coate ſuch amazes,
That all eyes ſaw his eies inchanted with gazes.
Ile giue you *Aquitaine*,and all that is his,
And you giue him for my ſake,but one louing Kiſſe.

Prin. Come to our Pauillion, *Boyet* is diſpoſde.

*Bro.*But to ſpeak that in words,which his eie hath diſ-
I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie, (clos'd.
By adding a tongue,which I know will not lie.

*Lad.Ro.*Thou art an old Loue-monger,and ſpeakeſt skilfully.

Lad.Ma. He is *Cupids* Grandfather,and learnes news of him.

*Lad.*2. Then was *Venus* like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boy. Do you heare my mad wenches?

*La.*1. No.

Boy. What then,do you ſee?

*Lad.*2. I, our way to be gone.

Boy. You are too hard for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Broggart and Boy.

Song.

Bra. Warble childe,make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.

Boy. Concolinel.

Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tenderneſſe of yeares: take this Key, giue enlargement to the ſwaine, bring him feſtinatly hither: I muſt imploy him in a letter to my Loue.

Boy. Will you win your loue with a French braule?

Bra. How meaneſt thou,brauling in French?

Boy. No my compleat maſter, but to Iigge off a tune at the tongues end, canarie to it with the feete, humour it with turning vp your eie: ſigh a note and ſing a note, ſometime through the throate: if you ſwallowed loue with ſinging, loue ſometime through: noſe as if you ſnuft vp loue by ſmelling loue with your hat penthouſe-like ore the ſhop of your eies, with your armes croſt on your thinbellie doublet, like a Rabbet on a ſpit,or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting, and keepe not too long in one tune,but a ſnip and away: theſe are complements, theſe are humours, theſe betraie nice wenches that would be betraied without theſe, and make them men of note: do you note men that moſt are affected to theſe?

Brag. How haſt thou purchaſed this experience?

Boy. By my penne of obſeruation.

Brag. But O,but O.

Boy. The Hobbie-horſe is forgot.

Bra. Cal'ſt thou my loue Hobbi-horſe.

Boy. No Maſter,the Hobbie-horſe is but a Colt, and and your Loue perhaps,a Hacknie:

But haue you forgot your Loue?

Brag. Almoſt I had.

Boy. Negligent ſtudent,learne her by heart.

Brag. By heart, and in heart Boy.

Boy. And out of heart Maſter: all thoſe three I will proue.

Brag. What wilt thou proue?

Boy. A man,if I liue(and this)by,in,and without,vpon the inſtant: by heart you loue her,becauſe your heart cannot come by her: in heart you loue her,becauſe your heart is in loue with her: and out of heart you loue her, being out of heart that you cannot enioy her.

Brag. I am all theſe three.

Boy. And three times as much more,and yet nothing at all.

Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he muſt carrie mee a letter.

Boy. A meſſage well ſimpathis'd, a Horſe to be embaſſadour for an Aſſe.

Brag. Ha,ha,What ſaieſt thou?

*Boy.*Marrie ſir,you muſt ſend the Aſſe vpon the Horſe for he is verie ſlow gated: but I goe.

Brag. The way is but ſhort,away.

Boy. As ſwift as Lead ſir.

Brag. Thy meaning prettie ingenious, is not Lead a mettall heauie,dull,and ſlow?

Boy. *Minnime* honeſt Maſter,or rather Maſter no.

Brad. I ſay Lead is ſlow.

Boy. You are too ſwift ſir to ſay ſo.
Is that Lead ſlow which is fir'd from a Gunne?

Brag. Sweete ſmoke of Rhetorike,
He reputes me a Cannon,and the Bullet that's he:
I ſhoote thee at the Swaine.

Boy. Thump then,and I flee.

Bra. A moſt acute Iuuenall,voluble and free of grace,
By thy fauour ſweet Welkin,I muſt ſigh in thy face.
Moſt rude melancholie,Valour giues thee place.
My Herald is return'd.

Enter Page and Clowne.

Pag. A wonder Maſter,here's a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin.

Ar. Some enigma, ſome riddle, come, thy *Lenuoy* begin.

Clo. No egma,no riddle,no *lenuoy*, no ſalue, in thee male ſir. Or ſir, Plantan, a plaine Plantan: no *lenuoy*,no, *lenuoy*,no Salue ſir,but a Plantan.

Ar. By vertue thou inforceſt laughter, thy ſillie thought,my ſpleene,the heauing of my lunges prouokes me to rediculous ſmyling: O pardon me my ſtars, doth the inconſiderate take *ſalue* for *lenuoy*, and the word *lenuoy* for a *ſalue*?

Pag. Doe the wiſe thinke them other, is not *lenuoy* a *ſalue*? (plaine,

Ar. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or diſcourſe to make
Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore bin faine.
Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with
my *lenuoy*.
The Foxe,the Ape,and the Humble-Bee,
Were ſtill at oddes,being but three.

Arm. Vntill the Gooſe came out of doore,
Staying the oddes by adding foure.

Pag. A good *Lenuoy*,ending in the Gooſe: would you deſire more?

Clo. The Boy hath ſold him a bargaine,a Gooſe,that's flat

Sir,your penny-worth is good,and your Gooſe be fat.
To ſell a bargaine well is as cunning as faſt and looſe:
Let me ſee a fat *Lenuoy*,I that's a fat Gooſe.

Ar. Come hither,come hither:
How did this argument begin?

Boy. By ſaying that a *Coſtard* was broken in a ſhin.
Then cal'd you for the *Lenuoy*.

Clow. True,and I for a Plantan:
Thus came your argument in:
Then the Boyes fat *Lenuoy*, the Gooſe that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Ar. But tell me: How was there a *Coſtard* broken in a ſhin?

Pag. I will tell you ſencibly.

Clow. Thou haſt no feeling of it *Moth*,
I will ſpeake that *Lenuoy*.
I *Coſtard* running out,that was ſafely within,
Fell ouer the threſhold,and broke my ſhin.

Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.

Clow. Till there be more matter in the ſhin.

Arm. Sirra *Coſtard*,I will infranchiſe thee.

Clow. O,marrie me to one *Francis*,I ſmell ſome *Lenuoy*, ſome Gooſe in this.

Arm. By my ſweete ſoule,I meane,ſetting thee at libertie. Enfreedoming thy perſon: thou wert emured, reſtrained,captiuated,bound.

Clow. True,true,and now you will be my purgation, and let me looſe.

Arm. I giue thee thy libertie, ſet thee from durance, and in lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this: Beare this ſignificant to the countrey Maide *Iaquenetta*: there is remuneration,for the beſt ward of mine honours is rewarding my dependants. *Moth*,follow.

Pag. Like the ſequell I.
Signeur *Coſtard* adew. *Exit.*

Clow. My ſweete ounce of mans fleſh, my in-conie Iew: Now will I looke to his remuneration. Remuneration, O, that's the Latine word for three-farthings: Three-farthings remuration, What's the price of this yncle? i.d.no, Ile giue you a remuneration: Why? It carries it remuneration: Why? It is a fairer name then a French-Crowne. I will neuer buy and ſell out of this word.

Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue *Coſtard*,exceedingly well met.

Clow. Pray you ſir, How much Carnation Ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. What is a remuneration?

Coſt. Marrie ſir,halfe pennie farthing.

Ber. O,Why then threefarthings worth of Silke.

Coſt. I thanke your worſhip,God be wy you.

Ber. O ſtay ſlaue,I muſt employ thee:
As thou wilt win my fauour,good my knaue,
Doe one thing for me that I ſhall intreate.

Clow. When would you haue it done ſir?

Ber. O this after-noone.

Clo. Well,I will doe it ſir: Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knoweſt not what it is.

Clo. I ſhall know ſir,when I haue done it.

Ber. Why villaine thou muſt know firſt.

Clo. I wil come to your worſhip to morrow morning.

Ber. It muſt be done this after-noone,
Harke ſlaue,it is but this:
The Princeſſe comes to hunt here in the Parke,
And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie:
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly,then they name her name,
And *Roſaline* they call her,aske for her:
And to her white hand ſee thou do commend
This ſeal'd-vp counſaile. Ther's thy guerdon: goe.

Clo. Gardon,O ſweete gardon, better then remuneration, a leuenpence-farthing better: moſt ſweete gardon. I will doe it ſir in print: gardon, remuneration. *Exit.*

Ber. O, and I forſooth in loue,
I that haue beene loues whip?
A verie Beadle to a humerous ſigh: A Criticke,
Nay,a night-watch Conſtable.
A domineering pedant ore the Boy,
Then whom no mortall ſo magnificent.
This wimpled,whyning,purblinde waiward Boy,
This ſignior *Iunios* gyant drawfe,don *Cupid*,
Regent of Loue-rimes,Lord of folded armes,
Th'annointed ſoueraigne of ſighes and groanes:
Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:
Dread Prince of Placcats,King of Codpeeces.
Sole Emperator and great generall
Of trotting Parrators (O my little heart.)
And I to be a Corporall of his field,
And weare his colours like a Tumblers hoope.
What? I loue,I ſue,I ſeeke a wife,
A woman that is like a Germane Cloake,
Still a repairing: euer out of frame,
And neuer going a right,being a Watch:
But being watcht,that it may ſtill goe right.
Nay,to be periurde,which is worſt of all:
And among three,to loue the worſt of all,
A whitly wanton, with a veluet brow.
With two pitch bals ſtucke in her face for eyes.
I,and by heauen,one that will doe the deede,
Though *Argus* were her Eunuch and her garde.
And I to ſigh for her,to watch for her,
To pray for her,go to: it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impoſe for my neglect,
Of his almighty dreadfull little might.
Well,I will loue,write,ſigh,pray,ſhue,grone,
Some men muſt loue my Lady,and ſome Ione.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Princeſſe,a Forreſter,her Ladies,and her Lords.

Qu. Was that the King that ſpurd his horſe ſo hard,
Againſt the ſteepe vpriſing of the hill?

Boy. I know not,but I thinke it was not he.

Qu. Who ere a was,a ſhew'd a mounting minde:
Well Lords,to day we ſhall haue our diſpatch,
On Saterday we will returne to *France*.
Then *Forreſter* my friend,Where is the Buſh
That we muſt ſtand and play the murtherer in?

For. Hereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the faireſt ſhoote.

Qu. I thanke my beautie,I am faire that ſhoote,
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt the faireſt ſhoote.

For. Pardon me Madam,for I meant not ſo.

Qu. What,what? Firſt praiſe me,& then again ſay no.
O ſhort liu'd pride. Not faire? alacke for woe.

For. Yes Madam faire.

Qu. Nay,neuer paint me now,
Where faire is not,praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Here (good my glaſſe) take this for telling true:
Faire paiment for foule words,is more then due.

For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.

Qu. See,ſee,my beautie will be ſau'd by merit.
O hereſie in faire,fit for theſe dayes,
A giuing hand,though foule,ſhall haue faire praiſe.
But come,the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
And ſhooting well,is then accounted ill:
Thus will I ſaue my credit in the ſhoote,
Not wounding,pittie would not let me do't:
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my skill,
That more for praiſe,then purpoſe meant to kill.
And out of queſtion,ſo it is ſometimes:
Glory growes guiltie of deteſted crimes,
When for Fames ſake,for praiſe an outward part,
We bend to that,the working of the hart.
As I for praiſe alone now ſeeke to ſpill
The poore Deeres blood,that my heart meanes no ill.

Boy. Do not curſt wiues hold that ſelfe-ſoueraigntie
Onely for praiſe ſake,when they ſtriue to be
Lords ore their Lords?

Qu. Onely for praiſe,and praiſe we may afford,
To any Lady that ſubdewes a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.

Clo. God dig-you-den all,pray you which is the head Lady?

Qu. Thou ſhalt know her fellow,by the reſt that haue no heads.

Clo. Which is the greateſt Lady,the higheſt?

Qu. The thickeſt,and the talleſt.

Clo. The thickeſt,& the talleſt: it is ſo,truth is truth.
And your waſte Miſtris, were as ſlender as my wit,
One a theſe Maides girdles for your waſte ſhould be fit.
Are not you the chiefe womā? You are the thickeſt here?

Qu. What's your will ſir? What's your will?

Clo. I haue a Letter from Monſier *Berowne*,
To one Lady *Roſaline*.

Qu. O thy letter,thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a ſide good bearer.
Boyet, you can carue,
Breake vp this Capon.

Boyet. I am bound to ſerue.
This Letter is miſtooke: it importeth none here:
It is writ to *Iaquenetta*.

Qu. We will reade it,I ſweare.
Breake the necke of the Waxe,and euery one giue eare.

Boyet reades.

BY heauen, that thou art faire, is moſt infallible: true that thou art beauteous, truth it ſelfe that thou art louely: more fairer then faire,beautifull then beautious, truer then truth it ſelfe: haue comiſeration on thy heroicall Vaſſall. The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate King *Cophetua* ſet eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Begger *Zenelophon*: and he it was that might rightly ſay, *Veni, vidi, vici*: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O baſe and obſcure vulgar; *videliſet*, He came, See,and ouercame: hee came one; ſee, two; couercame three: Who came? the King. Why did he come? to ſee. Why did he ſee? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the Begger. What ſaw he? the Begger. Who ouercame he? the Begger. The concluſion is victorie: On whoſe ſide? the King: the captiue is inricht: On whoſe ſide? the Beggers. The cataſtrophe is a Nuptiall: on whoſe ſide? the Kings: no,on both in one,or one in both. I am the King (for ſo ſtands the compariſon) thou the Begger, for ſo witneſſeth thy lowlineſſe. Shall I command thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I could. Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, ſhalt thou exchange for ragges, roabes: for tittles titles, for thy ſelfe mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy euerie part.

Thine in the deareſt deſigne of induſtrie,

Don Adriana de Armatho.

Thus doſt thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
Gainſt thee thou Lambe, that ſtandeſt as his pray:
Submiſſiue fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou ſtriue (poore ſoule) what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repaſture for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is hee that indited this Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you euer heare better?

Boy. I am much deceiued,but I remember the ſtile.

Qu. Elſe your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile.

Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court
A Phantaſime,a Monarcho,and one that makes ſport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Qu. Thou fellow, a word.
Who gaue thee this Letter?

Clow. I told you,my Lord.

Qu. To whom ſhould'ſt thou giue it?

Clo. From my Lord to my Lady.

Qu. From which Lord,to which Lady?

Clo. From my Lord *Berowne*,a good maſter of mine,
To a Lady of *France*, that he call'd *Roſaline*.

Qu. Thou haſt miſtaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here ſweete, put vp this,'twill be thine another day.
Exeunt.

Boy. Who is the ſhooter? Who is the ſhooter?

Roſa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I my continent of beautie.

Roſa. Why ſhe that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
Hang me by the necke,if hornes that yeare miſcarrie.
Finely put on.

Roſa. Well then,I am the ſhooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Roſa. If we chooſe by the hornes,your ſelfe come not neare. Finely put on indeede.

Maria. You ſtill wrangle with her *Boyet*, and ſhee ſtrikes at the brow.

Boyet. But ſhe her ſelfe is hit lower:
Haue I hit her now.

Roſa. Shall I come vpon thee with an old ſaying,that was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy,as touching the hit it.

Boyet. So I may anſwere thee with one as old that was a woman when Queene *Guinouer* of *Brittaine* was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Roſa. Thou canſt not hit it,hit it,hit it,
Thou canſt not hit it my good man.

Boy. I cannot, cannot,cannot:
And I cannot,another can. *Exit.*

Clo. By my troth moſt pleaſant,how both did fit it.

Mar. A marke marueilous well ſhot, for they both did hit.

Boy. A mark,O marke but that marke: a marke ſaies my Lady.
Let the mark haue a pricke in't,to meat at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.

Clo. Indeede a'muſt ſhoote nearer, or heele ne're hit the clout.

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Clo. Then will ſhee get the vpſhoot by cleauing the is in.

Ma. Come,come,you talke greaſely, your lips grow foule.

Clo. She's too hard for you at pricks,ſir challenge her to boule.

Boy. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good Oule.

Clo. By my ſoule a Swaine,a moſt ſimple Clowne.
Lord,Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.
O my troth moſt ſweete ieſts,moſt inconie vulgar wit,
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off,ſo obſcenely,as it were, ſo fit.
Armathor ath to the ſide,O a moſt dainty man.
To ſee him walke before a Lady,and to beare her Fan.
To ſee him kiſſe his hand, and how moſt ſweetly a will ſweare:
And his Page atother ſide,that handfull of wit,
Ah heauens,it is moſt patheticall nit.
Sowla,ſowla. *Exeunt.*

Shoote within.

Enter Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.

Nat. Very reuerent ſport truely,and done in the teſtimony of a good conſcience.

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) ſanguis in blood, ripe as a Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Iewell in the eare of *Celo* the ſkie; the welken the heauen, and anon falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*,the ſoyle,the land,the earth.

Curat.Nath. Truely M. *Holofernes*,the epythithes are ſweetly varied like a ſcholler at the leaſt: but ſir I aſſure ye, it was a Bucke of the firſt head.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *haud credo*.

Dul. 'Twas not a *haud credo*,'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Moſt barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of inſinuation,as it were *in via*,in way of explication *facere*: as it were replication,or rather *oſtentare*,to ſhow as it were his inclination after his vndreſſed,vnpoliſhed, vneducated,vnpruned,vntrained,or rather vnlettered, or rathereſt vnconfirmed faſhion,to inſert againe my *haud credo* for a Deare.

Dul. I ſaid the Deare was not a *haud credo*, 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Twice ſod ſimplicitie, *bis coctus*, O thou monſter Ignorance, how deformed dooſt thou looke.

Nath. Sir hee hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.
He hath not eate paper as it were:
He hath not drunke inke.
His intellect is not repleniſhed, hee is onely an animall, onely ſenſible in the duller parts: and ſuch barren plants are ſet before vs,that we thankfull ſhould be: which we taſte and feeling,are for thoſe parts that doe fructifie in vs more then he.
For as it would ill become me to be vaine,indiſcreet,or a foole;
So were there a patch ſet on Learning, to ſee him in a Schoole.
But *omne bene* ſay I,being of an old Fathers minde,
Many can brooke the weather,that loue not the winde.

Dul. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit, What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fiue weekes old as yet?

Hol. *Dictiſima* goodman *Dull*, *dictiſima* goodman *Dull*.

Dul. What is *dictima*?

Nath. A title to *Phœbe*,to *Luna*,to the *Moone*.

Hol. The Moone was a month old when *Adam* was no more.
And wrought not to fiue-weekes when he came to fiue-ſcore.
Th'alluſion holds in the Exchange.

Dul. 'Tis true indeede, the Colluſion holds in the Exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity,I ſay th'alluſion holds in the Exchange.

Dul. And I ſay the polufion holds in the Exchange: for the Moone is neuer but a month old: and I ſay beſide that,'twas a Pricket that the Princeſſe kill'd.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princeſſe kill'd a Pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good M. *Holofernes*, *perge*, ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſcurilitie.

Hol I will ſomething affect the letter, for it argues facilitie.

The prayfull Princeſſe pearſt and prickt
a prettie pleaſing Pricket,
Some ſay a Sore,but not a ſore,
till now made ſore with ſhooting.
The Dogges did yell,put ell to Sore,
then Sorell iumps from thicket:
Or Pricket-ſore, or elſe Sorell,
the people fall a hooting.
If Sore be ſore,then ell to Sore,
makes fiftie ſores O ſorell:
Of one ſore I an hundred make
by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent.

Dul. If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him with a talent.

Nath. This is a gift that I haue ſimple: ſimple,a fooliſh extrauagant ſpirit,full of formes,figures,ſhapes,obiects,Ideas,apprehenſions,motions,reuolutions. Theſe are begot in the ventricle of memorie, nouriſht in the wombe of primater,and deliuered vpon the mellowing of occaſion: but the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute,and I am thankfull for it.

Hol. Sir, I praiſe the Lord for you, and ſo may my pariſhioners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you, and their Daughters profit very greatly vnder you: you are a good member of the common-wealth.

Nath. *Me hercle*, If their Sonnes be ingennous, they ſhall want no inſtruction: If their Daug[illegible]s be capable, I will put it to them. But *Vir ſapis qui pauca loquitur,* a ſoule Feminine ſaluteth vs.

Enter Iaquenetta and the Clowne.

Iaqu. God giue you good morrow M.*Perſon.*

Nath. Maſter Perſon,*quaſi* Perſon? And if one ſhould be perſt, Which is the one?

*Clo.*Marry M. Schoolemaſter, hee that is likeſt to a hogſhead.

Nath. Of perſing a Hogshead, a good luſter of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fire enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: 'tis prettie,it is well.

Iaqu. Good Maſter Parſon be ſo good as reade mee this Letter, it was giuen mee by *Coſtard*, and ſent mee from *Don Armatho*: I beſeech you reade it.

Nath. Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia ſub vmbra ruminat, and ſo forth. Ah good old *Mantuan*, I may ſpeake of thee as the traueiler doth of *Venice, vemchie,vencha, que non te vnde,que non te perreche.* Old *Mantuam*,old *Mantuan*. Who vnderſtandeth thee not, *vt re ſol la mi fa*: Vnder pardon ſir, What are the contents? or rather as *Horrace* ſayes in his, What my ſoule verſes.

Hol. I ſir,and very learned.

Nath. Let me heare a ſtaffe,a ſtanze,a verſe, *Lege domine.*

If Loue make me forſworne,how ſhall I ſweare to loue?
Ah neuer faith could hold,if not to beautie vowed.
Though to my ſelfe forſworn,to thee Ile faithfull proue.
Thoſe thoughts to mee were Okes, to thee like Oſiers bowed.
Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes.
Where all thoſe pleaſures liue, that Art would comprehend.
If knowledge be the marke,to know thee ſhall ſuffice.
Well learned is that tongue,that well can thee cōmend.
All ignorant that ſoule,that ſees thee without wonder.
Which is to me ſome praiſe,that I thy parts admire;
Thy eye *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thunder.
Which not to anger bent, is muſique,and ſweet fire.
Celeſtiall as thou art,Oh pardon loue this wrong,
That ſings heauens praiſe,with ſuch an earthly tongue.

Ped. You finde not the apoſtraphas, and ſo miſſe the accent. Let me ſuperuiſe the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the elegancy, facility,& golden cadence of poeſie *caret*: *Ouiddius Naſo* was the man. And why in deed *Naſo*, but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his maſter, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horſe his rider: But *Damoſella virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Iaq. I ſir from one mounſier *Berowne*, one of the ſtrange Queenes Lords.

Nath. I will ouerglance the ſuperſcript.
To the ſnow-white hand of the moſt beautious Lady Roſaline.
I will looke againe on the intellect of the Letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the perſon written vnto.
Your Ladiſhips in all deſired imployment, Berowne.

Per. Sir *Holofernes*,this *Berowne* is one of the Votaries with the King, and here he hath framed a Letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger Queenes: which accidentally, or by the way of progreſſion, hath miſcarried. Trip and goe my ſweete, deliuer this Paper into the hand of the King,it may concerne much: ſtay not thy complement,I forgiue thy duetie,adue.

Maid. Good *Coſtard* go with me:
Sir God ſaue your life.

Coſt. Haue with thee my girle. *Exit.*

Hol. Sir you haue done this in the feare of God very religiouſly: and as a certaine Father ſaith

Ped. Sir tell not me of the Father,I do feare colourable colours.But to returne to the Verſes,Did they pleaſe you ſir *Nathaniel*?

Nath. Marueilous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certaine Pupill of mine,where if (being repaſt) it ſhall pleaſe you to gratifie the table with a Grace,I will on my priuiledge I haue with the parents of the foreſaid Childe or Pupill, vndertake your *bien vonuto*, where I will proue thoſe Verſes to be very vnlearned, neither ſauouring of Poetrie, Wit, nor Inuention. I beſeech your Societie.

Nat. And thanke you to: for ſocietie (ſaith the text) is the happineſſe of life.

Peda. And certes the text moſt infallibly concludes it. Sir I do inuite you too, you ſhall not ſay me nay: *pauca verba.*
Away,the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. *Exeunt.*

Enter Berowne with a Paper in his hand,alone.

Bero. The King he is hunting the Deare,
I am courſing my ſelfe.

They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pitch that defiles; defile, a foule word: Well, ſet thee downe ſorrow; for ſo they ſay the foole ſaid, and ſo ſay I, and I the foole: Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as mad as *Aiax*, it kils ſheepe, it kils mee, I a ſheepe: Well proued againe a my ſide. I will not loue; if I do hang me: yfaith I will not. O but her eye: by this light, but for her eye, I would not loue her; yes,for her two eyes. Well, I doe nothing in the world but lye, and lye in my throate. By heauen I doe loue,and it hath taught mee to Rime, and to be mallicholie: and here is part of my Rime, and heere my mallicholie. Well, ſhe hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore it,the Foole ſent it,and the Lady hath it: ſweet Clowne,ſweeter Foole,ſweeteſt Lady.By the world,I would not care a pin,if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper,God giue him grace to grone.

He ſtands aſide. The King entreth.

Kin. Ay mee!

Ber. Shot by heauen:proceede ſweet *Cupid*,thou haſt thumpt him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left pap:in faith ſecrets.

King. So ſweete a kiſſe the golden Sunne giues not,
To thoſe freſh morning drops vpon the Roſe,
As thy eye beames,when their freſh rayſe haue ſmot.
The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes.
Nor ſhines the ſiluer Moone one halfe ſo bright,
Through the tranſparent boſome of the deepe,
As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:
Thou ſhin'ſt in euery teare that I doe weepe,
No drop,but as a Coach doth carry thee:
So rideſt thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the teares that ſwell in me,
And they thy glory through my griefe will ſhow:

But doe not loue thy ſelfe, then thou wilt keepe
My teares for glaſſes,and ſtill make me weepe.
O Queene of Queenes,how farre doſt thou excell,
No thought can thinke,nor tongue of mortall tell.
How ſhall ſhe know my griefes? Ile drop the paper.
Sweet leaues ſhade folly. Who is he comes heere?

Enter Longauile. The King ſteps aſide.

What *Longauill*, and reading: liſten eare.

Ber. Now in thy likeneſſe, one more foole appeare.

Long. Ay me, I am forſworne.

Ber. Why he comes in like a periure,wearing papers.

Long. In loue I hope,ſweet fellowſhip in ſhame.

Ber. One drunkard loues another of the name.

Lon. Am I the firſt yͤ haue been periur'd ſo? (know,

Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I
Thou makeſt the triumphery,the corner cap of ſocietie,
The ſhape of Loues Tiburne,that hangs vp ſimplicitie.

Lon. I feare theſe ſtubborn lines lack power to moue.
O ſweet *Maria*, Empreſſe of my Loue,
Theſe numbers will I teare,and write in proſe.

Ber. O Rimes are gards on wanton *Cupids* hoſe,
Disfigure not his Shop.

Lon. This ſame ſhall goe. *He reades the Sonnet.*

Did not the heauenly Rhetoricke of thine eye,
'Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument,
Perſwade my heart to this falſe periurie?
Vowes for thee broke deſerue not puniſhment.
A Woman I forſwore, but I will proue,
Thou being a Goddeſſe,I forſwore not thee.
My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.
Then thou faire Sun,which on my earth doeſt ſhine,
Exhaleſt this vapor-vow, in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, What foole is not ſo wiſe,
To looſe an oath, to win a Paradiſe?

Ber. This is the liuer veine,which makes fleſh a deity.
A greene Gooſe,a Goddeſſe, pure pure Idolatry.
God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th'way.

Enter Dumaine.

Lon. By whom ſhall I ſend this (company?) Stay.

Bero. All hid,all hid,an old infant play,
Like a demie God, here ſit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles ſecrets heedfully ore-eye.
More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wiſh,
Dumaine transform'd, foure Woodcocks in a diſh.

Dum. O moſt diuine *Kate.*

Bero. O moſt prophane coxcombe.

Dum. By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.

Bero. By earth ſhe is not,corporall,there you lye.

Dum. Her Amber haires for foule hath amber coted.

Ber. An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted.

Dum. As vpright as the Cedar.

Ber. Stoope I ſay,her ſhoulder is with-child.

Dum. As faire as day.

Ber. I as ſome daies,but then no ſunne muſt ſhine.

Dum. O that I had my wiſh?

Lon. And I had mine.

Kin. And mine too good Lord.

Ber. Amen,ſo I had mine: Is not that a good word?

Dum. I would forget her,but a Feuer ſhe
Raignes in my bloud,and will remembred be.

Ber. A Feuer in your bloud,why then inciſion
Would let her out in Sawcers, ſweet miſpriſion.

Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ.

Ber. Once more Ile marke how Loue can varry Wit.

Dumane reades his Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Loue, whoſe Month is euery May,
Spied a bloſſome paſſing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre:
Through the Veluet, leaues the winde,
All vnſeene, can paſſage finde.
That the Louer ſicke to death,
Wiſh himſelfe the heauens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,
Ayre, would I might triumph ſo.
But alacke my hand is ſworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:
Vow alacke for youth vnmeete,
Youth ſo apt to plucke a ſweet.
Doe not call it ſinne in me,
That I am forſworne for thee.
Thou for whom Ioue *would ſweare,*
Iuno *but an Æthiop were,*
And denie himſelfe for Ioue.
Turning mortall for thy Loue.

This will I ſend,and ſomething elſe more plaine.
That ſhall expreſſe my true-loues faſting paine.
O would the *King*,*Berowne* and *Longauill*,
Were Louers too, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a periur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike doe dote.

Lon. *Dumaine*, thy Loue is farre from charitie,
That in Loues griefe deſir'ſt ſocietie:
You may looke pale, but I ſhould bluſh I know,
To be ore-heard,and taken napping ſo.

Kin. Come ſir,you bluſh: as his,your caſe is ſuch,
You chide at him,offending twice as much.
You doe not loue *Maria*? *Longauile*,
Did neuer Sonnet for her ſake compile;
Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart
His louing boſome,to keepe downe his heart.
I haue beene cloſely ſhrowded in this buſh,
And markt you both,and for you both did bluſh.
I heard your guilty Rimes,obſeru'd your faſhion:
Saw ſighes reeke from you, noted well your paſſion.
Aye me,ſayes one! O *Ioue*,the other cries!
On her haires were Gold, Chriſtall the others eyes.
You would for Paradiſe breake Faith and troth,
And *Ioue* for your Loue would infringe an oath.
What will *Berowne* ſay when that he ſhall heare
Faith infringed, which ſuch zeale did ſweare.
How will he ſcorne? how will he ſpend his wit?
How will he triumph,leape,and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did ſee,
I would not haue him know ſo much by me.

Bero. Now ſtep I forth to whip hypocriſie.
Ah good my Liedge,I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What grace haſt thou thus to reproue
Theſe wormes for louing,that art moſt in loue?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princeſſe that appeares.
You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:
Tuſh,none but Minſtrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not aſham'd? nay, are you not

All three of you, to be thus much ore'ſhot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did ſee:
But I a Beame doe finde in each of three.
O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I ſeene.
Of ſighes, of grones, of ſorrow, and of teene:
O me, with what ſtrict patience haue I ſat,
To ſee a King transformed to a Gnat?
To ſee great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Salomon* tuning a Iygge?
And *Neſtor* play at puſh-pin with the boyes,
And *Critticke Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.
Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good *Dumaine*;
And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the breſt:
A Candle hoa!

Kin. Too bitter is thy ieſt.
Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?

Ber. Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honeſt, I that hold it ſinne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of inconſtancie.
When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rime?
Or grone for *Ioane*? or ſpend a minutes time,
In pruning mee, when ſhall you heare that I will praiſe a hand, a foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a ſtate, a brow, a breſt, a waſte, a legge, a limme.

Kin. Soft, Whither a-way ſo faſt?
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops ſo.

Ber. I poſt from Loue, good Louer let me go.

Enter Iaquenetta and Clowne.

Iaqu. God bleſſe the King.

Kin. What Preſent haſt thou there?

Clo. Some certaine treaſon.

Kin. What makes treaſon heere?

Clo. Nay it makes nothing ſir.

Kin. If it marre nothing neither,
The treaſon and you goe in peace away together.

Iaqu. I beſeech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our perſon miſ-doubts it: it was treaſon he ſaid.

Kin. *Berowne*, read it ouer. *He reades the Letter.*

Kin. Where hadſt thou it?

Iaqu. Of *Coſtard.*

King. Where hadſt thou it?

Coſt. Of *Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.*

Kin. How now, what is in you? why doſt thou tear it?

Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needes not feare it.

Long. It did moue him to paſſion, and therefore let's heare it.

Dum. It is *Berowns* writing, and heere is his name.

Ber. Ah you whoreſon loggerhead, you were borne to doe me ſhame.
Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confeſſe, I confeſſe.

Kin. What?

Ber. That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make vp the meſſe.
He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,
Are picke-purſes in Loue, and we deſerue to die.
O diſmiſſe this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is euen.

Berow. True true, we are fowre: will theſe Turtles be gone?

Kin. Hence ſirs, away.

Clo. Walk aſide the true folke, & let the traytors ſtay.

Ber. Sweet Lords, ſweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,
As true we are as fleſh and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will ſhew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree.
We cannot croſſe the cauſe why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands muſt we be forſworne.

King. What, did theſe rent lines ſhew ſome loue of thine?
(*Roſaline*,

Ber. Did they, quoth you? Who ſees the heauenly
That (like a rude and ſauage man of *Inde.*)
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous Eaſt,
Bowes not his vaſſall head, and ſtrooken blinde,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptory Eagle-ſighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her maieſtie?

Kin. What zeale, what furie, hath inſpir'd thee now?
My Loue (her Miſtres) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) ſcarce ſeene a light.

Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne.*
O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the cul'd ſoueraignty,
Doe meet as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
Where ſeuerall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it ſelfe doth ſeeke.
Lend me the flouriſh of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Rethoricke, O ſhe needs it not,
To things of ſale, a ſellers praiſe belongs:
She paſſes prayſe, then prayſe too ſhort doth blot.
A withered Hermite, fiueſcore winters worne,
Might ſhake off fiftie, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh Age, as if new borne,
And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O 'tis the Sunne that maketh all things ſhine.

King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.

Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?
A wife of ſuch wood were felicitie.
O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?
That I may ſweare Beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that ſhe learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full ſo blacke.

Kin. O paradoxe, Blacke is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the Schoole of night:
And beauties creſt becomes the heauens well.

Ber. Diuels ſooneſt tempt reſembling ſpirits of light.
O if in blacke my Ladies browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting vſurping haire
Should rauiſh doters with a falſe aſpect:
And therfore is ſhe borne to make blacke, faire.
Her fauour turnes the faſhion of the dayes,
For natiue bloud is counted painting now:
And therefore red that would auoyd diſpraiſe,
Paints it ſelfe blacke, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are Chimny-ſweepers blacke.

Lon. And ſince her time, are Colliers counted bright.

King. And *Æthiops* of their ſweet complexion crake.

Dum. Dark needs no Candles now, for dark is light.

Ber. Your miſtreſſes dare neuer come in raine,
For feare their colours ſhould be waſht away.

Kin. 'Twere good yours did: for ſir to tell you plaine,
Ile finde a fairer face not waſht to day.

Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke till dooms-day here.

Kin. No Diuell will fright thee then ſo much as ſhee.

Duma. I neuer knew man hold vile ſtuffe ſo deere.

Lon. Looke, heer's thy loue, my foot and her face ſee.

Ber. O if the ſtreets were paued with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for ſuch tread.

Duma. O vile, then as ſhe goes what vpward lyes?
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walk'd ouer head.

Kin. But what of this, are we not all in loue?

Ber. O nothing ſo ſure, and thereby all forſworne.

Kin. Then leaue this chat, & good *Berown* now proue
Our louing lawfull, and our fayth not torne.

Dum. I marie there, ſome flattery for this euill.

Long. O ſome authority how to proceed,
Some tricks, ſome quillets, how to cheat the diuell.

Dum. Some ſalue for periurie.

Ber. O 'tis more then neede.
Haue at you then affections men at armes,
Conſider what you firſt did ſweare vnto:
To faſt, to ſtudy, and to ſee no woman:
Flat treaſon againſt the Kingly ſtate of youth.
Say, Can you faſt? your ſtomacks are too young:
And abſtinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you haue vow'd to ſtudie (Lords)
In that each of you haue forſworne his Booke.
Can you ſtill dreame and pore, and thereon looke.
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Haue found the ground of ſtudies excellence,
Without the beauty of a womans face;
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Achadems,
From whence doth ſpring the true *Promethean* fire.
Why, vniuerſall plodding poyſons vp
The nimble ſpirits in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The ſinnowy vigour of the trauailer.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You haue in that forſworne the vſe of eyes:
And ſtudie too, the cauſer of your vow.
For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches ſuch beauty as a womans eye:
Learning is but an adiunct to our ſelfe,
And where we are, our Learning likewiſe is.
Then when our ſelues we ſee in Ladies eyes,
With our ſelues.
Doe we not likewiſe ſee our learning there?
O we haue made a Vow to ſtudie, Lords,
And in that vow we haue forſworne our Bookes:
For when would you (my Leege) or you, or you?
In leaden contemplation haue found out
Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,
Of beauties tutors haue inrich'd you with:
Other ſlow Arts intirely keepe the braine:
And therefore finding barraine practizers,
Scarce ſhew a harueſt of their heauy toyle.
But Loue firſt learned in a Ladies eyes,
Liues not alone emured in the braine:
But with the motion of all elements,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in euery power,
And giues to euery power a double power,
Aboue their functions and their offices.
It addes a precious ſeeing to the eye:
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
A Louers eare will heare the loweſt ſound.
When the ſuſpicious head of theft is ſtopt.
Loues feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.
Loues tongue proues dainty, *Bachus* groſſe in taſte,
For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules*?
Still climing trees in the *Heſperides.*
Subtill as *Sphinx*, as ſweet and muſicall,
As bright *Apollo's* Lute, ſtrung with his haire.
And when Loue ſpeakes, the voyce of all the Gods,
Make heauen drowſie with the harmonie.
Neuer durſt Poet touch a pen to write,
Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues ſighes:
O then his lines would rauiſh ſauage eares,
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.
They ſparcle ſtill the right promethean fire,
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,
That ſhew, containe, and nouriſh all the world.
Elſe none at all in ought proues excellent.
Then fooles you were theſe women to forſweare:
Or keeping what is ſworne, you will proue fooles,
For Wiſedomes ſake, a word that all men loue:
Or for Loues ſake, a word that loues all men.
Or for Mens ſake, the author of theſe Women:
Or Womens ſake, by whom we men are Men.
Let's once looſe our oathes to finde our ſelues,
Or elſe we looſe our ſelues, to keepe our oathes:
It is religion to be thus forſworne.
For Charity it ſelfe fulfills the Law:
And who can ſeuer loue from Charity.

Kin. Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the field.

Ber. Aduance your ſtandards, & vpon them Lords.
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be firſt aduis'd,
In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.

Long. Now to plaine dealing, Lay theſe glozes by,
Shall we reſolue to woe theſe girles of France?

Kin. And winne them too, therefore let vs deuiſe,
Some entertainment for them in their Tents.

Ber. Firſt from the Park let vs conduct them thither,
Then homeward euery man attach the hand
Of his faire Miſtreſſe, in the afternoone
We will with ſome ſtrange paſtime ſolace them:
Such as the ſhortneſſe of the time can ſhape,
For Reuels, Dances, Maskes, and merry houres,
Fore-runne faire Loue, ſtrewing her way with flowres.

Kin. Away, away, no time ſhall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by vs be fitted.

Ber. Alone, alone ſowed Cockell, reap'd no Corne,
And Iuſtice alwaies whirles in equall meaſure:
Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forſworne,
If ſo, our Copper buyes no better treaſure. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Pedant, Curate and Dull.

Pedant. *Satis quid ſufficit.*

Curat. I praiſe God for you ſir, your reaſons at dinner haue beene ſharpe & ſententious: pleaſant without ſcurrillity, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and ſtrange without hereſie: I did conuerſe this *quondam* day with a companion of the Kings, who is intituled, nominated, or called, *Don Adriano de Armatho.*

Ped. *Noui hominum tanquam te*, His humour is lofty, his diſcourſe peremptorie: his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gate maieſticall, and his generall behauiour vaine, ridiculous, and thraſonicall. He is too picked, too ſpruce, too affected, too odde, as it were, too peregrinat, as I may call it.

Curat. A moſt ſingular and choiſe Epithat,

Draw out his Table-booke.

Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verboſitie, finer then the ſtaple of his argument. I abhor ſuch phanaticall phantaſims, ſuch inſociable and poynt deuiſe companions, ſuch rackers of ortagriphie, as to ſpeake dout fine, when he ſhould ſay doubt; det, when he ſhold pronounce debt; d e b t, not det: he clepeth a Calf, Cauſe: halfe, hauſe: neighbour *vocatur* nebour; neigh abreuiated ne: this is abhominable, which he would call abhominable: it inſinuateth me of infamie: *ne inteligis domine*, to make franticke, lunaticke?

Cura. Laus deo, bene intelligo.

Peda. Bome boon for boon preſcian, a little ſcratcht, 'twil ſerue.

Enter Bragart, Boy.

Curat. Vides ne quis venit?

Peda. Video, & gaudio.

Brag. Chirra.

Peda. Quari Chirra, not Sirra?

Brag. Men of peace well incountred.

Ped. Moſt millitarie ſir ſalutation.

Boy. They haue beene at a great feaſt of Languages, and ſtolne the ſcraps.

Clow. O they haue liu'd long on the almes-basket of words. I maruell thy M. hath not eaten thee for a word, for thou art not ſo long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: Thou art eaſier ſwallowed then a flapdragon.

Page. Peace, the peale begins.

Brag. Mounſier, are you not lettred?

Page. Yes, yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke: What is Ab ſpeld backward with the horn on his head?

Peda. Ba, *puericia* with a horne added.

Pag. Ba moſt ſeely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his learning.

Peda. Quis quis, thou Conſonant?

Pag. The laſt of the fiue Vowels if You repeat them, or the fift if I.

Peda. I will repeat them: a e I.

Pag. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.

Brag. Now by the ſalt waue of the mediteranium, a ſweet tutch, a quicke vene we of wit, ſnip ſnap, quick & home, it reioyceth my intellect, true wit.

Page. Offered by a childe to an olde man: which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou diſputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigge.

Pag. Lend me your Horne to make one, and I will whip about your Infamie *vnum cita* a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.

Clow. And I had but one penny in the world, thou ſhouldſt haue it to buy Ginger bread: Hold, there is the very Remuneration I had of thy Maiſter, thou halfpenny purſe of wit, thou Pidgeon-egge of diſcretion. O & the heauens were ſo pleaſed, that thou wert but my Baſtard; What a ioyfull father wouldſt thou make mee? Goe to, thou haſt it *ad dungil*, at the fingers ends, as they ſay.

Peda. Oh I ſmell falſe Latine, *dunghel* for *vnguem*.

Brag. Artſ-man preambulat, we will bee ſingled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the Charg-houſe on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. Or *Mons* the hill.

Brag. At your ſweet pleaſure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I doe *ſans queſtion*.

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings moſt ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the Princeſſe at her Pauilion, in the *poſteriors* of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

Ped. The *poſterior* of the day, moſt generous ſir, is liable, congruent, and meaſurable for the after-noone: the word is well culd, choſe, ſweet, and apt I doe aſſure you ſir, I doe aſſure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my familiar, I doe aſſure ye very good friend: for what is inward betweene vs, let it paſſe. I doe beſeech thee remember thy curteſie. I beſeech thee apparell thy head: and among other importunate & moſt ſerious deſignes, and of great import indeed too: but let that paſſe, for I muſt tell thee it will pleaſe his Grace (by the world) ſometime to leane vpon my poore ſhoulder, and with his royall finger thus dallie with my excrement, with my muſtachio: but ſweet heart let that paſſe. By the world I recount no fable, ſome certaine ſpeciall honours it pleaſeth his greatneſſe to impart to *Armado* a Souldier, a man of trauell, that hath ſeene the world: but let that paſſe; the very all of all is: but ſweet heart, I do implore ſecrecie, that the King would haue mee preſent the Princeſſe (ſweet chucke) with ſome delightfull oſtentation, or ſhow, or pageant, or anticke, or fire-worke: Now, vnderſtanding that the Curate and your ſweet ſelf are good at ſuch eruptions, and ſodaine breaking out of myrth (as it were) I haue acquainted you withall, to the end to craue your aſſiſtance.

Peda. Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the Nine Worthies. Sir *Holofernes*, as concerning ſome entertainment of time, ſome ſhow in the poſterior of this day, to bee rendred by our aſſiſtants the Kings command: and this moſt gallant, illuſtrate and learned Gentleman, before the Princeſſe: I ſay none ſo fit as to preſent the Nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthy enough to preſent them?

Peda. Ioſua, your ſelfe: my ſelfe, and this gallant gentleman *Iudas Machabeus*; this Swaine (becauſe of his great limme or ioynt) ſhall paſſe *Pompey* the great, the Page *Hercules*.

Brag. Pardon ſir, error: He is not quantitie enough for that Worthies thumb, hee is not ſo big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I haue audience? he ſhall preſent *Hercules* in minoritie: his *enter* and *exit* ſhall bee ſtrangling a Snake; and I will haue an Apologie for that purpoſe.

Pag. An excellent deuice: ſo if any of the audience hiſſe, you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou cruſheſt the Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few haue the grace to doe it.

Brag. For the reſt of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my ſelfe.

Pag. Thrice worthy Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda. We attend.

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge not, an Antique. I beſeech you follow.

Ped. Via good-man *Dull*, thou haſt ſpoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor vnderſtood none neither ſir.

Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.

Dull. Ile make one in a dance, or ſo: or I will play on the taber to the Worthies, & let them dance the hey.

Ped. Moſt *Dull*, honeſt *Dull*, to our ſport away. *Exit.*

Enter Ladies.

Qu. Sweet hearts we ſhall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.
A Lady wal'd about with Diamonds: Look you, what I haue from the louing King.

Roſa. Madam, came nothing elſe along with that?

Qu. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
As would be cram'd vp in a ſheet of paper
Writ on both ſides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to ſeale on *Cupids* name.

Roſa. That was the way to make his god-head wax:
For he hath beene fiue thouſand yeeres a Boy.

Kath. I, and a ſhrewd vnhappy gallowes too.

Roſ. You'll nere be friends with him, a kild your ſiſter.

Kath. He made her melancholy, ſad, and heauy, and ſo ſhe died: had ſhe beene Light like you, of ſuch a merrie nimble ſtirring ſpirit, ſhe might a bin a Grandam ere ſhe died. And ſo may you: For a light heart liues long.

Roſ. What's your darke meaning mouſe, of this light word?

Kat. A light condition in a beauty darke.

Roſ. We need more light to finde your meaning out.

Kat. You'll marre the light by taking it in ſnuffe:
Therefore Ile darkely end the argument.

Roſ. Look what you doe, you doe it ſtil i'th darke.

Kat. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.

Roſ. Indeed I waigh not you, and therefore light.

Ka. You waigh me not, O that's you care not for me.

Roſ. Great reaſon: for paſt care, is ſtill paſt cure.

Qu. Well bandied both, a ſet of Wit well played.
But *Roſaline*, you haue a Fauour too?
Who ſent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witneſſe this.
Nay, I haue Verſes too, I thanke *Berowne*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the faireſt goddeſſe on the ground.
I am compar'd to twenty thouſand fairs.
O he hath drawne my picture in his letter.

Qu. Any thing like?

Roſ. Much in the letters, nothing in the praiſe.

Qu. Beauteous as Incke: a good concluſion.

Kat. Faire as a text B. in a Coppie booke.

Roſ. Ware penſals, How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden letter.
O that your face were full of Oes.

Qu. A Pox of that ieſt, and I beſhrew all Shrowes:
But *Katherine*, what was ſent to you
From faire *Dumaine*?

Kat. Madame, this Gloue.

Qu. Did he not ſend you twaine?

Kat. Yes Madame: and moreouer,
Some thouſand Verſes of a faithfull Louer.
A huge tranſlation of hypocriſie,
Vildly compiled, profound ſimplicitie.

Mar. This, and theſe Pearls, to me ſent *Longauile*.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.

Qu. I thinke no leſſe: Doſt thou wiſh in heart
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter ſhort.

Mar. I, or I would theſe hands might neuer part.

Quee. We are wiſe girles to mocke our Louers ſo.

Roſ. They are worſe fooles to purchaſe mocking ſo.
That ſame *Berowne* ile torture ere I goe.
O that I knew he were but in by th'weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and ſeeke,
And wait the ſeaſon, and obſerue the times,
And ſpend his prodigall wits in booteles rimes.
And ſhape his ſeruice wholly to my deuice,
And make him proud to make me proud that ieſts.
So pertaunt like would I o'reſway his ſtate,
That he ſhold be my foole, and I his fate.

Qu. None are ſo ſurely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turn'd foole, follie in Wiſedome hatch'd:
Hath wiſedoms warrant, and the helpe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole?

Roſ. The bloud of youth burns not with ſuch exceſſe,
As grauities reuolt to wantons be.

Mar. Follie in Fooles beares not ſo ſtrong a note,
As fool'ry in the Wiſe, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in ſimplicitie.

Enter Boyet.

Qu. Heere comes *Boyet*, and mirth in his face.

Boy. O I am ſtab'd with laughter, Wher's her Grace?

Qu. Thy newes *Boyet*?

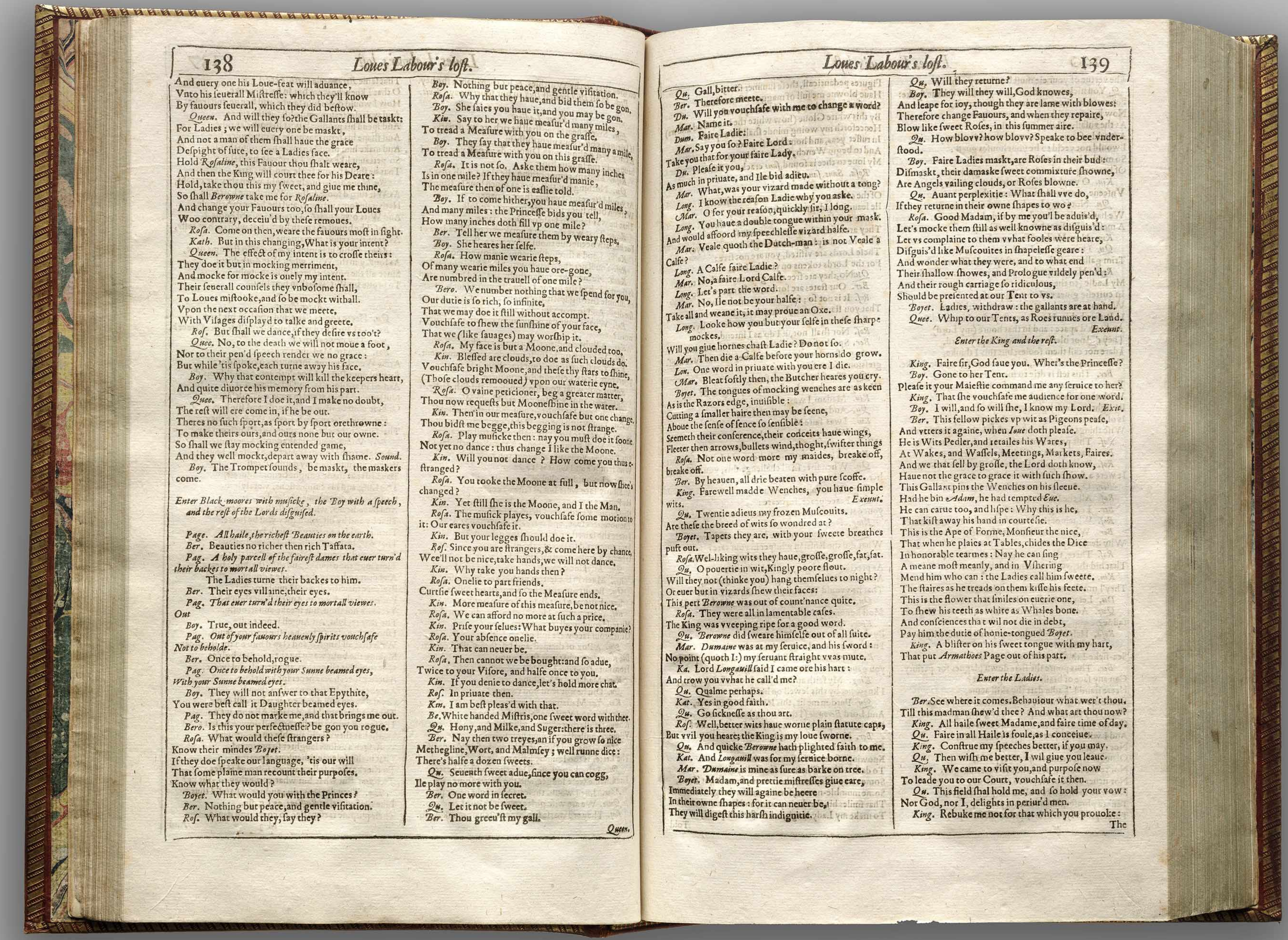
Boy. Prepare Madame, prepare.
Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,
Againſt your Peace, Loue doth approach, diſguis'd:
Armed in arguments, you'll be ſurpriz'd.
Muſter your Wits, ſtand in your owne defence,
Or hide your heads like Cowards, and flie hence.

Qu. Saint *Dennis* to S. *Cupid*: What are they,
That charge their breath againſt vs? Say ſcout ſay.

Boy. Vnder the coole ſhade of a Siccamore,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purpos'd reſt,
Toward that ſhade I might behold addreſt,
The King and his companions: warely
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouer-heard, what you ſhall ouer-heare:
That by and by diſguis'd they will be heere.
Their Herald is a pretty knauiſh Page:
That well by heart hath con'd his embaſſage,
Action and accent did they teach him there.
Thus muſt thou ſpeake, and thus thy body beare.
And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence maieſticall would put him out:
For quoth the King, an Angell ſhalt thou ſee:
Yet feare not thou, but ſpeake audaciouſly.
The Boy reply'd, An Angell is not euill:
I ſhould haue fear'd her, had ſhe beene a deuill.
With that all laugh'd, and clap'd him on the ſhoulder,
Making the bold wagg by their praiſes bolder.
One rub'd his elboe thus, and fleer'd, and ſwore,
A better ſpeech was neuer ſpoke before.
Another with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd *via*, we will doo't, come what will come.
The third he caper'd and cried, All goes well.
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and downe he fell:
With that they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zelous laughter ſo profound,
That in this ſpleene ridiculous appeares,
To checke their folly paſſions ſolemne teares.

Quee. But what, but what, come they to viſit vs?

Boy. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,
Like *Muſcouites*, or *Ruſſians*, as I geſſe.
Their purpoſe is to parlee, to court, and dance,



And euery one his Loue-feat will aduance,
Vnto his ſeuerall Miſtreſſe: which they'll know
By fauours ſeuerall, which they did beſtow.
Queen. And will they ſo?the Gallants ſhall be taskt:
For Ladies ; we will euery one be maskt,
And not a man of them ſhall haue the grace
Deſpight of ſute, to ſee a Ladies face.
Hold *Roſaline*, this Fauour thou ſhalt weare,
And then the King will court thee for his Deare :
Hold, take thou this my ſweet, and giue me thine,
So ſhall *Berowne* take me for *Roſaline*.
And change your Fauours too, ſo ſhall your Loues
Woo contrary, deceiu'd by theſe remoues.
Roſa. Come on then, weare the fauours moſt in ſight.
Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?
Queen. The effect of my intent is to croſſe theirs :
They doe it but in mocking merriment,
And mocke for mocke is onely my intent.
Their ſeuerall counſels they vnboſome ſhall,
To Loues miſtooke, and ſo be mockt withall.
Vpon the next occaſion that we meete,
With Viſages diſplayd to talke and greete.
Roſ. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire vs too't?
Quee. No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
Nor to their pen'd ſpeech render we no grace :
But while 'tis ſpoke, each turne away his face.
Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite diuorce his memory from his part.
Quee. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The reſt will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport orethrowne :
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So ſhall we ſtay mocking entended game,
And they well mockt, depart away with ſhame. *Sound.*
Boy. The Trompet ſounds, be maskt, the maskers come.

Enter Black-moores with muſicke, the Boy with a ſpeech, and the reſt of the Lords diſguiſed.

Page. All haile, the richeſt Beauties on the earth.
Ber. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.
Pag. A holy parcell of the faireſt dames that euer turn'd their backes to mortall viewes.
The Ladies turne their backes to him.
Ber. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.
Pag. That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes. Out
Boy. True, out indeed.
Pag. Out of your fauours heauenly ſpirits vouchſafe Not to beholde.
Ber. Once to behold, rogue.
Pag. Once to behold with your Sunne beamed eyes, With your Sunne beamed eyes.
Boy. They will not anſwer to that Epythite,
You were beſt call it Daughter beamed eyes.
Pag. They do not marke me, and that brings me out.
Bero. Is this your perfectneſſe? be gon you rogue.
Roſa. What would theſe ſtrangers?
Know their mindes *Boyet*.
If they doe ſpeake our language, 'tis our will
That ſome plaine man recount their purpoſes.
Know what they would?
Boyet. What would you with the Princes?
Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſ. What would they, ſay they?
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſa. Why that they haue, and bid them ſo be gon.
Boy. She ſaies you haue it, and you may be gon.
Kin. Say to her we haue meaſur'd many miles,
To tread a Meaſure with you on the graſſe.
Boy. They ſay that they haue meaſur'd many a mile,
To tread a Meaſure with you on this graſſe.
Roſa. It is not ſo. Aske them how many inches
Is in one mile? If they haue meaſur'd manie,
The meaſure then of one is eaſlie told.
Boy. If to come hither, you haue meaſur'd miles,
And many miles : the Princeſſe bids you tell,
How many inches doth fill vp one mile?
Ber. Tell her we meaſure them by weary ſteps.
Boy. She heares her ſelfe.
Roſa. How manie wearie ſteps,
Of many wearie miles you haue ore-gone,
Are numbred in the trauell of one mile?
Bero. We number nothing that we ſpend for you,
Our dutie is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may doe it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhew the ſunſhine of your face,
That we (like ſauages) may worſhip it.
Roſa. My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.
Kin. Bleſſed are clouds, to doe as ſuch clouds do.
Vouchſafe bright Moone, and theſe thy ſtars to ſhine,
(Thoſe clouds remooued) vpon our waterie eyne.
Roſa. O vaine peticioner, beg a greater matter,
Thou now requeſts but Mooneſhine in the water.
Kin. Then in our meaſure, vouchſafe but one change.
Thou bidſt me begge, this begging is not ſtrange.
Roſa. Play muſicke then : nay you muſt doe it ſoone.
Not yet no dance : thus change I like the Moone.
Kin. Will you not dance? How come you thus eſtranged?
Roſa. You tooke the Moone at full, but now ſhee's changed?
Kin. Yet ſtill ſhe is the Moone, and I the Man.
Roſa. The muſick playes, vouchſafe ſome motion to it: Our eares vouchſafe it.
Kin. But your legges ſhould doe it.
Roſ. Since you are ſtrangers, & come here by chance,
Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we will not dance.
Kin. Why take you hands then?
Roſa. Onelie to part friends.
Curtſie ſweet hearts, and ſo the Meaſure ends.
Kin. More meaſure of this meaſure, be not nice.
Roſa. We can afford no more at ſuch a price.
Kin. Priſe your ſelues: What buyes your companie?
Roſa. Your abſence onelie.
Kin. That can neuer be.
Roſa. Then cannot we be bought: and ſo adue,
Twice to your Viſore, and halfe once to you.
Kin. If you denie to dance, let's hold more chat.
Roſ. In priuate then.
Kin. I am beſt pleas'd with that.
Be. White handed Miſtris, one ſweet word with thee.
Qu. Hony, and Milke, and Suger: there is three.
Ber. Nay then two treyes, an if you grow ſo nice
Methegline, Wort, and Malmſey ; well runne dice :
There's halfe a dozen ſweets.
Qu. Seuenth ſweet adue, ſince you can cogg,
Ile play no more with you.
Ber. One word in ſecret.
Qu. Let it not be ſweet.
Ber. Thou greeu'ſt my gall.

Queen.

Qu. Gall, bitter.
Ber. Therefore meete.
Du. Will you vouchſafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Faire Ladie:
Mar. Say you ſo? Faire Lord:
Take you that for your faire Lady.
Du. Pleaſe it you,
As much in priuate, and Ile bid adieu.
Mar. What, was your vizard made without a tong?
Long. I know the reaſon Ladie why you aske.
Mar. O for your reaſon, quickly ſir, I long.
Long. You haue a double tongue within your mask.
And would affoord my ſpeechleſſe vizard halfe.
Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man : is not Veale a Calfe?
Long. A Calfe faire Ladie?
Mar. No, a faire Lord Calfe.
Long. Let's part the word.
Mar. No, Ile not be your halfe :
Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe.
Long. Looke how you but your ſelfe in theſe ſharpe mockes.
Will you giue hornes chaſt Ladie? Do not ſo.
Mar. Then die a Calfe before your horns do grow.
Lon. One word in priuate with you ere I die.
Mar. Bleat ſoftly then, the Butcher heares you cry.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the Razors edge, inuiſible :
Cutting a ſmaller haire then may be ſeene,
Aboue the ſenſe of ſence ſo ſenſible :
Seemeth their conference, their conceits haue wings,
Fleeter then arrows, bullets wind, thoght, ſwifter things
Roſa. Not one word more my maides, breake off, breake off.
Ber. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure ſcoffe.
King. Farewell madde Wenches, you haue ſimple wits. *Exeunt.*
Qu. Twentie adieus my frozen Muſcouits.
Are theſe the breed of wits ſo wondred at?
Boyet. Tapers they are, with your ſweete breathes puft out.
Roſa. Wel-liking wits they haue, groſſe, groſſe, fat, fat.
Qu. O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.
Will they not (thinke you) hang themſelues to night?
Or euer but in vizards ſhew their faces:
This pert *Berowne* was out of count'nance quite.
Roſa. They were all in lamentable caſes.
The King was vveeping ripe for a good word.
Qu. *Berowne* did ſweare himſelfe out of all ſuite.
Mar. *Dumaine* was at my ſeruice, and his ſword :
No point (quoth I:) my ſeruant ſtraight vvas mute.
Ka. Lord *Longauill* ſaid I came ore his hart :
And trow you vvhat he call'd me?
Qu. Qualme perhaps.
Kat. Yes in good faith.
Qu. Go ſickneſſe as thou art.
Roſ. Well, better wits haue worne plain ſtatute caps,
But vvil you heare; the King is my loue ſworne.
Qu. And quicke *Berowne* hath plighted faith to me.
Kat. And *Longauill* was for my ſeruice borne.
Mar. *Dumaine* is mine as ſure as barke on tree.
Boyet. Madam, and prettie miſtreſſes giue eare,
Immediately they will againe be heere
In their owne ſhapes : for it can neuer be,
They will digeſt this harſh indignitie.
Qu. Will they returne?
Boy. They will they will, God knowes,
And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:
Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,
Blow like ſweet Roſes, in this ſummer aire.
Qu. How blovv? how blovv? Speake to bee vnderſtood.
Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roſes in their bud :
Diſmaskt, their damaske ſweet commixture ſhowne,
Are Angels vailing clouds, or Roſes blowne.
Qu. Auant perplexitie : What ſhall vve do,
If they returne in their owne ſhapes to wo?
Roſa. Good Madam, if by me you'l be aduis'd,
Let's mocke them ſtill as well knowne as diſguis'd :
Let vs complaine to them vvhat fooles were heare,
Diſguis'd like Muſcouites in ſhapeleſſe geare :
And wonder what they were, and to what end
Their ſhallow ſhowes, and Prologue vildely pen'd :
And their rough carriage ſo ridiculous,
Should be preſented at our Tent to vs.
Boyet. Ladies, withdraw : the gallants are at hand.
Quee. Whip to our Tents, as Roes runnes ore Land. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King and the reſt.

King. Faire ſir, God ſaue you. Wher's the Princeſſe?
Boy. Gone to her Tent.
Pleaſe it your Maieſtie command me any ſeruice to her?
King. That ſhe vouchſafe me audience for one word.
Boy. I will, and ſo will ſhe, I know my Lord. *Exit.*
Ber. This fellow pickes vp wit as Pigeons peaſe,
And vtters it againe, when *Ioue* doth pleaſe.
He is Wits Pedler, and retailes his Wares,
At Wakes, and Waſſels, Meetings, Markets, Faires.
And we that ſell by groſſe, the Lord doth know,
Haue not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.
This Gallant pins the Wenches on his ſleeue.
Had he bin *Adam*, he had tempted *Eue*.
He can carue too, and liſpe : Why this is he,
That kiſt away his hand in courteſie.
This is the Ape of Forme, Monſieur the nice,
That when he plaies at Tables, chides the Dice
In honorable tearmes : Nay he can ſing
A meane moſt meanly, and in Vſhering
Mend him who can : the Ladies call him ſweete.
The ſtaires as he treads on them kiſſe his feete.
This is the flower that ſmiles on euerie one,
To ſhew his teeth as white as Whales bone.
And conſciences that wil not die in debt,
Pay him the dutie of honie-tongued *Boyet*.
King. A bliſter on his ſweet tongue with my hart,
That put *Armathoes* Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Ber. See where it comes. Behauiour what wer't thou,
Till this madman ſhew'd thee? And what art thou now?
King. All haile ſweet Madame, and faire time of day.
Qu. Faire in all Haile is foule, as I conceiue.
King. Conſtrue my ſpeeches better, if you may.
Qu. Then wiſh me better, I wil giue you leaue.
King. We came to viſit you, and purpoſe now
To leade you to our Court, vouchſafe it then.
Qu. This field ſhal hold me, and ſo hold your vow :
Nor God, nor I, delights in periur'd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke :

The vertue of your eie muſt breake my oth.
Q. You nickname vertue: vice you ſhould haue ſpoke:
For vertues office neuer breakes men troth.
Now by my maiden honor, yet as pure
As the vnſallied Lilly, I proteſt,
A world of torments though I ſhould endure,
I would not yeeld to be your houſes gueſt:
So much I hate a breaking cauſe to be
Of heauenly oaths, vow'd with integritie.
Kin. O you haue liu'd in deſolation heere,
Vnſeene, vnuiſited, much to our ſhame.
Qu. Not ſo my Lord, it is not ſo I ſweare,
We haue had paſtimes heere, and pleaſant game,
A meſſe of Ruſſians left vs but of late.
Kin. How Madam? Ruſsians?
Qu. I in truth, my Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtſhip and of ſtate.
Roſa. Madam ſpeake true. It is not ſo my Lord:
My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)
In curteſie giues vndeſeruing praiſe.
We foure indeed confronted were with foure
In Ruſsia habit: Heere they ſtayed an houre,
And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not bleſſe vs with one happy word.
I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
When they are thirſtie, fooles would faine haue drinke.
Ber. This ieſt is drie to me. Gentle ſweete,
Your wits makes wiſe things fooliſh when we greete
With eies beſt ſeeing, heauens fierie eie:
By light we looſe light; your capacitie
Is of that nature, that to your huge ſtoore,
Wiſe things ſeeme fooliſh, and rich things but poore.
Roſ. This proues you wiſe and rich: for in my eie
Ber. I am a foole, and full of pouertie.
Roſ. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.
Ber. O, I am yours, and all that I poſſeſſe.
Roſ. All the foole mine.
Ber. I cannot giue you leſſe.
Roſ. Which of the Vizards what it that you wore?
Ber. Where? when? What Vizard?
Why demand you this?
Roſ. There, then, that vizard, that ſuperfluous caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhew'd the better face.
Kin. We are diſcried,
They'l mocke vs now downeright.
Du. Let vs confeſſe, and turne it to a ieſt.
Que. Amaz'd my Lord? Why lookes your Highnes ſadde?
Roſa. Helpe hold his browes, hee'l ſound: why looke you pale?
Sea-ſicke I thinke comming from Muſcouie.
Ber. Thus poure the ſtars down plagues for periury.
Can any face of braſſe hold longer out?
Heere ſtand I. Ladie dart thy skill at me,
Bruiſe me with ſcorne, confound me with a flout.
Thruſt thy ſharpe wit quite through my ignorance.
Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit:
And I will wiſh thee neuer more to dance,
Nor neuer more in Ruſsian habit waite.
O! neuer will I truſt to ſpeeches pen'd,
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boies tongue.
Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,
Nor woo in rime like a blind-harpers ſongue,
Taffata phraſes, ſilken tearmes preciſe,
Three-pil'd Hyperboles, ſpruce affection;
Figures pedanticall, theſe ſummer flies,
Haue blowne me full of maggot oſtentation.
I do forſweare them, and I heere proteſt,
By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knows)
Henceforth my woing minde ſhall be expreſt
In ruſſet yeas, and honeſt kerſie noes.
And to begin Wench, ſo God helpe me law,
My loue to thee is ſound, *ſans* cracke or flaw.
Roſa. Sans, ſans, I pray you.
Ber. Yet I haue a tricke
Of the old rage: beare with me, I am ſicke.
Ile leaue it by degrees: ſoft, let vs ſee,
Write *Lord haue mercie on vs,* on thoſe three,
They are infected, in their hearts it lies:
They haue the plague, and caught it of your eyes:
Theſe Lords are viſited, you are not free:
For the Lords tokens on you do I ſee.
Qu. No, they are free that gaue theſe tokens to vs.
Ber. Our ſtates are forfeit, ſeeke not to vndo vs.
Roſ. It is not ſo; for how can this be true,
That you ſtand forfeit, being thoſe that ſue.
Ber. Peace, for I will not haue to do with you.
Roſ. Nor ſhall not, if I do as I intend.
Ber. Speake for your ſelues, my wit is at an end.
King. Teach vs ſweete Madame, for our rude tranſgreſsion, ſome faire excuſe.
Qu. The faireſt is confeſsion.
Were you not heere but euen now, diſguis'd?
Kin. Madam, I was.
Qu. And were you well aduis'd?
Kin. I was faire Madam.
Qu. When you then were heere,
What did you whiſper in your Ladies eare?
King. That more then all the world I did reſpect her
Qu. When ſhee ſhall challenge this, you will reiect her.
King. Vpon mine Honor no.
Qu. Peace, peace, forbeare:
your oath once broke, you force not to forſweare.
King. Deſpiſe me when I breake this oath of mine.
Qu. I will, and therefore keepe it. *Roſaline,*
What did the Ruſsian whiſper in your eare?
Roſ. Madam, he ſwore that he did hold me deare
As precious eye-ſight, and did value me
Aboue this World: adding thereto moreouer,
That he vvould Wed me, or elſe die my Louer.
Qu. God giue thee ioy of him: the Noble Lord
Moſt honorably doth vphold his word.
King. What meane you Madame?
By my life, my troth,
I neuer ſwore this Ladie ſuch an oth.
Roſ. By heauen you did; and to confirme it plaine,
you gaue me this: But take it ſir againe.
King. My faith and this, the Princeſſe I did giue,
I knew her by this Iewell on her ſleeue.
Qu. Pardon me ſir, this Iewell did ſhe weare,
And Lord *Berowne* (I thanke him) is my deare.
What? Will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?
Ber. Neither of either, I remit both twaine.
I ſee the tricke on't: Heere was a conſent,
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
To daſh it like a Chriſtmas Comedie.
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight Zanie,
Some mumble-newes, ſome trencher-knight, ſom Dick
That ſmiles his cheeke in yeares, and knowes the trick
To make my Lady laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd;
Told

Told our intents before: which once diſclos'd,
The Ladies did change Fauours; and then we
Following the ſignes, woo'd but the ſigne of ſhe.
Now to our periurie, to adde more terror,
We are againe forſworne in will and error.
Much vpon this tis: and might not you
Foreſtall our ſport, to make vs thus vntrue?
Do not you know my Ladies foot by'th ſquier?
And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?
And ſtand betweene her backe ſir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, ieſting merrilie?
You put our Page out: go, you are alowd.
Die when you will, a ſmocke ſhall be your ſhrowd.
You leere vpon me, do you? There's an eie
Wounds like a Leaden ſword.
Boy. Full merrily hath this braue manager, this carreere bene run.
Ber. Loe, he is tilting ſtraight. Peace, I haue don.

Enter Clowne.

Welcome pure wit, thou part'ſt a faire fray.
Clo. O Lord ſir, they would kno,
Whether the three worthies ſhall come in, or no.
Ber. What, are there but three?
Clo. No ſir, but it is vara fine,
For euerie one purſents three.
Ber. And three times thrice is nine.
Clo. Not ſo ſir, vnder correction ſir, I hope it is not ſo. You cannot beg vs ſir, I can aſſure you ſir, we know what we know: I hope ſir three times thrice ſir.
Ber. Is not nine.
Clo. Vnder correction ſir, wee know where-vntill it doth amount.
Ber. By Ioue, I alwaies tooke three threes for nine.
Clow. O Lord ſir, it were pittie you ſhould get your liuing by reckning ſir.
Ber. How much is it?
Clo. O Lord ſir, the parties themſelues, the actors ſir will ſhew where-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I am (as they ſay, but to perfect one man in one poore man) *Pompion* the great ſir.
Ber. Art thou one of the Worthies?
Clo. It pleaſed them to thinke me worthie of *Pompey* the great: for mine owne part, I know not the degree of the Worthie, but I am to ſtand for him.
Ber. Go, bid them prepare. *Exit.*
Clo. We will turne it finely off ſir, we wil take ſome care.
King. Berowne, they will ſhame vs:
Let them not approach.
Ber. We are ſhame-proofe my Lord: and 'tis ſome policie, to haue one ſhew worſe then the Kings and his companie.
Kin. I ſay they ſhall not come.
Qu. Nay my good Lord, let me ore-rule you now;
That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how.
Where Zeale ſtriues to content, and the contents
Dies in the Zeale of that which it preſents:
Their forme confounded, makes moſt forme in mirth,
When great things labouring periſh in their birth.
Ber. A right deſcription of our ſport my Lord.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Annointed, I implore ſo much expence of thy royall ſweet breath, as will vtter a brace of words.
Qu. Doth this man ſerue God?
Ber. Why aske you?
Qu. He ſpeak's not like a man of God's making.
Brag. That's all one my faire ſweet honie Monarch: For I proteſt, the Schoolmaſter is exceeding fantaſticall: Too too vaine, too too vaine. But we wil put it (as they ſay) to *Fortuna delaguar,* I wiſh you the peace of minde moſt royall cupplement.
King. Here is like to be a good preſence of Worthies; He preſents *Hector* of Troy, the Swaine *Pompey* ꝧ great, the Pariſh Curate *Alexander, Armadoes* Page *Hercules,* the Pedant *Iudas Machabeus*: And if theſe foure Worthies in their firſt ſhew thriue, theſe foure will change habites, and preſent the other fiue.
Ber. There is fiue in the firſt ſhew.
Kin. You are deceiued, tis not ſo.
Ber. The Pedant, the Braggart, the Hedge-Prieſt, the Foole, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Novum, and the whole world againe,
Cannot pricke out fiue ſuch, take each one in's vaine.
Kin. The ſhip is vnder ſaile, and here ſhe coms amain.

Enter Pompey.

Clo. I Pompey am.
Ber. You lie, you are not he.
Clo. I Pompey am.
Boy. With Libbards head on knee.
Ber. Well ſaid old mocker,
I muſt needs be friends with thee.
Clo. I Pompey am, Pompey ſurnam'd the big.
Du. The great.
Clo. It is great ſir: *Pompey ſurnam'd the great:*
That oft in field, with Targe and Shield,
did make my foe to ſweat:
And trauailing along this coaſt, I heere am come by chance,
And lay my Armes before the legs of this ſweet Laſſe of France.
If your Ladiſhip would ſay thankes *Pompey,* I had done.
La. Great thankes great *Pompey.*
Clo. Tis not ſo much worth: but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in great.
Ber. My hat to a halfe-penie, Pompey prooues the beſt Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the world I liu'd, I was the worldes Commander:
By Eaſt, Weſt, North, & South, I ſpred my conquering might
My Scutcheon plaine declares that I am Aliſander.
Boiet. Your noſe ſaies no, you are not:
For it ſtands too right.
Ber. Your noſe ſmels no, in this moſt tender ſmelling Knight.
Qu. The Conqueror is diſmaid:
Proceede good *Alexander.*
Cur. When in the world I liued, I was the worldes Commander.
Boiet. Moſt true, 'tis right: you were ſo *Aliſander.*
Ber. Pompey the great.
Clo. your ſeruant and *Coſtard.*
Ber. Take away the Conqueror, take away *Aliſander*
Clo. O ſir, you haue ouerthrowne *Aliſander* the conqueror: you will be ſcrap'd out of the painted cloth for this.

this : your Lion that holds his Pollax ſitting on a cloſe ſtoole, will be giuen to Aiax. He will be the ninth worthie. A Conqueror, and affraid to ſpeake? Runne away for ſhame *Aliſander*. There an't ſhall pleaſe you : a fooliſh milde man, an honeſt man, looke you, & ſoon daſht. He is a maruellous good neighbour inſooth, and a verie good Bowler : but for *Aliſander*, alas you ſee, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a comming, will ſpeake their minde in ſome other ſort. *Exit Cu.*

Qu. Stand aſide good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Ped. Great *Hercules* is preſented by this Impe,
Whoſe Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Canus*,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a ſhrimpe,
Thus did he ſtrangle Serpents in his *Manus* :
Quoniam, he ſeemeth in minoritie,
Ergo, I come with this Apologie.
Keepe ſome ſtate in thy *exit*, and vaniſh. *Exit Boy*

Ped. Iudas *I am.*

Dum. A Iudas?

Ped. Not Iſcariot ſir.
Iudas I am, ycliped Machabeus.

Dum.Iudas Machabeus clipt, is plaine Iudas.

*Ber.*A kiſsing traitor. How art thou prou'd *Iudas*?

Ped. Iudas I am.

Dum. The more ſhame for you *Iudas*.

Ped. What meane you ſir?

Boi. To make *Iudas* hang himſelfe.

Ped. Begin ſir, you are my elder.

Ber. Well follow'd, *Iudas* was hang'd on an Elder.

Ped. I will not be put out of countenance.

Ber. Becauſe thou haſt no face.

Ped. What is this?

Boi. A Citterne head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Ber. A deaths face in a ring.

Lon. The face of an old Roman coine, ſcarce ſeene.

Boi. The pummell of *Caſars* Faulchion.

Dum. The caru'd-bone face on a Flaske.

Ber. S.Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.

Dum. I, and in a brooch of Lead.

Ber. I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer. And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance.

Ped. You haue put me out of countenance.

Ber. Falſe, we haue giuen thee faces.

Ped. But you haue out-fac'd them all.

Ber. And thou wer't a Lion, we would do ſo.

Boy. Therefore as he is, an Aſſe, let him go :
And ſo adieu ſweet *Iude*. Nay, why doſt thou ſtay?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Ber. For the *Aſſe* to the *Iude* : giue it him. *Iud-as* away.

Ped. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boy. A light for monſieur *Iudas*, it growes darke, he may ſtumble.

Que. Alas poore *Machabeus*, how hath hee beene baited.

Enter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in Armes.

Dum. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

King. *Hector* was but a Troyan in reſpect of this.

Boi. But is this *Hector*?

Kin. I thinke *Hector* was not ſo cleane timber'd.

Lon. His legge is too big for *Hector*.

Dum. More Calfe certaine.

Boi. No, he is beſt indued in the ſmall.

Ber. This cannot be *Hector*.

Dum. He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

Brag. *The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty,*
gaue Hector *a gift.*

Dum. A gilt Nutmegge.

Ber. A Lemmon.

Lon. Stucke with Cloues.

Dum. No clouen.

Brag. *The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty,*
Gaue Hector a gift, the heire of Illion;
A man ſo breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea
From morne till night, out of his Pauillion.
I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Long. That Cullambine.

Brag. Sweet Lord *Longauill* reine thy tongue.

Lon. I muſt rather giue it the reine : for it runnes againſt *Hector*.

Dum. I, and *Hector's* a Grey-hound.

Brag. The ſweet War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweet chuckes, beat not the bones of the buried :
But I will forward with my deuice;
Sweet Royaltie beſtow on me the ſence of hearing.

Berowne ſteppes forth.

Qu. Speake braue Hector, we are much delighted.

Brag. I do adore thy ſweet Graces ſlipper.

Boy. Loues her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard.

Brag. *This Hector farre ſurmounted Hannibal.*

The partie is gone.

Clo. Fellow *Hector*, ſhe is gone; ſhe is two moneths on her way.

Brag. What meaneſt thou?

Clo. Faith vnleſſe you play the honeſt Troyan, the poore Wench is caſt away: ſhe's quick, the child brags in her belly alreadie ; tis yours.

Brag. Doſt thou infamonize me among Potentates? Thou ſhalt die.

Clo. Then ſhall Hector be whipt for *Iaquenetta* that is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by him.

Dum. Moſt rare *Pompey*.

Boi. Renowned *Pompey*.

Ber. Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*: *Pompey* the huge.

Dum. Hector trembles.

Ber. *Pompey* is moued, more Atees more Atees ſtirre them, or ſtirre them on.

Dum. Hector will challenge him.

Ber. I, if a'haue no more mans blood in's belly, then will ſup a Flea.

Brag. By the North-pole I do challenge thee.

Clo. I wil not fight with a pole like a Northern man; Ile ſlaſh, Ile do it by the ſword : I pray you let mee borrow my Armes againe.

Dum. Roome for the incenſed Worthies.

Clo. Ile do it in my ſhirt.

Dum. Moſt reſolute *Pompey*.

Page. Maſter, let me take you a button hole lower: Do you not ſee *Pompey* is vncaſing for the combat: what

meane

meane you? you will loſe your reputation.

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my ſhirt.

Du. You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

Brag. Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

Ber. What reaſon haue you for't?

Brag. The naked truth of it is, I haue no ſhirt,
I go woolward for penance.

Boy. True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want of Linnen : ſince when, Ile be ſworne he wore none, but a diſhclout of *Iaquenettas*, and that hee weares next his heart for a fauour.

Enter a Meſſenger, Monſieur Marcade.

Mar. God ſaue you Madame.

Qu. Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interrupteſt our merriment.

Marc. I am ſorrie Madam, for the newes I bring is heauie in my tongue. The King your father

Qu. Dead for my life.

Mar. Euen ſo : My tale is told.

Ber. Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

Brag. For mine owne part, I breath free breath : I haue ſeene the day of wrong, through the little hole of diſcretion, and I will right my ſelfe like a Souldier. *Exeunt Worthies*

Kin. How fare's your Maieſtie?

Qu. *Boyet* prepare, I will away to night.

Kin. Madame not ſo, I do beſeech you ſtay.

Qu. Prepare I ſay. I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endeuours and entreats :
Out of a new ſad-ſoule, that you vouchſafe,
In your rich wiſedome to excuſe, or hide,
The liberall oppoſition of our ſpirits,
If ouer-boldly we haue borne our ſelues,
In the conuerſe of breath (your gentleneſſe
Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord :
A heauie heart beares not a humble tongue.
Excuſe me ſo, comming ſo ſhort of thankes,
For my great ſuite, ſo eaſily obtain'd.

Kin. The extreme parts of time, extremelie formes
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed:
And often at his verie looſe decides
That, which long proceſſe could not arbitrate.
And though the mourning brow of progenie
Forbid the ſmiling curteſie of Loue :
The holy ſuite which faine it would conuince,
Yet ſince loues argument was firſt on foote,
Let not the cloud of ſorrow iuſtle it
From what it purpos'd : ſince to waile friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo wholſome profitable,
As to reioyce at friends but newly found.

Qu. I vnderſtand you not, my greefes are double.

*Ber.*Honeſt plain words, beſt pierce the ears of griefe
And by theſe badges vnderſtand the King,
For your faire ſakes haue we neglected time,
Plaid foule play with our oaths: your beautie Ladies
Hath much deformed vs, faſhioning our humors
Euen to the oppoſed end of our intents.
And what in vs hath ſeem'd ridiculous :
As Loue is full of vnbefitting ſtraines,
All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.
Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie.
Full of ſtraying ſhapes, of habits, and of formes
Varying in ſubiects as the eie doth roule,
To euerie varied obiect in his glance :
Which partie-coated preſence of looſe loue
Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eies,
Haue misbecom'd our oathes and grauities.
Thoſe heauenlie eies that looke into theſe faults,
Suggeſted vs to make : therefore Ladies
Our loue being yours, the error that Loue makes
Is likewiſe yours. We to our ſelues proue falſe,
By being once falſe, for euer to be true
To thoſe that make vs both, faire Ladies you.
And euen that falſhood in it ſelfe a ſinne,
Thus purifies it ſelfe, and turnes to grace.

Qu. We haue receiu'd your Letters, full of Loue:
Your Fauours, the Ambaſſadors of Loue.
And in our maiden counſaile rated them,
At courtſhip, pleaſant ieſt, and curteſie,
As bumbaſt and as lining to the time:
But more deuout then theſe are our reſpects
Haue we not bene, and therefore met your loues
In their owne faſhion, like a merriment.

*Du.*Our letters Madam, ſhew'd much more then ieſt.

Lon. So did our lookes.

Roſa. We did not coat them ſo.

Kin. Now at the lateſt minute of the houre,
Grant vs your loues.

Qu. A time me thinkes too ſhort,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in;
No, no my Lord, your Grace is periur'd much,
Full of deare guiltineſſe, and therefore this :
If for my Loue (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will do ought, this ſhall you do for me.
Your oth I will not truſt: but go with ſpeed
To ſome forlorne and naked Hermitage,
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world :
There ſtay, vntill the twelue Celeſtiall Signes
Haue brought about their annuall reckoning.
If this auſtere inſociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood :
If froſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudie bloſſomes of your Loue,
But that it beare this triall, and laſt loue :
Then at the expiration of the yeare,
Come challenge me, challenge me by theſe deſerts,
And by this Virgin palme, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine ; and till that inſtant ſhut
My wofull ſelfe vp in a mourning houſe,
Raining the teares of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my Fathers death.
If this thou do denie, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the others hart.

Kin. If this, or more then this, I would denie,
To flatter vp theſe powers of mine with reſt,
The ſodaine hand of death cloſe vp mine eie.
Hence euer then, my heart is in thy breſt.

Ber. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

Roſ. You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rack'd.
You are attaint with faults and periurie :
Therefore if you my fauor meane to get,
A tweluemonth ſhall you ſpend, and neuer reſt,
But ſeeke the wearie beds of people ſicke.

Du. But what to me my loue? but what to me?

Kat. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honeſtie,
With three-fold loue, I wiſh you all theſe three.

Du. O ſhall I ſay, I thanke you gentle wife?

Kat. Not ſo my Lord, a tweluemonth and a day,

Ile marke no words that ſmoothfac'd wooers ſay.
Come when the King doth to my Ladie come:
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you ſome.
Dum. Ile ſerue thee true and faithfully till then.
Kath. Yet ſweare not, leaſt ye be forſworne agen.
Lon. What ſaies *Maria*?
Mari. At the tweluemonths end,
Ile change my blacke Gowne, for a faithfull friend.
Lon. Ile ſtay with patience: but the time is long.
Mari. The liker you, few taller are ſo yong.
Ber. Studies my Ladie? Miſtreſſe, looke on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eie:
What humble ſuite attends thy anſwer there,
Impoſe ſome ſeruice on me for my loue.
Roſ. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,
Before I ſaw you: and the worlds large tongue
Proclaimes you for a man repleate with mockes,
Full of compariſons, and wounding floutes:
Which you on all eſtates will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your wit.
To weed this Wormewood from your fruitfull braine,
And therewithall to win me, if you pleaſe,
Without the which I am not to be won:
You ſhall this tweluemonth terme from day to day,
Viſite the ſpeechleſſe ſicke, and ſtill conuerſe
With groaning wretches: and your taſke ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to ſmile.
Ber. To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impoſſible.
Mirth cannot moue a ſoule in agonie.
Roſ. Why that's the way to choke a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace,
Which ſhallow laughing hearers giue to fooles:
A ieſts proſperitie, lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly eares,
Deaft with the clamors of their owne deare grones,
Will heare your idle ſcornes; continue then,
And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that ſpirit,
And I ſhal finde you emptie of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation.
Ber. A tweluemonth? Well: befall what will befall,
Ile ieſt a tweluemonth in an Hoſpitall.
Qu. I ſweet my Lord, and ſo I take my leaue.
King. No Madam, we will bring you on your way.
Ber. Our woing doth not end like an old Play:
Iacke hath not Gill: theſe Ladies courteſie
Might wel haue made our ſport a Comedie.
Kin. Come ſir, it wants a tweluemonth and a day,
And then 'twil end.
Ber. That's too long for a play.

Enter Braggart.

Brag. Sweet Maieſty vouchſafe me.
Qu. Was not that Hector?
Dum. The worthie Knight of Troy.
Brag. I wil kiſſe thy royal finger, and take leaue.
I am a Votarie, I haue vow'd to *Iaquenetta* to holde the Plough for her ſweet loue three yeares. But moſt eſteemed greatneſſe, wil you heare the Dialogue that the two Learned men haue compiled, in praiſe of the Owle and the Cuckow? It ſhould haue followed in the end of our ſhew.
Kin. Call them forth quickely, we will do ſo.
Brag. Holla, Approach.

Enter all.

This ſide is *Hiems*, Winter.
This *Ver*, the Spring: the one maintained by the Owle,
Th'other by the Cuckow.
Ver, begin.

The Song.

When Daſies pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
And Ladie-ſmockes all ſiluer white,
Do paint the Medowes with delight.
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten ſtrawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their ſummer ſmockes:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree
Mockes married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Iſicles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Sphepheard blowes his naile;
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in paile:
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle
Tu-whit to-who.
A merrie note,
While greaſie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parſons ſaw:
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And Marrians noſe lookes red and raw:
When roaſted Crabs hiſſe in the bowle,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle,
Tu-whit to who:
A merrie note,
While greaſie Ione doth keele the pot.

Brag. The Words of Mercurie,
Are harſh after the ſongs of Apollo:
You that way; we this way.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

A MIDSOMMER Nights Dreame.

Actus primus.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, with others.

Theſeus.

Now faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in
Another Moon: but oh, me thinkes, how ſlow
This old Moon wanes; She lingers my deſires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans reuennew.
Hip. Foure daies wil quickly ſteep thēſelues in nights
Foure nights wil quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a ſiluer bow,
Now bent in heauen, ſhal behold the night
Of our ſolemnities.
The. Go *Philoſtrate*,
Stirre vp the Athenian youth to merriments,
Awake the pert and nimble ſpirit of mirth,
Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:
The pale companion is not for our pompe,
Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my ſword,
And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries:
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pompe, with triumph, and with reuelling.

Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lyſander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be *Theſeus*, our renowned Duke.
The. Thanks good *Egeus*: what's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Againſt my childe, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth Demetrius.
My Noble Lord,
This man hath my conſent to marrie her.
Stand forth Lyſander.
And my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitch'd the boſome of my childe:
Thou, thou *Lyſander*, thou haſt giuen her rimes,
And interchang'd loue-tokens with my childe:
Thou haſt by Moone-light at her window ſung,
With faining voice, verſes of faining loue,
And ſtolne the impreſſion of her fantaſie,
With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,
Knackes, trifles, Noſe-gaies, ſweet meats (meſſengers
Of ſtrong preuailment in vnhardned youth)
With cunning haſt thou filch'd my daughters heart,
Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
To ſtubborne harſhneſſe. And my gracious Duke,
Be it ſo ſhe will not heere before your Grace,
Conſent to marrie with *Demetrius*,
I beg the ancient priuiledge of Athens;
As ſhe is mine, I may diſpoſe of her;
Which ſhall be either to this Gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our Law,
Immediately prouided in that caſe.
The. What ſay you Hermia? be aduis'd faire Maide,
To you your Father ſhould be as a God;
One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one
To whom you are but as a forme in waxe
By him imprinted: and within his power,
To leaue the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman.
Her. So is *Lyſander*.
The. In himſelfe he is.
But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce.
The other muſt be held the worthier.
Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eies muſt with his iudgment looke.
Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concerne my modeſtie
In ſuch a preſence heere to pleade my thoughts:
But I beſeech your Grace, that I may know
The worſt that may befall me in this caſe,
If I refuſe to wed *Demetrius*.
The. Either to dye the death, or to abiure
For euer the ſociety of men.
Therefore faire Hermia queſtion your deſires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)
You can endure the liuerie of a Nunne,
For aye to be in ſhady Cloiſter mew'd,
To liue a barren ſiſter all your life,
Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitleſſe Moone,
Thrice bleſſed they that maſter ſo their blood,
To vndergo ſuch maiden pilgrimage,
But earthlier happie is the Roſe diſtil'd,
Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,
Growes, liues, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſſe.

N *Her.*

Her. So will I grow, ſo liue, ſo die my Lord,
Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent vp
Vnto his Lordſhip, whoſe vnwiſhed yoake,
My ſoule conſents not to giue ſoueraignty.
The. Take time to pauſe, and by the next new Moon
The ſealing day betwixt my loue and me,
For euerlaſting bond of fellowſhip:
Vpon that day either prepare to dye,
For diſobedience to your fathers will,
Or elſe to wed *Demetrius* as hee would,
Or on *Dianaes* Altar to proteſt
For aie, auſterity, and ſingle life.
Dem. Relent ſweet *Hermia*, and *Lyſander*, yeelde
Thy crazed title to my certaine right.
Lyſ. You haue her fathers loue, *Demetrius*:
Let me haue *Hermiaes*: do you marry him.
Egeus. Scornfull *Lyſander*, true, he hath my Loue;
And what is mine, my loue ſhall render him.
And ſhe is mine, and all my right of her,
I do eſtate vnto *Demetrius*.
Lyſ. I am my Lord, as well deriu'd as he,
As well poſſeſt: my loue is more then his:
My fortunes euery way as fairely ranck'd
(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:
And (which is more then all theſe boaſts can be)
I am belou'd of beauteous *Hermia*.
Why ſhould not I then proſecute my right?
Demetrius, Ile auouch it to his head,
Made loue to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,
And won her ſoule: and ſhe (ſweet Ladie) dotes,
Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,
Vpon this ſpotted and inconſtant man.
The. I muſt confeſſe, that I haue heard ſo much,
And with *Demetrius* thought to haue ſpoke thereof:
But being ouer-full of ſelfe-affaires,
My minde did loſe it. But *Demetrius* come,
And come *Egeus*, you ſhall go with me,
I haue ſome priuate ſchooling for you both.
For you faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your ſelfe,
To fit your fancies to your Fathers will;
Or elſe the Law of Athens yeelds you vp
(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)
To death, or to a vow of ſingle life.
Come my *Hippolita*, what cheare my loue?
Demetrius and *Egeus* go along:
I muſt imploy you in ſome buſineſſe
Againſt our nuptiall, and conferre with you
Of ſomething, neerely that concernes your ſelues.
Ege. With dutie and deſire we follow you. *Exeunt*

Manet Lyſander and Hermia.

Lyſ. How now my loue? Why is your cheek ſo pale?
How chance the Roſes there do fade ſo faſt?
Her. Belike for want of raine, which I could well
Beteeme them, from the tempeſt of mine eyes.
Lyſ. For ought that euer I could reade,
Could euer heare by tale or hiſtorie,
The courſe of true loue neuer did run ſmooth,
But either it was different in blood.
Her. O croſſe! too high to be enthral'd to loue.
Lyſ. Or elſe miſgraffed, in reſpect of yeares.
Her. O ſpight! too old to be ingag'd to yong.
Lyſ. Or elſe it ſtood vpon the choiſe of merit.
Her. O hell! to chooſe loue by anothers eie.
Lyſ. Or if there were a ſimpathie in choiſe,
Warre, death, or ſickneſſe, did lay ſiege to it;
Making it momentarie, as a ſound:
Swift as a ſhadow, ſhort as any dreame,
Briefe as the lightning in the collied night,
That (in a ſpleene) vnfolds both heauen and earth;
And ere a man hath power to ſay, behold,
The iawes of darkneſſe do deuoure it vp:
So quicke bright things come to confuſion.
Her. If then true Louers haue beene euer croſt,
It ſtands as an edict in deſtinie:
Then let vs teach our triall patience,
Becauſe it is a cuſtomarie croſſe,
As due to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and ſighes,
Wiſhes and teares; poore Fancies followers.
Lyſ. A good perſwaſion; therefore heare me *Hermia*,
I haue a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,
Of great reuennew, and ſhe hath no childe,
From Athens is her houſe remou'd ſeuen leagues,
And ſhe reſpects me, as her onely ſonne:
There gentle *Hermia*, may I marrie thee,
And to that place, the ſharpe Athenian Law
Cannot purſue vs. If thou lou'ſt me, then
Steale forth thy fathers houſe to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne,
(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*,
To do obſeruance for a morne of May)
There will I ſtay for thee.
Her. My good *Lyſander*,
I ſweare to thee, by Cupids ſtrongeſt bow,
By his beſt arrow with the golden head,
By the ſimplicitie of Venus Doues,
By that which knitteth ſoules, and proſpers loue,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,
When the falſe Troyan vnder ſaile was ſeene,
By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,
(In number more then euer women ſpoke)
In that ſame place thou haſt appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meete with thee.
Lyſ. Keepe promiſe loue: looke here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God ſpeede faire *Helena*, whither away?
Hel. Cal you me faire? that faire againe vnſay,
Demetrius loues you faire: O happie faire!
Your eyes are loadſtarres, and your tongues ſweet ayre
More tuneable then Larke to ſhepheards eare,
When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,
Sickneſſe is catching: O were fauor ſo,
Your words I catch, faire *Hermia* ere I go,
My eare ſhould catch your voice, my eye, your eye,
My tongue ſhould catch your tongues ſweet melodie,
Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,
The reſt Ile giue to be to you tranſlated.
O teach me how you looke, and with what art
you ſway the motion of *Demetrius* hart.
Her. I frowne vpon him, yet he loues me ſtill.
Hel. O that your frownes would teach my ſmiles ſuch skil.
Her. I giue him curſes, yet he giues me loue.
Hel. O that my prayers could ſuch affection mooue.
Her. The more I hate, the more he followes me.
Hel. The more I loue, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly Helena is none of mine.
Hel. None but your beauty, wold that fault wer mine
Her. Take comfort: he no more ſhall ſee my face,
Lyſander and my ſelfe will flie this place.
Before the time I did *Lyſander* ſee,
Seem'd Athens like a Paradiſe to mee.

O then, what graces in my Loue do dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heauen into hell.
Lyſ. *Helen*, to you our mindes we will vnfold,
To morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth behold
Her ſiluer viſage, in the watry glaſſe,
Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed graſſe
(A time that Louers flights doth ſtill conceale)
Through *Athens* gates, haue we deuis'd to ſteale.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
Vpon faint Primroſe beds, were wont to lye,
Emptying our boſomes, of their counſell ſweld:
There my *Lyſander*, and my ſelfe ſhall meete,
And thence from *Athens* turne away our eyes
To ſeeke new friends and ſtrange companions,
Farwell ſweet play-fellow, pray thou for vs,
And good lucke grant thee thy *Demetrius*.
Keepe word *Lyſander* we muſt ſtarue our ſight,
From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.
Exit Hermia.

Lyſ. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu,
As you on him, *Demetrius* dotes on you. *Exit Lyſander.*
Hele. How happy ſome, ore otherſome can be?
Through *Athens* I am thought as faire as ſhe.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinkes not ſo:
He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes;
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things baſe and vilde, holding no quantity,
Loue can tranſpoſe to forme and dignity,
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blinde.
Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement taſte:
Wings and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haſte.
And therefore is Loue ſaid to be a childe,
Becauſe in choiſe he is often beguil'd,
As waggiſh boyes in game themſelues forſweare;
So the boy Loue is periur'd euery where.
For ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyne,
He hail'd downe oathes that he was onely mine.
And when this Haile ſome heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he diſſolu'd, and ſhowres of oathes did melt,
I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
Purſue her; and for his intelligence,
If I haue thankes, it is a deere expence:
But heerein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his ſight thither, and backe againe. *Exit.*

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Ioyner, Bottome the Weauer, Flute the bellowes-mender, Snout the Tinker, and Starueling the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man by man, according to the ſcrip.

Qui. Here is the ſcrowle of euery mans name, which is thought fit through all *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.

Bot. Firſt, good *Peter Quince*, ſay what the play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: and ſo grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry our play is the moſt lamentable Comedy, and moſt cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbie*.

Bot. A very good peece of worke I aſſure you, and a merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors by the ſcrowle. Maſters ſpread your ſelues.

Quince. Anſwere as I call you. *Nick Bottome* the Weauer.

Bottome. Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You *Nicke Bottome* are ſet downe for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a louer, or a tyrant?

Quin. A Louer that kills himſelfe moſt gallantly for loue.

Bot. That will aske ſome teares in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience looke to their eies: I will mooue ſtormes; I will condole in ſome meaſure. To the reſt yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all ſplit the raging Rocks; and ſhiuering ſhocks ſhall break the locks of priſon gates, and *Phibbus* carre ſhall ſhine from farre, and make and marre the fooliſh Fates. This was lofty. Now name the reſt of the Players. This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants vaine: a louer is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute* the Bellowes-mender.

Flu. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You muſt take *Thisbie* on you.

Flut. What is *Thisbie*, a wandring Knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* muſt loue.

Flut. Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I haue a beard comming.

Qui. That's all one, you ſhall play it in a Maske, and you may ſpeake as ſmall as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbie* too: Ile ſpeake in a monſtrous little voyce; *Thisne, Thisne*, ah *Pyramus* my louer deare, thy *Thisbie* deare, and Lady deare.

Quin. No no, you muſt play *Pyramus*, and *Flute*, you *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Qu. *Robin Starueling* the Taylor.

Star. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quince. *Robin Starueling*, you muſt play *Thisbies* mother?

Tom Snowt, the Tinker.

Snowt. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You, *Pyramus* father; my ſelf, *Thisbies* father; *Snugge* the Ioyner, you the *Lyons* part: and I hope there is a play fitted.

Snug. Haue you the Lions part written? pray you if be, giue it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudie.

Quin. You may doe it *extemporie*, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let mee play the Lyon too, I will roare that I will doe any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare, that I will make the Duke ſay, Let him roare againe, let him roare againe.

Quin. If you ſhould doe it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſſe and the Ladies, that they would ſhrike, and that were enough to hang vs all.

All. That would hang vs euery mothers ſonne.

Bottome. I graunt you friends, if that you ſhould fright the Ladies out of their Wittes, they would haue no more diſcretion but to hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voyce ſo, that I will roare you as gently as any ſucking Doue; I will roare and 'twere any Nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but *Piramus*, for *Pira-*

mus is a ſweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one ſhall ſee in a ſummers day; a moſt louely Gentleman-like man, therfore you muſt needs play *Piramus.*

Bot. Well, I will vndertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will diſcharge it, in either your ſtraw-colour beard, your orange tawnie beard, your purple in graine beard, or your French-crowne colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French Crownes haue no haire at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But maſters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you, to con them by too morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearſe: for if we meete in the Citie, we ſhalbe dog'd with company, and our deuiſes knowne. In the meane time, I wil draw a bil of properties, ſuch as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bottom. We will meete, and there we may rehearſe more obſcenely and couragiouſly. Take paines, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oake we meete.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-ſtrings. *Exeunt*

Actus Secundus.

Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin goodfellow at another.

Rob. How now ſpirit, whether wander you?

Fai. Ouer hil, ouer-dale, through buſh, through briar,
Ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire,
I do wander euerie where, ſwifter then ẏ Moons ſphere;
And I ſerue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the
The Cowſlips tall, her penſioners bee, (green.
In their gold coats, ſpots you ſee,
Thoſe be Rubies, Fairie fauors,
In thoſe freckles, liue their ſauors,
I muſt go ſeeke ſome dew drops heere,
And hang a pearle in euery cowſlips eare.
Farewell thou Lob of ſpirits, Ile be gon,
Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon.

Rob. The King doth keepe his Reuels here to night,
Take heed the Queene come not within his ſight,
For *Oberon* is paſsing fell and wrath,
Becauſe that ſhe, as her attendant, hath
A louely boy ſtolne from an Indian King,
She neuer had ſo ſweet a changeling,
And iealous *Oberon* would haue the childe
Knight of his traine, to trace the Forreſts wilde.
But ſhe (perforce) with-holds the loued boy,
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.
And now they neuer meete in groue, or greene,
By fountaine cleere, or ſpangled ſtar-light ſheene,
But they do ſquare, that all their Elues for feare
Creepe into Acorne cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I miſtake your ſhape and making quite,
Or elſe you are that ſhrew'd and knauiſh ſpirit
Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee,
That frights the maidens of the Villagree,
Skim milke, and ſometimes labour in the querne,
And bootleſſe make the breathleſſe huſwife cherne,
And ſometime make the drinke to beare no barme,
Miſleade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,
Thoſe that Hobgoblin call you, and ſweet Pucke,
You do their worke, and they ſhall haue good lucke.
Are not you he?

Rob. Thou ſpeak'ſt aright;
I am that merrie wanderer of the night:
I ieſt to *Oberon*, and make him ſmile,
When I a fat and beane-fed horſe beguile,
Neighing in likeneſſe of a ſilly foale,
And ſometime lurke I in a Goſſips bole,
In very likeneſſe of a roaſted crab:
And when ſhe drinkes, againſt her lips I bob,
And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale.
The wiſeſt Aunt telling the ſaddeſt tale,
Sometime for three-foot ſtoole, miſtaketh me,
Then ſlip I from her bum, downe topples ſhe,
And tailour cries, and fals into a coffe.
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and ſweare,
A merrier houre vvas neuer waſted there.
But roome Fairy, heere comes *Oberon.*

Fair. And heere my Miſtris:
Would that he vvere gone.

Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine, and the Queene at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light,
Proud *Tytania.*

Qu. What, iealous *Oberon*? Fairy skip hence.
I haue forſworne his bed and companie.

Ob. Tarrie raſh Wanton; am not I thy Lord?

Qu. Then I muſt be thy Lady: but I know
When thou vvaſt ſtolne away from Fairy Land,
And in the ſhape of *Corin*, ſate all day,
Playing on pipes of Corne, and verſing loue
To amorous *Phillida.* Why art thou heere
Come from the fartheſt ſteepe of *India*?
But that forſooth the bouncing *Amazon*
Your buskin'd Miſtreſſe, and your Warrior loue,
To *Theſeus* muſt be Wedded; and you come,
To giue their bed ioy and proſperitie.

Ob. How canſt thou thus for ſhame *Tytania*,
Glance at my credite, vvith *Hippolita*?
Knowing I knovv thy loue to *Theſeus*?
Didſt thou not leade him through the glimmering night
From *Peregenia*, whom he rauiſhed?
And make him vvith faire Eagles breake his faith
With *Ariadne*, and *Atiopa*?

Que. Theſe are the forgeries of iealouſie,
And neuer ſince the middle Summers ſpring
Met vve on hil, in dale, forreſt, or mead,
By paued fountaine, or by ruſhie brooke,
Or in the beached margent of the ſea,
To dance our ringlets to the whiſtling Winde,
But vvith thy braules thou haſt diſturb'd our ſport.
Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine,
As in reuenge, haue ſuck'd vp from the ſea
Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land,
Hath euerie petty Riuer made ſo proud,
That they haue ouer-borne their Continents.
The Oxe hath therefore ſtretch'd his yoake in vaine,
The Ploughman loſt his ſweat, and the greene Corne
Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
The fold ſtands empty in the drowned field,
And Crowes are fatted vvith the murrion flocke,

The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mud,
And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene,
For lacke of tread are vndiſtinguiſhable.
The humane mortals want their winter heere,
No night is now with hymne or caroll bleſt;
Therefore the Moone (the gouerneſſe of floods)
Pale in her anger, waſhes all the aire;
That Rheumaticke diſeaſes doe abound.
And through this diſtemperature, we ſee
The ſeaſons alter; hoared headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon Roſe,
And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icie crowne,
An odorous Chaplet of ſweet Sommer buds
Is as in mockry ſet. The Spring, the Sommer,
The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
Their wonted Liueries, and the mazed world,
By their increaſe, now knowes not which is which;
And this ſame progeny of euills,
Comes from our debate, from our diſſention,
We are their parents and originall.

Ober. Do you amend it then, it lies in you,
Why ſhould *Titania* croſſe her *Oberon*?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my Henchman.

Qu. Set your heart at reſt,
The Fairy land buyes not the childe of me,
His mother was a Votreſſe of my Order,
And in the ſpiced *Indian* aire, by night
Full often hath ſhe goſſipt by my ſide,
And ſat with me on *Neptunes* yellow ſands,
Marking th'embarked traders on the flood,
When we haue laught to ſee the ſailes conceiue,
And grow big bellied with the wanton winde:
Which ſhe with pretty and with ſwimming gate,
Following (her wombe then rich with my yong ſquire)
Would imitate, and ſaile vpon the Land,
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
But ſhe being mortall, of that boy did die,
And for her ſake I doe reare vp her boy,
And for her ſake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you ſtay?

Qu. Perchance till after *Theſeus* wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our Round,
And ſee our Moone-light reuels, goe with vs;
If not, ſhun me and I will ſpare your haunts.

Ob. Giue me that boy, and I will goe with thee.

Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away:
We ſhall chide downe right, if I longer ſtay. *Exeunt.*

Ob. Wel, go thy way: thou ſhalt not from this groue,
Till I torment thee for this iniury.
My gentle *Pucke* come hither; thou remembreſt
Since once I ſat vpon a promontory,
And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew ciuill at her ſong,
And certaine ſtarres ſhot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids muſicke.

Puc. I remember.

Ob. That very time I ſay (but thou couldſt not)
Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Veſtall, throned by the Weſt,
And loos'd his loue-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts,
But I might ſee young *Cupids* fiery ſhaft
Quencht in the chaſte beames of the watry Moone;
And the imperiall Votreſſe paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
It fell vpon a little weſterne flower;
Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,
And maidens call it, Loue in idleneſſe.
Fetch me that flower; the hearb I ſhew'd thee once,
The iuyce of it, on ſleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Vpon the next liue creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,
Ere the *Leuiathan* can ſwim a league.

Pucke. Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes.

Ober. Hauing once this iuyce,
Ile watch *Titania*, when ſhe is aſleepe,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing when ſhe waking lookes vpon,
(Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
On medling Monkey, or on buſie Ape)
Shee ſhall purſue it, with the ſoule of loue.
And ere I take this charme off from her ſight,
(As I can take it with another hearbe)
Ile make her render vp her Page to me.
But who comes heere? I am inuiſible,
And I will ouer-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Deme. I loue thee not, therefore purſue me not,
Where is *Lyſander*, and faire *Hermia*?
The one Ile ſtay, the other ſtayeth me.
Thou toldſt me they were ſtolne into this wood;
And heere am I, and wood within this wood,
Becauſe I cannot meet my *Hermia.*
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
Is true as ſteele. Leaue you your power to draw,
And I ſhall haue no power to follow you.

Deme. Do I entice you? do I ſpeake you faire?
Or rather doe I not in plaineſt truth,
Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot loue you?

Hel. And euen for that doe I loue thee the more;
I am your ſpaniell, and *Demetrius*,
The more you beat me, I will fawne on you.
Vſe me but as your ſpaniell; ſpurne me, ſtrike me,
Neglect me, loſe me; onely giue me leaue
(Vnworthy as I am) to follow you.
What worſer place can I beg in your loue,
(And yet a place of high reſpect with me)
Then to be vſed as you doe your dogge.

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my ſpirit,
For I am ſicke when I do looke on thee.

Hel. And I am ſicke when I looke not on you.

Dem. You doe impeach your modeſty too much,
To leaue the Citty, and commit your ſelfe
Into the hands of one that loues you not,
To truſt the opportunity of night,
And the ill counſell of a deſert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your vertue is my priuiledge: for that
It is not night when I doe ſee your face.
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night,
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,

For you in my reſpect are nll the world.
Then how can it be ſaid I am alone,
When all the world is heere to looke on me?
Dem. Ile run from thee,and hide me in the brakes,
And leaue thee to the mercy of wilde beaſts.
Hel. The wildeſt hath not ſuch a heart as you;
Runne when you will,the ſtory ſhall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chaſe;
The Doue purſues the Griffin, the milde Hinde
Makes ſpeed to catch the Tyger. Bootleſſe ſpeede,
When cowardiſe purſues, and valour flies.
Demet. I will not ſtay thy queſtions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, doe not beleeue,
But I ſhall doe thee miſchiefe in the wood.
Hel. I,in the Temple, in the Towne,and Field
You doe me miſchiefe. Fye *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs doe ſet a ſcandall on my ſexe:
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe;
We ſhould be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.
I follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,
To die vpon the hand I loue ſo well. *Exit.*
Ob. Fare thee well Nymph,ere he do leaue this groue,
Thou ſhalt flie him, and he ſhall ſeeke thy loue.
Haſt thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is.
Ob. I pray thee giue it me.
I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
Where Oxſlips and the nodding Violet growes,
Quite ouer-cannoped with luſcious woodbine,
With ſweet muske roſes, and with Eglantine;
There ſleepes *Tytania*,ſometime of the night,
Lul'd in theſe flowers, with dances and delight:
And there the ſnake throwes her enammel'd skinne,
Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.
And with the iuyce of this Ile ſtreake her eyes,
And make her full of hatefull fantaſies.
Take thou ſome of it, and ſeek through this groue;
A ſweet *Athenian* Lady is in loue
With a diſdainefull youth: annoint his eyes,
But doe it when the next thing he eſpies,
May be the Lady. Thou ſhalt know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
Effect it with ſome care,that he may proue
More fond on her,then ſhe vpon her loue;
And looke thou meet me ere the firſt Cocke crow.
Pu. Feare not my Lord,your ſeruant ſhall do ſo. *Exit.*

Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

Queen. Come, now a Roundell,and a Fairy ſong;
Then for the third part of a minute hence,
Some to kill Cankers in the muske roſe buds,
Some warre with Reremiſe, for their leathern wings,
To make my ſmall Elues coates,and ſome keepe backe
The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders
At our queint ſpirits: Sing me now aſleepe,
Then to your offices, and let me reſt.

Fairies Sing.

You ſpotted Snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogges be not ſeene,
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,
Come not neere our Fairy Queene.
Philomele with melodie,
Sing in your ſweet Lullaby.
Lulla,lulla,lullaby,lulla,lulla,lullaby,
Neuer harme,nor ſpell,nor charme,
Come our louely Lady nye,
So good night with Lullaby.
2. Fairy. Weauing Spiders come not heere,
Hence you long leg'd Spinners,hence:
Beetles blacke approach not neere;
Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.
Philomele with melody, &c.
1. Fairy. Hence away, now all is well;
One aloofe,ſtand Centinell. *Shee ſleepes.*

Enter Oberon.

Ober. What thou ſeeſt when thou doſt wake,
Doe it for thy true Loue take:
Loue and languiſh for his ſake.
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,
Pard, or Boare with briſtled haire,
In thy eye that ſhall appeare,
When thou wak'ſt, it is thy deare,
Wake when ſome vile thing is neere.

Enter Liſander and Hermia.

Liſ. Faire loue,you faint with wandring in yͤ woods,
And to ſpeake troth I haue forgot our way:
Wee'll reſt vs *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it ſo *Lyſander*; finde you out a bed,
For I vpon this banke will reſt my head.
Lyſ. One turfe ſhall ſerue as pillow for vs both,
One heart,one bed, two boſomes,and one troth.
Her. Nay good *Lyſander*, for my ſake my deere
Lie further off yet, doe not lie ſo neere.
Lyſ. O take the ſence ſweet,of my innocence,
Loue takes the meaning, in loues conference,
I meane that my heart vnto yours is knit,
So that but one heart can you make of it.
Two boſomes interchanged with an oath,
So then two boſomes, and a ſingle troth.
Then by your ſide, no bed-roome me deny,
For lying ſo, *Hermia*, I doe not lye.
Her. *Lyſander* riddles very prettily;
Now much beſhrew my manners and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to ſay, *Lyſander* lied.
But gentle friend, for loue and courteſie
Lie further off, in humane modeſty,
Such ſeparation, as may well be ſaid,
Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide,
So farre be diſtant,and good night ſweet friend;
Thy loue nere alter,till thy ſweet life end.
Lyſ. Amen,amen,to that faire prayer, ſay I,
And then end life, when I end loyalty:
Heere is my bed,ſleepe giue thee all his reſt.
Her. With halfe that wiſh,the wiſhers eyes be preſt.
Enter Pucke. *They ſleepe.*
Puck. Through the Forreſt haue I gone,
But *Athenian* finde I none,
One whoſe eyes I might approue
This flowers force in ſtirring loue.
Night and ſilence: who is heere?
Weedes of *Athens* he doth weare:
This is he (my maſter ſaid)
Deſpiſed the *Athenian* maide:
And heere the maiden ſleeping ſound,
On

On the danke and durty ground.
Pretty ſoule,ſhe durſt not lye
Neere this lacke-loue,this kill-curteſie.
Churle,vpon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charme doth owe:
When thou wak'ſt,let loue forbid
Sleepe his ſeate on thy eye-lid.
So awake when I am gone:
For I muſt now to *Oberon.* *Exit.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay,though thou kill me,ſweete *Demetrius.*
De. I charge thee hence,and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. O wilt thou darkling leaue me? do not ſo.
De. Stay on thy perill,I alone will goe. *Exit Demetrius.*
Hel. O I am out of breath,in this fond chace,
The more my prayer,the leſſer is my grace,
Happy is *Hermia*, whereſoere ſhe lies;
For ſhe hath bleſſed and attractiue eyes.
How came her eyes ſo bright? Not with ſalt teares.
If ſo, my eyes are oftner waſht then hers.
No,no,I am as vgly as a Beare;
For beaſts that meete me,runne away for feare,
Therefore no maruaile,though *Demetrius*
Doe as a monſter,flie my preſence thus.
What wicked and diſſembling glaſſe of mine,
Made me compare with *Hermias* ſphery eyne?
But who is here? *Lyſander* on the ground;
Deade or aſleepe? I ſee no bloud,no wound,
Lyſander, if you liue,good ſir awake.
Lyſ. And run through fire I will for thy ſweet ſake.
Tranſparent *Helena*,nature her ſhewes art,
That through thy boſome makes me ſee thy heart.
Where is *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word
Is that vile name, to periſh on my ſword!
Hel. Do not ſay ſo *Lyſander*,ſay not ſo:
What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord,what though?
Yet *Hermia* ſtill loues you; then be content.
Lyſ. Content with *Hermia*? No,I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her haue ſpent.
Not *Hermia*,but *Helena* now I loue;
Who will not change a Rauen for a Doue?
The will of man is by his reaſon ſway'd:
And reaſon ſaies you are the worthier Maide.
Things growing are not ripe vntill their ſeaſon;
So I being yong,till now ripe not to reaſon,
And touching now the point of humane skill,
Reaſon becomes the Marſhall to my will,
And leades me to your eyes, where I orelooke
Loues ſtories,written in Loues richeſt booke.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deſerue this ſcorne?
Iſt not enough,iſt not enough,yong man,
That I did neuer,no nor neuer can,
Deſerue a ſweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you muſt flout my inſufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong(good-ſooth you do)
In ſuch diſdainfull manner,me to wooe.
But fare you well; perforce I muſt confeſſe,
I thought you Lord of more true gentleneſſe.
Oh,that a Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd. *Exit.*
Lyſ. She ſees not *Hermia*: *Hermia* ſleepe thou there,
And neuer maiſt thou come *Lyſander* neere;
For as a ſurfeit of the ſweeteſt things
The deepeſt loathing to the ſtomacke brings:
Or as the hereſies that men do leaue,
Are hated moſt of thoſe that did deceiue:
So thou,my ſurfeit,and my hereſie,
Of all be hated; but the moſt of me;
And all my powers addreſſe your loue and might,
To honour *Helen*,and to be her Knight. *Exit.*
Her. Helpe me *Lyſander*,helpe me; do thy beſt
To plucke this crawling ſerpent from my breſt.
Aye me,for pitty; what a dreame was here?
Lyſander looke,how I do quake with feare:
Me-thought a ſerpent eate my heart away,
And yet ſat ſmiling at his cruell prey.
Lyſander,what remoou'd? *Lyſander*, Lord,
What,out of hearing,gone? No ſound,no word?
Alacke where are you? ſpeake and if you heare:
Speake of all loues; I ſound almoſt with feare.
No, then I well perceiue you are not nye,
Either death or you Ile finde immediately. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Clownes.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat, and here's a maruailous conuenient place for our rehearſall. This greene plot ſhall be our ſtage,this hauthorne brake our tyring houſe,and we will do it in action,as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. *Peter quince*?

Peter. What ſaiſt thou,bully *Bottome*?

Bot. There are things in this Comedy of *Piramus* and *Thisby*,that will neuer pleaſe. Firſt,*Piramus* muſt draw a ſword to kill himſelfe; which the Ladies cannot abide. How anſwere you that?

Snout. Berlaken,a parlous feare.

Star. I beleeue we muſt leaue the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit, I haue a deuice to make all well. Write me a Prologue,and let the Prologue ſeeme to ſay, we will do no harme with our ſwords, and that *Pyramus* is not kill'd indeede: and for the more better aſſurance, tell them,that I *Piramus* am not *Piramus*,but *Bottome* the Weauer; this will put them out of feare.

Quin. Well,we will haue ſuch a Prologue,and it ſhall be written in eight and ſixe.

Bot. No,make it two more,let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be afear'd of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters,you ought to conſider with your ſelues,to bring in(God ſhield vs)a Lyon among Ladies,is a moſt dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull wilde foule then your Lyon liuing: and wee ought to looke to it.

Snout. Therefore another Prologue muſt tell he is not a Lyon.

Bot. Nay,you muſt name his name,and halfe his face muſt be ſeene through the Lyons necke, and he himſelfe muſt ſpeake through,ſaying thus, or to the ſame defect; Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would requeſt you,or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pitty of my life. No, I am no ſuch thing,I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is *Snug* the ioyner.

Quin. Well, it ſhall be ſo; but there is two hard things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber:for you know,*Piramus* and *Thisby* meete by Moonelight.

Sn. Doth the Moone ſhine that night wee play our play?

Bot. A Calender,a Calender,looke in the Almanack, finde out Moone-ſhine,finde out Moone-ſhine.

Enter Pucke.

Quin. Yes, it doth ſhine that night.

*Bot.*Why then may you leaue a caſement of the great chamber window(where we play)open,and the Moone may ſhine in at the caſement.

*Quin.*I,or elſe one muſt come in with a buſh of thorns and a lanthorne,and ſay he comes to disfigure,or to preſent the perſon of Moone-ſhine. Then there is another thing,we muſt haue a wall in the great Chamber;for *Piramus* and *Thisby* (ſaies the ſtory) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sn. You can neuer bring in a wall. What ſay you *Bottome*?

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent wall, and let him haue ſome Plaſter, or ſome Lome, or ſome rough caſt about him,to ſignifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, ſhall *Piramus* and *Thisby* whiſper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit downe euery mothers ſonne, and rehearſe your parts. *Piramus*,you begin;when you haue ſpoken your ſpeech, enter into that Brake, and ſo euery one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-ſpuns haue we ſwaggering here,
So neere the Cradle of the Faierie Queene?
What,a Play toward? Ile be an auditor,
An Actor too perhaps,if I ſee cauſe.

Quin. Speake *Piramus*: *Thisby* ſtand forth.

Pir. *Thisby*,the flowers of odious ſauors ſweete.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pir. Odours ſauors ſweete,
So hath thy breath, my deareſt *Thisby* deare.
But harke,a voyce: ſtay thou but here a while,
And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit.Pir.*

Puck. A ſtranger *Piramus*,then ere plaid here.

Thiſ. Muſt I ſpeake now?

Pet. I marry muſt you. For you muſt vnderſtand he goes but to ſee a noyſe that he heard, and is to come againe.

Thyſ. Moſt radiant *Piramus*,moſt Lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red roſe on triumphant bryer,
Moſt brisky Iuuenall,and eke moſt louely Iew,
As true as trueſt horſe,that yet would neuer tyre,
Ile meete thee *Piramus*,at *Ninnies* toombe.

Pet. *Ninus* toombe man: why, you muſt not ſpeake that yet; that you anſwere to *Piramus*: you ſpeake all your part at once,cues and all. *Piramus* enter,your cue is paſt; it is neuer tyre.

Thyſ. O,as true as trueſt horſe,that yet would neuer tyre:

Pir. If I were faire,*Thisby* I were onely thine.

Pet. O monſtrous. O ſtrange. We are hanted; pray maſters, flye maſters, helpe.

The Clownes all Exit.

Puk. Ile follow you,Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge,through buſh,through brake,through (bryer,
Sometime a horſe Ile be,ſometime a hound:
A hogge,a headleſſe beare,ſometime a fire,
And neigh,and barke,and grunt,and rore,and burne,
Like horſe,hound,hog,beare,fire,at euery turne. *Exit.*

Enter Piramus with the Aſſe head.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knauery of them to make me afeard. *Enter Snowt.*

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; What doe I ſee on thee?

Bot. What do you ſee? You ſee an Aſſe-head of your owne, do you?

Enter Peter Quince.

Pet. Bleſſe thee *Bottome*,bleſſe thee; thou art tranſlated. *Exit.*

Bot. I ſee their knauery;this is to make an aſſe of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not ſtirre from this place,do what they can. I will walke vp and downe here, and I will ſing that they ſhall heare I am not afraid.

The Woosell cocke, ſo blacke of hew,
With Orenge-tawny bill.
The Throſtle,with his note ſo true,
The Wren and little quill.

Tyta. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot. The Finch, the Sparrow,and the Larke,
The plainſong Cuckow gray;
Whoſe note full many a man doth marke,
And dares not anſwere,nay.
For indeede,who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird?
Who would giue a bird the lye,though he cry Cuckow, neuer ſo?

Tyta. I pray thee gentle mortall, ſing againe,
Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſweare I loue thee.
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape,
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me.

Bot. Me-thinkes miſtreſſe, you ſhould haue little reaſon for that: and yet to ſay the truth, reaſon and loue keepe little company together, now-adayes. The more the pittie, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke vpon occaſion.

Tyta. Thou art as wiſe,as thou art beautifull.

Bot. Not ſo neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I haue enough to ſerue mine owne turne.

Tyta. Out of this wood,do not deſire to goe,
Thou ſhalt remaine here,whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit of no common rate:
The Summer ſtill doth tend vpon my ſtate,
And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,
Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;
And they ſhall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,
And ſing,while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleepe:
And I will purge thy mortall groſſeneſſe ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an airie ſpirit go.

Enter Peaſe-bloſſome, Cobweb, Moth, Muſtard-ſeede, and foure Fairies.

1. *Fai.* Ready; and I,and I,and I, Where ſhall we go?

Tita. Be

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,
Hop in his walkes,and gambole in his eies,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes,greene Figs,and Mulberries,
The honie-bags ſteale from the humble Bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormes eyes,
To haue my loue to bed,and to ariſe:
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moone-beames from his ſleeping eies.
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curteſies.

1.*Fai.* Haile mortall,haile.

2.*Fai.* Haile.

3.*Fai.* Haile.

Bot. I cry your worſhips mercy hartily; I beſeech your worſhips name.

Cob. *Cobweb.*

Bot. I ſhall deſire you of more acquaintance, good Maſter *Cobweb*: if I cut my finger, I ſhall make bold with you.
Your name honeſt Gentleman?

Peaſ. *Peaſe bloſſome.*

Bot. I pray you commend mee to miſtreſſe *Squaſh*, your mother, and to maſter *Peaſcod* your father. Good maſter *Peaſe-bloſſome*, I ſhal deſire of you more acquaintance to. Your name I beſeech you ſir?

Muſ. *Muſtard-ſeede.*

Peaſ. *Peaſe-bloſſome.*

Bot. Good maſter *Muſtard ſeede*, I know your patience well: that ſame cowardly gyant-like Oxe beefe hath deuoured many a gentleman of your houſe. I promiſe you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I deſire you more acquaintance, good Maſter *Muſtard-ſeede*.

Tita. Come waite vpon him,lead him to my bower.
The Moone me-thinks,lookes with a watrie eie,
And when ſhe weepes,weepe euerie little flower,
Lamenting ſome enforced chaſtitie.
Tye vp my louers tongue,bring him ſilently. *Exit.*

Enter King of Pharies, ſolus.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't;
Then what it was that next came in her eye,
Which ſhe muſt dote on, in extremitie.

Enter Pucke.

Here comes my meſſenger: how now mad ſpirit,
What night-rule now about this gaunted groue?

Puck. My Miſtris with a monſter is in loue,
Neere to her cloſe and conſecrated bower,
While ſhe was in her dull and ſleeping hower,
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,
That worke for bread vpon *Athenian* ſtals,
Were met together to rehearſe a Play,
Intended for great *Theſeus* nuptiall day:
The ſhalloweſt thick-skin of that barren ſort,
Who *Piramus* preſented,in their ſport,
Forſooke his Scene, and entred in a brake,
When I did him at this aduantage take,
An Aſſes nole I fixed on his head.
Anon his *Thisbie* muſt be anſwered,
And forth my Mimmick comes: when they him ſpie,
As Wilde-geeſe,that the creeping Fowler eye,
Or ruſſed-pated choughes,many in ſort
(Riſing and cawing at the guns report)
Seuer themſelues,and madly ſweepe the skye:
So at his ſight, away his fellowes flye,
And at our ſtampe,here ore and ore one fals;
He murther cries,and helpe from *Athens* cals.
Their ſenſe thus weake,loſt with their fears thus ſtrong,
Made ſenſeleſſe things begin to do them wrong.
For briars and thornes at their apparell ſnatch,
Some ſleeues,ſome hats,from yeelders all things catch,
I led them on in this diſtracted feare,
And left ſweete *Piramus* tranſlated there:
When in that moment(ſo it came to paſſe)
Tytania waked,and ſtraightway lou'd an Aſſe.

Ob. This fals out better then I could deuiſe:
But haſt thou yet lacht the *Athenians* eyes,
With the loue iuyce,as I did bid thee doe?

Rob. I tooke him ſleeping (that is finiſht to)
And the *Athenian* woman by his ſide,
That when he wak't,of force ſhe muſt be eyde.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand cloſe,this is the ſame *Athenian*.

Rob. This is the woman,but not this the man.

Dem. O why rebuke you him that loues you ſo?
Lay breath ſo bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide,but I ſhould vſe thee worſe.
For thou (I feare) haſt giuen me cauſe to curſe,
If thou haſt ſlaine *Lyſander* in his ſleepe,
Being ore ſhooes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill me too:
The Sunne was not ſo true vnto the day,
As he to me. Would he haue ſtollen away,
From ſleeping *Hermia*? Ile beleeue as ſoone
This whole earth may be bord,and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe,and ſo diſpleaſe
Her brothers noonetide,with th'*Antipodes*.
It cannot be but thou haſt murdred him,
So ſhould a murtherer looke,ſo dead,ſo grim:

Dem. So ſhould the murderer looke,and ſo ſhould I,
Pierſt through the heart with your ſtearne cruelty:
Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering ſpheare.

Her. What's this to my *Lyſander*? where is he?
Ah good *Demetrius*,wilt thou giue him me?

Dem. I'de rather giue his carkaſſe to my hounds.

*Her.*Out dog,out cur,thou driu'ſt me paſt the bounds
Of maidens patience. Haſt thou ſlaine him then?
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men.
Oh, once tell true,euen for my ſake,
Durſt thou a lookt vpon him,being awake?
And haſt thou kill'd him ſleeping? O braue tutch:
Could not a worme,an Adder do ſo much?
An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue
Then thine(thou ſerpent) neuer Adder ſtung.

Dem. You ſpend your paſſion on a miſpri'sd mood,
I am not guiltie of *Lyſanders* blood:
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well.

Dem. And if I could,what ſhould I get therefore?

Her. A priuiledge,neuer to ſee me more;
And from thy hated preſence part I:ſee me no more
Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vaine,
Here therefore for a while I will remaine.
So ſorrowes heauineſſe doth heauier grow:
For debt that bankrout ſlip doth ſorrow owe,
Which now in ſome ſlight meaſure it will pay,

If for his tender here I make ſome ſtay. *Lie downe.*
Ob. What haſt thou done? Thou haſt miſtaken quite
And laid the loue iuyce on ſome true loues ſight:
Of thy miſpriſion, muſt perforce enſue
Some true loue turn'd, and not a falſe turn'd true.
Rob. Then fate ore-rules, that one man holding troth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.
Ob. About the wood, goe ſwifter then the winde,
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.
All fancy ſicke ſhe is, and pale of cheere,
With ſighes of loue, that coſts the freſh bloud deare.
By ſome illuſion ſee thou bring her heere,
Ile charme his eyes againſt ſhe doth appeare.
Robin. I go, I go, looke how I goe,
Swifter then arrow from the *Tartars* bowe. *Exit.*
Ob. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sinke in apple of his eye,
When his loue he doth eſpie,
Let her ſhine as glorioſly
As the *Venus* of the sky.
When thou wak'ſt if ſhe be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hand,
And the youth, miſtooke by me,
Pleading for a Louers fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant ſee?
Lord, what fooles theſe mortals be!
Ob. Stand aſide: the noyſe they make,
Will cauſe *Demetrius* to awake.
Puck. Then will two at once wooe one,
That muſt needs be ſport alone:
And thoſe things doe beſt pleaſe me,
That befall prepoſterouſly.

Enter Lyſander and Helena.

Lyſ. Why ſhould you think ỳ I ſhould wooe in ſcorn?
Scorne and deriſion neuer comes in teares:
Looke when I vow I weepe; and vowes ſo borne,
In their natiuity all truth appeares.
How can theſe things in me, ſeeme ſcorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to proue them true.
Hel. You doe aduance your cunning more & more,
When truth kils truth, O diueliſh holy fray!
Theſe vowes are *Hermias.* Will you giue her ore?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vowes to her, and me, (put in two ſcales)
Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lyſ. I had no iudgement, when to her I ſwore.
Hel. Nor none in my minde, now you giue her ore.
Lyſ. *Demetrius* loues her, and he loues not you. *Awa.*
Dem. O *Helen*, goddeſſe, nimph, perfect, diuine,
To what my loue, ſhall I compare thine eyne!
Chriſtall is muddy, O how ripe in ſhow,
Thy lips, thoſe kiſſing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* ſnow,
Fan'd with the Eaſterne winde, turnes to a crow,
When thou holdſt vp thy hand. O let me kiſſe
This Princeſſe of pure white, this ſeale of bliſſe.
Hell. O ſpight! O hell! I ſee you are all bent
To ſet againſt me, for your merriment:
If you were ciuill, and knew curteſie,
You would not doe me thus much iniury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,
But you muſt ioyne in ſoules to mocke me to?
If you are men, as men you are in ſhow,
You would not vſe a gentle Lady ſo;
To vow, and ſweare, and ſuperpraiſe my parts,
When I am ſure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are Riuals, and loue *Hermia*;
And now both Riuals to mocke *Helena.*
A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,
To coniure teares vp in a poore maids eyes,
With your deriſion; none of noble ſort,
Would ſo offend a Virgin, and extort
A poore ſoules patience, all to make you ſport.
Lyſa. You are vnkind *Demetrius*; be not ſo,
For you loue *Hermia*; this you know I know;
And here with all good will, with all my heart,
In *Hermias* loue I yeeld you vp my part;
And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,
Whom I do loue, and will do to my death.
Hel. Neuer did mockers waſt more idle breth.
Dem. *Lyſander*, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none:
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone.
My heart to her, but as gueſt-wiſe ſoiourn'd,
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There to remaine.
Lyſ. It is not ſo.
De. Diſparage not the faith thou doſt not know,
Leſt to thy perill thou abide it deare.
Looke where thy Loue comes, yonder is thy deare.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The eare more quicke of apprehenſion makes,
Wherein it doth impaire the ſeeing ſenſe,
It paies the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lyſander* found,
Mine eare (I thanke it) brought me to that ſound.
But why vnkindly didſt thou leaue me ſo?
Lyſan. Why ſhould hee ſtay whom Loue doth preſſe (to go?
Her. What loue could preſſe *Lyſander* from my ſide?
Lyſ. *Lyſanders* loue (that would not let him bide)
Faire *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
Then all yon fierie oes, and eies of light.
Why ſeek'ſt thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leaue thee ſo?
Her. You ſpeake not as you thinke; it cannot be.
Hel. Loe, ſhe is one of this confederacy,
Now I perceiue they haue conioyn'd all three,
To faſhion this falſe ſport in ſpight of me.
Iniurious Hermia, moſt vngratefull maid,
Haue you conſpir'd, haue you with theſe contriu'd
To baite me, with this foule deriſion?
Is all the counſell that we two haue ſhar'd,
The ſiſters vowes, the houres that we haue ſpent,
When wee haue chid the haſty footed time,
For parting vs; O, is all forgot?
All ſchooledaies friendſhip, child-hood innocence?
We Hermia, like two Artificiall gods,
Haue with our needles, created both one flower,
Both on one ſampler, ſitting on one cuſhion,
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key;
As if our hands, our ſides, voices, and mindes
Had beene incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, ſeeming parted,
But yet a vnion in partition,

Two

Two louely berries molded on one ſtem,
So with two ſeeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the firſt life coats in Heraldry,
Due but to one and crowned with one creſt.
And will you rent our ancient loue aſunder,
To ioyne with men in ſcorning your poore friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Our ſexe as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone doe feele the iniurie.
Her. I am amazed at your paſſionate words,
I ſcorne you not; It ſeemes that you ſcorne me.
Hel. Haue you not ſet *Lyſander*, as in ſcorne
To follow me, and praiſe my eies and face?
And made your other loue, *Demetrius*
(Who euen but now did ſpurne me with his foote)
To call me goddeſſe, nimph, diuine, and rare,
Precious, celeſtiall? Wherefore ſpeakes he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lyſander*
Denie your loue (ſo rich within his ſoule)
And tender me (forſooth) affection,
But by your ſetting on, by your conſent?
What though I be not ſo in grace as you,
So hung vpon with loue, ſo fortunate?
(But miſerable moſt, to loue vnlou'd)
This you ſhould pittie, rather then deſpiſe.
Her. I vnderſtand not what you meane by this.
Hel. I, doe, perſeuer, counterfeit ſad lookes,
Make mouthes vpon me when I turne my backe,
Winke each at other, hold the ſweete ieſt vp:
This ſport well carried, ſhall be chronicled.
If you haue any pittie, grace, or manners,
You would not make me ſuch an argument:
But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault,
Which death or abſence ſoone ſhall remedie.
Lyſ. Stay gentle *Helena*, heare my excuſe,
My loue, my life, my ſoule, faire *Helena.*
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweete, do not ſcorne her ſo.
Dem. If ſhe cannot entreate, I can compell.
Lyſ. Thou canſt compell, no more then ſhe entreate.
Thy threats haue no more ſtrength then her weak praiſe.
Helen, I loue thee, by my life I doe;
I ſweare by that which I will loſe for thee,
To proue him falſe, that ſaies I loue thee not.
Dem. I ſay, I loue thee more then he can do.
Lyſ. If thou ſay ſo, with-draw and proue it too.
Dem. Quick, come.
Her. *Lyſander*, whereto tends all this?
Lyſ. Away, you *Ethiope.*
Dem. No, no, Sir, ſeeme to breake looſe;
Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go.
Lyſ. Hang off thou cat, thou bur; vile thing let looſe,
Or I will ſhake thee from me like a ſerpent.
Her. Why are you growne ſo rude?
What change is this ſweete Loue?
Lyſ. Thy loue? out tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out loathed medicine; O hated poiſon hence.
Her. Do you not ieſt?
Hel. Yes ſooth, and ſo do you.
Lyſ. *Demetrius*: I will keepe my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceiue
A weake bond holds you; Ile not truſt your word.
Lyſ. What, ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her ſo.
Her. What, can you do me greater harme then hate?
Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Loue?
Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lyſander*?
I am as faire now, as I was ere while.
Since night you lou'd me; yet ſince night you left me.
Why then you left me (O the gods forbid
In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?
Lyſ. I, by my life;
And neuer did deſire to ſee thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of queſtion, of doubt;
Be certaine, nothing truer: 'tis no ieſt,
That I doe hate thee, and loue *Helena.*
Her. O me, you iugler, you canker bloſſome,
You theefe of loue; What, haue you come by night,
And ſtolne my loues heart from him?
Hel. Fine yfaith:
Haue you no modeſty, no maiden ſhame,
No touch of baſhfulneſſe? What, will you teare
Impatient anſwers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.
Her. Puppet? why ſo? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceiue that ſhe hath made compare
Betweene our ſtatures, ſhe hath vrg'd her height,
And with her perſonage, her tall perſonage,
Her height (forſooth) ſhe hath preuail'd with him.
And are you growne ſo high in his eſteeme,
Becauſe I am ſo dwarfiſh, and ſo low?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake,
How low am I? I am not yet ſo low,
But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was neuer curſt:
I haue no gift at all in ſhrewiſhneſſe;
I am a right maide for my cowardize;
Let her not ſtrike me: you perhaps may thinke,
Becauſe ſhe is ſomething lower then my ſelfe,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower? harke againe.
Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with me,
I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,
Did euer keepe your counſels, neuer wronged you,
Saue that in loue vnto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth vnto this wood.
He followed you, for loue I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To ſtrike me, ſpurne me, nay to kill me too;
And now, ſo you will let me quiet go,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You ſee how ſimple, and how fond I am.
Her. Why get you gone: who iſt that hinders you?
Hel. A fooliſh heart, that I leaue here behinde.
Her. What, with *Lyſander*?
Her. With *Demetrius.*
Lyſ. Be not afraid, ſhe ſhall not harme thee *Helena.*
Dem. No ſir, ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O when ſhe's angry, ſhe is keene and ſhrewd,
She was a vixen when ſhe went to ſchoole,
And though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.
Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
Why will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lyſ. Get you gone you dwarfe,
You *minimus*, of hindring knot-graſſe made,
You bead, you acorne.
Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalfe that ſcornes your ſeruices.

Let her alone,ſpeake not of *Helena*,
Take not her part. For if thou doſt intend
Neuer ſo little ſhew of loue to her,
Thou ſhalt abide it.
Lyſ. Now ſhe holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'ſt,to try whoſe right,
Of thine or mine is moſt in *Helena*.
Dem. Follow? Nay, Ile goe with thee cheeke by iowle. *Exit Lyſander and Demetrius.*
Her. You Miſtris,all this coyle is long of you.
Nay, goe not backe.
Hel. I will not truſt you I,
Nor longer ſtay in your curſt companie.
Your hands then mine,are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to runne away.

Enter Oberon and Pucke.

Ob. This is thy negligence,ſtill thou miſtak'ſt,
Or elſe committ'ſt thy knaueries willingly.
Puck. Beleeue me,King of ſhadowes,I miſtooke,
Did not you tell me,I ſhould know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on?
And ſo farre blameleſſe proues my enterpize,
That I haue nointed an Athenians eies,
And ſo farre am I glad,it ſo did ſort,
As this their iangling I eſteeme a ſport.
Ob. Thou ſeeſt theſe Louers ſeeke a place to fight,
Hie therefore *Robin*,ouercaſt the night,
The ſtarrie Welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,
And lead theſe teſtie Riuals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to *Lyſander*, ſometime frame thy tongue,
Then ſtirre *Demetrius* vp with bitter wrong;
And ſometime raile thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other looke thou leade them thus,
Till ore their browes,death-counterfeiting,ſleepe
With leaden legs,and Battie-wings doth creepe;
Then cruſh this hearbe into *Lyſanders* eie,
Whoſe liquor hath this vertuous propertie,
To take from thence all error,with his might,
And make his eie-bals role with wonted ſight.
When they next wake,all this deriſion
Shall ſeeme a dreame,and fruitleſſe viſion,
And backe to *Athens* ſhall the Louers wend
With league,whoſe date till death ſhall neuer end.
Whiles I in this affaire do thee imply,
Ile to my Queene,and beg her *Indian* Boy;
And then I will her charmed eie releaſe
From monſters view,and all things ſhall be peace.
Puck. My Fairie Lord,this muſt be done with haſte,
For night-ſwift Dragons cut the Clouds full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Auroras* harbinger;
At whoſe approach Ghoſts wandring here and there,
Troope home to Church-yards; damned ſpirits all,
That in croſſe-waies and flouds haue buriall,
Alreadie to their wormie beds are gone;
For feare leaſt day ſhould looke their ſhames vpon,
They wilfully themſelues dxile from light,
And muſt for aye conſort with blacke browd night.
Ob. But we are ſpirits of another ſort:
I, with the mornings loue haue oft made ſport,
And like a Forreſter,the groues may tread,
Euen till the Eaſterne gate all fierie red,
Opening on *Neptune*,with faire bleſſed beames,
Turnes into yellow gold,his ſalt greene ſtreames.
But notwithſtanding haſte,make no delay:
We may effect this buſineſſe,yet ere day.
Puck. Vp and downe, vp and downe, I will leade
them vp and downe: I am fear'd in field and towne.
Goblin, lead them vp and downe: here comes one.

Enter Lyſander.

Lyſ. Where art thou,proud *Demetrius*?
Speake thou now.
Rob. Here villaine,drawne & readie. Where art thou?
Lyſ. I will be with thee ſtraight.
Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. *Lyſander*, ſpeake againe;
Thou runaway,thou coward,art thou fled?
Speake in ſome buſh: Where doſt thou hide thy head?
Rob. Thou coward,art thou bragging to the ſtars,
Telling the buſhes that thou look'ſt for wars,
And wilt not come? Come recreant,come thou childe,
Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd
That drawes a ſword on thee.
Dem. Yea,art thou there?
Ro. Follow my voice,we'l try no manhood here. *Exit.*
Lyſ. He goes before me,and ſtill dares me on,
When I come where he cals,then he's gone.
The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I:
I followed faſt, but faſter he did flye; *ſhifting places.*
That fallen am I in darke vneuen way,
And here wil reſt me. Come thou gentle day: *lye down.*
For if but once thou ſhew me thy gray light,
Ile finde *Demetrius*,and reuenge this ſpight.

Enter Robin and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho,ho,ho; coward,why com'ſt thou not?
Dem. Abide me,if thou dar'ſt. For well I wot,
Thou runſt before me,ſhifting euery place,
And dar'ſt not ſtand,nor looke me in the face.
Where art thou?
Rob. Come hither,I am here.
Dem. Nay then thou mock'ſt me; thou ſhalt buy this deere,
If euer I thy face by day-light ſee.
Now goe thy way: faintneſſe conſtraineth me,
To meaſure out my length on this cold bed,
By daies approach looke to be viſited.

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night,O long and tedious night,
Abate thy houres,ſhine comforts from the Eaſt,
That I may backe to *Athens* by day-light,
From theſe that my poore companie deteſt;
And ſleepe that ſometime ſhuts vp ſorrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe.*
Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes vp foure.
Here ſhe comes,curſt and ſad,
Cupid is a knauiſh lad,

Enter Hermia.

Thus to make poore females mad.
Her. Neuer ſo wearie,neuer ſo in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew,and torne with briars,
I can no further crawle,no further goe;
My legs can keepe no pace with my deſires.
Here will I reſt me till the breake of day,
Heauens ſhield *Lyſander*, if they meane a fray.
Rob. On the ground ſleepe ſound,
Ile apply your eie gentle louer,remedy.
When thou wak'ſt,thou tak'ſt
True delight in the ſight of thy former Ladies eye,

And the Country Prouerb knowne,
That euery man ſhould take his owne,
In your waking ſhall be ſhowne.
Iacke ſhall haue *Ill*, nought ſhall goe ill,
The man ſhall haue his Mare againe, and all ſhall bee well.
They ſleepe all the Act.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Queene of Fairies,and Clowne, and Fairies, and the King behinde them.

Tita. Come, ſit thee downe vpon this flowry bed,
While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,
And ſticke muske roſes in thy ſleeke ſmoothe head,
And kiſſe thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy.
Clow. Where's *Peaſe bloſſome*?
Peaſ. Ready.
Clow. Scratch my head, *Peaſe-bloſſome*. Wher's Mounſieur *Cobweb*.
Cob. Ready.

Clowne. Mounſieur *Cobweb*, good Mounſier get your weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-Bee, on the top of a thiſtle; and good Mounſieur bring mee the hony bag. Doe not fret your ſelfe too much in the action, Mounſieur; and good Mounſieur haue a care the hony bag breake not,I would be loth to haue yon ouerflowne with a hony-bag ſigniour. Where's Mounſieur *Muſtardſeed*?

Muſ. Ready.
Clo. Giue me your neafe,Mounſieur *Muſtardſeed*. Pray you leaue your courteſie good Mounſieur.
Muſ. What's your will?

Clo. Nothing good Mounſieur, but to help Caualery *Cobweb* to ſcratch. I muſt to the Barbers Mounſieur, for me-thinkes I am maruellous hairy about the face. And I am ſuch a tender aſſe,if my haire do but tickle me,I muſt ſcratch.

Tita. What,wilt thou heare ſome muſicke,my ſweet loue.

Clow. I haue a reaſonable good eare in muſicke. Let vs haue the tongs and the bones.

Muſicke Tongs,Rurall Muſicke.

Tita. Or ſay ſweete Loue, what thou deſireſt to eat.

Clowne. Truly a pecke of Prouender; I could munch your good dry Oates. Me-thinkes I haue a great deſire to a bottle of hay: good hay, ſweete hay hath no fellow.

Tita. I haue a venturous Fairy,
That ſhall ſeeke the Squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.

Clown. I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried peaſe. But I pray you let none of your people ſtirre me,I haue an expoſition of ſleepe come vpon me.

Tyta. Sleepe thou,and I will winde thee in my arms,
Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away.
So doth the woodbine, the ſweet Honiſuckle,
Gently entwiſt; the female Iuy ſo
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.
O how I loue thee! how I dote on thee!

Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.

Ob. Welcome good *Robin*:
Seeſt thou this ſweet ſight?
Her dotage now I doe begin to pitty.
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,
Seeking ſweet ſauors for this hatefull foole,
I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.
For ſhe his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of freſh and fragrant flowers.
And that ſame dew which ſomtime on the buds,
Was wont to ſwell like round and orient pearles;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like teares that did their owne diſgrace bewaile.
When I had at my pleaſure taunted her,
And ſhe in milde termes beg'd my patience,
I then did aske of her, her changeling childe,
Which ſtraight ſhe gaue me,and her Fairy ſent
To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.
And now I haue the Boy, I will vndoe
This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.
And gentle *Pucke*,take this transformed ſcalpe,
From off the head of this *Athenian* ſwaine;
That he awaking when the other doe,
May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,
And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.
But firſt I will releaſe the Fairy Queene.

Be thou as thou waſt wont to be;
See as thou waſt wont to ſee.
Dians bud, or Cupids flower,
Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power.

Now my *Titania* wake you my ſweet Queene.
Tita. My *Oberon*,what viſions haue I ſeene!
Me-thought I was enamoured of an Aſſe.
Ob. There lies your loue.
Tita. How came theſe things to paſſe?
Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this viſage now!
Ob. Silence a while. *Robin* take off his head:
Titania,muſick call, and ſtrike more dead
Then common ſleepe; of all theſe, fine the ſenſe.
Tita. Muſicke,ho muſicke,ſuch as charmeth ſleepe.
Muſick ſtill.
Rob. When thou wak'ſt, with thine owne fooles eies peepe.
Ob. Sound muſick; come my Queen,take hands with me
And rocke the ground whereon theſe ſleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to morrow midnight, ſolemnly
Dance in Duke *Theſeus* houſe triumphantly,
And bleſſe it to all faire poſterity.
There ſhall the paires of faithfull Louers be
Wedded,with *Theſeus*, all in iollity.
Rob. Faire King attend, and marke,
I doe heare the morning Larke.
Ob. Then my Queene in ſilence ſad,
Trip we after the nights ſhade;
We the Globe can compaſſe ſoone,
Swifter then the wandring Moone.
Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I ſleeping heere was found,
Sleepers Lye ſtill.

With theſe mortals on the ground. *Exeunt.*

Winde Hornes.

Enter Theſeus, Egeus, Hippolita and all his traine.

Theſ. Goe one of you, finde out the Forreſter,
For now our obſeruation is perform'd;
And ſince we haue the vaward of the day,
My Loue ſhall heare the muſicke of my hounds.
Vncouple in the Weſterne valley, let them goe;
Diſpatch I ſay, and finde the Forreſter.
We will faire Queene, vp to the Mountaines top,
And marke the muſicall confuſion
Of hounds and eccho in coniunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare
With hounds of *Sparta*; neuer did I heare
Such gallant chiding. For beſides the groues,
The skies, the fountaines, euery region neere,
Seeme all one mutuall cry. I neuer heard
So muſicall a diſcord, ſuch ſweet thunder.

Theſ. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kinde,
So flew'd, ſo ſanded, and their heads are hung
With eares that ſweepe away the morning dew,
Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like *Theſſalian* Buls,
Slow in purſuit, but match'd in mouth like bels,
Each vnder each. A cry more tuneable
Was neuer hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horne,
In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Theſſaly*;
Iudge when you heare. But ſoft, what nimphs are theſe?

Egeus. My Lord, this is my daughter heere aſleepe,
And this *Lyſander*, this *Demetrius* is,
This *Helena*, olde *Nedars Helena*,
I wonder of this being heere together.

The. No doubt they roſe vp early, to obſerue
The right of May; and hearing our intent,
Came heere in grace of our ſolemnity.
But ſpeake *Egeus*, is not this the day
That *Hermia* ſhould giue anſwer of her choice?

Egeus. It is, my Lord.

Theſ. Goe bid the hunts-men wake them with their hornes.

Hornes and they wake.

Shout within, they all ſtart vp.

Theſ. Good morrow friends: Saint *Valentine* is paſt,
Begin theſe wood birds but to couple now?

Lyſ. Pardon my Lord.

Theſ. I pray you all ſtand vp.
I know you two are Riuall enemies.
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is is ſo farre from iealouſie,
To ſleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.

Lyſ. My Lord, I ſhall reply amazedly,
Halfe ſleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I ſweare,
I cannot truly ſay how I came heere.
But as I thinke (for truly would I ſpeake)
And now I doe bethinke me, ſo it is;
I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be
Without the perill of the *Athenian* Law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord: you haue enough;
I beg the Law, the Law, vpon his head:
They would haue ſtolne away, they would *Demetrius*,
Thereby to haue defeated you and me:
You of your wife, and me of my conſent;
Of my conſent, that ſhe ſhould be your wife.

Dem. My Lord, faire *Helen* told me of their ſtealth,
Of this their purpoſe hither, to this wood,
And I in furie hither followed them;
Faire *Helena*, in fancy followed me.
But my good Lord, I wot not by what power,
(But by ſome power it is) my loue
To *Hermia* (melted as the ſnow)
Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,
Which in my childehood I did doat vpon:
And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,
The obiect and the pleaſure of mine eye,
Is onely *Helena*. To her, my Lord,
Was I betroth'd, ere I see *Hermia*,
But like a ſickeneſſe did I loath this food,
But as in health, come to my naturall taſte,
Now doe I wiſh it, loue it, long for it,
And will for euermore be true to it.

Theſ. Faire Louers, you are fortunately met;
Of this diſcourſe we ſhall heare more anon.
Egeus, I will ouer-beare your will;
For in the Temple, by and by with vs,
Theſe couples ſhall eternally be knit.
And for the morning now is ſomething worne,
Our purpos'd hunting ſhall be ſet aſide.
Away, with vs to *Athens*; three and three,
Wee'll hold a feaſt in great ſolemnitie.
Come *Hippolita*. *Exit Duke and Lords.*

Dem. Theſe things ſeeme ſmall & vndiſtinguiſhable,
Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.

Her. Me-thinks I ſee theſe things with parted eye,
When euery things ſeemes double.

Hel. So me-thinkes:
And I haue found *Demetrius*, like a iewell,
Mine owne, and not mine owne.

Dem. It ſeemes to mee,
That yet we ſleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
The Duke was heere, and bid vs follow him?

Her. Yea, and my Father.

Hel. And *Hippolita*.

Lyſ. And he bid vs follow to the Temple.

Dem. Why then we are awake; lets follow him, and by the way let vs recount our dreames.

Bottome wakes. *Exit Louers.*

Clo. When my cue comes, call me, and I will anſwer, My next is, moſt faire *Piramus*. Hey ho. *Peter Quince?* *Flute* the bellowes-mender? *Snout* the tinker? *Starueling?* Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left me aſleepe: I haue had a moſt rare viſion. I had a dreame, paſt the wit of man, to ſay, what dreame it was. Man is but an Aſſe, if he goe about to expound this dreame. Me-thought I was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was, and me-thought I had. But man is but a patch'd foole, if he will offer to ſay, what me-thought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not ſeen, mans hand is not able to taſte, his tongue to conceiue, nor his heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballet of this dreame, it ſhall be called *Bottomes Dreame*, becauſe it hath no bottome; and I will ſing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Peraduenture, to make it the more gracious, I ſhall ſing it at her death. *Exit.*

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisbie, Snout, and Starueling.

Quin. Haue you ſent to *Bottomes* houſe? Is he come home yet?

Staru. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt hee is tranſported.

Thiſ. If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not poſſible: you haue not a man in all *Athens*, able to diſcharge *Piramus* but he.

Thiſ. No, hee hath ſimply the beſt wit of any handycraft man in *Athens*.

Quin. Yea, and the beſt perſon too, and hee is a very Paramour, for a ſweet voyce.

Thiſ. You muſt ſay, Paragon. A Paramour is (God bleſſe vs) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug the Ioyner.

Snug. Maſters, the Duke is comming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords & Ladies more married. If our ſport had gone forward, we had all bin made men.

Thiſ. O ſweet bully *Bottome*: thus hath he loſt ſixepence a day, during his life; he could not haue ſcaped ſixpence a day. And the Duke had not giuen him ſixpence a day for playing *Piramus*, Ile be hang'd. He would haue deſerued it. Sixpence a day in *Piramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottome.

Bot. Where are theſe Lads? Where are theſe hearts?

Quin. *Bottome*, ô moſt couragious day! O moſt happie houre!

Bot. Maſters, I am to diſcourſe wonders; but ask me not what. For if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you euery thing as it fell out.

Qu. Let vs heare, ſweet *Bottome*.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good ſtrings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps, meete preſently at the Palace, euery man looke ore his part: for the ſhort and the long is, our play is preferred: In any caſe let *Thisby* haue cleane linnen: and let not him that playes the Lion, paire his nailes, for they ſhall hang out for the Lions clawes. And moſt deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor Garlicke; for wee are to vtter ſweete breath, and I doe not doubt but to heare them ſay, it is a ſweet Comedy. No more words: away, go away.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Theſeus, Hippolita, Egeus and his Lords.

Hip. 'Tis ſtrange my *Theſeus*, ỹ theſe louers ſpeake of.

The. More ſtrange then true. I neuer may beleeue
Theſe anticke fables, nor theſe Fairy toyes,
Louers and mad men haue ſuch ſeething braines,
Such ſhaping phantaſies, that apprehend more
Then coole reaſon euer comprehends.
The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
One ſees more diuels then vaſte hell can hold;
That is the mad man. The Louer, all as franticke,
Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egipt*.
The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance
From heauen to earth, from earth to heauen.
And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things
Vnknowne; the Poets pen turnes them to ſhapes,
And giues to aire nothing, a locall habitation,
And a name. Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend ſome ioy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that ioy.
Or in the night, imagining ſome feare,
How eaſie is a buſh ſuppos'd a Beare?

Hip. But all the ſtorie of the night told ouer,
And all their minds transfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancies images,
And growes to ſomething of great conſtancie;
But howſoeuer, ſtrange, and admirable.

Enter louers, Lyſander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Heere come the louers, full of ioy and mirth:
Ioy, gentle friends, ioy and freſh dayes
Of loue accompany your hearts.

Lyſ. More then to vs, waite in your royall walkes, your boord, your bed.

The. Come now, what maskes, what dances ſhall we haue,
To weare away this long age of three houres,
Between our after ſupper, and bed-time?
Where is our vſuall manager of mirth?
What Reuels are in hand? Is there no play,
To eaſe the anguiſh of a torturing houre?
Call *Egeus*.

Ege. Heere mighty *Theſeus*.

The. Say, what abridgement haue you for this euening?
What maske? What muſicke? How ſhall we beguile
The lazie time, if not with ſome delight?

Ege. There is a breefe how many ſports are rife:
Make choiſe of which your Highneſſe will ſee firſt.

Liſ. The battell with the Centaurs to be ſung
By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.

The. Wee'l none of that. That haue I told my Loue
In glory of my kinſman Hercules.

Liſ. The riot of the tipſie Bachanals,
Tearing the Thracian ſinger, in their rage?

The. That is an old deuice, and it was plaid
When I from *Thebes* came laſt a Conqueror.

Liſ. The thrice three Muſes, mourning for the death
of learning, late deceaſt in beggerie.

The. That is ſome Satire keene and criticall,
Not ſorting with a nuptiall ceremonie.

Liſ. A tedious breefe Scene of yong *Piramus*,
And his loue *Thisby*; very tragicall mirth.

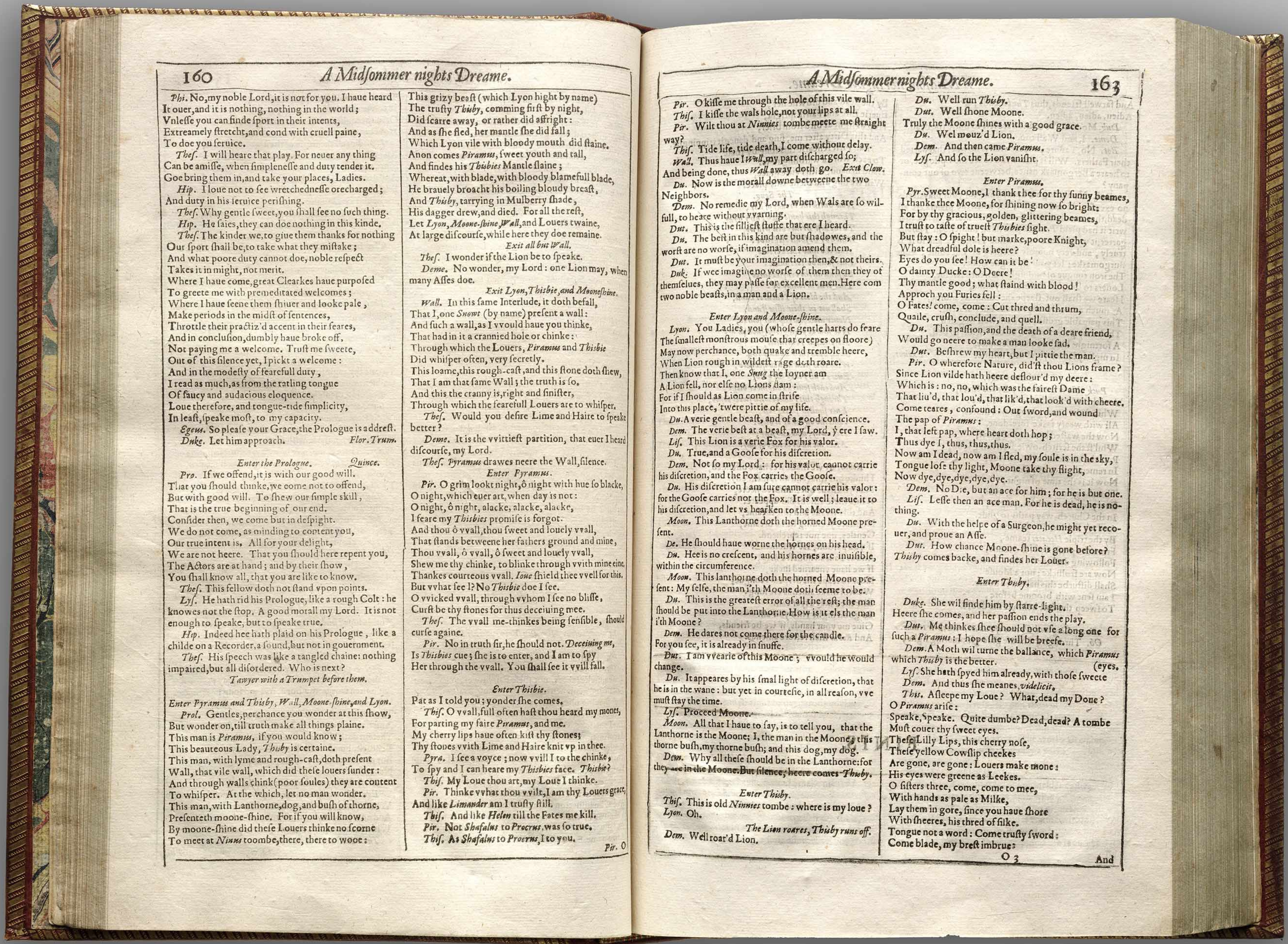
The. Merry and tragicall? Tedious, and briefe? That is, hot ice, and wondrous ſtrange ſnow. How ſhall wee finde the concord of this diſcord?

Ege. A play there is, my Lord, ſome ten words long,
Which is as breefe, as I haue knowne a play;
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious. For in all the play,
There is not one word apt, one Player fitted.
And tragicall my noble Lord it is: for *Piramus*
Therein doth kill himſelfe. Which when I ſaw
Rehearſt, I muſt confeſſe, made mine eyes water:
But more merrie teares, the paſſion of loud laughter
Neuer ſhed.

Theſ. What are they that do play it?

Ege. Hard handed men, that worke in Athens heere,
Which neuer labour'd in their mindes till now;
And now haue toyled their vnbreathed memories
With this ſame play, againſt your nuptiall.

The. And we will heare it.



Phi. No,my noble Lord,it is not for you. I haue heard
It ouer,and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnleſſe you can finde ſport in their intents,
Extreamely ſtretcht,and cond with cruell paine,
To doe you ſeruice.

Theſ. I will heare that play. For neuer any thing
Can be amiſſe, when ſimpleneſſe and duty tender it.
Goe bring them in,and take your places, Ladies.

Hip. I loue not to ſee wretchedneſſe orecharged;
And duty in his ſeruice periſhing.

Theſ. Why gentle ſweet,you ſhall ſee no ſuch thing.

Hip. He ſaies,they can doe nothing in this kinde.

Theſ. The kinder we,to giue them thanks for nothing
Our ſport ſhall be,to take what they miſtake;
And what poore duty cannot doe,noble reſpect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I haue come,great Clearkes haue purpoſed
To greete me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I haue ſeene them ſhiuer and looke pale,
Make periods in the midſt of ſentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
And in concluſion,dumbly haue broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Truſt me ſweete,
Out of this ſilence yet, I pickt a welcome:
And in the modeſty of fearefull duty,
I read as much,as from the ratling tongue
Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence.
Loue therefore, and tongue-tide ſimplicity,
In leaſt,ſpeake moſt, to my capacity.

Egeus. So pleaſe your Grace,the Prologue is addreſt.

Duke. Let him approach. *Flor. Trum.*

Enter the Prologue. Quince.

Pro. If we offend,it is with our good will.
That you ſhould thinke,we come not to offend,
But with good will. To ſhew our ſimple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Conſider then, we come but in deſpight.
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not heere. That you ſhould here repent you,
The Actors are at hand; and by their ſhow,
You ſhall know all, that you are like to know.

Theſ. This fellow doth not ſtand vpon points.

Lyſ. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: he knowes not the ſtop. A good morall my Lord. It is not enough to ſpeake, but to ſpeake true.

Hip. Indeed hee hath plaid on his Prologue, like a childe on a Recorder,a ſound,but not in gouernment.

Theſ. His ſpeech was like a tangled chaine: nothing impaired,but all diſordered. Who is next?

Tawyer with a Trumpet before them.

Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moone-ſhine, and Lyon.

Prol. Gentles,perchance you wonder at this ſhow,
But wonder on,till truth make all things plaine.
This man is *Piramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous Lady, *Thisby* is certaine.
This man, with lyme and rough-caſt,doth preſent
Wall, that vile wall, which did theſe louers ſunder:
And through walls chink(poor ſoules) they are content
To whiſper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man,with Lanthorne,dog,and buſh of thorne,
Preſenteth moone-ſhine. For if you will know,
By moone-ſhine did theſe Louers thinke no ſcorne
To meet at *Ninus* toombe,there, there to wooe:
This grizy beaſt (which Lyon hight by name)
The truſty *Thisby*, comming firſt by night,
Did ſcarre away, or rather did affright:
And as ſhe fled, her mantle ſhe did fall;
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did ſtaine.
Anon comes *Piramus*, ſweet youth and tall,
And findes his *Thisbies* Mantle ſlaine;
Whereat,with blade,with bloody blamefull blade,
He brauely broacht his boiling bloudy breaſt,
And *Thisby*, tarrying in Mulberry ſhade,
His dagger drew,and died. For all the reſt,
Let *Lyon, Moone-ſhine, Wall*, and Louers twaine,
At large diſcourſe,while here they doe remaine.

Exit all but Wall.

Theſ. I wonder if the Lion be to ſpeake.

Deme. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when many Aſſes doe.

Exit Lyon, Thisbie, and Mooneſhine.

Wall. In this ſame Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one *Snowt* (by name) preſent a wall:
And ſuch a wall,as I vvould haue you thinke,
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:
Through which the Louers, *Piramus* and *Thisbie*
Did whiſper often, very ſecretly.
This loame,this rough-caſt,and this ſtone doth ſhew,
That I am that ſame Wall; the truth is ſo.
And this the cranny is,right and ſiniſter,
Through which the fearefull Louers are to whiſper.

Theſ. Would you deſire Lime and Haire to ſpeake better?

Deme. It is the vvittieſt partition, that euer I heard diſcourſe, my Lord.

Theſ. *Pyramus* drawes neere the Wall,ſilence.

Enter Pyramus.

Pir. O grim lookt night,ô night with hue ſo blacke,
O night,which euer art,when day is not:
O night, ô night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my *Thisbies* promiſe is forgot.
And thou ô vvall,thou ſweet and louely vvall,
That ſtands betweene her fathers ground and mine,
Thou vvall, ô vvall, ô ſweet and louely vvall,
Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through vvith mine eine.
Thankes courteous vvall. *Ioue* ſhield thee vvell for this.
But vvhat ſee I? No *Thisbie* doe I ſee.
O vvicked vvall, through vvhom I ſee no bliſſe,
Curſt be thy ſtones for thus deceiuing mee.

Theſ. The vvall me-thinkes being ſenſible, ſhould curſe againe.

Pir. No in truth ſir,he ſhould not. *Deceiuing me*,
Is *Thisbies* cue; ſhe is to enter, and I am to ſpy
Her through the vvall. You ſhall ſee it vvill fall.

Enter Thisbie.

Pat as I told you; yonder ſhe comes.

Thiſ. O vvall,full often haſt thou heard my mones,
For parting my faire *Piramus*, and me.
My cherry lips haue often kiſt thy ſtones;
Thy ſtones vvith Lime and Haire knit vp in thee.

Pyra. I ſee a voyce; now vvill I to the chinke,
To ſpy and I can heare my *Thisbies* face. *Thisbie?*

Thiſ. My Loue thou art,my Loue I thinke.

Pir. Thinke vvhat thou vvilt,I am thy Louers grace,
And like *Limander* am I truſty ſtill.

Thiſ. And like *Helen* till the Fates me kill.

Pir. Not *Shafalus* to *Procrus*,was ſo true.

Thiſ. As *Shafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pir. O kiſſe me through the hole of this vile wall.

Thiſ. I kiſſe the wals hole,not your lips at all.

Pir. Wilt thou at *Ninnies* tombe meete me ſtraight way?

Thiſ. Tide life, tide death,I come without delay.

Wall. Thus haue I *Wall*, my part diſcharged ſo;
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. *Exit Clow.*

Du. Now is the morall downe betweene the two Neighbors.

Dem. No remedie my Lord, when Wals are ſo wilfull, to heare without vvarning.

Dut. This is the ſillieſt ſtuffe that ere I heard.

Du. The beſt in this kind are but ſhadowes, and the worſt are no worſe, if imagination amend them.

Dut. It muſt be your imagination then,& not theirs.

Duk. If wee imagine no worſe of them then they of themſelues, they may paſſe for excellent men. Here com two noble beaſts,in a man and a Lion.

Enter Lyon and Moone-ſhine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whoſe gentle harts do feare
The ſmalleſt monſtrous mouſe that creepes on floore)
May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,
When Lion rough in wildeſt rage doth roare.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the Ioyner am
A Lion fell, nor elſe no Lions dam:
For if I ſhould as Lion come in ſtrife
Into this place, 'twere pittie of my life.

Du. A verie gentle beaſt, and of a good conſcience.

Dem. The verie beſt at a beaſt, my Lord, ẏ ere I ſaw.

Liſ. This Lion is a verie Fox for his valor.

Du. True,and a Gooſe for his diſcretion.

Dem. Not ſo my Lord: for his valor cannot carrie his diſcretion, and the Fox carries the Gooſe.

Du. His diſcretion I am ſure cannot carrie his valor: for the Gooſe carries not the Fox. It is well; leaue it to his diſcretion,and let vs hearken to the Moone.

Moon. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone preſent.

De. He ſhould haue worne the hornes on his head.

Du. Hee is no creſcent, and his hornes are inuiſible, within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone preſent: My ſelfe, the man i'th Moone doth ſeeme to be.

Du. This is the greateſt error of all the reſt; the man ſhould be put into the Lanthorne. How is it els the man i'th Moone?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle.
For you ſee, it is already in ſnuffe.

Dut. I am vvearie of this Moone; vvould he would change.

Du. It appeares by his ſmal light of diſcretion, that he is in the wane: but yet in courteſie, in all reaſon, vve muſt ſtay the time.

Lyſ. Proceed Moone.

Moon. All that I haue to ſay, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this thorne buſh,my thorne buſh; and this dog,my dog.

Dem. Why all theſe ſhould be in the Lanthorne: for they are in the Moone. But ſilence; heere comes *Thisby.*

Enter Thisby.

Thiſ. This is old *Ninnies* tombe: where is my loue?

Lyon. Oh.

The Lion roares, Thisby runs off.

Dem. Well roar'd Lion.

Du. Well run *Thisby.*

Dut. Well ſhone Moone.
Truly the Moone ſhines with a good grace.

Du. Wel mouz'd Lion.

Dem. And then came *Piramus.*

Lyſ. And ſo the Lion vaniſht.

Enter Piramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moone,I thank thee for thy ſunny beames,
I thanke thee Moone, for ſhining now ſo bright:
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,
I truſt to taſte of trueſt *Thisbies* ſight.
But ſtay: O ſpight! but marke,poore Knight,
What dreadful dole is heere?
Eyes do you ſee! How can it be!
O dainty Ducke: O Deere!
Thy mantle good; what ſtaind with blood!
Approch you Furies fell:
O Fates! come, come: Cut thred and thrum,
Quaile, cruſh, conclude, and quell.

Du. This paſſion,and the death of a deare friend,
Would go neere to make a man looke ſad.

Dut. Beſhrew my heart,but I pittie the man.

Pir. O wherefore Nature, did'ſt thou Lions frame?
Since Lion vilde hath heere deflour'd my deere:
Which is: no, no, which was the faireſt Dame
That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik'd,that look'd with cheere.
Come teares, confound: Out ſword,and wound
The pap of *Piramus*:
I, that left pap, where heart doth hop;
Thus dye I, thus, thus,thus.
Now am I dead, now am I fled, my ſoule is in the sky,
Tongue loſe thy light, Moone take thy flight,
Now dye,dye,dye,dye,dye.

Dem. No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Liſ. Leſſe then an ace man. For he is dead, he is nothing.

Du. With the helpe of a Surgeon,he might yet recouer, and proue an Aſſe.

Dut. How chance Moone-ſhine is gone before?
Thisby comes backe, and findes her Louer.

Enter Thisby.

Duke. She wil finde him by ſtarre-light.
Heere ſhe comes, and her paſſion ends the play.

Dut. Me thinkes ſhee ſhould not vſe a long one for ſuch a *Piramus*: I hope ſhe will be breefe.

Dem. A Moth wil turne the ballance, which *Piramus* which *Thisby* is the better.

Lyſ. She hath ſpyed him already, with thoſe ſweete (eyes.

Dem. And thus ſhe meanes, *videlicit.*

This. Aſleepe my Loue? What,dead my Doue?
O *Piramus* ariſe:
Speake,Speake. Quite dumbe? Dead,dead? A tombe
Muſt couer thy ſweet eyes.
Theſe Lilly Lips, this cherry noſe,
Theſe yellow Cowſlip cheekes
Are gone, are gone: Louers make mone:
His eyes were greene as Leekes.
O ſiſters three, come, come to mee,
With hands as pale as Milke,
Lay them in gore, ſince you haue ſhore
With ſheeres, his thred of ſilke.
Tongue not a word: Come truſty ſword:
Come blade, my breſt imbrue:

And farwell friends, thus *Thisbie* ends;
Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duk. Moon-ſhine & Lion are left to burie the dead.

Deme. I, and Wall too.

Bot. No, I aſſure you, the wall is downe, that parted their Fathers. Will it pleaſe you to ſee the Epilogue, or to heare a Bergomask dance, betweene two of our company?

Duk. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuſe. Neuer excuſe; for when the plaiers are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that writ it had plaid *Piramus*, and hung himſelfe in *Thisbies* garter, it would haue beene a fine Tragedy: and ſo it is truely, and very notably diſcharg'd. But come, your Burgomaske; let your Epilogue alone.
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelue.
Louers to bed, 'tis almoſt Fairy time.
I feare we ſhall out-ſleepe the comming morne,
As much as we this night haue ouer-watcht.
This palpable groſſe play hath well beguil'd
The heauy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed.
A fortnight hold we this ſolemnity.
In nightly Reuels; and new iollitie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Now the hungry Lyons rores,
And the Wolfe behols the Moone:
Whileſt the heauy ploughman ſnores,
All with weary taske fore-done.
Now the waſted brands doe glow,
Whil'ſt the ſcritch-owle, ſcritching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a ſhrowd.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graues, all gaping wide,
Euery one lets forth his ſpright,
In the Church-way paths to glide.
And we Fairies, that do runne,
By the triple *Hecates* teame,
From the preſence of the Sunne,
Following darkeneſſe like a dreame,
Now are frollicke; not a Mouſe
Shall diſturbe this hallowed houſe.
I am ſent with broome before,
To ſweep the duſt behinde the doore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.

Ob. Through the houſe giue glimmering light,
By the dead and drowſie fier,
Euerie Elfe and Fairie ſpright,
Hop as light as bird from brier,
And this Ditty after me, ſing and dance it trippinglie.

Tita. Firſt rehearſe this ſong by roate,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with Fairie grace,
Will we ſing and bleſſe this place.

The Song.

Now vntill the breake of day,
Through this houſe each Fairy ſtray.
To the beſt Bride-bed will we,
Which by vs ſhall bleſſed be:
And the iſſue there create,
Euer ſhall be fortunate:
So ſhall all the couples three,
Euer true in louing be:
And the blots of Natures hand,
Shall not in their iſſue ſtand.
Neuer mole, harelip, nor ſcarre,
Nor marke predigious, ſuch as are
Deſpiſed in Natiuitie,
Shall vpon their children be.
With this field dew conſecrate,
Euery Fairy take his gate,
And each ſeuerall chamber bleſſe,
Through this Pallace with ſweet peace,
Euer ſhall in ſafety reſt,
And the owner of it bleſt.
Trip away, make no ſtay;
Meet me all by breake of day.

Robin. If we ſhadowes haue offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)
That you haue but ſlumbred heere,
While theſe viſions did appeare.
And this weake and idle theame,
No more yeelding but a dreame,
Gentles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honeſt *Pucke*,
If we haue vnearned lucke,
Now to ſcape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Elſe the *Pucke* a lyar call.
So good night vnto you all.
Giue me your hands, if we be friends,
And *Robin* ſhall reſtore amends.

FINIS.

The Merchant of Venice.

Actus primus.

Enter Anthonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

Anthonio.

IN ſooth I know not why I am ſo ſad,
It wearies me: you ſay it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuffe 'tis made of, whereof it is borne,
I am to learne: and ſuch a Want-wit ſadneſſe makes of mee,
That I haue much ado to know my ſelfe.

Sal. Your minde is toſsing on the Ocean,
There where your Argoſies with portly ſaile
Like Signiors and rich Burgers on the flood,
Or as it were the Pageants of the ſea,
Do ouer-peere the pettie Traffiquers
That curtſie to them, do them reuerence
As they flye by them with their wouen wings.

Salar. Beleeue me ſir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections, would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſſe to know where ſits the winde,
Peering in Maps for ports, and peers, and rodes:
And euery obiect that might make me feare
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me ſad.

Sal. My winde cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an Ague, when I thought
What harme a winde too great might doe at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandie houre-glaſſe runne,
But I ſhould thinke of ſhallows, and of flats,
And ſee my wealthy *Andrew* docks in ſand,
Vailing her high top lower then her ribs
To kiſſe her buriall; ſhould I goe to Church
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethinke me ſtraight of dangerous rocks,
Which touching but my gentle Veſſels ſide
Would ſcatter all her ſpices on the ſtreame,
Enrobe the roring waters with my ſilkes,
And in a word, but euen now worth this,
And now worth nothing. Shall I haue the thought
To thinke on this, and ſhall I lacke the thought
That ſuch a thing bechaunc'd would make me ſad?
But tell not me, I know *Anthonio*
Is ſad to thinke vpon his merchandize.

Anth. Beleeue me no, I thanke my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottome truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Vpon the fortune of this preſent yeere:
Therefore my merchandize makes me not ſad.

Sola. Why then you are in loue.

Anth. Fie, fie.

Sola. Not in loue neither: then let vs ſay you are ſad
Becauſe you are not merry; and 'twere as eaſie
For you to laugh and leape, and ſay you are merry
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now by two-headed *Ianus*,
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellowes in her time:
Some that will euermore peepe through their eyes,
And laugh like Parrats at a bag-piper.
And other of ſuch vineger aſpect,
That they'il not ſhew their teeth in way of ſmile,
Though *Neſtor* ſweare the ieſt be laughable.

Enter Baſſanio, Lorenſo, and Gratiano.

Sola. Heere comes *Baſſanio*,
Your moſt noble Kinſman,
Gratiano, and *Lorenſo*. Faryewell,
We leaue you now with better company.

Sala. I would haue ſtaid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not preuented me.

Ant. Your worth is very deere in my regard.
I take it your owne buſines calls on you,
And you embrace th'occaſion to depart.

Sal. Good morrow my good Lords. (when?

Baſſ. Good ſigniors both, when ſhall we laugh? ſay,
You grow exceeding ſtrange: muſt it be ſo?

Sal. Wee'll make our leyſures to attend on yours.
Exeunt Salarino, and Solanio.

Lor. My Lord *Baſſanio*, ſince you haue found *Anthonio*
We two will leaue you, but at dinner time
I pray you haue in minde where we muſt meete.

Baſſ. I will not faile you.

Grat. You looke not well ſignior *Anthonio*,
You haue too much reſpect vpon the world:
They looſe it that doe buy it with much care,
Beleeue me you are maruellouſly chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world *Gratiano*,
A ſtage, where euery man muſt play a part,
And mine a ſad one.

Grati. Let me play the foole,
With mirth and laughter let old wrinckles come,
And let my Liuer rather heate with wine,
Then my heart coole with mortifying grones.
Why ſhould a man whoſe bloud is warme within,
Sit like his Grandſire, cut in Alablaſter?
Sleepe when he wakes? and creep into the Iaundies

By being peeuiſh? I tell thee what *Anthonio*,
I loue thee, and it is my loue that ſpeakes:
There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do creame and mantle like a ſtanding pond,
And do a wilfull ſtilneſſe entertaine,
With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
Of wiſedome, grauity, profound conceit,
As who ſhould ſay, I am ſir an Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dogge barke.
O my *Anthonio*, I do know of theſe
That therefore onely are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing; when I am verie ſure
If they ſhould ſpeake, would almoſt dam thoſe eares
Which hearing them would call their brothers fooles:
Ile tell thee more of this another time.
But fiſh not with this melancholly baite
For this foole Gudgin, this opinion:
Come good *Lorenzo*, faryewell a while,
Ile end my exhortation after dinner.

Lor. Well, we will leaue you then till dinner time.
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumbe wiſe men,
For *Gratiano* neuer let's me ſpeake.

Gra. Well, keepe me company but two yeares mo,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine owne tongue.

Ant. Far you well, Ile grow a talker for this geare.

Gra. Thankes ifaith, for ſilence is onely commendable
In a neats tongue dri'd, and a maid not vendible. *Exit.*

Ant. It is that any thing now.

Baſ. Gratiano ſpeakes an infinite deale of nothing, more then any man in all Venice, his reaſons are two graines of wheate hid in two buſhels of chaffe: you ſhall ſeeke all day ere you finde them, & when you haue them they are not worth the ſearch.

An. Well: tel me now, what Lady is the ſame
To whom you ſwore a ſecret Pilgrimage
That you to day promis'd to tel me of?

Baſ. Tis not vnknowne to you *Anthonio*
How much I haue diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſomething ſhewing a more ſwelling port
Then my faint meanes would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make mone to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate, but my cheefe care
Is to come fairely off from the great debts
Wherein my time ſomething too prodigall
Hath left me gag'd: to you *Anthonio*
I owe the moſt in money, and in loue,
And from your loue I haue a warrantie
To vnburthen all my plots and purpoſes,
How to get cleere of all the debts I owe.

An. I pray you good *Baſſanio* let me know it,
And if it ſtand as you your ſelfe ſtill do,
Within the eye of honour, be aſſur'd
My purſe, my perſon, my extreameſt meanes
Lye all vnlock'd to your occaſions.

Baſſ. In my ſchoole dayes, when I had loſt one ſhaft
I ſhot his fellow of the ſelfeſame flight
The ſelfeſame way, with more aduiſed watch
To finde the other forth, and by aduenturing both,
I oft found both. I vrge this child-hoode proofe,
Becauſe what followes is pure innocence.
I owe you much, and like a wilfull youth,
That which I owe is loſt: but if you pleaſe
To ſhoote another arrow that ſelfe way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the ayme: Or to finde both,
Or bring your latter hazard backe againe,
And thankfully reſt debter for the firſt.

An. You know me well, and herein ſpend but time
To winde about my loue with circumſtance,
And out of doubt you doe more wrong
In making queſtion of my vttermoſt
Then if you had made waſte of all I haue:
Then doe but ſay to me what I ſhould doe
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt vnto it: therefore ſpeake.

Baſſ. In *Belmont* is a Lady richly left,
And ſhe is faire, and fairer then that word,
Of wondrous vertues, ſometimes from her eyes
I did receiue faire ſpeechleſſe meſſages:
Her name is *Portia*, nothing vndervallewd
To *Cato*'s daughter, *Brutus Portia*,
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,
For the foure windes blow in from euery coaſt
Renowned ſutors, and her ſunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
Which makes her ſeat of *Belmont Cholchos* ſtrond,
And many *Iaſons* come in queſt of her.
O my *Anthonio*, had I but the meanes
To hold a riuall place with one of them,
I haue a minde preſages me ſuch thrift,
That I ſhould queſtionleſſe be fortunate.

Anth. Thou knowſt that all my fortunes are at ſea,
Neither haue I money, nor commodity
To raiſe a preſent ſumme, therefore goe forth
Try what my credit can in *Venice* doe,
That ſhall be rackt euen to the vttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to *Belmont* to faire *Portia.*
Goe preſently enquire, and ſo will I
Where money is, and I no queſtion make
To haue it of my truſt, or for my ſake. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with her waiting woman Nerissa.

Portia. By my troth *Nerriſſa*, my little body is a wearie of this great world.

Ner. You would be ſweet Madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet for ought I ſee, they are as ſicke that ſurfet with too much, as they that ſtarue with nothing; it is no ſmal happineſſe therefore to bee ſeated in the meane, ſuperfluitie comes ſooner by white haires, but competencie liues longer.

Portia. Good ſentences, and well pronounc'd.

Ner. They would be better if well followed.

Portia. If to doe were as eaſie as to know what were good to doe, Chappels had beene Churches, and poore mens cottages Princes Pallaces: it is a good Diuine that followes his owne inſtructions; I can eaſier teach twentie what were good to be done, then be one of the twentie to follow mine owne teaching: the braine may deuiſe lawes for the blood, but a hot temper leapes ore a colde decree, ſuch a hare is madneſſe the youth, to skip ore the meſhes of good counſaile the cripple; but this reaſon is not in faſhion to chooſe me a husband: O mee, the word chooſe, I may neither chooſe whom I would, nor refuſe whom I diſlike, ſo is the wil of a liuing daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: it is not hard *Nerriſſa*, that I cannot chooſe one, nor refuſe none.

Ner. Your father was euer vertuous, and holy men at their death haue good inſpirations, therefore the lotterie that hee hath deuiſed in theſe three cheſts of gold, ſiluer, and leade, whereof who chooſes his meaning, chooſes you, wil no doubt neuer be choſen by any rightly, but one who you ſhall rightly loue: but what warmth is there in your affection towards any of theſe Princely ſuters that are already come?

Por. I pray thee ouer-name them, and as thou nameſt them, I will deſcribe them, and according to my deſcription leuell at my affection.

Ner. Firſt there is the Neopolitane Prince.

Por. I that's a colt indeede, for he doth nothing but talke of his horſe, and hee makes it a great appropriation to his owne good parts that he can ſhoo him himſelfe: I am much afraid my Ladie his mother plaid falſe with a Smyth.

Ner. Than is there the Countie Palentine.

Por. He doth nothing but frowne (as who ſhould ſay, and you will not haue me, chooſe: he heares merrie tales and ſmiles not, I feare hee will proue the weeping Phyloſopher when he growes old, being ſo full of vnmannerly ſadneſſe in his youth.) I had rather to be married to a deaths head with a bone in his mouth, then to either of theſe: God defend me from theſe two.

Ner. How ſay you by the French Lord, Mounſier *Le Boune?*

Pro. God made him, and therefore let him paſſe for a man, in truth I know it is a ſinne to be a mocker, but he, why he hath a horſe better then the Neopolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palentine, he is euery man in no man, if a Traſſell ſing, he fals ſtraight a capring, he will fence with his own ſhadow. If I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twentie husbands: if hee would deſpiſe me, I would forgiue him, for if he loue me to madneſſe, I ſhould neuer requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to *Fauconbridge*, the yong Baron of *England?*

Por. You know I ſay nothing to him, for hee vnderſtands not me, nor I him: he hath neither *Latine*, *French*, nor *Italian*, and you will come into the Court & ſweare that I haue a poore pennie-worth in the *Engliſh*: hee is a proper mans picture, but alas who can conuerſe with a dumbe ſhow? how odly he is ſuited, I thinke he bought his doublet in *Italie*, his round hoſe in *France*, his bonnet in *Germanie*, and his behauiour euery where.

Ner. What thinke you of the other Lord his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charitie in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the *Engliſhman*, and ſwore he would pay him againe when hee was able: I thinke the *Frenchman* became his ſuretie, and ſeald vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the yong *Germaine*, the Duke of *Saxonies* Nephew?

Por. Very vildely in the morning when hee is ſober, and moſt vildely in the afternoone when hee is drunke: when he is beſt, he is a little worſe then a man, and when he is worſt, he is little better then a beaſt: and the worſt fall that euer fell, I hope I ſhall make ſhift to goe without him.

Ner. If he ſhould offer to chooſe, and chooſe the right Casket, you ſhould refuſe to performe your Fathers will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

Por. Therefore for feare of the worſt, I pray thee ſet a deepe glaſſe of Reiniſh-wine on the contrary Casket, for if the diuell be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chooſe it. I will doe any thing *Nerriſſa* ere I will be married to a ſpunge.

Ner. You neede not feare Lady the hauing any of theſe Lords, they haue acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeede to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuite, vnleſſe you may be won by ſome other ſort then your Fathers impoſition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If I liue to be as olde as *Sibilla*, I will dye as chaſte as *Diana*: vnleſſe I be obtained by the manner of my Fathers will: I am glad this parcell of wooers are ſo reaſonable, for there is not one among them but I doate on his verie abſence: and I wiſh them a faire departure.

Ner. Doe you not remember Ladie in your Fathers time, a *Venecian*, a Scholler and a Souldior that came hither in companie of the Marqueſſe of *Mountferrat?*

Por. Yes, yes, it was *Baſſanio*, as I thinke, ſo was hee call'd.

Ner. True Madam, hee of all the men that euer my fooliſh eyes look'd vpon, was the beſt deſeruing a faire Lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe.

Enter a Seruingman.

Ser. The foure Strangers ſeeke you Madam to take their leaue: and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of *Moroco*, who brings word the Prince his Maiſter will be here to night.

Por. If I could bid the fift welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other foure farewell, I ſhould be glad of his approach: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complexion of a diuell, I had rather hee ſhould ſhriue me then wiue me. Come *Nerriſſa*, ſirra go before; whiles wee ſhut the gate vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore. *Exeunt.*

Enter Baſſanio with Shylocke the Iew.

Shy. Three thouſand ducates, well.

Baſſ. I ſir, for three months.

Shy. For three months, well.

Baſſ. For the which, as I told you,
Anthonio ſhall be bound.

Shy. *Anthonio* ſhall become bound, well.

Baſſ. May you ſted me? Will you pleaſure me?
Shall I know your anſwere.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats for three months,
and *Anthonio* bound.

Baſſ. Your anſwere to that.

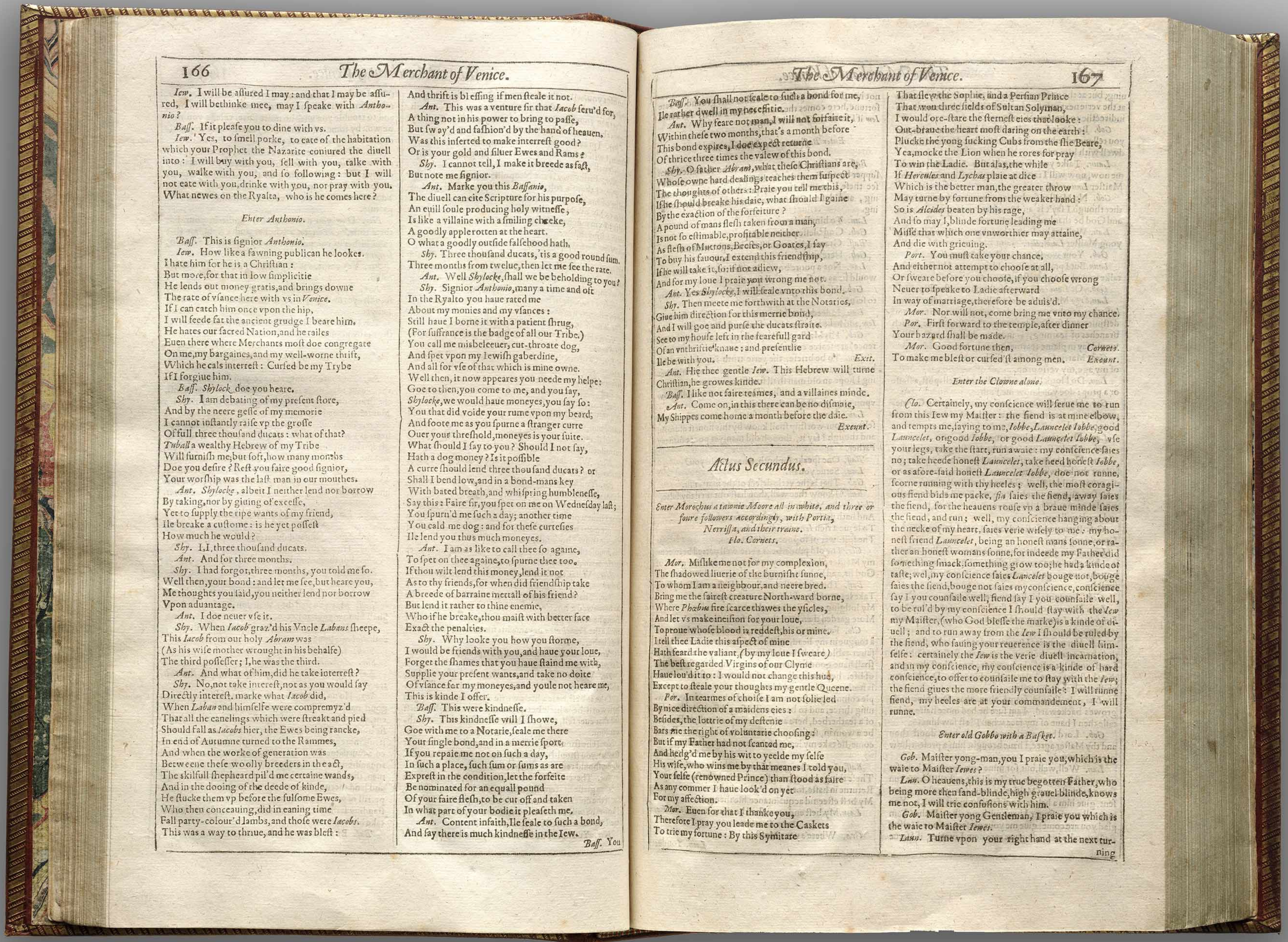
Shy. *Anthonio* is a good man.

Baſſ. Haue you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shy. Ho no, no, no, no: my meaning in ſaying he is a good man, is to haue you vnderſtand me that he is ſufficent, yet his meanes are in ſuppoſition: he hath an Argoſie bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, I vnderſtand moreouer vpon the Ryalta, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures hee hath ſquandred abroad, but ſhips are but boords, Saylers but men, there be land rats, and water rats, water theeues, and land theeues, I meane Pyrats, and then there is the perrill of waters, windes, and rocks: the man is notwithſtanding ſufficient, three thouſand ducats, I thinke I may take his bond.

Baſ. Be aſſured you may.

Iew. I



Iew. I will be aſſured I may: and that I may be aſſured, I will bethinke mee, may I ſpeake with *Anthonio?*

Baſſ. If it pleaſe you to dine with vs.

Iew. Yes, to ſmell porke, to eate of the habitation which your Prophet the Nazarite coniured the diuell into: I will buy with you, ſell with you, talke with you, walke with you, and ſo following: but I will not eate with you, drinke with you, nor pray with you. What newes on the Ryalta, who is he comes here?

Enter Anthonio.

Baſſ. This is ſignior *Anthonio*.
Iew. How like a fawning publican he lookes.
I hate him for he is a Chriſtian:
But more, for that in low ſimplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of vſance here with vs in *Venice*.
If I can catch him once vpon the hip,
I will feede fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our ſacred Nation, and he railes
Euen there where Merchants moſt doe congregate
On me, my bargaines, and my well-worne thrift,
Which he cals intereſt: Curſed be my Trybe
If I forgiue him.
Baſſ. *Shylock*, doe you heare.
Shy. I am debating of my preſent ſtore,
And by the neere geſſe of my memorie
I cannot inſtantly raiſe vp the groſſe
Of full three thouſand ducats: what of that?
Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furniſh me; but ſoft, how many months
Doe you deſire? Reſt you faire good ſignior,
Your worſhip was the laſt man in our mouthes.
Ant. *Shylocke*, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking, nor by giuing of exceſſe,
Yet to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a cuſtome: is he yet poſſeſt
How much he would?
Shy. I, I, three thouſand ducats.
Ant. And for three months.
Shy. I had forgot, three months, you told me ſo.
Well then, your bond: and let me ſee, but heare you,
Me thoughts you ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon aduantage.
Ant. I doe neuer vſe it.
Shy. When *Iacob* graz'd his Vncle *Labans* ſheepe,
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* was
(As his wiſe mother wrought in his behalfe)
The third poſſeſſer; I, he was the third.
Ant. And what of him, did he take intereſt?
Shy. No, not take intereſt, not as you would ſay
Directly intereſt, marke what *Iacob* did,
When *Laban* and himſelfe were compremyz'd
That all the eanelings which were ſtreakt and pied
Should fall as *Iacobs* hier, the Ewes being rancke,
In end of Autumne turned to the Rammes,
And when the worke of generation was
Betweene theſe woolly breeders in the act,
The skilfull ſhepheard pil'd me certaine wands,
And in the dooing of the deede of kinde,
He ſtucke them vp before the fulſome Ewes,
Who then conceauing, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thoſe were *Iacobs*.
This was a way to thriue, and he was bleſt:
And thrift is bleſſing if men ſteale it not.
Ant. This was a venture ſir that *Iacob* ſeru'd for,
A thing not in his power to bring to paſſe,
But ſway'd and faſhion'd by the hand of heauen.
Was this inſerted to make intereſt good?
Or is your gold and ſiluer Ewes and Rams?
Shy. I cannot tell, I make it breede as faſt,
But note me ſignior.
Ant. Marke you this *Baſſanio*,
The diuell can cite Scripture for his purpoſe,
An euill ſoule producing holy witneſſe,
Is like a villaine with a ſmiling cheeke,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O what a goodly outſide falſehood hath.
Shy. Three thouſand ducats, 'tis a good round ſum.
Three months from twelue, then let me ſee the rate.
Ant. Well *Shylocke*, ſhall we be beholding to you?
Shy. Signior *Anthonio*, many a time and oft
In the Ryalto you haue rated me
About my monies and my vſances:
Still haue I borne it with a patient ſhrug,
(For ſuffrance is the badge of all our Tribe.)
You call me misbeleeuer, cut-throate dog,
And ſpet vpon my Iewiſh gaberdine,
And all for vſe of that which is mine owne.
Well then, it now appeares you neede my helpe:
Goe to then, you come to me, and you ſay,
Shylocke, we would haue moneyes, you ſay ſo:
You that did voide your rume vpon my beard,
And foote me as you ſpurne a ſtranger curre
Ouer your threſhold, moneyes is your ſuite.
What ſhould I ſay to you? Should I not ſay,
Hath a dog money? Is it poſſible
A curre ſhould lend three thouſand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key
With bated breath, and whiſpring humbleneſſe,
Say this: Faire ſir, you ſpet on me on Wedneſday laſt;
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; another time
You cald me dog: and for theſe curteſies
Ile lend you thus much moneyes.
Ant. I am as like to call thee ſo againe,
To ſpet on thee againe, to ſpurne thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends, for when did friendſhip take
A breede of barraine mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemie,
Who if he breake, thou maiſt with better face
Exact the penalties.
Shy. Why looke you how you ſtorme,
I would be friends with you, and haue your loue,
Forget the ſhames that you haue ſtaind me with,
Supplie your preſent wants, and take no doite
Of vſance for my moneyes, and youle not heare me,
This is kinde I offer.
Baſſ. This were kindneſſe.
Shy. This kindneſſe will I ſhowe,
Goe with me to a Notarie, ſeale me there
Your ſingle bond, and in a merrie ſport
If you repaie me not on ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſum or ſums as are
Expreſt in the condition, let the forfeite
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your bodie it pleaſeth me.
Ant. Content infaith, Ile ſeale to ſuch a bond,
And ſay there is much kindneſſe in the Iew.

Baſſ. You

Baſſ. You ſhall not ſeale to ſuch a bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my neceſſitie.
Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forfaite it,
Within theſe two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I doe expect returne
Of thrice three times the valew of this bond.
Shy. O father *Abram*, what theſe Chriſtians are,
Whoſe owne hard dealings teaches them ſuſpect
The thoughts of others: Praie you tell me this,
If he ſhould breake his daie, what ſhould I gaine
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of mans fleſh taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neither
As fleſh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates, I ſay
To buy his fauour, I extend this friendſhip,
If he will take it, ſo: if not adiew,
And for my loue I praie you wrong me not.
Ant. Yes *Shylocke*, I will ſeale vnto this bond.
Shy. Then meete me forthwith at the Notaries,
Giue him direction for this merrie bond,
And I will goe and purſe the ducats ſtraite.
See to my houſe left in the fearefull gard
Of an vnthriftie knaue: and preſentlie
Ile be with you. *Exit.*
Ant. Hie thee gentle *Iew*. This Hebrew will turne
Chriſtian, he growes kinde.
Baſſ. I like not faire teames, and a villaines minde.
Ant. Come on, in this there can be no diſmaie,
My Shippes come home a month before the daie.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerriſſa, and their traine. Flo. Cornets.

Mor. Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadowed liuerie of the burniſht ſunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the faireſt creature North-ward borne,
Where *Phœbus* fire ſcarce thawes the yſicles,
And let vs make inciſion for your loue,
To proue whoſe blood is reddeſt, his or mine.
I tell thee Ladie this aſpect of mine
Hath feard the valiant, (by my loue I ſweare)
The beſt regarded Virgins of our Clyme
Haue lou'd it to: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteale your thoughts my gentle Queene.
Por. In tearmes of choiſe I am not ſolie led
By nice direction of a maidens eies:
Beſides, the lottrie of my deſtenie
Bars me the right of voluntarie chooſing:
But if my Father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit to yeelde my ſelfe
His wife, who wins me by that meanes I told you,
Your ſelfe (renowned Prince) than ſtood as faire
As any commer I haue look'd on yet
For my affection.
Mor. Euen for that I thanke you,
Therefore I pray you leade me to the Caskets
To trie my fortune: By this Symitare
That ſlew the Sophie, and a Perſian Prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would ore-ſtare the ſterneſt eies that looke:
Out-braue the heart moſt daring on the earth:
Plucke the yong ſucking Cubs from the ſhe Beare,
Yea, mocke the Lion when he rores for pray
To win the Ladie. But alas, the while
If *Hercules* and *Lychas* plaie at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turne by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is *Alcides* beaten by his rage,
And ſo may I, blinde fortune leading me
Miſſe that which one vnworthier may attaine,
And die with grieuing.
Port. You muſt take your chance,
And either not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſweare before you chooſe, if you chooſe wrong
Neuer to ſpeake to Ladie afterward
In way of marriage, therefore be aduis'd.
Mor. Nor will not, come bring me vnto my chance.
Por. Firſt forward to the temple, after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.
Mor. Good fortune then, *Cornets.*
To make me bleſt or curſed'ſt among men. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Clowne alone.

Clo. Certainely, my conſcience will ſerue me to run from this Iew my Maiſter: the fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, ſaying to me, *Iobbe, Launcelet Iobbe*, good *Launcelet*, or good *Iobbe*, or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, vſe your legs, take the ſtart, run awaie: my conſcience ſaies no; take heede honeſt *Launcelet*, take heed honeſt *Iobbe*, or as afore-ſaid honeſt *Launcelet Iobbe*, doe not runne, ſcorne running with thy heeles; well, the moſt coragious fiend bids me packe, *fia* ſaies the fiend, away ſaies the fiend, for the heauens rouſe vp a braue minde ſaies the fiend, and run; well, my conſcience hanging about the necke of my heart, ſaies verie wiſely to me: my honeſt friend *Launcelet*, being an honeſt mans ſonne, or rather an honeſt womans ſonne, for indeede my Father did ſomething ſmack, ſomething grow too; he had a kinde of taſte; wel, my conſcience ſaies *Lancelet* bouge not, bouge ſaies the fiend, bouge not ſaies my conſcience, conſcience ſay I you counſaile well, fiend ſay I you counſaile well, to be rul'd by my conſcience I ſhould ſtay with the *Iew* my Maiſter, (who God bleſſe the marke) is a kinde of diuell; and to run away from the *Iew* I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who ſauing your reuerence is the diuell himſelfe: certainely the *Iew* is the verie diuell incarnation, and in my conſcience, my conſcience is a kinde of hard conſcience, to offer to counſaile me to ſtay with the *Iew*; the fiend giues the more friendly counſaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commandement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a Baſket.

Gob. Maiſter yong-man, you I praie you, which is the waie to Maiſter *Iewes*?

Lan. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then ſand-blinde, high grauel-blinde, knows me not, I will trie confuſions with him.

Gob. Maiſter yong Gentleman, I praie you which is the waie to Maiſter *Iewes*.

Laun. Turne vpon your right hand at the next turning

ning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marrie at the verie next turning, turne of no hand, but turn down indirectlie to the *Iewes* houſe.

Gob. Be Gods ſonties 'twill be a hard waie to hit, can you tell me whether one *Launcelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

Laun. Talke you of yong Maſter *Launcelet*, marke me now, now will I raiſe the waters; talke you of yong Maiſter *Launcelet*?

Gob. No Maiſter ſir, but a poore mans ſonne, his Father though I ſay't is an honeſt exceeding poore man, and God be thanked well to liue.

Lan. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of yong Maiſter *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your worſhips friend and *Launcelet*.

Laun. But I praie you *ergo* old man, *ergo* I beſeech you, talke you of yong Maiſter *Launcelet*.

Gob. Of *Launcelet*, ant pleaſe your maiſterſhip.

Lan. Ergo Maiſter *Lancelet*, talke not of maiſter *Lancelet* Father, for the yong gentleman according to fates and deſtinies, and ſuch odde ſayings, the ſiſters three, & ſuch branches of learning, is indeede deceaſed, or as you would ſay in plaine tearmes, gone to heauen.

Gob. Marrie God forbid, the boy was the verie ſtaffe of my age, my verie prop.

Lan. Do I look like a cudgell or a houell-poſt, a ſtaffe or a prop: doe you know me Father.

Gob. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I praie you tell me, is my boy God reſt his ſoule aliue or dead.

Lan. Doe you not know me Father.

Gob. Alacke ſir I am ſand blinde, I know you not.

Lan. Nay, indeede if you had your eies you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wiſe Father that knowes his owne childe. Well, old man, I will tell you newes of your ſon, giue me your bleſſing, truth will come to light, murder cannot be hid long, a mans ſonne may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Praie you ſir ſtand vp, I am ſure you are not *Lancelet* my boy.

Lan. Praie you let's haue no more fooling about it, but giue mee your bleſſing: I am *Lancelet* your boy that was, your ſonne that is, your childe that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my ſonne.

Lan. I know not what I ſhall thinke of that: but I am *Lancelet* the *Iewes* man, and I am ſure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie* indeede, Ile be ſworne if thou be *Lancelet*, thou art mine owne fleſh and blood: Lord worſhipt might he be, what a beard haſt thou got; thou haſt got more haire on thy chin, then Dobbin my philhorſe has on his taile.

Lan. It ſhould ſeeme then that Dobbins taile growes backeward. I am ſure he had more haire of his taile then I haue of my face when I loſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou chang'd: how dooſt thou and thy Maſter agree, I haue brought him a preſent; how gree you now?

Lan. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue ſet vp my reſt to run awaie, ſo I will not reſt till I haue run ſome ground; my Maiſter's a verie *Iew*, giue him a preſent, giue him a halter, I am famiſht in his ſeruice. You may tell euerie finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your preſent to one Maiſter *Baſſanio*, who indeede giues rare new Liuories, if I ſerue not him, I will run as far as God has anie ground. O rare fortune, here comes the man, to him Father, for I am a *Iew* if I ſerue the *Iew* anie longer.

Enter Baſſanio with a follower or two.

Baſſ. You may doe ſo, but let it be ſo haſted that ſupper be readie at the fartheſt by fiue of the clocke: ſee theſe Letters deliuered, put the Liueries to making, and deſire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

Lan. To him Father.

Gob. God bleſſe your worſhip.

Baſſ. Gramercie, would'ſt thou ought with me.

Gob. Here's my ſonne ſir, a poore boy.

Lan. Not a poore boy ſir, but the rich *Iewes* man that would ſir as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. He hath a great infection ſir, as one would ſay to ſerue.

Lan. Indeede the ſhort and the long is, I ſerue the *Iew*, and haue a deſire as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. His Maiſter and he (ſauing your worſhips reuerence) are ſcarce catercoſins.

Lan. To be briefe, the verie truth is, that the *Iew* hauing done me wrong, doth cauſe me as my Father being I hope an old man ſhall frutifie vnto you.

Gob. I haue here a diſh of Doues that I would beſtow vpon your worſhip, and my ſuite is.

Lan. In verie briefe, the ſuite is impertinent to my ſelfe, as your worſhip ſhall know by this honeſt old man, and though I ſay it, though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Baſſ. One ſpeake for both, what would you?

Lan. Serue you ſir.

Gob. That is the verie defect of the matter ſir.

Baſſ. I know thee well, thou haſt obtain'd thy ſuite,
Shylocke thy Maiſter ſpoke with me this daie,
And hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment
To leaue a rich *Iewes* ſeruice, to become
The follower of ſo poore a Gentleman.

Clo. The old prouerbe is verie well parted betweene my Maiſter *Shylocke* and you ſir, you haue the grace of God ſir, and he hath enough.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt it well; go Father with thy Son,
Take leaue of thy old Maiſter, and enquire
My lodging out, giue him a Liuerie
More garded then his fellowes: ſee it done.

Clo. Father in, I cannot get a ſeruice, no, I haue nere a tongue in my head, well: if anie man in *Italie* haue a fairer table which doth offer to ſweare vpon a booke, I ſhall haue good fortune; goe too, here's a ſimple line of life, here's a ſmall trifle of wiues, alas, fifteene wiues is nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine maides is a ſimple comming in for one man, and then to ſcape drowning thrice, and to be in perill of my life with the edge of a featherbed, here are ſimple ſcapes: well, if Fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for this gere: Father come, Ile take my leaue of the *Iew* in the twinkling. *Exit Clowne.*

Baſſ. I praie thee good *Leonardo* thinke on this,
Theſe things being bought and orderly beſtowed
Returne in haſte, for I doe feaſt to night
My beſt eſteemd acquaintance, hie thee goe.

Leon. My beſt endeuors ſhall be done herein. *Exit Le.*

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where's your Maiſter.

Leon. Yonder ſir he walkes.

Gra. Signior *Baſſanio*.

Baſ. *Gratiano*.

Gra. I haue a ſute to you.

Baſſ. You haue obtain'd it.

Gra. You muſt not denie me, I muſt goe with you to Belmont.

Baſſ. Why then you muſt: but heare thee *Gratiano*,
Thou art to wilde, to rude, and bold of voyce,
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appeare not faults;
But where they are not knowne, why there they ſhow
Something too liberall, pray thee take paine
To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſtie
Thy skipping ſpirit, leaſt through thy wilde behauiour
I be miſconſterd in the place I goe to,
And looſe my hopes.

Gra. Signor *Baſſanio*, heare me,
If I doe not put on a ſober habite,
Talke with reſpect, and ſweare but now and than,
Weare prayer bookes in my pocket, looke demurely,
Nay more, while grace is ſaying hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and ſigh and ſay Amen:
Vſe all the obſeruance of ciuillitie
Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent
To pleaſe his Grandam, neuer truſt me more.

Baſ. Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.

Gra. Nay but I barre to night, you ſhall not gage me
By what we doe to night.

Baſ. No that were pittie,
I would intreate you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſuite of mirth, for we haue friends
That purpoſe merriment: but far you well,
I haue ſome buſineſſe.

Gra. And I muſt to *Lorenſo* and the reſt,
But we will viſite you at ſupper time. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ieſſica and the Clowne.

Ieſ. I am ſorry thou wilt leaue my Father ſo,
Our houſe is hell, and thou a merrie diuell
Did'ſt rob it of ſome taſte of tedriouſneſſe;
But far thee well, there is a ducat for thee,
And *Lancelet*, ſoone at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenzo, who is thy new Maiſters gueſt,
Giue him this Letter, doe it ſecretly,
And ſo farwell: I would not haue my Father
See me talke with thee.

Clo. Adue, teares exhibit my tongue, moſt beautifull Pagan, moſt ſweete Iew, if a Chriſtian doe not play the knaue and get thee, I am much deceiued; but adue, theſe fooliſh drops doe ſomewhat drowne my manly ſpirit: adue. *Exit.*

Ieſ. Farewell good *Lancelet*.
Alacke, what hainous ſinne is it in me
To be aſhamed to be my Fathers childe,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O *Lorenzo*,
If thou keepe promiſe I ſhall end this ſtrife,
Become a Chriſtian, and thy louing wife. *Exit.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Slarino, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will ſlinke away in ſupper time,
Diſguiſe vs at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

Gra. We haue not made good preparation.

Sal. We haue not ſpoke vs yet of Torch-bearers.

Sol. 'Tis vile vnleſſe it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not vndertooke.

Lor. 'Tis now but foure of clock, we haue two houres
To furniſh vs; friend *Lancelet* what's the newes.

Enter Laucelet with a Lettar.

Lan. And it ſhall pleaſe you to breake vp this, ſhall it ſeeme to ſignifie.

Lor. I know the hand, in faith 'tis a faire hand
And whiter then the paper it writ on,
I the faire hand that writ.

Gra. Loue newes in faith.

Lan. By your leaue ſir.

Lor. Whither goeſt thou?

Lan. Marry ſir to bid my old Maſter the *Iew* to ſup to night with my new Maſter the Chriſtian.

Lor. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Ieſſica*
I will not faile her, ſpeake it priuately:
Go Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to
night,
I am prouided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit. Clowne.*

Sal. I marry, ile be gone about it ſtra t.

Sol. And ſo will I.

Lor. Meete me and *Gratiano* at *Gratianos* lodging
Some houre hence.

Sal. 'Tis good we do ſo. *Exit.*

Gra. Was not that Letter from faire *Ieſſica*?

Lor. I muſt needes tell thee all, ſhe hath directed
How I ſhall take her from her Fathers houſe,
What gold and iewels ſhe is furniſht with,
What Pages ſuite ſhe hath in readineſſe:
If ere the *Iew* her Father come to heauen,
It will be for his gentle daughters ſake;
And neuer dare misfortune croſſe her foote,
Vnleſſe ſhe doe it vnder this excuſe,
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſſe *Iew*:
Come goe with me, peruſe this as thou goeſt,
Faire *Ieſſica* ſhall be my Torch-bearer. *Exit.*

Enter Iew, and his man that was the Clowne.

Iew. Well, thou ſhall ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy iudge,
The difference of old *Shylocke* and *Baſſanio*;
What *Ieſſica*, thou ſhalt not gurmandize
As thou haſt done with me: what *Ieſſica*?
And ſleepe, and ſnore, and rend apparrell out.
Why *Ieſſica* I ſay.

Clo. Why *Ieſſiea*.

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Clo. Your worſhip was wont to tell me
I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter Ieſſica.

Ieſ. Call you? what is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper *Ieſſica*,
There are my Keyes: but wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for loue, they flatter me,
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feede vpon
The prodigall Chriſtian. *Ieſſica* my girle,
Looke to my houſe, I am right loath to goe,
There is ſome ill a bruing towards my reſt,
For I did dreame of money bags to night.

Clo. I beſeech you ſir goe, my yong Maſter
Doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So doe I his.

Clo. And they haue conſpired together; I will not ſay you ſhall ſee a Maske, but if you doe, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on blacke monday laſt,at ſix a clocke ith morning, falling out that yeere on aſhwenſday was foure yeere in th'afternoone.

Shy. What are their maskes? heare you me *Ieſſica*,
Lock vp my doores,and when you heare the drum
And the vile ſquealing of the wry-neckt Fife,
Clamber not you vp to the caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publique ſtreete
To gaze on Chriſtian fooles with varniſht faces:
But ſtop my houſes eares,I meane my caſements,
Let not the ſound of ſhallow fopperie enter
My ſober houſe. By *Iacobs* ſtaffe I ſweare,
I haue no minde of feaſting forth to night:
But I will goe: goe you before me ſirra,
Say I will come.
Clo. I will goe before ſir.
Miſtris looke out at window for all this;
There will come a Chriſtian by,
Will be worth a Iewes eye.
Shy. What ſaies that foole of *Hagars* off-ſpring? ha.
Ieſ. His words were farewell miſtris,nothing elſe.
Shy. The patch is kinde enough,but a huge feeder:
Snaile-ſlow in profit,but he ſleepes by day
More then the wilde-cat: drones hiue not with me,
Therefore I part with him,and part with him
To one that I would haue him helpe to waſte
His borrowed purſe. Well *Ieſſica* goe in,
Perhaps I will returne immediately;
Doe as I bid you, ſhut dores after you, faſt binde, faſt finde,
A prouerbe neuer ſtale in thriftie minde. *Exit.*
Ieſ. Farewell,and if my fortune be not croſt,
I haue a Father,you a daughter loſt. *Exit.*

Enter the Maskers, Gratiano and Salino.

Gra. This is the penthouſe vnder which *Lorenzo*
Deſired vs to make a ſtand.
Sal. His houre is almoſt paſt.
Gra. And it is meruaile he out-dwels his houre,
For louers euer run before the clocke.
Sal. O ten times faſter *Venus* Pidgions flye
To ſteale loues bonds new made,then they are wont
To keepe obliged faith vnforfaited.
Gra. That euer holds,who riſeth from a feaſt
With that keene appetite that he ſits downe?
Where is the horſe that doth vntread againe
His tedious meaſures with the vnbated fire,
That he did pace them firſt: all things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed then enioy'd.
How like a yonger or a prodigall
The skarfed barke puts from her natiue bay,
Hudg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet winde:
How like a prodigall doth ſhe returne
With ouer-wither'd ribs and ragged ſailes,
Leane,rent,and begger'd by the ſtrumpet winde?

Enter Lorenzo.

Salino. Heere comes *Lorenzo*, more of this hereafter.
Lor. Sweete friends, your patience for my long abode,
Not I,but my affaires haue made you wait:
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the theeues for wiues
Ile watch as long for you then: approach
Here dwels my father Iew. Hoa,who's within?

Ieſſica aboue.

Ieſſ. Who are you?tell me for more certainty,
Albeit Ile ſweare that I do know your tongue.
Lor. *Lorenzo*,and thy Loue.
Ieſ. *Lorenzo* certaine,and my loue indeed,
For who loue I ſo much? and now who knowes
But you *Lorenzo*,whether I am yours?
Lor. Heauen and thy thoughts are witneſs that thou art.
Ieſ. Heere,catch this casket,it is worth the paines,
I am glad 'tis night,you do not looke on me,
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange:
But loue is blinde,and louers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelues commit,
For if they could, *Cupid* himſelfe would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.
Lor. Deſcend,for you muſt be my torch-bearer.
Ieſ. What, muſt I hold a Candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelues goodſooth are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcouery Loue,
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.
Lor. So you are ſweet,
Euen in the louely garniſh of a boy:but come at once,
For the cloſe night doth play the run-away,
And we are ſtaid for at *Baſſanio's* feaſt.
Ieſ. I will make faſt the doores and guild my ſelfe
With ſome more ducats,and be with you ſtraight.
Gra. Now by my hood, a gentle,and no Iew.
Lor. Beſhrew me but I loue her heartily.
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can iudge of her,
And faire ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true ſhe is,as ſhe hath prou'd her ſelfe:
And therefore like her ſelfe,wiſe,faire,and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoule.

Enter Ieſſica.

What, art thou come? on gentlemen, away,
Our masking mates by this time for vs ſtay. *Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Ant. Who's there?
Gra. Signior *Anthonio*?
Ant. Fie,fie,*Gratiano*,where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine a clocke, our friends all ſtay for you,
No maske to night,the winde is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will goe aboord,
I haue ſent twenty out to ſeeke for you.
Gra. I am glad on't, I deſire no more delight
Then to be vnder ſaile,and gone to night. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with Morrocho,and both their traines.

Por. Goe,draw aſide the curtaines, and diſcouer
The ſeuerall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyſe.
Mor. The firſt of gold,who this inſcription beares,
Who chooſeth me,ſhall gaine what men deſire.
The ſecond ſiluer,which this promiſe carries,
Who chooſeth me,ſhall get as much as he deſerues.
This third,dull lead,with warning all as blunt,
Who chooſeth me,muſt giue and hazard all he hath.
How ſhall I know if I doe chooſe the right?

How ſhall I know if I doe chooſe the right.
Por. The one of them containes my picture Prince,
If you chooſe that,then I am yours withall.
Mor. Some God direct my iudgement,let me ſee,
I will ſuruay the inſcriptions,backe againe:
What ſaies this leaden casket?
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath.
Muſt giue,for what? for lead, hazard for lead?
This casket threatens men that hazard all
Doe it in hope of faire aduantages:
A golden minde ſtoopes not to ſhowes of droſſe,
Ile then nor giue nor hazard ought for lead.
What ſaies the Siluer with her virgin hue?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerues.
As much as he deſerues; pauſe there *Morocho*,
And weigh thy value with an euen hand,
If thou beeſt rated by thy eſtimation
Thou dooſt deſerue enough,and yet enough
May not extend ſo farre as to the Ladie:
And yet to be afeard of my deſeruing,
Were but a weake diſabling of my ſelfe.
As much as I deſerue, why that's the Lady.
I doe in birth deſerue her, and in fortunes,
In graces,and in qualities of breeding:
But more then theſe,in loue I doe deſerue.
What if I ſtrai'd no farther,but choſe here?
Let's ſee once more this ſaying grau'd in gold.
Who chooſeth me ſhall gaine what many men deſire:
Why that's the Lady, all the world deſires her:
From the foure corners of the earth they come
To kiſſe this ſhrine,this mortall breathing Saint.
The Hircanion deſerts, and the vaſte wildes
Of wide Arabia are as throughfares now
For Princes to come view faire *Portia*.
The waterie Kingdome,whoſe ambitious head
Spets in the face of heauen, is no barre
To ſtop the forraine ſpirits,but they come
As ore a brooke to ſee faire *Portia*.
One of theſe three containes her heauenly picture.
Is't like that Lead containes her? 'twere damnation
To thinke ſo baſe a thought,it were too groſe
To rib her ſearecloath in the obſcure graue:
Or ſhall I thinke in Siluer ſhe's immur'd
Being ten times vndervalued to tride gold;
O ſinfull thought, neuer ſo rich a Iem
Was ſet in worſe then gold! They haue in England
A coyne that beares the figure of an Angell
Stampt in gold, but that's inſculpt vpon:
But here an Angell in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliuer me the key:
Here doe I chooſe,and thriue I as I may.
Por. There take it Prince, and if my forme lye there
Then I am yours.
Mor. O hell! what haue we here,a carrion death,
Within whoſe emptie eye there is a written ſcroule;
Ile reade the writing.

All that gliſters is not gold,
Often haue you heard that told;
Many a man his life hath ſold
But my out ſide to behold;
Guilded timber doe wormes infold:
Had you beene as wiſe as bold,
Yong in limbs, in iudgement old,
Your anſwere had not beene inſcrold,
Fareyouwell, your ſuite is cold,
Mor. Cold indeede,and labour loſt,
Then farewell heate, and welcome froſt:
Portia adew, I haue too grieu'd a heart
To take a tedious leaue: thus looſers part. *Exit.*
Por. A gentle riddance: draw the curtaines,go:
Let all of his complexion chooſe me ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter Salarino and Solanio.
Flo.Cornets.

Sal. Why man I ſaw *Baſſanio* vnder ſayle,
With him is *Gratiano* gone along;
And in their ſhip I am ſure *Lorenzo* is not.
Sol. The villaine *Iew* with outcries raiſd the Duke.
Who went with him to ſearch *Baſſanios* ſhip.
Sal. He comes too late, the ſhip was vnderſaile;
But there the Duke was giuen to vnderſtand
That in a Gondilo were ſeene together
Lorenzo and his amorous *Ieſſica*.
Beſides, *Anthonio* certified the Duke
They were not with *Baſſanio* in his ſhip.
Sol. I neuer heard a paſſion ſo confuſd,
So ſtrange,outragious,and ſo variable,
As the dogge *Iew* did vtter in the ſtreets;
My daughter,O my ducats, O my daughter,
Fled with a Chriſtian,O my Chriſtian ducats!
Iuſtice,the law,my ducats,and my daughter;
A ſealed bag,two ſealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats,ſtolne from me by my daughter,
And iewels,two ſtones,two rich and precious ſtones,
Stolne by my daughter: iuſtice, finde the girle,
She hath the ſtones vpon her,and the ducats.
Sal. Why all the boyes in Venice follow him,
Crying his ſtones,his daughter,and his ducats.
Sol. Let good *Anthonio* looke he keepe his day
Or he ſhall pay for this.
Sal. Marry well remembred,
I reaſon'd with a Frenchman yeſterday,
Who told me,in the narrow ſeas that part
The French and Engliſh, there miſcaried
A veſſell of our countrey richly fraught:
I thought vpon *Anthonio* when he told me,
And wiſht in ſilence that it were not his.
Sol. Yo were beſt to tell *Anthonio* what you heare.
Yet doe not ſuddainely,for it may grieue him.
Sal. A kinder Gentleman treads not the earth,
I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Anthonio* part,
Baſſanio told him he would make ſome ſpeede
Of his returne: he anſwered,doe not ſo,
Slubber not buſineſſe for my ſake *Baſſanio*,
But ſtay the very riping of the time,
And for the *Iewes* bond which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your minde of loue:
Be merry,and imploy your chiefeſt thoughts
To courtſhip, and ſuch faire oſtents of loue
As ſhall conueniently become you there;
And euen there his eye being big with teares,
Turning his face, he put his hand behinde him,
And with affection wondrous ſencible
He wrung *Baſſanios* hand,and ſo they parted.
Sol. I thinke he onely loues the world for him,
I pray thee let vs goe and finde him out
And quicken his embraced heauineſſe
With ſome delight or other.
Sal. Doe we ſo. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nerriſſa and a Seruiture.

Ner. Quick,quick I pray thee,draw the curtain ſtrait,

The Prince of Arragon hath tane his oath,
And comes to his election preſently.

Enter Arragon, his traine, and Portia. Flor. Cornets.

Por. Behold, there ſtand the caskets noble Prince,
If you chooſe that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight ſhall our nuptiall rights be ſolemniz'd:
But if thou faile, without more ſpeech my Lord,
You muſt be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enioynd by oath to obſerue three things;
Firſt, neuer to vnfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I choſe; next, if I faile
Of the right casket, neuer in my life
To wooe a maide in way of marriage:
Laſtly, if I doe faile in fortune of my choyſe,
Immediately to leaue you, and be gone.

Por. To theſe iniunctions euery one doth ſweare
That comes to hazard for my worthleſſe ſelfe.

Ar. And ſo haue I addreſt me, fortune now
To my hearts hope: gold, ſiluer, and baſe lead.
Who chooſeth me muſt giue and hazard all he hath.
You ſhall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.
What ſaies the golden cheſt, ha, let me ſee:
Who chooſeth me, ſhall gaine what many men deſire:
What many men deſire, that many may be meant
By the foole multitude that chooſe by ſhow,
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
Which pries not to th'interior, but like the Martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and rode of caſualtie.
I will not chooſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not iumpe with common ſpirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why then to thee thou Siluer treaſure houſe,
Tell me once more, what title thou dooſt beare;
Who chooſeth me ſhall get as much as he deſerues:
And well ſaid too; for who ſhall goe about
To coſen Fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtampe of merrit, let none preſume
To weare an vndeſerued dignitie:
O that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honour
Were purchaſt by the merrit of the wearer;
How many then ſhould couer that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low pleaſantry would then be gleaned
From the true ſeede of honor? And how much honor
Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times,
To be new varniſht: Well, but to my choiſe.
Who chooſeth me ſhall get as much as he deſerues.
I will aſſume deſert; giue me a key for this,
And inſtantly vnlocke my fortunes here.

Por. Too long a pauſe for that which you finde there.

Ar. What's here, the portrait of a blinking idiot
Preſenting me a ſcedule, I will reade it:
How much vnlike art thou to *Portia*?
How much vnlike my hopes and my deſeruings?
Who chooſeth me, ſhall haue as much as he deſerues.
Did I deſerue no more then a fooles head,
Is that my prize, are my deſerts no better?

Por. To offend and iudge are diſtinct offices,
And of oppoſed natures.

Ar. What is here?

The fier ſeauen times tried this,
Seauen times tried that iudement is,
That did neuer chooſe amis,
Some there be that ſhadowes kiſſe,
Such haue but a ſhadowes bliſſe:
There be fooles aliue Iwis
Siluer'd o're, and ſo was this:
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your head:
So be gone, you are ſped.

Ar. Still more foole I ſhall appeare
By the time I linger here,
With one fooles head I came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adue, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroath.

Por. Thus hath the candle ſing'd the moath:
O theſe deliberate fooles when they doe chooſe,
They haue the wiſdome by their wit to looſe.

Ner. The ancient ſaying is no hereſie,
Hanging and wiuing goes by deſtinie.

Por. Come draw the curtaine *Nerriſſa*.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Meſ. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate
A yong Venetian, one that comes before
To ſignifie th'approaching of his Lord,
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets;
To wit (beſides commends and curteous breath)
Gifts of rich value; yet I haue not ſeene
So likely an Embaſſador of loue.
A day in Aprill neuer came ſo ſweete
To ſhow how coſtly Sommer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his Lord.

Por. No more I pray thee, I am halfe a-feard
Thou wilt ſay anone he is ſome kin to thee,
Thou ſpend'ſt ſuch high-day wit in praiſing him:
Come, come *Nerryſſa*, for I long to ſee
Quicke *Cupids* Poſt, that comes ſo mannerly.

Ner. *Baſſanio* Lord, loue if thy will it be. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Solanio and Salarino.

Sol. Now, what newes on the Ryalto?

Sal. Why yet it liues there vncheckt, that *Anthonio* hath a ſhip of rich lading wrackt on the narrow Seas; the Goodwins I thinke they call the place, a very dangerous flat, and fatall, where the carcaſſes of many a tall ſhip, lye buried, as they ſay, if my goſſips report be an honeſt woman of her word.

Sol. I would ſhe were as lying a goſſip in that, as euer knapt Ginger, or made her neighbours beleeue ſhe wept for the death of a third husband: but it is true, without any ſlips of prolixity, or croſſing the plaine high-way of talke, that the good *Anthonio*, the honeſt *Anthonio*; ô that I had a title good enough to keepe his name company!

Sal. Come, the full ſtop.

Sol. Ha, what ſayeſt thou, why the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.

Sal. I would it might proue the end of his loſſes.

Sol. Let me ſay Amen betimes, leaſt the diuell croſſe my praier, for here he comes in the likenes of a *Iew*. How now *Shylocke*, what newes among the Merchants?

Enter Shylocke.

Shy. You knew none ſo well, none ſo well as you, of my daughters flight.

Sal. That's certaine, I for my part knew the Tailor that made the wings ſhe flew withall.

Sol. And *Shylocke* for his own part knew the bird was fledg'd, and then it is the complexion of them al to leaue the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Sal. That's certaine, if the diuell may be her Iudge.

Shy. My owne fleſh and blood to rebell.

Sol. Out vpon it old carrion, rebels it at theſe yeeres.

Shy. I ſay my daughter is my fleſh and bloud.

Sal. There is more difference betweene thy fleſh and hers, then betweene Iet and Iuorie, more betweene your bloods, then there is betweene red wine and renniſh: but tell vs, doe you heare whether *Anthonio* haue had anie loſſe at ſea or no?

Shy. There I haue another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall, who dare ſcarce ſhew his head on the Ryalto, a begger that was vſd to come ſo ſmug vpon the Mart: let him look to his bond, he was wont to call me Vſurer, let him looke to his bond, he was wont to lend money for a Chriſtian curtſie, let him looke to his bond.

Sal. Why I am ſure if he forfaite, thou wilt not take his fleſh, what's that good for?

Shy. To baite fiſh withall, if it will feede nothing elſe, it will feede my reuenge; he hath diſgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a million, laught at my loſſes, mockt at my gaines, ſcorned my Nation, thwarted my bargaines, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies, and what's the reaſon? I am a *Iewe*: Hath not a *Iew* eyes? hath not a *Iew* hands, organs, dementions, ſences, affections, paſſions, fed with the ſame foode, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubiect to the ſame diſeaſes, healed by the ſame meanes, warmed and cooled by the ſame Winter and Sommmer as a Chriſtian is: if you pricke vs doe we not bleede? if you tickle vs, doe we not laugh? if you poiſon vs doe we not die? and if you wrong vs ſhall we not reuenge? if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a *Iew* wrong a *Christian*, what is his humility, reuenge? If a *Chriſtian* wrong a *Iew*, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example, why reuenge? The villanie you teach me I will execute, and it ſhall goe hard but I will better the inſtruction.

Enter a man from Anthonio.

Gentlemen, my maiſter *Anthonio* is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeake with you both.

Sal. We haue beene vp and downe to ſeeke him.

Enter Tuball.

Sol. Here comes another of the Tribe, a third cannot be matcht, vnleſſe the diuell himſelfe turne *Iew*.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Shy. How now *Tuball*, what newes from *Genowa*? haſt thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did heare of her, but cannot finde her.

Shy. Why there, there, there, there, a diamond gone coſt me two thouſand ducats in Franckford, the curſe neuer fell vpon our Nation till now, I neuer felt it till now, two thouſand ducats in that, and other precious, precious iewels: I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the iewels in her eare: would ſhe were hearſt at my foote, and the duckets in her coffin: no newes of them, why ſo? and I know not how much is ſpent in the ſearch: why thou loſſe vpon loſſe, the theefe gone with ſo much, and ſo much to finde the theefe, and no ſatisfaction, no reuenge, nor no ill luck ſtirring but what lights a my ſhoulders, no ſighes but a my breathing, no teares but a my ſhedding.

Tub. Yes, other men haue ill lucke too, *Anthonio* as I heard in Genowa?

Shy. What, what, what, ill lucke, ill lucke.

Tub. Hath an Argoſie caſt away comming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thanke God, I thanke God, is it true, is it true?

Tub. I ſpoke with ſome of the Saylers that eſcaped the wracke.

Shy. I thanke thee good *Tuball*, good newes, good newes: ha, ha, here in Genowa.

Tub. Your daughter ſpent in Genowa, as I heard, one night fourеſcore ducats.

Shy. Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me, I ſhall neuer ſee my gold againe, foureſcore ducats at a ſitting, foureſcore ducats.

Tub. There came diuers of *Anthonios* creditors in my company to Venice, that ſweare hee cannot chooſe but breake.

Shy, I am very glad of it, ile plague him, ile torture him, I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them ſhewed me a ring that hee had of your daughter for a Monkie.

Shy. Out vpon her, thou tortureſt me *Tuball*, it was my Turkies, I had it of *Leah* when I was a Batcheler: I would not haue giuen it for a wilderneſſe of Monkies.

Tub. But *Anthonio* is certainely vndone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true, goe *Tuball*, fee me an Officer, beſpeake him a fortnight before, I will haue the heart of him if he forfeit, for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: goe *Tuball*, and meete me at our Sinagogue, goe good *Tuball*, at our Sinagogue *Tuball*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Baſſanio, Portia, Gratiano, and all their traine.

Por. I pray you tarrie, pauſe a day or two
Before you hazard, for in chooſing wrong
I looſe your companie; therefore forbeare a while,
There's ſomething tels me (but it is not loue)
I would not looſe you, and you know your ſelfe,
Hate counſailes not in ſuch a quallitie;
But leaſt you ſhould not vnderſtand me well,
And yet a maiden hath no tongue, but thought,
I would detaine you here ſome month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to chooſe right, but then I am forſworne,
So will I neuer be, ſo may you miſſe me,
But if you doe, youle make me wiſh a ſinne,
That I had beene forſworne: Beſhrow your eyes,
They haue ore-lookt me and deuided me,
One halfe of me is yours, the other halfe yours,
Mine owne I would ſay: but of mine then yours,
And ſo all yours; O theſe naughtie times
Puts bars betweene the owners and their rights.
And ſo though yours, not yours (proue it ſo)
Let Fortune goe to hell for it, not I.
I ſpeake too long, but 'tis to peize the time,
To ich it, and to draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

Baſſ. Let me chooſe,
For as I am, I liue vpon the racke.
Por. Vpon the racke *Baſſanio*, then confeſſe
What treaſon there is mingled with your loue.
Baſſ. None but that vglie treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me feare the enioying of my loue:
There may as well be amitie and life,
'Tweene ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my loue.
Por. I, but I feare you ſpeake vpon the racke,
Where men enforced doth ſpeake any thing.
Baſſ. Promiſe me life, and ile confeſſe the truth.
Por. Well then, confeſſe and liue.
Baſſ. Confeſſe and loue
Had beene the verie ſum of my confeſſion:
O happie torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliuerance:
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.
Por. Away then, I am lockt in one of them,
If you doe loue me, you will finde me out.
Nerryſſa and the reſt, ſtand all aloofe,
Let muſicke ſound while he doth make his choiſe,
Then if he looſe he makes a Swan-like end,
Fading in muſique. That the compariſon
May ſtand more proper, my eye ſhall be the ſtreame
And watrie death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is muſique than? Than muſique is
Euen as the flouriſh, when true ſubiects bowe
To a new crowned Monarch: Such it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in breake of day,
That creepe into the dreaming bride-groomes eare,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes
With no leſſe preſence, but with much more loue
Then yong *Alcides*, when he did redeeme
The virgine tribute, paied by howling *Troy*
To the Sea-monſter: I ſtand for ſacrifice,
The reſt aloofe are the Dardanian wiues:
With bleared viſages come forth to view
The iſſue of th'exploit: Goe Hercules,
Liue thou, I liue with much more diſmay
I view the fight, then thou that mak'ſt the fray.
Here Muſicke.

A Song the whilſt Baſſanio *comments on the Caskets to himſelfe.*

Tell me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head:
How begot, how nouriſhed. *Replie, replie.*
It is engendred in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
In the cradle where it lies:
Let vs all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it.
Ding dong, bell.
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

Baſſ. So may the outward ſhowes be leaſt themſelues
The world is ſtill deceiu'd with ornament.
In Law, what Plea ſo tanted and corrupt,
But being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,
Obſcures the ſhow of euill? In Religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſſe it, and approue it with a text,
Hiding the groſeneſſe with faire ornament:
There is no voice ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some marke of vertue on his outward parts;
How manie cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtayers of ſand, weare yet vpon their chins
The beards of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars*,
Who inward ſearcht, haue lyuers white as milke,
And theſe aſſume but valors excrement,
To render them redoubted. Looke on beautie,
And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchaſt by the weight,
Which therein workes a miracle in nature,
Making them lighteſt that weare moſt of it:
So are thoſe criſped ſnakie golden locks
Which makes ſuch wanton gambols with the winde
Vpon ſuppoſed faireneſſe, often knowne
To be the dowrie of a ſecond head,
The ſcull that bred them in the Sepulcher.
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore
To a moſt dangerous ſea: the beautious ſcarfe
Vailing an Indian beautie; In a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To intrap the wiſeſt. Therefore then thou gaudie gold,
Hard food for *Midas*, I will none of thee,
Nor none of thee thou pale and common drudge
'Tweene man and man: but thou, thou meager lead
Which rather threatneſt then doſt promiſe ought,
Thy paleneſſe moues me more then eloquence,
And here chooſe I, ioy be the conſequence.
Por. How all the other paſſions fleet to ayre,
As doubtfull thoughts, and raſh imbrac'd deſpaire:
And ſhuddring feare, and greene-eyed iealouſie.
O loue be moderate, allay thy extaſie,
In meaſure raine thy ioy, ſcant this exceſſe,
I feele too much thy bleſſing, make it leſſe,
For feare I ſurfeit.
Baſ. What finde I here?
Faire *Portias* counterfeit. What demie God
Hath come ſo neere creation? moue theſe eies?
Or whether riding on the bals of mine
Seeme they in motion? Here are ſeuer'd lips
Parted with ſuger breath, ſo ſweet a barre
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: here in her haires
The Painter plaies the Spider, and hath wouen
A golden meſh t'intrap the hearts of men
Faſter then gnats in cobwebs: but her eies,
How could he ſee to doe them? hauing made one,
Me thinkes it ſhould haue power to ſteale both his
And leaue it ſelfe vnfurniſht: Yet looke how farre
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In vnderpriſing it, ſo farre this ſhadow
Doth limpe behinde the ſubſtance. Here's the ſcroule,
The continent, and ſummarie of my fortune.

You that chooſe not by the view
Chance as faire, and chooſe as true:
Since this fortune fals to you,
Be content, and ſeeke no new.
If you be well pleaſd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliſſe,
Turne you where your Lady is,
And claime her with a louing kiſſe.

Baſſ. A gentle ſcroule: Faire Lady, by your leaue,
I come by note to giue, and to receiue,
Like one of two contending in a prize
That thinks he hath done well in peoples eies:
Hearing applauſe and vniuerſall ſhout,
Giddie in ſpirit, ſtill gazing in a doubt
Whether thoſe peales of praiſe be his or no.

So thrice faire Lady ſtand I euen ſo,
As doubtfull whether what I ſee be true,
Vntill confirm'd, ſign'd, ratified by you.
Por. You ſee my Lord *Baſſiano* where I ſtand,
Such as I am; though for my ſelfe alone
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh my ſelfe much better, yet for you,
I would be trebled twenty times my ſelfe,
A thouſand times more faire, ten thouſand times
More rich, that onely to ſtand high in your account,
I might in vertues, beauties, liuings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſumme of me
Is ſum of nothing: which to terme in groſſe,
Is an vnleſſoned girle, vnſchool'd, vnpractiz'd,
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learne: happier then this,
Shee is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learne;
Happieſt of all, is that her gentle ſpirit
Commits it ſelfe to yours to be directed,
As from her Lord, her Gouernour, her King.
My ſelfe, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now conuerted. But now I was the Lord
Of this faire manſion, maſter of my ſeruants,
Queene ore my ſelfe: and euen now, but now,
This houſe, theſe ſeruants, and this ſame my ſelfe
Are yours, my Lord, I giue them with this ring,
Which when you part from, looſe, or giue away,
Let it preſage the ruine of your loue,
And be my vantage to exclaime on you.
Baſſ. Maddam, you haue bereft me of all words,
Onely my bloud ſpeakes to you in my vaines,
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As after ſome oration fairely ſpoke
By a beloued Prince, there doth appeare
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude,
Where euery ſomething being blent together,
Turnes to a wilde of nothing, faue of ioy
Expreſt, and not expreſt: but when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence,
O then be bold to ſay *Baſſanio's* dead.
Ner. My Lord and Lady, it is now our time
That haue ſtood by and ſeene our wiſhes proſper,
To cry good ioy, good ioy my Lord and Lady.
Gra. My Lord *Baſſanio*, and my gentle Lady,
I wiſh you all the ioy that you can wiſh:
For I am ſure you can wiſh none from me:
And when your Honours meane to ſolemnize
The bargaine of your faith: I doe beſeech you
Euen at that time I may be married too.
Baſſ. With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.
Gra. I thanke your Lordſhip, you gaue got me one.
My eyes my Lord can looke as ſwift as yours:
You ſaw the miſtres, I beheld the maid:
You lou'd, I lou'd for intermiſſion,
No more pertaines to me my Lord then you;
Your fortune ſtood vpon the caskets there,
And ſo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing heere vntill I ſwet againe,
And ſwearing till my very rough was dry
With oathes of loue, at laſt, if promiſe laſt,
I got a promiſe of this faire one heere
To haue her loue: prouided that your fortune
Atchieu'd her miſtreſſe.
Por. Is this true *Nerriſſa*?
Ner. Madam it is ſo, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withall.
Baſſ. And doe you *Gratiano* meane good faith?
Gra. Yes faith my Lord.
Baſſ. Our feaſt ſhall be much honored in your marriage.
Gra. Weele play with them the firſt boy for a thouſand ducats.
Ner. What and ſtake downe?
Gra. No, we ſhal nere win at that ſport, and ſtake downe.
But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his Infidell?
What and my old Venetian friend *Salerio*?

Enter Lorenzo, Ieſſica, and Salerio.

Baſ. *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hether,
If that the youth of my new intereſt heere
Haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue
I bid my verie friends and Countrimen
Sweet *Portia* welcome.
Por. So do I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.
Lor. I thanke your honor; for my part my Lord,
My purpoſe was not to haue ſeene you heere,
But meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
He did intreate mee paſt all ſaying nay
To come with him along.
Sal. I did my Lord,
And I haue reaſon for it, Signior *Anthonio*
Commends him to you.
Baſſ. Ere I ope his Letter
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not ſicke my Lord, vnleſſe it be in minde,
Nor wel, vnleſſe in minde: his Letter there
Wil ſhew you his eſtate.
Opens the Letter.
Gra. *Nerriſſa*, cheere yond ſtranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royal Merchant good *Anthonio*;
I know he vvil be glad of our ſucceſſe,
We are the *Iaſons*, we haue won the fleece.
Sal. I would you had vvon the fleece that hee hath loſt.
Por. There are ſome ſhrewd contents in yond ſame Paper,
That ſteales the colour from *Baſſianos* cheeke,
Some deere friend dead, elſe nothing in the world
Could turne ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe?
With leaue *Baſſanio* I am halfe your ſelfe,
And I muſt freely haue the halfe of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.
Baſſ. O ſweet *Portia*,
Heere are a few of the vnpleaſant'ſt words
That euer blotted paper. Gentle Ladie
When I did firſt impart my loue to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my vaines: I was a Gentleman,
And then I told you true: and yet deere Ladie,
Rating my ſelfe at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a Braggart, when I told you
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then haue told you
That I vvas worſe then nothing: for indeede
I haue ingag'd my ſelfe to a deere friend,
Ingag'd my friend to his meere enemie
To feede my meanes. Heere is a Letter Ladie,
The paper as the bodie of my friend,
And euerie word in it a gaping wound
Iſſuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*,

Hath all his ventures faild, what not one hit,
From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India,
And not one veſſell ſcape the dreadfull touch
Of Merchant-marring rocks?
Sal. Not one my Lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appeare, that if he had
The preſent money to diſcharge the Iew,
He would not take it: neuer did I know
A creature that did beare the ſhape of man
So keene and greedy to confound a man.
He plyes the Duke at morning and at night,
And doth impeach the freedome of the ſtate
If they deny him iuſtice. Twenty Merchants,
The Duke himſelfe, and the Magnificoes
Of greateſt port haue all perſwaded with him,
But none can driue him from the enuious plea
Of forfeiture, of iuſtice, and his bond.
Ieſſi. When I was with him, I haue heard him ſweare
To *Tuball* and to *Chus*, his Countri-men,
That he would rather haue *Anthonio*'s fleſh,
Then twenty times the value of the ſumme
That he did owe him: and I know my Lord,
If law, authoritie, and power denie not,
It will goe hard with poore *Anthonio.*
Por. Is it your deere friend that is thus in trouble?
Baſſ. The deereſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
The beſt condition'd, and vnwearied ſpirit
In doing curteſies: and one in whom
The ancient Romane honour more appeares
Then any that drawes breath in Italie.
Por. What ſumme owes he the Iew?
Baſſ. For me three thouſand ducats.
Por. What, no more?
Pay him ſixe thouſand, and deface the bond:
Double ſixe thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a haire through *Baſſano*'s fault.
Firſt goe with me to Church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend:
For neuer ſhall you lie by *Portias* ſide
With an vnquiet ſoule. You ſhall haue gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times ouer.
When it is payd, bring your true friend along,
My maid *Nerriſſa*, and my ſelfe meane time
Will liue as maids and widdowes; come away,
For you ſhall hence vpon your wedding day:
Bid your friends welcome, ſhow a merry cheere,
Since you are deere bought, I will loue you deere.
But let me heare the letter of your friend.

Sweet Baſſanio, *my ſhips haue all miſcarried, my Creditors grow cruell, my eſtate is very low, my bond to the Iew is forfeit, and ſince in paying it, it is impoſſible I ſhould liue, all debts are cleerd betweene you and I, if I might ſee you at my death: notwithſtanding, vſe your pleaſure, if your loue doe not perſwade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O loue! diſpach all buſines and be gone.
Baſſ. Since I haue your good leaue to goe away,
I will make haſt; but till I come againe,
No bed ſhall ere be guilty of my ſtay,
Nor reſt be interpoſer twixt vs twaine. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Iew, and Solanio, and Anthonio, and the Iaylor.

Iew. Iaylor, looke to him, tell not me of mercy,
This is the foole that lends out money *gratis.*
Iaylor, looke to him.
Ant. Heare me yet good *Shylok.*
Iew. Ile haue my bond, ſpeake not againſt my bond,
I haue ſworne an oath that I will haue my bond:
Thou call'dſt me dog before thou hadſt a cauſe,
But ſince I am a dog, beware my phangs,
The Duke ſhall grant me iuſtice, I do wonder
Thou naughty Iaylor, that thou art ſo fond
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.
Ant. I pray thee heare me ſpeake.
Iew. Ile haue my bond, I will not heare thee ſpeake,
Ile haue my bond, and therefore ſpeake no more,
Ile not be made a ſoft and dull ey'd foole,
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yeeld
To Chriſtian interceſſors: follow not,
Ile haue no ſpeaking, I will haue my bond. *Exit Iew.*
Sol. It is the moſt impenetrable curre
That euer kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone,
Ile follow him no more with bootleſſe prayers:
He ſeekes my life, his reaſon well I know;
I oft deliuer'd from his forfeitures
Many that haue at times made mone to me,
Therefore he hates me.
Sol. I am ſure the Duke will neuer grant
this forfeiture to hold.
An. The Duke cannot deny the courſe of law:
For the commoditie that ſtrangers haue
With vs in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the iuſtice of the State,
Since that the trade and profit of the citty
Conſiſteth of all Nations. Therefore goe,
Theſe greefes and loſſes haue ſo bated mee,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To morrow, to my bloudy Creditor.
Well Iaylor, on, pray God *Baſſanio* come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia, Nerriſſa, Lorenzo, Ieſſica, and a man of Portias.

Lor. Madam, although I ſpeake it in your preſence,
You haue a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appeares moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your Lord.
But if you knew to whom you ſhew this honour,
How true a Gentleman you ſend releefe,
How deere a louer of my Lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the worke
Then cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I neuer did repent for doing good,
Nor ſhall not now: for in companions
That do conuerſe and waſte the time together,
Whoſe ſoules doe beare an egal yoke of loue,
There muſt be needs a like proportion
Of lyniaments, of manners, and of ſpirit;
Which makes me thinke that this *Anthonio*
Being the boſome louer of my Lord,
Muſt needs be like my Lord. If it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I haue beſtowed
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoule;
From out the ſtate of helliſh cruelty,
This comes too neere the praiſing of my ſelfe;
Therefore no more of it: heere other things
Lorenſo I commit into your hands,
The

The husbandry and mannage of my houſe,
Vntill my Lords returne; for mine owne part
I haue toward heauen breath'd a ſecret vow,
To liue in prayer and contemplation,
Onely attended by *Nerriſſa* heere,
Vntill her husband and my Lords returne:
There is a monaſtery too miles off,
And there we will abide. I doe deſire you
Not to denie this impoſition,
The which my loue and ſome neceſſity
Now layes vpon you.
Lorenſ. Madame, with all my heart,
I ſhall obey you in all faire commands.
Por. My people doe already know my minde,
And will acknowledge you and *Ieſſica*
In place of Lord *Baſſanio* and my ſelfe.
So far you well till we ſhall meete againe.
Lor. Faire thoughts & happy houres attend on you.
Ieſſi. I wiſh your Ladiſhip all hearts content.
Por. I thanke you for your wiſh, and am well pleas'd
To wiſh it backe on you: faryouwell *Ieſſica.* *Exeunt.*
Now *Balthaſer*, as I haue euer found thee honeſt true,
So let me finde thee ſtill: take this ſame letter,
And vſe thou all the indeauor of a man,
In ſpeed to Mantua, ſee thou render this
Into my coſins hand, Doctor *Belario*,
And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd ſpeed
Vnto the Tranect, to the common Ferrie
Which trades to Venice; waſte no time in words,
But get thee gone, I ſhall be there before thee.
Balth. Madam, I goe with all conuenient ſpeed.
Por. Come on *Neriſſa*, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of; wee'll ſee our husbands
Before they thinke of vs?
Nerriſſa. Shall they ſee vs?
Portia. They ſhall *Nerriſſa*: but in ſuch a habit,
That they ſhall thinke we are accompliſhed
With that we lacke; Ile hold thee any wager
When we are both accoutered like yong men,
Ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
And ſpeake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reede voyce, and turne two minſing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeake of frayes
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lyes
How honourable Ladies ſought my loue,
Which I denying, they fell ſicke and died.
I could not doe withall: then Ile repent,
And wiſh for all that, that I had not kil'd them;
And twentie of theſe punie lies Ile tell,
That men ſhall ſweare I haue diſcontinued ſchoole
Aboue a twelue moneth: I haue within my minde
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging Iacks,
Which I will practiſe.
Nerriſ. Why, ſhall wee turne to men?
Portia. Fie, what a queſtions that?
If thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:
But come, Ile tell thee all my whole deuice
When I am in my coach, which ſtayes for vs
At the Parke gate; and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure twentie miles to day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clowne and Ieſſica.

Clown. Yes truly; for looke you, the ſinnes of the Father are to be laid vpon the children, therefore I promiſe you, I feare you, I was alwaies plaine with you, and ſo now I ſpeake my agitation of the matter: therfore be of good cheere, for truly I thinke you are damn'd, there is but one hope in it that can doe you anie good, and that is but a kinde of baſtard hope neither.

Ieſſica. And what hope is that I pray thee?

Clow. Marrie you may partlie hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Iewes daughter.

Ieſ. That were a kinde of baſtard hope indeed, ſo the ſins of my mother ſhould be viſited vpon me.

Clow. Truly then I feare you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I ſhun *Scilla* your father, I fall into *Charibdis* your mother; well, you are gone both waies.

Ieſ. I ſhall be ſau'd by my husband, he hath made me a Chriſtian.

Clow. Truly the more to blame he, we were Chriſtians enow before, e'ne as many as could wel liue one by another: this making of Chriſtians will raiſe the price of Hogs, if wee grow all to be porke-eaters, wee ſhall not ſhortlie haue a raſher on the coales for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Ieſ. Ile tell my husband *Lancelet* what you ſay, heere he comes.

Loren. I ſhall grow iealous of you ſhortly *Lancelet*, if you thus get my wife into corners?

Ieſ. Nay, you need not feare vs *Lorenzo*, *Launcelet* and I are out, he tells me flatly there is no mercy for mee in heauen, becauſe I am a Iewes daughter: and hee ſaies you are no good member of the common wealth, for in conuerting Iewes to Chriſtians, you raiſe the price of Porke.

Loren. I ſhall anſwere that better to the Commonwealth, than you can the getting vp of the Negroes bellie: the Moore is with childe by you *Launcelet*?

Clow. It is much that the Moore ſhould be more then reaſon: but if ſhe be leſſe then an honeſt woman, ſhee is indeed more then I tooke her for.

Loren. How euerie foole can play vpon the word, I thinke the beſt grace of witte will ſhortly turne into ſilence, and diſcourſe grow commendable in none onely but Parrats: goe in ſirra, bid them prepare for dinner?

Clow. That is done ſir, they haue all ſtomacks?

Loren. Goodly Lord, what a witte-ſnapper are you, then bid them prepare dinner.

Clow. That is done to ſir, onely couer is the word.

Loren. Will you couer than ſir?

Clow. Not ſo ſir neither, I know my dutie.

Loren. Yet more quarrelling with occaſion, wilt thou ſhew the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant; I pray thee vnderſtand a plaine man in his plaine meaning: goe to thy fellowes, bid them couer the table, ſerue in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

Clow. For the table ſir, it ſhall be ſeru'd in, for the meat ſir, it ſhall bee couered, for your comming in to dinner ſir, why let it be as humors and conceits ſhall gouerne. *Exit Clowne.*

Lor. O deare diſcretion, how his words are ſuted,
The foole hath planted in his memory
An Armie of good words, and I doe know
A many fooles that ſtand in better place,
Garniſht like him, that for a trickſie word
Defie the matter: how cheer'ſt thou *Ieſſica*,
And now good ſweet ſay thy opinion,
How

How doſt thou like the Lord *Baſſiano's* wife?
Ieſſi. Paſt all expreſſing, it is very meete
The Lord *Baſſanio* liue an vpright life
For hauing ſuch a bleſſing in his Lady,
He findes the ioyes of heauen heere on earth,
And if on earth he doe not meane it, it
Is reaſon he ſhonld neuer come to heauen?
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heauenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And *Portia* one: there muſt be ſomething elſe
Paund with the other, for the poore rude world
Hath not her fellow.
Loren. Euen ſuch a husband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.
Ieſ. Nay, but aske my opinion to of that?
Lor. I will anone, firſt let vs goe to dinner?
Ieſ. Nay, let me praiſe you while I haue a ſtomacke?
Lor. No pray thee, let it ſerue for table talke,
Then how ſom ere thou ſpeakſt 'mong other things,
I ſhall digeſt it?
Ieſſi. Well, Ile ſet you forth. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Anthonio, Baſſanio, and Gratiano.

Duke. What, is *Anthonio* heere?
Ant. Ready, ſo pleaſe your grace?
Duke. I am ſorry for thee, thou art come to anſwere
A ſtonie aduerſary, an inhumane wretch,
Vncapable of pitty, voyd, and empty
From any dram of mercie.
Ant. I haue heard
Your Grace hath tane great paines to qualifie
His rigorous courſe: but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful meanes can carrie me
Out of his enuies reach, I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To ſuffer with a quietneſſe of ſpirit,
The very tiranny and rage of his.
Du. Go one and cal the Iew into the Court.
Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Du. Make roome, and let him ſtand before our face.
Shylocke the world thinkes, and I thinke ſo to
That thou but leadeſt this faſhion of thy mallice
To the laſt houre of act, and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercy and remorſe more ſtrange,
Than is thy ſtrange apparant cruelty;
And where thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poore Merchants fleſh,
Thou wilt not onely looſe the forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentleneſſe and loue:
Forgiue a moytie of the principall,
Glancing an eye of pitty on his loſſes
That haue of late ſo hudled on his backe,
Enow to preſſe a royall Merchant downe;
And plucke commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſie boſomes, and rough hearts of flints,
From ſtubborne Turkes and Tarters neuer traind
To offices of tender curteſie,
We all expect a gentle anſwer Iew?
Iew. I haue poſſeſt your grace of what I purpoſe,
And by our holy Sabbath haue I ſworne
To haue the due and forfeit of my bond.
If you denie it, let the danger light
Vpon your Charter, and your Cities freedome.
You'l aske me why I rather chooſe to haue
A weight of carrion fleſh, then to receiue
Three thouſand Ducats? Ile not anſwer that:
But ſay it is my humor; Is it anſwered?
What if my houſe be troubled with a Rat,
And I be pleas'd to giue ten thouſand Ducates
To haue it bain'd? What, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are loue not a gaping Pigge:
Some that are mad, if they behold a Cat:
And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i'th noſe,
Cannot containe their Vrine for affection.
Maſters of paſſion ſwayes it to the moode
Of what it likes or loaths, now for your anſwer:
As there is no firme reaſon to be rendred
Why he cannot abide a gaping Pigge?
Why he a harmleſſe neceſſarie Cat?
Why he a woollen bag-pipe: but of force
Muſt yeeld to ſuch ineuitable ſhame,
As to offend himſelfe being offended:
So can I giue no reaſon, nor I will not,
More then a lodg'd hate, and a certaine loathing
I beare *Anthonio*, that I follow thus
A looſing ſuite againſt him? Are you anſwered?
Baſſ. This is no anſwer thou vnfeeling man,
To excuſe the currant of thy cruelty.
Iew. I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwer.
Baſſ. Do all men kil the things they do not loue?
Iew. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Baſſ. Euerie offence is not a hate at firſt.
Iew. What wouldſt thou haue a Serpent ſting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you thinke you queſtion with the Iew:
You may as well go ſtand vpon the beach,
And bid the maine flood baite his vſuall height,
Or euen as well vſe queſtion with the Wolfe,
The Ewe bleate for the Lambe:
You may as well forbid the Mountaine Pines
To wagge their high tops, and to make no noiſe
When they are fretted with the guſts of heauen:
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeeke to ſoften that, then which what harder?
His Iewiſh heart. Therefore I do beſeech you
Make no more offers, vſe no farther meanes,
But with all briefe and plaine conueniencie
Let me haue iudgement, and the Iew his will.
Baſ. For thy three thouſand Ducates heere is ſix.
Iew. If euerie Ducat in ſixe thouſand Ducates
Were in ſixe parts, and euery part a Ducate,
I would not draw them, I would haue my bond?
Du. How ſhalt thou hope for mercie, rendring none?
Iew. What iudgement ſhall I dread doing no wrong?
You haue among you many a purchaſt ſlaue,
Which like your Aſſes, and your Dogs and Mules,
You vſe in abiect and in ſlauiſh parts,
Becauſe you bought them. Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marrie them to your heires?
Why ſweate they vnder burthens? Let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours: and let their pallats
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch Viands: you will anſwer
The

The ſlaues are ours. So do I anſwer you.
The pound of fleſh which I demand of him
Is deerely bought, 'tis mine, and I will haue it.
If you deny me; fie vpon your Law,
There is no force in the decrees of Venice;
I ſtand for iudgement, anſwer, Shall I haue it?
Du. Vpon my power I may diſmiſſe this Court,
Vnleſſe *Bellario* a learned Doctor,
Whom I haue ſent for to determine this,
Come heere to day.
Sal. My Lord, heere ſtayes without
A Meſſenger with Letters from the Doctor,
New come from Padua.
Du. Bring vs the Letters, Call the Meſſengers.
Baſſ. Good cheere *Anthonio*. What man, corage yet:
The Iew ſhall haue my fleſh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou ſhalt looſe for me one drop of blood.
Ant. I am a tainted Weather of the flocke,
Meeteſt for death, the weakeſt kinde of fruite
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me;
You cannot better be employ'd *Baſſanio*,
Then to liue ſtill, and write mine Epitaph.

Enter Nerriſſa.

Du. Came you from Padua from *Bellario*?
Ner. From both.
My Lord *Bellario* greets your Grace.
Baſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?
Iew. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there.
Gra. Not on thy ſoale: but on thy ſoule harſh Iew
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keene: but no mettall can,
No, not the hangmans Axe beare halfe the keenneſſe
Of thy ſharpe enuy. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Iew. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.
Gra. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dogge,
And for thy life let iuſtice be accus'd:
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me wauer in my faith;
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That ſoules of Animals infuſe themſelues
Into the trunkes of men. Thy curriſh ſpirit
Gouern'd a Wolfe, who hang'd for humane ſlaughter,
Euen from the gallowes did his fell ſoule fleet;
And whil'ſt thou layeſt in thy vnhallowed dam,
Infus'd it ſelfe in thee: For thy deſires
Are Woluiſh, bloody, ſteru'd, and rauenous.
Iew. Till thou canſt raile the ſeale from off my bond
Thou but offend'ſt thy Lungs to ſpeake ſo loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall
To endleſſe ruine. I ſtand heere for Law.
Du. This Letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A yong and Learned Doctor in our Court;
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth heere hard by
To know your anſwer, whether you'l admit him.
Du. With all my heart. Some three or four of you
Go giue him curteous conduct to this place,
Meane time the Court ſhall heare *Bellarioes* Letter.

YOur Grace ſhall vnderſtand, that at the receite of your Letter I am very ſicke: but in the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in louing viſitation, was with me a young Doctor of Rome, his name is Balthaſar: *I acquained him with the cauſe in Controuerſie, betweene the Iew and* Anthonio *the Merchant: We turn'd ore many Bookes together: hee is furniſhed with my opinion, which betired with his owne learning, the greatneſſe whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him at my importunity, to fill vp your Graces requeſt in my ſted. I beſeech you, let his lacke of years be no impediment to let him lacke a reuerend eſtimation: for I neuer knewe ſo yong a body, with ſo old a head. I leaue him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe trial ſhall better publiſh his commendation.*

Enter Portia for Balthazar.

Duke. You heare the learn'd *Bellario* what he writes,
And heere (I take it) is the Doctor come.
Giue me your hand: Came you from old *Bellario*?
Por. I did my Lord.
Du. You are welcome: take your place;
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this preſent queſtion in the Court.
Por. I am enformed throughly of the cauſe.
Which is the Merchant heere? and which the Iew?
Du. *Anthonio* and old *Shylocke*, both ſtand forth.
Por. Is your name *Shylocke*?
Iew. *Shylocke* is my name.
Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſute you follow,
Yet in ſuch rule, that the Venetian Law
Cannot impugne you as you do proceed.
You ſtand within his danger, do you not?
Ant. I, ſo he ſayes.
Por. Do you confeſſe the bond?
Ant. I do.
Por. Then muſt the Iew be mercifull.
Iew. On what compulſion muſt I? Tell me that.
Por. The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
Vpon the place beneath. It is twice bleſt,
It bleſſeth him that giues, and him that takes,
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt, it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.
His Scepter ſhewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and Maieſtie,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and feare of Kings:
But mercy is aboue this ſceptred ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himſelfe;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt Gods
When mercie ſeaſons Iuſtice. Therefore Iew,
Though Iuſtice be thy plea, conſider this,
That in the courſe of Iuſtice, none of vs
Should ſee ſaluation: we do pray for mercie,
And that ſame prayer, doth teach vs all to render
The deeds of mercie. I haue ſpoke thus much
To mittigate the iuſtice of thy plea:
Which if thou follow, this ſtrict courſe of Venice
Muſt needes giue ſentence 'gainſt the Merchant there.
Shy. My deeds vpon my head, I craue the Law,
The penaltie and forfeite of my bond.
Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?
Baſ. Yes, heere I tender it for him in the Court,
Yea, twice the ſumme, if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times ore,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appeare
That malice beares downe truth. And I beſeech you
Wreſt once the Law to your authority.
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curbe this cruell diuell of his will.
Por. It muſt not be, there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed:
'Twill be recorded for a Preſident,
And

And many an error by the ſeme example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate: It cannot be.
Iew. A *Daniel* come to iudgement, yea a *Daniel.*
O wiſe young Iudge, how do I honour thee.
Por. I pray you let me looke vpon the bond.
Iew. Heere 'tis moſt reuerend Doctor, heere it is.
Por. *Shylocke*, there's thrice thy monie offered thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath, I haue an oath in heauen:
Shall I lay periurie vpon my ſoule?
No not for Venice.
Por. Why this bond is forfeit,
And lawfully by this the Iew may claime
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neereſt the Merchants heart; be mercifull,
Take thrice thy money, bid me teare the bond.
Iew. When it is paid according to the tenure.
It doth appeare you are a worthy Iudge:
you know the Law, your expoſition
Hath beene moſt ſound. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deſeruing pillar,
Proceede to iudgement: By my ſoule I ſweare,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I ſtay heere on my bond.
An. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the Court
To giue the iudgement.
Por. Why then thus it is:
you muſt prepare your boſome for his knife.
Iew. O noble Iudge, O excellent yong man.
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the Law
Hath full relation to the penaltie,
Which heere appeareth due vpon the bond.
Iew. 'Tis verie true: O wiſe and vpright Iudge,
How much more elder art thou then thy lookes?
Por. Therefore lay bare your boſome.
Iew. I, his breſt,
So ſayes the bond, doth it not noble Iudge?
Neereſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.
Por. It is ſo: Are there ballance heere to weigh the fleſh?
Iew. I haue them ready.
Por. Haue by ſome Surgeon *Shylock* on your charge
To ſtop his wounds, leaſt he ſhould bleede to death.
Iew. It is not nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſt: but what of that?
'Twere good you do ſo much for charitie.
Iew. I cannot finde it, 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come Merchant, haue you any thing to ſay?
Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd.
Giue me your hand *Baſſanio*, fare you well.
Greeue not that I am falne to this for you:
For heerein fortune ſhewes her ſelfe more kinde
Then is her cuſtome. It is ſtill her vſe
To let the wretched man out-liue his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow
An age of pouerty. From which lingring penance
Of ſuch miſerie, doth ſhe cut me off:
Commend me to your honourable Wife,
Tell her the proceſſe of *Anthonio's* end:
Say how I lou'd you; ſpeake me faire in death:
And when the tale is told, bid her be iudge,
Whether *Baſſanio* had not once a Loue:
Repent not you that you ſhall looſe your friend,
And he repents not that he payes your debt.
For if the Iew do cut but deepe enough,
Ile pay it inſtantly, with all my heart.
Baſ. *Anthonio*, I am married to a wife,
Which is as deere to me as life it ſelfe,
But life it ſelfe, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd aboue thy life.
I would looſe all, I ſacrifice them all
Heere to this deuill, to deliuer you.
Por. Your wife would giue you little thanks for that
If ſhe were by to heare you make the offer.
Gra. I haue a wife whom I proteſt I loue,
I would ſhe were in heauen, ſo ſhe could
Intreat ſome power to change this curriſh Iew.
Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behinde her backe,
The wiſh would make elſe an vnquiet houſe.
Iew. Theſe be the Chriſtian husbands: I haue a daughter
Would any of the ſtocke of *Barrabas*
Had beene her husband, rather then a Chriſtian.
We trifle time, I pray thee purſue ſentence.
Por. A pound of that ſame marchants fleſh is thine,
The Court awards it, and the law doth giue it.
Iew. Moſt rightfull Iudge.
Por. And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt,
The Law allowes it, and the Court awards it.
Iew. Moſt learned Iudge, a ſentence, come prepare.
Por. Tarry a little, there is ſomething elſe,
This bond doth giue thee heere no iot of bloud,
The words expreſly are a pound of fleſh:
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh,
But in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of Chriſtian bloud, thy lands and goods
Are by the Lawes of Venice confiſcate
Vnto the ſtate of Venice.
Gra. O vpright Iudge,
Marke Iew, ô learned Iudge.
Shy. Is that the law?
Por. Thy ſelfe ſhalt ſee the Act:
For as thou vrgeſt iuſtice, be aſſur'd
Thou ſhalt haue iuſtice more then thou deſireſt.
Gra. O learned Iudge, mark Iew, a learned Iudge.
Iew. I take this offer then, pay the bond thrice,
And let the Chriſtian goe.
Baſſ. Heere is the money.
Por. Soft, the Iew ſhall haue all iuſtice, ſoft, no haſte,
He ſhall haue nothing but the penalty.
Gra. O Iew, an vpright Iudge, a learned Iudge.
Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fleſh,
Shed thou no bloud, nor cut thou leſſe nor more
But iuſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more
Or leſſe then a iuſt pound, be it ſo much
As makes it light or heauy in the ſubſtance,
Or the deuiſion of the twentieth part
Of one poore ſcruple, nay if the ſcale doe turne
But in the eſtimation of a hayre,
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.
Gra. A ſecond *Daniel*, a *Daniel* Iew,
Now infidell I haue thee on the hip.
Por. Why doth the Iew pauſe, take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Giue me my principall, and let me goe.
Baſſ. I haue it ready for thee, heere it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open Court,
He ſhall haue meerly iuſtice and his bond.
Gra. A *Daniel* ſtill ſay I, a ſecond *Daniel*,
I thanke thee Iew for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not haue barely my principall?
Por. Thou ſhalt haue nothing but the forfeiture,
To be taken ſo at thy perill Iew.
Shy. Why then the Deuill giue him good of it:
Ile ſtay no longer queſtion.

Por. Tarry Iew,
The Law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the Lawes of Venice,
If it be proued againſt an Alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts
He ſeeke the life of any Citizen,
The party gainſt the which he doth contriue,
Shall ſeaze one halfe his goods, the other halfe
Comes to the priuie coffer of the State,
And the offenders life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke onely, gainſt all other voice.
In which predicament I ſay thou ſtandſt:
For it appeares by manifeſt proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly to,
Thou haſt contriu'd againſt the very life
Of the defendant: and thou haſt incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehearſt.
Downe therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.
Gra. Beg that thou maiſt haue leaue to hang thy ſelfe,
And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the ſtate,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord,
Therefore thou muſt be hang'd at the ſtates charge.
Duk. That thou ſhalt ſee the difference of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aske it:
For halfe thy wealth, it is *Anthonio's*,
The other halfe comes to the generall ſtate,
Which humbleneſſe may driue vnto a fine.
Por. I for the ſtate, not for *Anthonio.*
Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that,
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtaine my houſe: you take my life
When you doe take the meanes whereby I liue.
Por. What mercy can you render him *Anthonio*?
Gra. A halter *gratis*, nothing elſe for Gods ſake.
Ant. So pleaſe my Lord the Duke, and all the Court
To quit the fine for one halfe of his goods,
I am content: ſo he will let me haue
The other halfe in vſe, to render it
Vpon his death, vnto the Gentleman
That lately ſtole his daughter.
Two things prouided more, that for this fauour
He preſently become a Chriſtian:
The other, that he doe record a gift
Heere in the Court of all he dies poſſeſt
Vnto his ſonne *Lorenzo*, and his daughter.
Duk. He ſhall doe this, or elſe I doe recant
The pardon that I late pronounced heere.
Por. Art thou contented Iew? what doſt thou ſay?
Shy. I am content.
Por. Clarke, draw a deed of gift.
Shy. I pray you giue me leaue to goe from hence,
I am not well, ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſigne it.
Duke. Get thee gone, but doe it.
Gra. In chriſtning thou ſhalt haue two godfathers,
Had I been iudge, thou ſhouldſt haue had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallowes, not to the font. *Exit.*
Du. Sir I intreat you with me home to dinner.
Por. I humbly doe deſire your Grace of pardon,
I muſt away this night toward Padua,
And it is meete I preſently ſet forth.
Duk. I am ſorry that your leyſure ſerues you not:
Anthonio, gratifie this gentleman,
For in my minde, you are much bound to him.
Exit Duke and his traine.
Baſſ. Moſt worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Haue by your wiſedome beene this day acquitted
Of greeuous penalties, in lieu whereof,
Three thouſand Ducats due vnto the Iew
We freely cope your curteous paines withall.
An. And ſtand indebted ouer and aboue
In loue and ſeruice to you euermore.
Por. He is well paid that is well ſatisfied,
And I deliuering you, am ſatisfied,
And therein doe account my ſelfe well paid,
My minde was neuer yet more mercinarie.
I pray you know me when we meete againe,
I wiſh you well, and ſo I take my leaue.
Baſſ. Deare ſir, of force I muſt attempt you further,
Take ſome remembrance of vs as a tribute,
Not as fee: grant me two things, I pray you
Not to denie me, and to pardon me.
Por. You preſſe mee farre, and therefore I will yeeld,
Giue me your gloues, Ile weare them for your ſake,
And for your loue Ile take this ring from you,
Doe not draw backe your hand, ile take no more,
And you in loue ſhall not deny me this?
Baſſ. This ring good ſir, alas it is a trifle,
I will not ſhame my ſelfe to giue you this.
Por. I wil haue nothing elſe but onely this,
And now methinkes I haue a minde to it.
Baſ. There's more depends on this then on the valew,
The deareſt ring in Venice will I giue you,
And finde it out by proclamation,
Onely for this I pray you pardon me.
Por. I ſee ſir you are liberall in offers,
You taught me firſt to beg, and now me thinkes
You teach me how a beggar ſhould be anſwer'd.
Baſ. Good ſir, this ring was giuen me by my wife,
And when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow
That I ſhould neither ſell, nor giue, nor loſe it.
Por. That ſcuſe ſerues many men to ſaue their gifts,
And if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I haue deſeru'd this ring,
Shee would not hold out enemy for euer
For giuing it to me: well, peace be with you. *Exeunt.*
Ant. My L. *Baſſanio*, let him haue the ring,
Let his deſeruings and my loue withall
Be valued againſt your wiues commandement.
Baſſ. Goe *Gratiano*, run and ouer-take him,
Giue him the ring, and bring him if thou canſt
Vnto *Anthonios* houſe, away, make haſte. *Exit Grati.*
Come, you and I will thither preſently,
And in the morning early will we both
Flie toward *Belmont*, come *Anthonio.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia and Nerriſſa.

Por. Enquire the Iewes houſe out, giue him this deed,
And let him ſigne it, wee'll away to night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to *Lorenzo.*

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Faire ſir, you are well ore-tane:
My L. *Baſſanio* vpon more aduice,
Hath ſent you heere this ring, and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be;
His ring I doe accept moſt thankfully,
And ſo I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you ſhew my youth old *Shylockes* houſe.
Gra. That will I doe.
Ner. Sir, I would ſpeake with you:

Ile ſee if I can get my husbands ring
Which I did make him ſweare to keepe for euer.
Por. Thou maiſt I warrant, we ſhal haue old ſwearing
That they did giue the rings away to men;
But weele out-face them, and out-ſweare them to:
Away, make haſte, thou know'ſt where I will tarry.
Ner. Come good ſir, will you ſhew me to this houſe.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Lorenzo and Ieſſica.

Lor. The moone ſhines bright. In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet winde did gently kiſſe the trees,
And they did make no nnyſe, in ſuch a night
Troylus me thinkes mounted the Troian walls,
And ſigh'd his ſoule toward the Grecian tents
Where *Creſſed* lay that night.
Ieſ. In ſuch a night
Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
And ſaw the Lyons ſhadow ere himſelfe,
And ranne diſmayed away.
Loren. In ſuch a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Vpon the wilde ſea bankes, and waft her Loue
To come againe to Carthage.
Ieſ. In ſuch a night
Medea gathered the inchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eſon.*
Loren. In ſuch a night
Did *Ieſſica* ſteale from the wealthy Iewe,
And with an Vnthrift Loue did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont.
Ieſ. In ſuch a night
Did young *Lorenzo* ſweare he lou'd her well,
Stealing her ſoule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.
Loren. In ſuch a night
Did pretty *Ieſſica* (like a little ſhrow)
Slander her Loue, and he forgaue it her.
Ieſſi. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

Enter Meſſenger.

Lor. Who comes ſo faſt in ſilence of the night?
Meſ. A friend. (friend?
Loren. A friend, what friend? your name I pray you
Meſ. *Stephano* is my name, and I bring word
My Miſtreſſe will before the breake of day
Be heere at Belmont, ſhe doth ſtray about
By holy croſſes where ſhe kneeles and prayes
For happy wedlocke houres.
Loren. Who comes with her?
Meſ. None but a holy Hermit and her maid:
I pray you it my Maſter yet rnturn'd?
Loren. He is not, nor we haue not heard from him,
But goe we in I pray thee *Ieſſica*,
And ceremoniouſly let vs vs prepare
Some welcome for the Miſtreſſe of the houſe,

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Sola, ſola: wo ha ho, ſola, ſola.
Loren. Who calls?
Clo. Sola, did you ſee M. *Lorenzo*, & M. *Lorenzo*, ſola,
Lor. Leaue hollowing man, heere. (ſola,
Clo. Sola, where, where?
Lor. Heere?
Clo. Tel him ther's a Poſt come from my Maſter, with his horne full of good newes, my Maſter will be here ere morning ſweet ſoule.
Loren. Let's in, and there expect their comming.
And yet no matter: why ſhould we goe in?
My friend *Stephen*, ſignifie pray you
Within the houſe, your Miſtreſſe is at hand,
And bring your muſique foorth into the ayre.
How ſweet the moone-light ſleepes vpon this banke,
Heere will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſicke
Creepe in our eares ſoft ſtilnes, and the night
Become the tutches of ſweet harmonie:
Sit *Ieſſica*, looke how the floore of heauen
Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
There's not the ſmalleſt orbe which thou beholdſt
But in his motion like an Angell ſings,
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;
Such harmonie is in immortall ſoules,
But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſly cloſe in it, we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,
With ſweeteſt tutches pearce your Miſtreſſe eare,
And draw her home with muſicke.
Ieſſi. I am neuer merry when I heare ſweet muſique.
Play muſicke.
Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentiue:
For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard
Or race of youthful and vnhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their bloud,
If they but heare perchance a trumpet ſound,
Or any ayre of muſicke touch their eares,
You ſhall perceiue them make a mutuall ſtand,
Their ſauage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of muſicke: therefore the Poet
Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, ſtones, and floods.
Since naught ſo ſtockiſh, hard, and full of rage,
But muſicke for time doth change his nature,
The man that hath no muſicke in himſelfe,
Nor is not moued with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoyles,
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections darke as *Erobus*,
Let no ſuch man be truſted: marke the muſicke.

Enter Portia and Nerriſſa.

Por. That light we ſee is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candell throwes his beames,
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world. (dle?
Ner. When the moone ſhone we did not ſee the can
Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſſe,
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a King
Vntill a King be by, and then his ſtate
Empties it ſelfe, as doth an inland brooke
Into the maine of waters: muſique, harke. *Muſicke.*
Ner. It is your muſicke Madame of the houſe.
Por. Nothing is good I ſee without reſpect,
Methinkes it ſounds much ſweeter then by day?
Ner. Silence beſtowes that vertue on it Madam.
Por. The Crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the Larke

When neither is attended: and I thinke
The Nightingale if ſhe ſhould ſing by day
When euery Gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a Muſitian then the Wren?
How many things by ſeaſon, ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe, and true perfection:
Peace, how the Moone ſleepes with Endimion,
And would not be awak'd.
Muſicke ceaſes.
Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiu'd of *Portia.*
Por. He knowes me as the blinde man knowes the Cuckow by the bad voice?
Lor. Deere Lady welcome home?
Por. We haue bene praying for our husbands welfare
Which ſpeed we hope the better for our words,
Are they return'd?
Lor. Madam, they are not yet:
But there is come a Meſſenger before
To ſignifie their comming.
Por. Go in *Nerriſſa*,
Giue order to my ſeruants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence,
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Ieſſica* nor you.
A Tucket ſounds.
Lor. Your husband is at hand, I heare his Trumpet,
We are no tell-tales Madam, feare you not.
Por. This night methinkes is but the daylight ſicke,
It lookes a little paler, 'tis a day,
Such as the day is, when the Sun is hid.

Enter Baſſanio, Anthonio, Gratiano, and their Followers.

Baſ. We ſhould hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walke in abſen ce of the ſunne.
Por. Let me giue light, but let me not be light,
For a light wife doth make a heauie husband,
And neuer be *Baſſanio* ſo for me,
But God ſort all: you are welcome home my Lord.
Baſſ. I thanke you Madam, giue welcom to my friend
This is the man, this is *Anthonio*,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.
Por. You ſhould in all ſence be much bound to him,
For as I heare he was much bound for you.
Anth. No more then I am wel acquitted of.
Por. Sir, you are verie welcome to our houſe:
It muſt appeare in other waies then words,
Therefore I ſcant this breathing curteſie.
Gra. By yonder Moone I ſweare you do me wrong,
Infaith I gaue it to the Iudges Clearke,
Would he were gelt that had it for my part,
Since you do take it Loue ſo much at hart.
Por. A quarrel hoe alreadie, what's the matter?
Gra. About a hoope of Gold, a paltry Ring
That ſhe did giue me, whoſe Poeſie was
For all the world like Cutlers Poetry
Vpon a knife; *Loue mee, and leaue mee not.*
Ner. What talke you of the Poeſie or the valew:
You ſwore to me when I did giue it you,
That you would weare it til the houre of death,
And that it ſhould lye with you in your graue,
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You ſhould haue beene reſpectiue and haue kept it.
Gaue it a Iudges Clearke: but wel I know
The Clearke wil nere weare haire on's face that had it.
Gra. He wil, and if he liue to be a man.
Nerriſſa. I, if a Woman liue to be a man.
Gra. Now by this hand I gaue it to a youth,
A kinde of boy, a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher then thy ſelfe, the Iudges Clearke,
A prating boy that begg'd it as a Fee,
I could not for my heart deny it him.
Por. You were too blame, I muſt be plaine with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wiues firſt gift,
A thing ſtucke on with oathes vpon your finger,
And ſo riueted with faith vnto your fleſh.
I gaue my Loue a Ring, and made him ſweare
Neuer to part with it, and heere he ſtands:
I dare be ſworne for him, he would not leaue it,
Nor plucke it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world maſters. Now in faith *Gratiano*,
You giue your wife too vnkinde a cauſe of greefe,
And 'twere to me I ſhould be mad at it.
Baſſ. Why I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſweare I loſt the Ring defending it.
Gre. My Lord *Baſſanio* gaue his Ring away
Vnto the Iudge that beg'd it, and indeede
Deſeru'd it too: and then the Boy his Clearke
That tooke ſome paines in writing, he begg'd mine,
And neyther man nor maſter would take ought
But the two Rings.
Por. What Ring gaue you my Lord?
Not that I hope which you receiu'd of me.
Baſſ. If I could adde a lie vnto a fault,
I would deny it: but you ſee my finger
Hath not the Ring vpon it, it is gone.
Por. Euen ſo voide is your falſe heart of truth.
By heauen I wil nere come in your bed
Vntil I ſee the Ring.
Ner. Nor I in yours, til I againe ſee mine.
Baſſ. Sweet *Portia*,
If you did know to whom I gaue the Ring,
If you did know for whom I gaue the Ring,
And would conceiue for what I gaue the Ring,
And how vnwillingly I left the Ring,
When nought would be accepted but the Ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure?
Por. If you had knowne the vertue of the Ring,
Or halfe her worthineſſe that gaue the Ring,
Or your owne honour to containe the Ring,
You would not then haue parted with the Ring:
What man is there ſo much vnreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to haue defended it
With any termes of Zeale: wanted the modeſtie
To vrge the thing held as a ceremonie:
Nerriſſa teaches me what to beleeue,
Ile die for't, but ſome Woman had the Ring?
Baſſ. No by mine honor Madam, by my ſoule
No Woman had it, but a ciuill Doctor,
Which did refuſe three thouſand Ducates of me,
And beg'd the Ring; the which I did denie him,
And ſuffer'd him to go diſpleas'd away:
Euen he that had held vp the verie life
Of my deere friend. What ſhould I ſay ſweete Lady?
I was inforc'd to ſend it after him,
I was beſet with ſhame and curteſie,
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much beſmeare it. Pardon me good Lady,
And by theſe bleſſed Candles of the night,
Had you bene there, I thinke you would haue beg'd
The Ring of me, to giue the worthie Doctor?

Por. Let not that Doctor ere come neere my houſe,
Since he hath got the iewell that I loued,
And that which you did ſweare to keepe for me,
I will become as liberall as you,
Ile not deny him any thing I haue,
No, not my body, nor my husbands bed:
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it.
Lie not a night from home. Watch me like Argos,
If you doe not, if I be left alone,
Now by mine honour which is yet mine owne,
Ile haue the Doctor for my bedfellow.

Nerriſſa. And I his Clarke: therefore be well aduis'd
How you doe leaue me to mine owne protection.

Gra. Well, doe you ſo: let not me take him then,
For if I doe, ile mar the yong Clarks pen.

Ant. I am th'vnhappy ſubiect of theſe quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieue not you,
You are welcome notwithſtanding.

Baſ. *Portia*, forgiue me this enforced wrong,
And in the hearing of theſe manie friends
I ſweare to thee, euen by thine owne faire eyes
Wherein I ſee my ſelfe.

Por. Marke you but that?
In both my eyes he doubly ſees himſelfe:
In each eye one, ſweare by your double ſelfe,
And there's an oath of credit.

Baſ. Nay, but heare me.
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoule I ſweare
I neuer more will breake an oath with thee.

Anth. I once did lend my bodie for thy wealth,
Which but for him that had your husbands ring
Had quite miſcarried. I dare be bound againe,
My ſoule vpon the forfeit, that your Lord
Will neuer more breake faith aduiſedlie.

Por. Then you ſhall be his ſuretie: giue him this,
And bid him keepe it better then the other.

Ant. Heere Lord *Baſſanio*, ſwear to keep this ring.

Baſſ. By heauen it is the ſame I gaue the Doctor.

Por. I had it of him: pardon *Baſſanio*,
For by this ring the Doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me my gentle *Gratiano*,
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy the Doctors Clarke
In liew of this, laſt night did lye with me.

Gra. Why this is like the mending of high waies
In Sommer, where the waies are faire enough:
What, are we Cuckolds ere we haue deſeru'd it.

Por. Speake not ſo groſſely, you are all amaz'd;
Heere is a letter, reade it at your leyſure,
It comes from Padua from *Bellario*,
There you ſhall finde that *Portia* was the Doctor,
Nerriſſa there her Clarke. *Lorenzo* heere
Shall witneſſe I ſet forth as ſoone as you,
And but eu'n now return'd: I haue not yet
Entred my houſe. *Anthonio* you are welcome,
And I haue better newes in ſtore for you
Then you expect: vnſeale this letter ſoone,
There you ſhall finde three of your Argoſies
Are richly come to harbour ſodainlie.
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Antho. I am dumbe.

Baſſ. Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the Clark that is to make me cuckold.

Ner. I, but the Clark that neuer meanes to doe it,
Vnleſſe he liue vntill he be a man.

Baſſ. (Sweet Doctor) you ſhall be my bedfellow,
When I am abſent, then lie with my wife.

An. (Sweet Ladie) you haue giuen me life & liuing;
For heere I reade for certaine that my ſhips
Are ſafelie come to Rode.

Por. How now *Lorenzo*?
My Clarke hath ſome good comforts to for you.

Ner. I, and Ile giue them him without a fee.
There doe I giue to you and *Ieſſica*
From the rich Iewe, a ſpeciall deed of gift
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſſ'd of.

Loren. Faire Ladies you drop Manna in the way
Of ſtarued people.

Por. It is almoſt morning,
And yet I am ſure you are not ſatisfied
Of theſe euents at full. Let vs goe in,
And charge vs there vpon intergatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be ſo, the firſt intergatory
That my *Nerriſſa* ſhall be ſworne on, is,
Whether till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay,
Or goe to bed, now being two houres to day,
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it darke,
Till I were couching with the Doctors Clarke.
Well, while I liue, Ile feare no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe *Nerriſſas* ring.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

As you Like it.

Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orlando.

AS I remember *Adam*, it was vpon this faſhion bequeathed me by will, but poore a thouſand Crownes, and as thou ſaiſt, charged my brother on his bleſſing to breed mee well: and there begins my ſadneſſe: My brother *Iaques* he keepes at ſchoole, and report ſpeakes goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keepes me ruſtically at home, or (to ſpeak more properly) ſtaies me heere at home vnkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the ſtalling of an Oxe? his horſes are bred better, for beſides that they are faire with their feeding, they are taught their mannage, and to that end Riders deerely hir'd: but I (his brother) gaine nothing vnder him but growth, for the which his Animals on his dunghils are as much bound to him as I: beſides this nothing that he ſo plentifully giues me, the ſomething that nature gaue mee, his countenance ſeemes to take from me: hee lets mee feede with his Hindes, barres mee the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it *Adam* that grieues me, and the ſpirit of my Father, which I thinke is within mee, begins to mutinie againſt this ſeruitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wiſe remedy how to auoid it.

Enter Oliuer.

Adam. Yonder comes my Maſter, your brother.

Orlan. Goe a-part *Adam*, and thou ſhalt heare how he will ſhake me vp.

Oli. Now Sir, what make you heere?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then ſir?

Orl. Marry ſir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poore vnworthy brother of yours with idleneſſe.

Oliuer. Marry ſir be better employed, and be naught a while.

Orlan. Shall I keepe your hogs, and eat huskes with them? what prodigall portion haue I ſpent, that I ſhould come to ſuch penury?

Oli. Know you where you are ſir?

Orl. O ſir, very well: heere in your Orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom ſir?

Orl. I, better then him I am before knowes mee: I know you are my eldeſt brother, and in the gentle condition of bloud you ſhould ſo know me: the courteſie of nations allowes you my better, in that you are the firſt borne, but the ſame tradition takes not away my bloud, were there twenty brothers betwixt vs: I haue as much of my father in mee, as you, albeit I confeſſe your comming before me is neerer to his reuerence.

Oli. What Boy.

Orl. Come, come elder brother, you are too yong in (this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me villaine?

Orl. I am no villaine: I am the yongeſt ſonne of Sir *Rowland de Boys*, he was my father, and he is thrice a villaine that ſaies ſuch a father begot villaines: wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had puld out thy tongue for ſaying ſo, thou haſt raild on thy ſelfe.

Adam. Sweet Maſters bee patient, for your Fathers remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me goe I ſay.

Orl. I will not till I pleaſe: you ſhall heare mee: my father charg'd you in his will to giue me good education: you haue train'd me like a pezant, obſcuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities: the ſpirit of my father growes ſtrong in mee, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me ſuch exerciſes as may become a gentleman, or giue mee the poore allottery my father left me by teſtament, with that I will goe buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg when that is ſpent? Well ſir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you ſhall haue ſome part of your will, I pray you leaue me.

Orl. I will no further offend you, then becomes mee for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you olde dogge.

Adam. Is old dogge my reward: moſt true, I haue loſt my teeth in your ſeruice: God be with my olde maſter, he would not haue ſpoke ſuch a word. *Ex. Orl. Ad.*

Oli. Is it euen ſo, begin you to grow vpon me? I will phyſicke your ranckeneſſe, and yet giue no thouſand crownes neyther: holla *Dennis*.

Enter Dennis.

Den. Calls your worſhip?

Oli. Was not *Charles* the Dukes Wraſtler heere to ſpeake with me?

Den. So pleaſe you, he is heere at the doore, and importunes acceſſe to you.

Oli. Call him in: 'twill be a good way: and to morrow the wraſtling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worſhip.

Oli. Good Mounſier *Charles*: what's the new newes at the new Court?

Charles. There's no newes at the Court Sir, but the olde newes: that is, the old Duke is baniſhed by his yonger brother the new Duke, and three or foure louing

Lords haue put themſelues into voluntary exile with him, whoſe lands and reuenues enrich the new Duke, therefore he giues them good leaue to wander.

Oli. Can you tell if *Roſalind* the Dukes daughter bee baniſhed with her Father?

Cha. O no; for the Dukes daughter her Coſen ſo loues her, being euer from their Cradles bred together, that hee would haue followed her exile, or haue died to ſtay behind her; ſhe is at the Court, and no leſſe beloued of her Vncle, then his owne daughter, and neuer two Ladies loued as they doe.

Oli. Where will the old Duke liue?

Cha. They ſay hee is already in the Forreſt of *Arden*, and a many merry men with him; and there they liue like the old *Robin Hood* of *England*: they ſay many yong Gentlemen flocke to him euery day, and fleet the time careleſly as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What, you wraſtle to morrow before the new Duke.

Cha. Marry doe I ſir: and I came to acquaint you with a matter: I am giuen ſir ſecretly to vnderſtand, that your yonger brother *Orlando* hath a diſpoſition to come in diſguis'd againſt mee to try a fall: to morrow ſir I wraſtle for my credit, and hee that eſcapes me without ſome broken limbe, ſhall acquit him well: your brother is but young and tender, and for your loue I would bee loth to foyle him, as I muſt for my owne honour if hee come in: therefore out of my loue to you, I came hither to acquaint you withall, that either you might ſtay him from his intendment, or brooke ſuch diſgrace well as he ſhall runne into, in that it is a thing of his owne ſearch, and altogether againſt my will.

Oli. Charles, I thanke thee for thy loue to me, which thou ſhalt finde I will moſt kindly requite: I had my ſelfe notice of my Brothers purpoſe heerein, and haue by vnder-hand meanes laboured to diſſwade him from it; but he is reſolute. Ile tell thee *Charles*, it is the ſtubborneſt yong fellow of France, full of ambition, an enuious emulator of euery mans good parts, a ſecret & villanous contriuer againſt mee his naturall brother: therefore vſe thy diſcretion, I had as liefe thou didſt breake his necke as his finger. And thou wert beſt looke to't; for if thou doſt him any ſlight diſgrace, or if hee doe not mightilie grace himſelfe on thee, hee will practiſe againſt thee by poyſon, entrap thee by ſome treacherous deuiſe, and neuer leaue thee till he hath tane thy life by ſome indirect meanes or other: for I aſſure thee, (and almoſt with teares I ſpeake it) there is not one ſo young, and ſo villanous this day liuing. I ſpeake but brotherly of him, but ſhould I anathomize him to thee, as hee is, I muſt bluſh, and weepe, and thou muſt looke pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: if hee come to morrow, Ile giue him his payment: if euer hee goe alone againe, Ile neuer wraſtle for prize more: and ſo God keepe your worſhip. *Exit.*

Farewell good *Charles*. Now will I ſtirre this Gameſter: I hope I ſhall ſee an end of him; for my ſoule (yet I know not why) hates nothing more then he: yet hee's gentle, neuer ſchool'd, and yet learned, full of noble deuiſe, of all ſorts enchantingly beloued, and indeed ſo much in the heart of the world, and eſpecially of my owne people, who beſt know him, that I am altogether miſpriſed: but it ſhall not be ſo long, this wraſtler ſhall cleare all: nothing remaines, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now Ile goe about. *Exit.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Roſalind, and Cellia.

Cel. I pray thee *Roſalind*, ſweet my Coz, be merry.

Roſ. Deere *Cellia*; I ſhow more mirth then I am miſtreſſe of, and would you yet were merrier: vnleſſe you could teach me to forget a baniſhed father, you muſt not learne mee how to remember any extraordinary pleaſure.

Cel. Heerein I ſee thou lou'ſt mee not with the full waight that I loue thee; if my Vncle thy baniſhed father had baniſhed thy Vncle the Duke my Father, ſo thou hadſt beene ſtill with mee, I could haue taught my loue to take thy father for mine; ſo wouldſt thou, if the truth of thy loue to me were ſo righteouſly temper'd, as mine is to thee.

Roſ. Well, I will forget the condition of my eſtate, to reioyce in yours.

Cel. You know my Father hath no childe, but I, nor none is like to haue; and truely when he dies, thou ſhalt be his heire; for what hee hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee againe in affection: by mine honor I will, and when I breake that oath, let mee turne monſter: therefore my ſweet *Roſe*, my deare *Roſe*, be merry.

Roſ. From henceforth I will Coz, and deuiſe ſports: let me ſee, what thinke you of falling in Loue?

Cel. Marry I prethee doe, to make ſport withall: but loue no man in good earneſt, nor no further in ſport neyther, then with ſafety of a pure bluſh, thou maiſt in honor come off againe.

Roſ. What ſhall be our ſport then?

Cel. Let vs ſit and mocke the good houſwife *Fortune* from her wheele, that her gifts may henceforth bee beſtowed equally.

Roſ. I would wee could doe ſo: for her benefits are mightily miſplaced, and the bountifull blinde woman doth moſt miſtake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true, for thoſe that ſhe makes faire, ſhe ſcarce makes honeſt, & thoſe that ſhe makes honeſt, ſhe makes very illfauouredly.

Roſ. Nay now thou goeſt from Fortunes office to Natures: Fortune reignes in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Clowne.

Cel. No; when Nature hath made a faire creature, may ſhe not by Fortune fall into the fire? though nature hath giuen vs wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune ſent in this foole to cut off the argument?

Roſ. Indeed there is fortune too hard for nature, when fortune makes natures naturall, the cutter off of natures witte.

Cel. Peraduenture this is not Fortunes work neither, but Natures, who perceiueth our naturall wits too dull to reaſon of ſuch goddeſſes, hath ſent this Naturall for our whetſtone. for alwaies the dulneſſe of the foole, is the whetſtone of the wits. How now Witte, whether wander you?

Clow. Miſtreſſe, you muſt come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the meſſenger?

Clo. No by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you

Roſ. Where learned you that oath foole?

Clo. Of a certaine Knight, that ſwore by his Honour they were good Pan-cakes, and ſwore by his Honor the Muſtard was naught: Now Ile ſtand to it, the Pancakes were naught, and the Muſtard was good, and yet was not the Knight forſworne.

Cel. How proue you that in the great heape of your knowledge?

Roſ. I marry, now vnmuzzle your wiſedome.

Clo. Stand you both forth now: ſtroke your chinnes, and ſweare by your beards that I am a knaue.

Cel. By our beards (if we had them) thou art.

Clo. By my knauerie (if I had it) then I were: but if you ſweare by that that is not, you are not forſworn: no more was this knight ſwearing by his Honor, for he neuer had anie; or if he had, he had ſworne it away, before euer he ſaw thoſe Pancakes, or that Muſtard.

Cel. Prethee, who is't that thou means't?

Clo. One that old *Fredericke* your Father loues.

Roſ. My Fathers loue is enough to honor him enough; ſpeake no more of him, you'l be whipt for taxation one of theſe daies.

Clo. The more pittie that fooles may not ſpeak wiſely, what Wiſemen do fooliſhly.

Cel. By my troth thou ſaieſt true: For, ſince the little wit that fooles haue was ſilenced, the little foolerie that wiſe men haue makes a great ſhew; Heere comes Monſieur the *Beu*.

Enter le Beau.

Roſ. With his mouth full of newes.

Cel. Which he vvill put on vs, as Pigeons feed their young.

Roſ. Then ſhal we be newes-cram'd.

Cel. All the better: we ſhalbe the more Marketable. *Boon-iour Monſieur le Beu*, what's the newes?

Le Beu. Faire Princeſſe,
you haue loſt much good ſport.

Cel. Sport: of what colour?

Le Beu. What colour Madame? How ſhall I aunſwer you?

Roſ. As wit and fortune will.

Clo. Or as the deſtinies decrees.

Cel. Well ſaid, that was laid on with a trowell.

Clo. Nay, if I keepe not my ranke.

Roſ. Thou looſeſt thy old ſmell.

Le Beu. You amaze me Ladies: I would haue told you of good wraſtling, which you haue loſt the ſight of.

Roſ. Yet tell vs the manner of the Wraſtling.

Le Beu. I wil tell you the beginning: and if it pleaſe your Ladiſhips, you may ſee the end, for the beſt is yet to doe, and heere where you are, they are comming to performe it.

Cel. Well, the beginning that is dead and buried.

Le Beu. There comes an old man, and his three ſons.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beu. Three proper yong men, of excellent growth and preſence.

Roſ. With bils on their neckes: Be it knowne vnto all men by theſe preſents.

Le Beu. The eldeſt of the three, wraſtled with *Charles* the Dukes Wraſtler, which *Charles* in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribbes, that there is little hope of life in him: So he ſeru'd the ſecond, and ſo the third: yonder they lie, the poore old man their Father, making ſuch pittiful dole ouer them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Roſ. Alas.

Clo. But what is the ſport Monſieur, that the Ladies haue loſt?

Le Beu. Why this that I ſpeake of.

Clo. Thus men may grow wiſer euery day. It is the firſt time that euer I heard breaking of ribbes was ſport for Ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promiſe thee.

Roſ. But is there any elſe longs to ſee this broken Muſicke in his ſides? Is there yet another doates vpon rib-breaking? Shall we ſee this wraſtling Coſin?

Le Beu. You muſt if you ſtay heere, for heere is the place appointed for the wraſtling, and they are ready to performe it.

Cel. Yonder ſure they are comming. Let vs now ſtay and ſee it.

Flouriſh. Enter Duke, Lords, Orlando, Charles,
and Attendants.

Duke. Come on, ſince the youth will not be intreated
His owne perill on his forwardneſſe.

Roſ. Is yonder the man?

Le Beu. Euen he, Madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too yong: yet he looks ſucceſſefully

Du. How now daughter, and Couſin:
Are you crept hither to ſee the wraſtling?

Roſ. I my Liege, ſo pleaſe you giue vs leaue.

Du. You wil take little delight in it, I can tell you there is ſuch oddes in the man: In pitie of the challengers youth, I would faine diſſwade him, but he will not bee entreated. Speake to him Ladies, ſee if you can mooue him.

Cel. Call him hether good Monſieuer *Le Beu*.

Duke. Do ſo: Ile not be by.

Le Beu. Monſieur the Challenger, the Princeſſe cals for you.

Orl. I attend them with all reſpect and dutie.

Roſ. Young man, haue you challeng'd *Charles* the Wraſtler?

Orl. No faire Princeſſe: he is the generall challenger, I come but in as others do, to try with him the ſtrength of my youth.

Cel. Yong Gentleman, your ſpirits are too bold for your yeares: you haue ſeene cruell proofe of this mans ſtrength, if you ſaw your ſelfe with your eies, or knew your ſelfe with your iudgment, the feare of your aduenture would counſel you to a more equall enterpriſe. We pray you for your owne ſake to embrace your own ſafetie, and giue ouer this attempt.

Roſ. Do yong Sir, your reputation ſhall not therefore be miſpriſed: we wil make it our ſuite to the Duke, that the wraſtling might not go forward.

Orl. I beſeech you, puniſh mee not with your harde thoughts, wherein I confeſſe me much guiltie to denie ſo faire and excellent Ladies anie thing. But let your faire eies, and gentle wiſhes go with mee to my triall; wherein if I bee foil'd, there is but one ſham'd that vvas neuer gracious: if kil'd, but one dead that is willing to be ſo: I ſhall do my friends no wrong, for I haue none to lament me: the world no iniurie, for in it I haue nothing: onely in the world I fil vp a place, which may bee better ſupplied, when I haue made it emptie.

Roſ. The little ſtrength that I haue, I would it vvere with you.

Cel. And mine to eeke out hers.

Roſ. Fare you well: praie heauen I be deceiu'd in you.

Cel. Your hearts deſires be with you.

Char. Come, where is this yong gallant, that is ſo deſirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Readie Sir, but his will hath in it a more modeſt working.

Duk. You ſhall trie but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace you ſhall not entreat him to a ſecond, that haue ſo mightilie perſwaded him from a firſt.

Orl. You meane to mocke me after: you ſhould not haue mockt me before: but come your waies.

Roſ. Now Hercules, be thy ſpeede yong man.

Cel. I would I were inuiſible, to catch the ſtrong fellow by the legge. *Wraſtle.*

Roſ. Oh excellent yong man.

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eie, I can tell who ſhould downe. *Shout.*

Duk. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes I beſeech your Grace, I am not yet well breath'd.

Duk. How do'ſt thou *Charles*?

Le Beu. He cannot ſpeake my Lord.

Duk. Beare him awaie:
What is thy name yong man?

Orl. *Orlando* my Liege, the yongeſt ſonne of Sir *Roland de Boys*.

Duk. I would thou hadſt beene ſon to ſome man elſe,
The world eſteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did finde him ſtill mine enemie:
Thou ſhould'ſt haue better pleas'd me with this deede,
Hadſt thou deſcended from another houſe:
But fare thee well, thou art a gallant youth,
I would thou had'ſt told me of another Father.
Exit Duke.

Cel. Were I my Father (Coze) would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir *Rolands* ſonne,
His yongeſt ſonne, and would not change that calling
To be adopted heire to *Fredricke*.

Roſ. My Father lou'd Sir *Roland* as his ſoule,
And all the world was of my Fathers minde,
Had I before knowne this yong man his ſonne,
I ſhould haue giuen him teares vnto entreaties,
Ere he ſhould thus haue ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle Coſen,
Let vs goe thanke him, and encourage him:
My Fathers rough and enuious diſpoſition
Sticks me at heart: Sir, you haue well deſeru'd,
If you doe keepe your promiſes in loue;
But iuſtly as you haue exceeded all promiſe,
Your Miſtris ſhall be happie.

Roſ. Gentleman,
Weare this for me: one out of ſuites with fortune
That could giue more, but that her hand lacks meanes.
Shall we goe Coze?

Cel. I: fare you well faire Gentleman.

Orl. Can I not ſay, I thanke you? My better parts
Are all throwne downe, and that which here ſtands vp
Is but a quintine, a meere liueleſſe blocke.

Roſ. He cals vs back: my pride fell with my fortunes,
Ile aske him what he would: Did you call Sir?
Sir, you haue wraſtled well, and ouerthrowne
More then your enemies.

Cel. Will you goe Coze?

Roſ. Haue with you: fare you well. *Exit.*

Orl. What paſſion hangs theſe weights vpō my toong?
I cannot ſpeake to her, yet ſhe vrg'd conference.

Enter Le Beu.

O poore *Orlando*! thou art ouerthrowne
Or Charles, or ſomething weaker maſters thee.

Le Beu. Good Sir, I do in friendſhip counſaile you
To leaue this place; Albeit you haue deſeru'd
High commendation, true applauſe, and loue;
Yet ſuch is now the Dukes condition,
That he miſconſters all that you haue done:
The Duke is humorous, what he is indeede
More ſuites you to conceiue, then I to ſpeake of.

Orl. I thanke you Sir; and pray you tell me this,
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the Wraſtling?

Le Beu. Neither his daughter, if we iudge by manners,
But yet indeede the taller is his daughter,
The other is daughter to the baniſh'd Duke,
And here detain'd by her vſurping Vncle
To keepe his daughter companie, whoſe loues
Are deerer then the naturall bond of Siſters:
But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath tane diſpleaſure 'gainſt his gentle Neece,
Grounded vpon no other argument,
But that the people praiſe her for her vertues,
And pittie her, for her good Fathers ſake;
And on my life his malice 'gainſt the Lady
Will ſodainly breake forth: Sir, fare you well,
Hereafter in a better world then this,
I ſhall deſire more loue and knowledge of you.

Orl. I reſt much bounden to you: fare you well.
Thus muſt I from the ſmoake into the ſmother,
From tyrant Duke, vnto a tyrant Brother.
But heauenly *Roſaline*. *Exit*

Scena Tertius.

Enter Celia and Roſaline.

Cel. Why Coſen, why *Roſaline*: *Cupid* haue mercie, Not a word?

Roſ. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be caſt away vpon curs, throw ſome of them at me; come lame mee with reaſons.

Roſ. Then there were two Coſens laid vp, when the one ſhould be lam'd with reaſons, and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your Father?

Roſ. No, ſome of it is for my childes Father: Oh how full of briers is this working day world.

Cel. They are but burs, Coſen, throwne vpon thee in holiday foolerie, if we walke not in the trodden paths our very petty-coates will catch them.

Roſ. I could ſhake them off my coate, theſe burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Roſ. I would try if I could cry hem, and haue him.

Cel. Come, come, wraſtle with thy affections.

Roſ. O they take the part of a better wraſtler then my ſelfe.

Cel. O, a good wiſh vpon you: you will trie in time

in

in diſpight of a fall: but turning theſe ieſts out of ſeruice, let vs talke in good earneſt: Is it poſſible on ſuch a ſodaine, you ſhould fall into ſo ſtrong a liking with old Sir *Roulands* yongeſt ſonne?

Roſ. The Duke my Father lou'd his Father deerelie.

Cel. Doth it therefore enſue that you ſhould loue his Sonne deerelie? By this kinde of chaſe, I ſhould hate him, for my father hated his father deerely; yet I hate not *Orlando*.

Roſ. No faith, hate him not for my ſake.

Cel. Why ſhould I not? doth he not deſerue well?

Enter Duke with Lords.

Roſ. Let me loue him for that, and do you loue him
Becauſe I doe. Looke, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eies full of anger.

Duk. Miſtris, diſpatch you with your ſafeſt haſte,
And get you from our Court.

Roſ. Me Vncle.

Duk. You Coſen,
Within theſe ten daies if that thou beeſt found
So neere our publike Court as twentie miles,
Thou dieſt for it.

Roſ. I doe beſeech your Grace
Let me the knowledge of my fault beare with me:
If with my ſelfe I hold intelligence,
Or haue acquaintance with mine owne deſires,
If that I doe not dreame, or be not franticke,
(As I doe truſt I am not) then deere Vncle,
Neuer ſo much as in a thought vnborne,
Did I offend your highneſſe.

Duk. Thus doe all Traitors,
If their purgation did conſiſt in words,
They are as innocent as grace it ſelfe;
Let it ſuffice thee that I truſt thee not.

Roſ. Yet your miſtruſt cannot make me a Traitor;
Tell me whereon the likelihoods depends?

Duk. Thou art thy Fathers daughter, there's enough.

Roſ. So was I when your highnes took his Dukdome,
So was I when your highneſſe baniſht him;
Treaſon is not inherited my Lord,
Or if we did deriue it from our friends,
What's that to me, my Father was no Traitor,
Then good my Leige, miſtake me not ſo much,
To thinke my pouertie is treacherous.

Cel. Deere Soueraigne heare me ſpeake.

Duk. I *Celia*, we ſtaid her for your ſake,
Elſe had ſhe with her Father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then intreat to haue her ſtay,
It was your pleaſure, and your owne remorſe,
I was too yong that time to value her,
But now I know her: if ſhe be a Traitor,
Why ſo am I; we ſtill haue ſlept together,
Roſe at an inſtant, learn'd, plaid, eate together,
And whereſoere we went, like *Iunos* Swans,
Still we went coupled and inſeperable.

Duk. She is too ſubtile for thee, and her ſmoothnes;
Her verie ſilence, and per patience,
Speake to the people, and they pittie her:
Thou art a foole, ſhe robs thee of thy name,
And thou wilt ſhow more bright, & ſeem more vertuous
When ſhe is gone: then open not thy lips
Firme, and irreuocable is my doombe,
Which I haue paſt vpon her, ſhe is baniſh'd.

Cel. Pronounce that ſentence then on me my Leige,
I cannot liue out of her companie.

Duk. You are a foole: you Neice prouide your ſelfe,
If you out-ſtay the time, vpon mine honor,
And in the greatneſſe of my word you die.
Exit Duke, &c.

Cel. O my poore *Roſaline*, whether wilt thou goe?
Wilt thou change Fathers? I will giue thee mine:
I charge thee be not thou more grieu'd then I am.

Roſ. I haue more cauſe.

Cel. Thou haſt not Coſen,
Prethee be cheerefull; know'ſt thou not the Duke
Hath baniſh'd me his daughter?

Roſ. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? *Roſaline* lacks then the loue
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one,
Shall we be ſundred? ſhall we part ſweete girle?
No, let my Father ſeeke another heire:
Therefore deuiſe with me how we may flie
Whether to goe, and what to beare with vs,
And doe not ſeeke to take your change vpon you,
To beare your griefes your ſelfe, and leaue me out:
For by this heauen, now at our ſorrowes pale;
Say what thou canſt, Ile goe along with thee.

Roſ. Why, whether ſhall we goe?

Cel. To ſeeke my Vncle in the Forreſt of *Arden*.

Roſ. Alas, what danger will it be to vs,
(Maides as we are) to trauell forth ſo farre?
Beautie prouoketh theeues ſooner then gold.

Cel. Ile put my ſelfe in poore and meane attire,
And with a kinde of vmber ſmirch my face,
The like doe you, ſo ſhall we paſſe along,
And neuer ſtir aſſailants.

Roſ. Were it not better,
Becauſe that I am more then common tall,
That I did ſuite me all points like a man,
A gallant curtelax vpon my thigh,
A bore-ſpeare in my hand, and in my heart
Lye there what hidden womans feare there will,
Weele haue a ſwaſhing and a marſhall outſide,
As manie other manniſh cowards haue,
That doe outface it with their ſemblances.

Cel. What ſhall I call thee when thou art a man?

Roſ. Ile haue no worſe a name then *Ioues* owne Page,
And therefore looke you call me *Ganimed*.
But what will you by call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my ſtate:
No longer *Celia*, but *Aliena*.

Roſ. But Coſen, what if we aſſaid to ſteale
The clowniſh Foole out of your Fathers Court:
Would he not be a comfort to our trauaile?

Cel. Heele goe along ore the wide world with me,
Leaue me alone to woe him; Let's away
And get our Iewels and our wealth together,
Deuiſe the fitteſt time, and ſafeſt way
To hide vs from purſuite that will be made
After my flight: now goe in we content
To libertie, and not to baniſhment. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Duke Senior: Amyens, and two or three Lords like Forreſters.

Duk. Sen. Now my Coe-mates, and brothers in exile:
Hath not old cuſtome made this life more ſweete

Then that of painted pompe? Are not theſe woods
More free from perill then the enuious Court?
Heere feele we not the penaltie of *Adam*,
The ſeaſons difference, as the Icie phange
And churliſh chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body
Euen till I ſhrinke with cold, I ſmile, and ſay
This is no flattery: theſe are counſellors
That feelingly perſwade me what I am:
Sweet are the vſes of aduerſitie
Which like the toad, ougly and venemous,
Weares yet a precious Iewell in his head:
And this our life exempt from publike haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in euery thing.

Amien. I would not change it, happy is your Grace
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſſe of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtile.

Du.Sen. Come, ſhall we goe and kill vs veniſon?
And yet it irkes me the poore dapled fooles
Being natiue Burgers of this deſert City,
Should in their owne confines with forked heads
Haue their round hanches goard.

1.*Lord.* Indeed my Lord
The melancholy *Iaques* grieues at that,
And in that kinde ſweares you doe more vſurpe
Then doth your brother that hath baniſh'd you:
To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my ſelfe,
Did ſteale behinde him as he lay along
Vnder an oake, whoſe anticke roote peepes out
Vpon the brooke that brawles along this wood,
To the which place a poore ſequeſtred Stag
That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and indeed my Lord
The wretched annimall heau'd forth ſuch groanes
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leatherne coat
Almoſt to burſting, and the big round teares
Cours'd one another downe his innocent noſe
In pitteous chaſe: and thus the hairie foole,
Much marked of the melancholie *Iaques*,
Stood on th'extremeſt verge of the ſwift brooke,
Augmenting it with teares.

Du.Sen. But what ſaid *Iaques*?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?

1.*Lord.* O yes, into a thouſand ſimilies.
Firſt, for his weeping into the needleſſe ſtreame;
Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'ſt a teſtament
As worldlings doe, giuing thy ſum of more
To that which had too muſt: then being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his veluet friend;
'Tis right quoth he, thus miſerie doth part
The Fluxe of companie: anon a careleſſe Heard
Full of the paſture, iumps along by him
And neuer ſtaies to greet him: I quoth *Iaques*,
Sweepe on you fat and greazie Citizens,
'Tis iuſt the faſhion; wherefore doe you looke
Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt inuectiuely he pierceth through
The body of Countrie, Citie, Court,
Yea, and of this our life, ſwearing that we
Are meere vſurpers, tyrants, and whats worſe
To fright the Annimals, and to kill them vp
In their aſſign'd and natiue dwelling place.

D.Sen. And did you leaue him in this contemplation?

2.*Lord.* We did my Lord, weeping and commenting
Vpon the ſobbing Deere.

Du.Sen. Show me the place,
I loue to cope him in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

1.*Lor.* Ile bring you to him ſtrait. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, with Lords.

Duk. Can it be poſſible that no man ſaw them?
It cannot be, ſome villaines of my Court
Are of conſent and ſufferance in this.

1.*Lo.* I cannot heare of any that did ſee her,
The Ladies her attendants of her chamber
Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,
They found the bed vntreaſur'd of their Miſtris.

2.*Lor.* My Lord, the royniſh Clown, at whom ſo oft,
Your Grace was wont to laugh is alſo miſſing,
Hiſperia the Princeſſe Gentlewoman
Confeſſes that ſhe ſecretly ore-heard
Your daughter and her Coſen much commend
The parts and graces of the Wraſtler
That did but lately foile the ſynowie *Charles*,
And ſhe beleeues where euer they are gone
That youth is ſurely in their companie.

Duk. Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,
If he be abſent, bring his Brother to me,
Ile make him finde him: do this ſodainly;
And let not ſearch and inquiſition quaile,
To bring againe theſe fooliſh runawaies. *Exunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. Who's there?

Ad. What my yong Maſter, oh my gentle maſter,
Oh my ſweet maſter, O you memorie
Of old Sir *Rowland*; why, what make you here?
Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to ouercome
The bonnie priſer of the humorous Duke?
Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not Maſter, to ſeeme kinde of men,
Their graces ſerue them but as enemies,
No more doe yours: your vertues gentle Maſter
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you:
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
Enuenoms him that beares it?

Orlādo. Why, what's the matter?

Ad. O vnhappie youth,
Come not within theſe doores: within this roofe
The enemie of all your graces liues
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the ſonne
(Yet not the ſon, I will not call him ſon)
Of him I was about to call his Father,
Hath heard your praiſes, and this night he meanes,
To burne the lodging where you vſe to lye,
And you within it: if he faile of that

He

He will haue other meanes to cut you off;
I ouerheard him: and his practiſes:
This is no place, this houſe is but a butcherie;
Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it.

Orland: *Ad.* Why whether *Adam* would'ſt thou haue me go?

Ad. No matter whether, ſo you come not here.

Orl. What, would'ſt thou haue me go & beg my food,
Or with a baſe and boiſtrous Sword enforce
A theeuiſh liuing on the common rode?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can,
I rather will ſubiect me to the malice
Of a diuerted blood, and bloudie brother.

Ad. But do not ſo: I haue fiue hundred Crownes,
The thriftie hire I ſaued vnder your Father,
Which I did ſtore to be my foſter Nurſe,
When ſeruice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
And vnregarded age in corners throwne,
Take that, and he that doth the Rauens feede,
Yea prouidently caters for the Sparrow,
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,
All this I giue you, let me be your ſeruant,
Though I looke old, yet I am ſtrong and luſtie;
For in my youth I neuer did apply
Hot, and rebellious liquors in my bloud,
Nor did not with vnbaſhfull forehead woe,
The meanes of weakneſſe and debilitie,
Therefore my age is as a luſtie winter,
Froſtie, but kindely; let me goe with you,
Ile doe the ſeruice of a yonger man
In all your buſineſſe and neceſſities.

Orl. Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares
The conſtant ſeruice of the antique world,
When ſeruice ſweate for dutie, not for meede:
Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweate, but for promotion,
And hauing that do choake their ſeruice vp,
Euen with the hauing, it is not ſo with thee:
But poore old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſome yeelde,
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,
But come thy waies, weele goe along together,
And ere we haue thy youthfull wages ſpent,
Weele light vpon ſome ſetled low content.

Ad. Maſter goe on, and I will follow thee
To the laſt gaſpe with truth and loyaltie,
From ſeauentie yeeres, till now almoſt fourescore
Here liued I, but now liue here no more
At ſeauenteene yeeres, many their fortunes ſeeke
But at fourescore, it is too late a weeke,
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Then to die well, and not my Maſters debter. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Roſaline for Ganimed, Celia for Aliena, and Clowne, alias Touchſtone.

Roſ. O *Iupiter*, how merry are my ſpirits?

Clo. I care not for my ſpirits, if my legges were not wearie.

Roſ. I could finde in my heart to diſgrace my mans apparell, and to cry like a woman: but I muſt comfort the weaker veſſell, as doublet and hoſe ought to ſhow it ſelfe coragious to petty-coate; therefore courage, good *Aliena.*

Cel. I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no further.

Clo. For my part, I had rather beare with you, then beare you: yet I ſhould beare no croſſe if I did beare you, for I thinke you haue no money in your purſe.

Roſ. Well, this is the Forreſt of *Arden.*

Clo. I, now am I in *Arden*, the more foole I, when I was at home I was in a better place, but Trauellers muſt be content.

Enter Corin and Siluius.

Roſ. I, be ſo good *Touchſtone*: Look you, who comes here, a yong man and an old in ſolemne talke.

Cor. That is the way to make her ſcorne you ſtill.

Sil. Oh *Corin*, that thou knew'ſt how I do loue her.

Cor. I partly gueſſe: for I haue lou'd ere now.

Sil. No *Corin*, being old, thou canſt not gueſſe,
Though in thy youth thou waſt as true a louer
As euer ſigh'd vpon a midnight pillow:
But if thy loue were euer like to mine,
As ſure I thinke did neuer man loue ſo:
How many actions moſt ridiculous,
Haſt thou beene drawne to by thy fantaſie?

Cor. Into a thouſand that I haue forgotten.

Sil. Oh thou didſt then neuer loue ſo hartily,
If thou remembreſt not the ſlighteſt folly,
That euer loue did make thee run into,
Thou haſt not lou'd.
Or if thou haſt not ſat as I doe now,
Wearing thy hearer in thy Miſtris praiſe,
Thou haſt not lou'd.
Or if thou haſt not broke from companie,
Abruptly as my paſſion now makes me,
Thou haſt not lou'd.
O *Phebe, Phebe, Phebe.* *Exit.*

Roſ. Alas poore Shepheard ſearching of they would,
I haue by hard aduenture found mine owne.

Clo. And I mine: I remember when I was in loue, I broke my ſword vpon a ſtone, and bid him take that for comming a night to *Iane Smile*, and I remember the kiſſing of her batler, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing of a peaſcod inſtead of her, from whom I tooke two cods, and giuing her them againe, ſaid with weeping teares, weare theſe for my ſake: wee that are true Louers, runne into ſtrange capers; but as all is mortall in nature, ſo is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.

Roſ. Thou ſpeak'ſt wiſer then thou art ware of.

Clo. Nay, I ſhall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till I breake my ſhins againſt it.

Roſ. *Ioue, Ioue*, this Shepherds paſſion,
Is much vpon my faſhion.

Clo. And mine, but it growes ſomething ſtale with mee.

Cel. I pray you, one of you queſtion yon'd man,
If he for gold will giue vs any foode,
I faint almoſt to death.

Clo. Holla; you Clowne.

Roſ. Peace foole, he's not thy kinſman.

Cor. Who cals?

Clo. Your betters Sir.

Cor. Elſe are they very wretched.

Roſ. Peace I ſay; good euen to your friend.
Cor. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.
Roſ. I prethee Shepheard, if that loue or gold
Can in this deſert place buy entertainment,
Bring vs where we may reſt our ſelues, and feed:
Here's a yong maid with trauaile much oppreſſed,
And faints for ſuccour.
Cor. Faire Sir, I pittie her,
And wiſh for her ſake more then for mine owne,
My fortunes were more able to releeue her:
But I am ſhepheard to another man,
And do not ſheere the Fleeces that I graze:
My maſter is of churliſh diſpoſition,
And little wreakes to finde the way to heauen
By doing deeds of hoſpitalitie.
Beſides his Coate, his Flockes, and bounds of feede
Are now on ſale, and at our ſheep-coat now
By reaſon of his abſence there is nothing
That you will feed on: but what is, come ſee,
And in my voice moſt welcome ſhall you be.
Roſ. What is he that ſhall buy his flocke and paſture?
Cor. That yong Swaine that you ſaw heere but ere-while,
That little cares for buying any thing.
Roſ. I pray thee, if it ſtand with honeſtie,
Buy thou the Cottage, paſture, and the flocke,
And thou ſhalt haue to pay for it of vs.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages:
I like this place, and willingly could
Waſte my time in it.
Cor. Aſſuredly the thing is to be ſold:
Go with me, if you like vpon report,
The ſoile, the profit, and this kinde of life,
I will your very faithfull Feeder be,
And buy it with your Gold right ſodainly. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter, Amyens, Iaques, & others.

Song.

Vnder the greene wood tree,
who loues to lye with mee,
And turne his merrie Note,
vnto the ſweet Birds throte:
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Heere ſhall he ſee no enemie,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Iaq. More, more, I pre'thee more.

Amy. It will make you melancholly Monſieur *Iaques*

Iaq. I thanke it: More, I prethee more,
I can ſucke melancholly out of a ſong,
As a Weazel ſuckes egges: More, I pre'thee more.

Amy. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot pleaſe you.

Iaq. I do not deſire you to pleaſe me,
I do deſire you to ſing:
Come, more, another ſtanzo: Cal you'em ſtanzo's?

Amy. What you wil Monſieur *Iaques.*

Iaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee nothing. Wil you ſing?

Amy. More at your requeſt, then to pleaſe my ſelfe.

Iaq. Well then, if euer I thanke any man, Ile thanke you: but that they cal complement is like th'encounter of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me hartily, me thinkes I haue giuen him a penie, and he renders me the beggerly thankes. Come ſing; and you that wil not hold your tongues.

Amy. Wel, Ile end the ſong. Sirs, couer the while, the Duke wil drinke vnder this tree; he hath bin all this day to looke you.

Iaq. And I haue bin all this day to auoid him:
He is too diſputeable for my companie:
I thinke of as many matters as he, but I giue
Heauen thankes, and make no boaſt of them.
Come, warble, come.

Song. *Altogether heere.*

Who doth ambition ſhunne,
and loues to liue i'th Sunne:
Seeking the food he eates,
and pleas'd with what he gets:
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Heere ſhall he ſee. &c.

Iaq. Ile giue you a verſe to this note,
That I made yeſterday in deſpight of my Inuention.

Amy. And Ile ſing it.

Amy. Thus it goes.

If it do come to paſſe, that any man turne Aſſe:
Leauing his wealth and eaſe,
A ſtubborne will to pleaſe,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Heere ſhall he ſee, groſſe fooles as he,
And if he will come to me.

Amy. What's that Ducdame?

Iaq. 'Tis a Greeke inuocation, to call fools into a circle. Ile go ſleepe if I can: if I cannot, Ile raile againſt all the firſt borne of Egypt.

Amy. And Ile go ſeeke the Duke,
His banket is prepar'd. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam.

Adam. Deere Maſter, I can go no further:
O I die for food. Heere lie I downe,
And meaſure out my graue. Farwel kinde maſter.
Orl. Why how now *Adam*? No greater heart in thee:
Liue a little, comfort a little, cheere thy ſelfe a little.
If this vncouth Forreſt yeeld any thing ſauage,
I wil either be food for it, or bring it for foode to thee:
Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy powers.
For my ſake be comfortable, hold death a while
At the armes end: I wil heere be with thee preſently,
And if I bring thee not ſomething to eate,
I wil giue thee leaue to die: but if thou dieſt
Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor.
Wel ſaid, thou look'ſt cheerely,
And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou lieſt
In the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee
To ſome ſhelter, and thou ſhalt not die
For lacke of a dinner,
If there liue any thing in this Deſert.
Cheerely good *Adam.* *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

Enter Duke Sen. & Lord, like Out-lawes.

Du.Sen. I thinke he be transform'd into a beaſt,
For I can no where finde him, like a man.
1.Lord. My Lord, he is but euen now gone hence,
Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.
Du.Sen. If he compact of iarres, grow Muſicall,
We ſhall haue ſhortly diſcord in the Spheares:
Go ſeeke him, tell him I would ſpeake with him.

Enter Iaques.

1.Lord. He ſaues my labor by his owne approach.
Du.Sen. Why how now Monſieur, what a life is this
That your poore friends muſt woe your companie,
What, you looke merrily.
Iaq. A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i'th Forreſt,
A motley Foole (a miſerable world:)
As I do liue by foode, I met a foole,
Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,
In good ſet termes, and yet a motley foole.
Good morrow foole (quoth I:) no Sir, quoth he,
Call me not foole, till heauen hath ſent me fortune,
And then he drew a diall from his poake,
And looking on it, with lacke-luſtre eye,
Sayes, very wiſely, it is ten a clocke:
Thus we may ſee (quoth he) how the world wagges:
'Tis but an houre agoe, ſince it was nine,
And after one houre more, 'twill be eleuen,
And ſo from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,
And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare
The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,
My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,
That Fooles ſhould be ſo deepe contemplatiue:
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion
An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,
A worthy foole: Motley's the onely weare.
Du.Sen. What foole is this?
Iaq. O worthie Foole: One that hath bin a Courtier
And ſayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,
They haue the gift to know it: and in his braiue,
Which is as drie as the remainder bisket
After a voyage: He hath ſtrange places cram'd
With obſeruation, the which he vents
In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,
I am ambitious for a motley coat.
Du.Sen. Thou ſhalt haue one.
Iaq. It is my onely ſuite,
Prouided that you weed your better iudgements
Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt haue liberty
Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,
To blow on whom I pleaſe, for ſo fooles haue:
And they that are moſt gauled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh: And why ſir muſt they ſo?
The why is plaine, as way to Pariſh Church:
Hee, that a Foole doth very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart
Seeme ſenſeleſſe of the bob. If not,
The Wiſe-mans folly is anathomiz'd
Euen by the ſquandring glances of the foole.
Inueſt me in my motley: Giue me leaue
To ſpeake my minde, and I will through and through
Cleanſe the foule bodie of th'infected world,
If they will patiently receiue my medicine.
Du.Sen. Fie on thee. I can tell what thou wouldſt do.
Iaq. What, for a Counter, would I do, but good?
Du.Sen. Moſt miſcheeuous foule ſin, in chiding ſin:
For thou thy ſelfe haſt bene a Libertine,
As ſenſuall as the brutiſh ſting it ſelfe,
And all th'imboſſed ſores, and headed euils,
That thou with licenſe of free foot haſt caught,
Would'ſt thou diſgorge into the generall world.
Iaq. Why who cries out on pride,
That can therein taxe any priuate party:
Doth it not flow as hugely as the Sea,
Till that the wearie verie meanes do ebbe.
What woman in the Citie do I name,
When that I ſay the City woman beares
The coſt of Princes on vnworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay that I meane her,
When ſuch a one as ſhee, ſuch is her neighbor?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſayes his brauerie is not on my coſt,
Thinking that I meane him, but therein ſuites
His folly to the mettle of my ſpeech,
There then, how then, what then, let me ſee wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelfe: if he be free,
why then my taxing like a wild-gooſe flies
Vnclaim'd of any. man But who come here?

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbeare, and eate no more.
Iaq. Why I haue eate none yet.
Orl. Nor ſhalt not, till neceſſity be ſeru'd.
Iaq. Of what kinde ſhould this Cocke come of?
Du.Sen. Art thou thus bolden'd man by thy diſtres?
Or elſe a rude deſpiſer of good manners,
That in ciuility thou ſeem'ſt ſo emptie?
Orl. You touch'd my veine at firſt, the thorny point
Of bare diſtreſſe, hath tane from me the ſhew
Of ſmooth ciuility: yet am I in-land bred,
And know ſome nourture: But forbeare, I ſay,
He dies that touches any of this fruite,
Till I, and my affaires are anſwered.
Iaq. And you will not be anſwer'd with reaſon,
I muſt dye.
Du.Sen. What would you haue?
Your gentleneſſe ſhall force, more then your force
Moue vs to gentleneſſe.
Orl. I almoſt die for food, and let me haue it.
Du.Sen. Sit downe and feed, & welcom to our table
Orl. Speake you ſo gently? Pardon me I pray you,
I thought that all things had bin ſauage heere,
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of ſterne command'ment. But what ere you are
That in this deſert inacceſſible,
Vnder the ſhade of melancholly boughes,
Looſe, and neglect the creeping houres of time:
If euer you haue look'd on better dayes:
If euer beene where bels haue knoll'd to Church:
If euer ſate at any good mans feaſt:
If euer from your eye-lids wip'd a teare,
And know what 'tis to pittie, and be pittied:
Let gentleneſſe my ſtrong enforcement be,
In the which hope, I bluſh, and hide my Sword.

Du. Sen. True is it, that we haue ſeene better dayes,
And haue with holy bell bin knowld to Church,
And ſat at good mens feaſts, and wip'd our eies
Of drops, that ſacred pity hath engendred:
And therefore ſit you downe in gentleneſſe,
And take vpon command, what helpe we haue
That to your wanting may be miniſtred.

Orl. Then but forbeare your food a little while:
Whiles (like a Doe) I go to finde my Fawne,
And giue it food. There is an old poore man,
Who after me, hath many a weary ſteppe
Limpt in pure loue: till he be firſt ſuffic'd,
Oppreſt with two weake euils, age, and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke Sen. Go finde him out.
And we will nothing waſte till you returne.

Orl. I thanke ye, and be bleſt for your good comfort.

Du Sen. Thou ſeeſt, we are not all alone vnhappie:
This wide and vniuerſall Theater
Preſents more wofull Pageants then the Sceane
Wherein we play in.

Ia. All the world's a ſtage,
And all the men and women, meerely Players;
They haue their *Exits* and their Entrances,
And one man in his time playes many parts,
His Acts being ſeuen ages. At firſt the Infant,
Mewling, and puking in the Nurſes armes:
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnaile
Vnwillingly to ſchoole. And then the Louer,
Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad
Made to his Miſtreſſe eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Ielous in honor, ſodaine, and quicke in quarrell,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iuſtice,
In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With eyes ſeuere, and beard of formall cut,
Full of wiſe ſawes, and moderne inſtances,
And ſo he playes his part. The ſixt age ſhifts
Into the leane and ſlipper'd Pantaloone,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide,
His youthfull hoſe well ſau'd, a world too wide,
For his ſhrunke ſhanke, and his bigge manly voice,
Turning againe toward childiſh trebble pipes,
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt Scene of all,
That ends this ſtrange euentfull hiſtorie,
Is ſecond childiſhneſſe, and meere obliuion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans euery thing.

Enter Orlando with Adam.

Du Sen. Welcome: ſet downe your venerable burthen, and let him feede.

Orl. I thanke you moſt for him.

Ad. So had you neede,
I ſcarce can ſpeake to thanke you for my ſelfe.

Du. Sen. Welcome, fall too: I wil not trouble you,
As yet to queſtion you about your fortunes:
Giue vs ſome Muſicke, and good Cozen, ſing.

Song.

Blow, blow, thou winter winde,
Thou art not ſo vnkinde, as mans ingratitude
Thy tooth is not ſo keene, becauſe thou art not ſeene,
although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho, ſing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,
Moſt frendſhip, is fayning; moſt Louing, meere folly:
The heigh ho, the holly,
This Life is moſt iolly.

Freize, freize, thou bitter skie that doſt not bight ſo nigh
as benefitts forgot:
Though thou the waters warpe, thy ſting is not ſo ſharpe,
as freind remembred not.
Heigh ho, ſing, &c.

Duke Sen. If that you were the good Sir *Rowlands* ſon,
As you haue whiſper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witneſſe,
Moſt truly limn'd, and liuing in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That lou'd your Father, the reſidue of your fortune,
Go to my Caue, and tell mee. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome, as thy maſters is:
Support him by the arme: giue me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes vnderſtand. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Lords, & Oliuer.

Du. Not ſee him ſince? Sir, ſir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercie,
I ſhould not ſeeke an abſent argument
Of my reuenge, thou preſent: but looke to it,
Finde out thy brother whereſoere he is,
Seeke him with Candle: bring him dead, or liuing
Within this tweluemonth, or turne thou no more
To ſeeke a liuing in our Territorie.
Thy Lands and all things that thou doſt call thine,
Worth ſeizure, do we ſeize into our hands,
Till thou canſt quit thee by thy brothers mouth,
Of what we thinke againſt thee.

Ol. Oh that your Highneſſe knew my heart in this:
I neuer lou'd my brother in my life.

Duke. More villaine thou. Well puſh him out of dores
And let my officers of ſuch a nature
Make an extent vpon his houſe and Lands:
Do this expediently, and turne him going. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Hang there my verſe, in witneſſe of my loue,
And thou thrice crowned Queene of night ſuruey
With thy chaſte eye, from thy pale ſpheare aboue
Thy Huntreſſe name, that my full life doth ſway.
O *Roſalind*, theſe Trees ſhall be my Bookes,
And in their barkes my thoughts Ile charracter,
That euerie eye, which in this Forreſt lookes,
Shall ſee thy vertue witneſt euery where.
Run, run *Orlando*, carue on euery Tree,
The faire, the chaſte, and vnexpreſſiue ſhee. *Exit*

Enter Corin & Clowne.

Co. And how like you this ſhepherds life Mr *Touchſtone*?

Clo.

Clow. Truely Shepheard, in reſpect of it ſelfe, it is a good life; but in reſpect that it is a ſhepheards life, it is naught. In reſpect that it is ſolitary, I like it verie well: but in reſpect that it is priuate, it is a very vild life. Now in reſpect it is in the fields, it pleaſeth mee well: but in reſpect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a ſpare life (looke you) it fits my humor well: but as there is no more plentie in it, it goes much againſt my ſtomacke. Has't any Philoſophie in thee ſhepheard?

Cor. No more, but that I know the more one ſickens, the worſe at eaſe he is: and that hee that wants money, meanes, and content, is without three good frends. That the propertie of raine is to wet, and fire to burne: That pood paſture makes fat ſheepe: and that a great cauſe of the night, is lacke of the Sunne: That hee that hath learned no wit by Nature, nor Art, may complaine of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Clo. Such a one is a naturall Philoſopher: Was't euer in Court, Shepheard?

Cor. No truly.

Clo. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Clo. Truly thou art damn'd, like an ill roaſted Egge, all on one ſide.

Cor. For not being at Court? your reaſon.

Clo. Why, if thou neuer was't at Court, thou neuer ſaw'ſt good manners: if thou neuer ſaw'ſt good maners, then thy manners muſt be wicked, and wickednes is ſin, and ſinne is damnation: Thou art in a parlous ſtate ſhepheard.

Cor. Not a whit *Touchſtone*, thoſe that are good maners at the Court, are as ridiculous in the Countrey, as the behauiour of the Countrie is moſt mockeable at the Court. You told me, you ſalute not at the Court, but you kiſſe your hands; that courteſie would be vncleanlie if Courtiers were ſhepheards.

Clo. Inſtance, briefly: come, inſtance.

Cor. Why we are ſtill handling our Ewes, and their Fels you know are greaſie.

Clo. Why do not your Courtiers hands ſweate? and is not the greaſe of a Mutton, as wholeſome as the ſweat of a man? Shallow, ſhallow: A better inſtance I ſay: Come.

Cor. Beſides, our hands are hard.

Clo. Your lips wil feele them the ſooner. Shallow agen: a more ſounder inſtance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd ouer, with the ſurgery of our ſheepe: and would you haue vs kiſſe Tarre? The Courtiers hands are perfum'd with Ciuet.

Clo. Moſt ſhallow man: Thou wormes meate in reſpect of a good peece of fleſh indeed: learne of the wiſe and perpend: Ciuet is of a baſer birth then Tarre, the verie vncleanly fluxe of a Cat. Mend the inſtance Shepheard.

Cor. You haue too Courtly a wit, for me, Ile reſt.

Clo. Wilt thou reſt damn'd? God helpe thee ſhallow man: God make inciſion in thee, thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true Labourer, I earne that I eate: get that I weare; owe no man hate, enuie no mans happineſſe; glad of other mens good content with my harme: and the greateſt of my pride, is to ſee my Ewes graze, & my Lambes ſucke.

Clo. That is another ſimple ſinne in you, to bring the Ewes and the Rammes together, and to offer to get your liuing, by the copulation of Cattle, to be bawd to a Belweather, and to betray a ſhee-Lambe of a tweluemonth to a crooked-pated olde Cuckoldly Ramme, out of all reaſonable match. If thou bee'ſt not damn'd for this, the diuell himſelfe will haue no ſhepherds, I cannot ſee elſe how thou ſhouldſt ſcape.

Cor. Heere comes yong Mr *Ganimed*, my new Miſtriſſes Brother.

Enter Roſalind.

Roſ. From the eaſt to weſterne Inde,
no iewel is like Roſalinde,
Hir worth being mounted on the winde,
through all the world beares Roſalinde.
All the pictures faireſt Linde,
are but blacke to Roſalinde:
Let no face bee kept in mind,
but the faire of Roſalinde.

Clo. Ile rime you ſo, eight yeares together; dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping hours excepted: it is the right Butter-womens ranke to Market.

Roſ. Out Foole.

Clo. For a taſte.
If a Hart doe lacke a Hinde,
Let him ſeeke out Roſalinde:
If the Cat will after kinde,
ſo be ſure will Roſalinde:
Wintred garments muſt be linde,
ſo muſt ſlender Roſalinde:
They that reap muſt ſheafe and binde,
then to cart with Roſalinde.
Sweeteſt nut, hath ſowreſt rinde,
ſuch a nut is Roſalinde.
He that ſweeteſt roſe will finde,
muſt finde Loues pricke, & Roſalinde.

This is the verie falſe gallop of Verſes, why doe you infect your ſelfe with them?

Roſ. Peace you dull foole, I found them on a tree.

Clo. Truely the tree yeelds bad fruite.

Roſ. Ile graffe it with you, and then I ſhall graffe it with a Medler: then it will be the earlieſt fruit i'th country: for you'l be rotten ere you bee halfe ripe, and that's the right vertue of the Medler.

Clo. You haue ſaid: but whether wiſely or no, let the Forreſt iudge.

Enter Celia with a writing.

Roſ. Peace, here comes my ſiſter reading, ſtand aſide.

Cel. Why ſhould this Deſert bee,
for it is vnpeopled? Noe:
Tonges Ile hang on euerie tree,
that ſhall ciuill ſayings ſhoe.
Some, how briefe the Life of man
runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the ſtretching of a ſpan,
buckles in his ſumme of age.
Some of violated vowes,
twixt the ſoules of friend, and friend:
But vpon the faireſt bowes,
or at euerie ſentence end;
Will I Roſalinda write,
teaching all that reade, to know
The quinteſſence of euerie ſprite,
heauen would in little ſhow.
Therefore heauen Nature charg'd,
that one bodie ſhould be fill'd
With all Graces wide enlarg'd,
nature preſently diſtill'd

Helens cheeke, but not his heart,
Cleopatra's *Maieſtie:*
Attalanta's *better part,*
ſad Lucrecia's *Modeſtie.*
Thus Roſalinde *of manie parts,*
by Heauenly Synode was deuis'd,
Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,
to haue the touches deereſt pris'd.
Heauen would that ſhee theſe gifts ſhould haue,
and I to liue and die her ſlaue.

Roſ. O moſt gentle Iupiter, what tedious homilie of Loue haue you wearied your pariſhioners withall, and neuer cri'de, haue patience good people.

Cel. How now backe friends: Shepheard, go off a little: go with him ſirrah.

Clo. Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable retreit, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with ſcrip and ſcrippage. *Exit.*

Cel. Didſt thou heare theſe verſes?

Roſ.. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for ſome of them had in them more feete then the Verſes would beare.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might beare ÿ verſes.

Roſ. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themſelues without the verſe, and therefore ſtood lamely in the verſe.

Cel. But didſt thou heare without wondering, how thy name ſhould be hang'd and carued vpon theſe trees?

Roſ. I was ſeuen of the nine daies out of the wonder, before you came: for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree; I was neuer ſo berim d ſince *Pythagoras* time that I was an Iriſh Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you, who hath done this?

Roſ. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chaine that you once wore about his neck: change you colour?

Roſ. I pre'thee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Mountaines may bee remoou'd with Earthquakes, and ſo encounter.

Roſ. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it poſſible?

Roſ. Nay, I pre'thee now, with moſt petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and moſt wonderfull wonderfull, and yet againe wonderful, and after that out of all hooping.

Roſ. Good my complection, doſt thou think though I am capariſon'd like a man, I haue a doublet and hoſe in my diſpoſition? One inch of delay more, is a South-ſea of diſcouerie. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickely, and ſpeake apace: I would thou couldſt ſtammer, that thou might'ſt powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Roſ. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Roſ. Why God will ſend more, if the man will bee thankful: let me ſtay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is yong *Orlando*, that tript vp the Wraſtlers heeles, and your heart, both in an inſtant.

Roſ. Nay, but the diuell take mocking: ſpeake ſadde brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith (Coz) tis he.

Roſ. *Orlando?*

Cel. *Orlando.*

Roſ. Alas the day, what ſhall I do with my doublet & hoſe? What did he when thou ſaw'ſt him? What ſayde he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes hee heere? Did he aske for me? Where remaines he? How parted he with thee? And when ſhalt thou ſee him againe? Anſwer me in one vvord.

Cel. You muſt borrow me Gargantuas mouth firſt: 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages ſize, to ſay I and no, to theſe particulars, is more then to anſwer in a Catechiſme.

Roſ. But doth he know that I am in this Forreſt, and in mans apparrell? Looks he as freſhly, as he did the day he Wraſtled?

Cel. It is as eaſie to count Atomies as to reſolue the propoſitions of a Louer: but take a taſte of my finding him, and relliſh it with good obſeruance. I found him vnder a tree like a drop'd Acorne.

Roſ. It may vvel be cal'd Ioues tree, when it droppes forth fruite.

Cel. Giue me audience, good Madam.

Roſ. Proceed.

Cel. There lay hee ſtretch'd along like a Wounded knight.

Roſ. Though it be pittie to ſee ſuch a ſight, it vvell becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee: it curuettes vnſeaſonably. He was furniſh'd like a Hunter.

Roſ. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

Cel. I would ſing my ſong without a burthen, thou bring'ſt me out of tune.

Roſ. Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke, I muſt ſpeake: ſweet, ſay on.

Enter Orlando & Iaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not heere?

Roſ. 'Tis he, ſlinke by, and note him.

Iaq I thanke you for your company, but good faith I had as liefe haue beene my ſelfe alone.

Orl. And ſo had I: but yet for faſhion ſake I thanke you too, for your ſocietie.

Iaq. God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do deſire we may be better ſtrangers.

Iaq. I pray you marre no more trees vvith Writing Loue-ſongs in their barkes.

Orl. I pray you marre no moe of my verſes with reading them ill-fauouredly.

Iaq. *Roſalinde* is your loues name? *Orl.* Yes, Iuſt.

Iaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleaſing you when ſhe was chriſten'd.

Iaq. What ſtature is ſhe of?

Orl. Iuſt as high as my heart.

Iaq. You are ful of prety anſwers: haue you not bin acquainted with goldſmiths wiues, & cond thē out of rings

Orl. Not ſo: but I anſwer you right painted cloath, from whence you haue ſtudied your queſtions.

Iaq. You haue a nimble wit; I thinke 'twas made of *Attalanta's* heeles. Will you ſitte downe with me, and wee two, will raile againſt our Miſtris the world, and all our miſerie.

Orl. I wil chide no breather in the world but my ſelfe againſt whom I know moſt faults.

Iaq. The worſt fault you haue, is to be in loue.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your beſt vertue: I am wearie of you.

Iaq. By my troth, I was ſeeking for a Foole, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you ſhall ſee him.

Iaq. There I ſhal ſee mine owne figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

Iaq. Ile tarrie no longer with you, farewell good ſignior Loue.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monſieur Melancholly.

Roſ. I wil ſpeake to him like a ſawcie Lacky, and vnder that habit play the knaue with him, do you hear Forreſter.

Orl. Verie wel, what would you?

Roſ. I pray you, what i'ſt a clocke?

Orl. You ſhould aske me what time o'day: there's no clocke in the Forreſt.

Roſ. Then there is no true Louer in the Forreſt, elſe ſighing euerie minute and groaning euerie houre wold detect the lazie foot of time, as wel as a clocke.

Orl. And why not the ſwift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?

Roſ. By no meanes ſir; Time trauels in diuers paces, with diuers perſons: Ile tel you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he ſtands ſtil withall.

Orl. I prethee, who doth he trot withal?

Roſ. Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is ſolemnizd: if the interim be but a ſennight, Times pace is ſo hard, that it ſeemes the length of ſeuen yeare.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Roſ. With a Prieſt that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowt: for the one ſleepes eaſily becauſe he cannot ſtudy, and the other liues merrily, becauſe he feeles no paine: the one lacking the burthen of leane and waſteful Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heauie tedious penurie. Theſe Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Roſ. With a theefe to the gallowes: for though hee go as ſoftly as foot can fall, he thinkes himſelfe too ſoon there.

Orl. Who ſtaies it ſtil withal?

Roſ. With Lawiers in the vacation: for they ſleepe betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not how time moues.

Orl. Where dwel you prettie youth?

Roſ. With this Shepheardeſſe my ſiſter: heere in the skirts of the Forreſt, like fringe vpon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you natiue of this place?

Roſ. As the Conie that you ſee dwell where ſhee is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is ſomething finer, then you could purchaſe in ſo remoued a dwelling.

Roſ. I haue bin told ſo of many: but indeed, an olde religious Vnckle of mine taught me to ſpeake, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtſhip too well: for there he fel in loue. I haue heard him read many Lectors againſt it, and I thanke God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with ſo many giddie offences as hee hath generally tax'd their whole ſex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall euils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Roſ. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfe pence are, euerie one fault ſeeming monſtrous, til his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prethee recount ſome of them.

Roſ. No: I wil not caſt away my phyſick, but on thoſe that are ſicke. There is a man haunts the Forreſt, that abuſes our yong plants with caruing *Roſalinde* on their barkes; hangs Oades vpon Hauthornes, and Elegies on brambles; all (forſooth) defying the name of *Roſalinde*. If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would giue him ſome good counſel, for he ſeemes to haue the Quotidian of Loue vpon him.

Orl. I am he that is ſo Loue-ſhak'd, I pray you tel me your remedie.

Roſ. There is none of my Vnckles markes vpon you: he taught me how to know a man in loue: in which cage of ruſhes, I am ſure you art not priſoner.

Orl. What were his markes?

Roſ. A leane cheeke, which you haue not: a blew eie and ſunken, which you haue not: an vnqueſtionable ſpirit, which you haue not: a beard neglected, which you haue not: (but I pardon you for that, for ſimply your hauing in beard, is a yonger brothers reuennew) then your hoſe ſhould be vngarter'd, your bonnet vnbanded, your ſleeue vnbutton'd, your ſhoo vnti'de, and euerie thing about you, demonſtrating a careleſſe deſolation: but you are no ſuch man; you are rather point deuice in your accouſtrements, as louing your ſelfe, then ſeeming the Louer of any other.

Orl. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleeue I Loue.

Roſ. Me beleeue it? You may aſſoone make her that you Loue beleeue it, which I warrant ſhe is apter to do, then to confeſſe ſhe do's: that is one of the points, in the which women ſtil giue the lie to their conſciences. But in good ſooth, are you he that hangs the verſes on the Trees, wherein *Roſalind* is ſo admired?

Orl. I ſweare to thee youth, by the white hand of *Roſalind*, I am that he, that vnfortunate he.

Ros. But are you ſo much in loue, as your rimes ſpeak?

Orl. Neither rime nor reaſon can expreſſe how much.

Roſ. Loue is meerely a madneſſe, and I tel you, deſerues as wel a darke houſe, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reaſon why they are not ſo puniſh'd and cured, is that the Lunacie is ſo ordinarie, that the whippers are in loue too: yet I profeſſe curing it by counſel.

Orl. Did you euer cure any ſo?

Roſ. Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Loue, his Miſtris: and I ſet him euerie day to woe me. At which time would I, being but a mooniſh youth, greeue, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantaſtical, apiſh, ſhallow, inconſtant, ful of teares, full of ſmiles; for euerie paſſion ſomething, and for no paſſion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the moſt part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then forſwear him: now weepe for him, then ſpit at him; that I draue my Sutor from his mad humor of loue, to a liuing humor of madnes, ẇ was to forſweare the ful ſtream of ÿ world, and to liue in a nooke meerly Monaſtick: and thus I cur'd him, and this way wil I take vpon mee to waſh your Liuer as cleane as a ſound ſheepes heart, that there ſhal not be one ſpot of Loue in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Roſ. I would cure you, if you would but call me *Roſalind*, and come euerie day to my Coat, and woe me.

Orlan. Now by the faith of my loue, I will; Tel me where it is.

Roſ. Go with me to it, and Ile ſhew it you: and by the way, you ſhal tell me, where in the Forreſt you liue: Wil you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Roſ. Nay, you muſt call mee *Roſalind*: Come ſiſter, will you go? *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Clowne, Audrey, & Iaques.

Clo. Come apace good *Audrey*, I wil fetch vp your Goates, *Audrey*: and how *Audrey* am I the man yet? Doth my ſimple feature content you?

Aud. Your features, Lord warrant vs: what features?

Clo. I am heere with thee, and thy Goats, as the moſt capricious Poet honeſt *Ouid* was among the Gothes.

Iaq. O knowledge ill inhabited, worſe then Ioue in a thatch'd houſe.

Clo. When a mans verſes cannot be vnderſtood, nor a mans good wit ſeconded with the forward childe, vnderſtanding: it ſtrikes a man more dead then a great reckoning in a little roome: truly, I would the Gods hadde made thee poeticall.

Aud. I do not know what Poetical is: is it honeſt in deed and word: is it a true thing?

Clo. No trulie: for the trueſt poetrie is the moſt faining, and Louers are giuen to Poetrie: and what they ſweare in Poetrie, may be ſaid as Louers, they do feigne.

Aud. Do you wiſh then that the Gods had made me Poeticall?

Clow. I do truly: for thou ſwear'ſt to me thou art honeſt: Now if thou wert a Poet, I might haue ſome hope thou didſt feigne.

Aud. Would you not haue me honeſt?

Clo. No truly, vnleſſe thou wert hard fauour'd: for honeſtie coupled to beautie, is to haue Honie a ſawce to Sugar.

Iaq. A materiall foole.

Aud. Well, I am not faire, and therefore I pray the Gods make me honeſt.

Clo. Truly, and to caſt away honeſtie vppon a foule ſlut, were to put good meate into an vncleane diſh.

Aud. I am not a ſlut, though I thanke the Goddes I am foule.

Clo. Well, praiſed be the Gods, for thy foulneſſe; ſluttiſhneſſe may come heereafter. But be it, as it may bee, I wil marrie thee: and to that end, I haue bin with Sir *Oliuer Mar-text*, the Vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meete me in this place of the Forreſt, and to couple vs.

Iaq. I would faine ſee this meeting.

Aud. Wel, the Gods giue vs ioy.

Clo. Amen. A man may if he were of a fearful heart, ſtagger in this attempt: for heere wee haue no Temple but the wood, no aſſembly but horne-beaſts. But what though? Courage. As hornes are odious, they are neceſſarie. It is ſaid, many a man knowes no end of his goods; right: Many a man has good Hornes, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowrie of his wife, 'tis none of his owne getting; hornes, euen ſo poore men alone: No, no, the nobleſt Deere hath them as huge as the Raſcall: Is the ſingle man therefore bleſſed? No, as a wall'd Towne is more worthier then a village, ſo is the forehead of a married man, more honourable then the bare brow of a Batcheller: and by how much defence is better then no skill, by ſo much is a horne more precious then to want.

Enter Sir Oliuer Mar-text.

Heere comes Sir *Oliuer*: Sir *Oliuer Mar-text* you are wel met. Will you diſpatch vs heere vnder this tree, or ſhal we go with you to your Chappell?

Ol. Is there none heere to giue the woman?

Clo. I wil not take her on guift of any man.

Ol. Truly ſhe muſt be giuen, or the marriage is not lawfull.

Iaq. Proceed, proceede: Ile giue her.

Clo. Good euen good Mr what ye cal't: how do you Sir, you are verie well met: goddild you for your laſt companie, I am verie glad to ſee you, euen a toy in hand heere Sir: Nay, pray be couer'd.

Iaq. Wil you be married, Motley?

Clo. As the Oxe hath his bow ſir, the horſe his curb, and the Falcon her bels, ſo man hath his deſires, and as Pigeons bill, ſo wedlocke would be nibling.

Iaq. And wil you (being a man of your breeding) be married vnder a buſh like a begger? Get you to church, and haue a good Prieſt that can tel you what marriage is, this fellow wil but ioyne you together, as they ioyne Wainſcot, then one of you wil proue a ſhrunke pannell, and like greene timber, warpe, warpe.

Clo. I am not in the minde, but I were better to bee married of him then of another, for he is not like to marrie me wel: and not being wel married, it wil be a good excuſe for me heereafter, to leaue my wife.

Iaq. Goe thou with mee,
And let me counſel thee.

Ol. Come ſweete *Audrey*,
We muſt be married, or we muſt liue in baudrey:
Farewel good Mr *Oliuer*: Not O ſweet *Oliuer*, O braue *Oliuer* leaue me not behind thee: But winde away, bee gone I ſay, I wil not to wedding with thee.

Ol. 'Tis no matter; Ne're a fantaſtical knaue of them all ſhal flout me out of my calling. *Exeunt*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Roſalind & Celia.

Roſ. Neuer talke to me, I wil weepe.

Cel. Do I prethee, but yet haue the grace to conſider, that teares do not become a man.

Roſ. But haue I not cauſe to weepe?

Cel. As good cauſe as one would deſire,
Therefore weepe.

Roſ. His very haire
Is of the diſſembling colour.

Cel. Something browner then Iudaſſes:
Marrie his kiſſes are Iudaſſes owne children.

Roſ. I'faith his haire is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour:
Your Cheſſenut was euer the onely colour:

Roſ. And his kiſſing is as ful of ſanctitie,
As the touch of holy bread.

Cel. Hee hath bought a paire of caſt lips of *Diana*: a Nun of winters ſiſterhood kiſſes not more religiouſlie, the very yce of chaſtity is in them.

Roſa. But why did hee ſweare hee would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly there is no truth in him.

Roſ. Doe you thinke ſo?

Cel. Yes, I thinke he is not a picke purſe, nor a horſeſtealer, but for his verity in loue, I doe thinke him as concaue as a couered goblet, or a Worme-eaten nut.

Roſ. Not true in loue?

Cel. Yes, when he is in, but I thinke he is not in.

Roſ. You haue heard him ſweare downright he was.

Cel. Was, is not is: beſides, the oath of Louer is no ſtronger then the word of a Tapſter, they are both the confirmer of falſe reckonings, he attends here in the forreſt on the Duke your father.

Roſ. I met the Duke yeſterday, and had much queſtion with him: he askt me of what parentage I was; I told him of as good as he, ſo he laugh'd and let mee goe. But what talke wee of Fathers, when there is ſuch a man as *Orlando*?

Cel. O that's a braue man, hee writes braue verſes, ſpeakes braue words, ſweares braue oathes, and breakes them brauely, quite trauers athwart the heart of his louer, as a puiſny Tilter, ẏ ſpurs his horſe but on one ſide, breakes his ſtaffe like a noble gooſe; but all's braue that youth mounts, and folly guides: who comes heere?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Miſtreſſe and Maſter, you haue oft enquired
After the Shepheard that complain'd of loue,
Who you ſaw ſitting by me on the Turph,
Praiſing the proud diſdainfull Shepherdeſſe
That was his Miſtreſſe.

Cel. Well: and what of him?

Cor. If you will ſee a pageant truely plaid
Betweene the pale complexion of true Loue,
And the red glowe of ſcorne and prowd diſdaine,
Goe hence a little, and I ſhall conduct you
If you will marke it.

Roſ. O come, let vs remoue,
The ſight of Louers feedeth thoſe in loue:
Bring vs to this ſight, and you ſhall ſay
Ile proue a buſie actor in their play. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Siluius and Phebe.

Sil. Sweet *Phebe* doe not ſcorne me, do not *Phebe*
Say that you loue me not, but ſay not ſo
In bitterneſſe; the common executioner
Whoſe heart th'accuſtom'd ſight of death makes hard
Falls not the axe vpon the humbled neck,
But firſt begs pardon: will you ſterner be
Then he that dies and liues by bloody drops?

Enter Roſalind, Celia, and Corin.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner,
I flye thee, for I would not iniure thee:
Thou tellſt me there is murder in mine eye,
'Tis pretty ſure, and very probable,
That eyes that are the frailſt, and ſofteſt things,
Who ſhut their coward gates on atomyes,
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murtherers.
Now I doe frowne on thee with all my heart,
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to ſwound, why now fall downe,
Or if thou canſt not, oh for ſhame, for ſhame,
Lye not, to ſay mine eyes are murtherers:
Now ſhew the wound mine eye hath made in thee,
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remaines
Some ſcarre of it: Leane vpon a ruſh
The Cicatrice and capable impreſſure
Thy palme ſome moment keepes: but now mine eyes
Which I haue darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor I am ſure there is no force in eyes
That can doe hurt.

Sil. O deere *Phebe*,
If euer (as that euer may be neere)
You meet in ſome freſh cheeke the power of fancie,
Then ſhall you know the wouuds inuiſible
That Loues keene arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou neere me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mockes, pitty me not,
As till that time I ſhall not pitty thee.

Roſ. And why I pray you? who might be your mother
That you inſult, exult, and all at once
Ouer the wretched? what though you hau no beauty
As by my faith, I ſee no more in you
Then without Candle may goe darke to bed:
Muſt you be therefore prowd and pittileſſe?
Why what meanes this? why do you looke on me?
I ſee no more in you then in the ordinary
Of Natures ſale-worke? 'ods my little life,
I thinke ſhe meanes to tangle my eies too:
No faith proud Miſtreſſe, hope not after it,
'Tis not your inkie browes, your blacke ſilke haire,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheeke of creame
That can entame my ſpirits to your worſhip:
You fooliſh Shepheard, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy South, puffing with winde and raine,
You are a thouſand times a properer man
Then ſhe a woman. 'Tis ſuch fooles as you
That makes the world full of ill-fauourd children:
'Tis not her glaſſe, but you that flatters her,
And out of you ſhe ſees her ſelfe more proper
Then any of her lineaments can ſhow her:
But Miſtris, know your ſelfe, downe on your knees
And thanke heauen, faſting, for a good mans loue;
For I muſt tell you friendly in your eare,
Sell when you can, you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy, loue him, take his offer,
Foule is moſt foule, being foule to be a ſcoffer.
So take her to thee Shepheard, fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a yere together,
I had rather here you chide, then this man wooe.

Ros. Hees falne in loue with your foulneſſe, & ſhee'll
Fall in loue with my anger. If it be ſo, as faſt
As ſhe anſweres thee with frowning lookes, ile ſauce
Her with bitter words: why looke you ſo vpon me?

Phe. For no ill will I beare you.

Roſ. I pray you do not fall in loue with mee,
For I am falſer then vowes made in wine:
Beſides, I like you not: if you will know my houſe,
'Tis at the tuft of Oliues, here hard by:
Will you goe Siſter? Shepheard, ply her hard:

Come Siſter : Shepheardeſſe,looke on him better
And be not proud,though all the world could ſee,
None could be ſo abus'd in ſight as hee.
Come,to our flocke, *Exit.*
Phe. Dead Shepheard,now I find thy ſaw of might,
Who euer lov'd,that lou'd not at firſt ſight?
Sil. Sweet *Phebe.*
Phe. Hah: what ſaiſt thou *Siluius*?
Sil. Sweet *Phebe* pitty me.
Phe. Why I am ſorry for thee gentle *Siluius.*
Sil. Where euer ſorrow is,reliefe would be:
If you doe ſorrow at my griefe in loue,
By giuing loue your ſorrow,and my griefe
Were both extermin'd·
Phe. Thou haſt my loue,is not that neighbourly?
Sil. I would haue you.
Phe. Why that were couetouſneſſe:
Siluius; the time was,that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I beare thee loue,
But ſince that thou canſt talke of loue ſo well,
Thy company,which erſt was irkeſome to me
I will endure; and Ile employ thee too:
But doe not looke for further recompence
Then thine owne gladneſſe,that thou art employd.
Sil. So holy,and ſo perfect is my loue,
And I in ſuch a pouerty of grace,
That I ſhall thinke it a moſt plenteous crop
To gleane the broken eares after the man
That the maine harueſt reapes:looſe now and then
A ſcattred ſmile,and that Ile liue vpon. (while?
Phe. Knowſt thou the youth that ſpoke to mee yere-
Sil. Not very well,but I haue met him oft,
And he hath bought the Cottage and the bounds
That the old *Carlot* once was Maſter of.
Phe. Thinke not I loue him,though I ask for him,
'Tis but a peeuiſh boy,yet he talkes well,
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that ſpeakes them pleaſes thoſe that heare:
It is a pretty youth,not very prettie,
But ſure hee's proud,and yet his pride becomes him;
Hee'll make a proper man: the beſt thing in him
Is his complexion: and faſter then his tongue
Did make offence,his eye did heale it vp:
He is not very tall,yet for his yeeres hee's tall:
His leg is but ſo ſo,and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redneſſe in his lip,
A little riper, and more luſtie red
Then that mixt in his cheeke: 'twas iuſt the difference
Betwixt the conſtant red,and mingled Damaske.
There be ſome women *Siluius*,had they markt him
In parcells as I did,would haue gone neere
To fall in loue with him: but for my part
I loue him not, nor hate him not: and yet
Haue more cauſe to hate him then to loue him,
For what had he to doe to chide at me?
He ſaid mine eyes were black,and my haire blacke,
And now I am remembred,ſcorn'd at me:
I maruell why I anſwer'd not againe,
But that's all one: omittance is no quittance:
Ile write to him a very tanting Letter,
And thou ſhalt beare it,wilt thou *Siluius*?
Sil. *Phebe*,with all my heart.
Phe. Ile write it ſtrait:
The matter's in my head,and in my heart,
I will be bitter with him, and paſſing ſhort;
Goe with me *Siluius.* *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Roſalind, and Celia, and Iaques.

Iaq. I prethee,pretty youth,let me better acquainted with thee.

Roſ They ſay you are a melancholly fellow.

Iaq. I am ſo: I doe loue it better then laughing.

Roſ. Thoſe that are in extremity of either, are abhominable fellowes, and betray themſelues to euery moderne cenſure,worſe then drunkards.

Iaq. Why,'tis good to be ſad and ſay nothing.

Roſ. Why then 'tis good to be a poſte.

Iaq. I haue neither the Schollers melancholy, which is emulation: nor the Muſitians, which is fantaſticall; nor the Courtiers, which is proud: nor the Souldiers, which is ambitious: nor the Lawiers,which is politick: nor the Ladies, which is nice: nor the Louers, which is all theſe: but it is a melancholy of mine owne, compounded of many ſimples,extracted from many obiects, and indeed the ſundrie contemplation of my trauells, in which by often rumination, wraps me in a moſt humorous ſadneſſe.

Roſ. A Traueller: by my faith you haue great reaſon to be ſad: I feare you haue ſold your owne Lands, to ſee other mens; then to haue ſeene much, and to haue nothing, is to haue rich eyes and poore hands.

Iaq. Yes, I haue gain'd my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Roſ. And your experience makes you ſad: I had rather haue a foole to make me merrie, then experience to make me ſad, and to trauaile for it too.

Orl. Good day,and happineſſe,deere *Roſalind.*

Iaq. Nay then God buy you,and you talke in blanke verſe.

Roſ. Farewell Mounſieur Trauellor: looke you liſpe,and weare ſtrange ſuites; diſable all the benefits of your owne Countrie: be out of loue with your natiuitie, and almoſt chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will ſcarce thinke you haue ſwam in a Gundello. Why how now *Orlando*, where haue you bin all this while? you a louer? and you ſerue me ſuch another tricke, neuer come in my ſight more.

Orl. My faire *Roſalind*,I come within an houre of my promiſe.

Roſ. Breake an houres promiſe in loue? hee that will diuide a minute into a thouſand parts, and breake but a part of the thouſand part of a minute in the affairs of loue, it may be ſaid of him that *Cupid* hath clapt him oth' ſhoulder, but Ile warrant him heart hole.

Orl. Pardon me deere *Roſalind.*

Roſ. Nay,and you be ſo tardie, come no more in my ſight,I had as liefe be woo'd of a Snaile.

Orl. Of a Snaile?

Roſ. I, of a Snaile: for though he comes ſlowly, hee carries his houſe on his head; a better ioyncture I thinke then you make a woman: beſides,he brings his deſtinie with him.

Orl. What's that?

Roſ. Why hornes: & ſuch as you are faine to be beholding to your wiues for: but he comes armed in his fortune,and preuents the ſlander of his wife.

Orl. Vertue

Orl. Vertue is no horne-maker: and my *Roſalind* is vertuous.

Roſ. And I am your *Roſalind.*

Cel. It pleaſes him to call you ſo: but he hath a *Roſalind* of a better leere then you.

Roſ. Come,wooe me,wooe mee: for now I am in a holy-day humor, and like enough to conſent: What would you ſay to me now, and I were your verie, verie *Roſalind*?

Orl. I would kiſſe before I ſpoke.

Roſ. Nay,you were better ſpeake firſt,and when you were grauel'd, for lacke of matter, you might take occaſion to kiſſe: verie good Orators when they are out, they will ſpit, and for louers, lacking (God warne vs) matter, the cleanlieſt ſhift is to kiſſe.

Orl. How if the kiſſe be denide?

Roſ. Then ſhe puts you to entreatie,and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloued Miſtris?

Roſ. Marrie that ſhould you if I were your Miſtris, or I ſhould thinke my honeſtie ranker then my wit.

Orl. What, of my ſuite?

Roſ. Not out of your apparrell, and yet out of your ſuite:
Am not I your *Roſalind*?

Orl. I take ſome ioy to ſay you are, becauſe I would be talking of her.

Roſ. Well, in her perſon,I ſay I will not haue you.

Orl. Then in mine owne perſon, I die.

Roſ. No faith, die by Attorney: the poore world is almoſt ſix thouſand yeeres old,and in all this time there was not anie man died in his owne perſon (*videlicet*) in a loue cauſe: *Troilous* had his braines daſh'd out with a Grecian club, yet he did what hee could to die before, and he is one of the patternes of loue. *Leander*,he would haue liu'd manie a faire yeere though *Hero* had turn'd Nun; if it had not bin for a hot Midſomer-night, for (good youth)he went but forth to waſh him in the Helleſpont, and being taken with the crampe,was droun'd, and the fooliſh Chronoclers of that age, found it was *Hero* of Ceſtos. But theſe are all lies, men haue died from time to time,and wormes haue eaten them,but not for loue.

Orl. I would not haue my right *Roſalind* of this mind, for I proteſt her frowne might kill me.

Roſ. By this hand, it will not kill a flie: but come, now I will be your *Roſalind* in a more comming-on diſpoſition: and aske me what you will,I will grant it.

Orl. Then loue me *Roſalind.*

Roſ. Yes faith will I,fridaies and ſaterdaies,and all.

Orl. And wilt thou haue me?

Roſ. I, and twentie ſuch.

Orl. What ſaieſt thou?

Roſ. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope ſo.

Roſalind. Why then, can one deſire too much of a good thing: Come ſiſter, you ſhall be the Prieſt, and marrie vs: giue me your hand *Orlando*: What doe you ſay ſiſter?

Orl. Pray thee marrie vs.

Cel. I cannot ſay the words.

Roſ. You muſt begin, will you *Orlando.*

Cel. Goe too: wil you *Orlando*,haue to wife this *Roſalind*?

Orl. I will.

Roſ. I,but when?

Orl. Why now,as faſt as ſhe can marrie vs.

Roſ. Then you muſt ſay, I take thee *Roſalind* for wife.

Orl. I take thee *Roſalind* for wife.

Roſ. I might aske you for your Commiſſion,
But I doe take thee *Orlando* for my husband: there's a girle goes before the Prieſt, and certainely a Womans thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts,they are wing'd.

Roſ. Now tell me how long you would haue her, after you haue poſſeſt her?

Orl. For euer, and a day.

Roſ. Say a day,without the euer: no,no *Orlando*,men are Aprill when they woe, December when they wed: Maides are May when they are maides,but the sky changes when they are wiues: I will bee more iealous of thee,then a Barbary cocke-pidgeon ouer his hen, more clamorous then a Parrat againſt raine, more new-fangled then an ape, more giddy in my deſires, then a monkey: I will weepe for nothing, like *Diana* in the Fountaine,& I wil do that when you are diſpos'd to be merry: I will laugh like a Hyen,and that when thou art inclin'd to ſleepe.

Orl. But will my *Roſalind* doe ſo?

Roſ. By my life,ſhe will doe as I doe.

Orl. O but ſhe is wiſe.

Ros. Or elſe ſhee could not haue the wit to doe this: the wiſer, the waywarder: make the doores vpon a womans wit,and it will out at the caſement: ſhut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole: ſtop that, 'twill flie with the ſmoake out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with ſuch a wit,he might ſay,wit whether wil't?

Roſ. Nay,you might keepe that checke for it,till you met your wiues wit going to your neighbours bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit haue,to excuſe that?

Roſa. Marry to ſay,ſhe came to ſeeke you there: you ſhall neuer take her without her anſwer, vnleſſe you take her without her tongue: ô that woman that cannot make her fault her huſbands occaſion,let her neuer nurſe her childe her ſelfe,for ſhe will breed it like a foole.

Orl. For theſe two houres *Roſalinde*,I wil leaue thee.

Roſ. Alas,deere loue,I cannot lacke thee two houres.

Orl. I muſt attend the Duke at dinner,by two a clock I will be with thee againe.

Roſ. I,goe your waies, goe your waies: I knew what you would proue, my friends told mee as much, and I thought no leſſe: that flattering tongue of yours wonne me: 'tis but one caſt away, and ſo come death: two o' clocke is your howre.

Orl. I,ſweet *Roſalind.*

Roſ. By my troth, and in good earneſt, and ſo God mend mee, and by all pretty oathes that are not dangerous, if you breake one iot of your promiſe,or come one minute behinde your houre, I will thinke you the moſt patheticall breake-promiſe, and the moſt hollow louer, and the moſt vnworthy of her you call *Roſalinde*, that may bee choſen out of the groſſe band of the vnfaithfull: therefore beware my cenſure, and keep your promiſe.

Orl. With no leſſe religion, then if thou wert indeed my *Roſalind*: ſo adieu.

Roſ. Well, Time is the olde Iuſtice that examines all ſuch offenders,and let time try: adieu. *Exit.*

Cel. You haue ſimply miſus'd our ſexe in your loue-prate: we muſt haue your doublet and hoſe pluckt ouer your head, and ſhew the world what the bird hath done to her owne neaſt.

Roſ. O coz, coz, coz: my pretty little coz, that thou didſt know how many fathome deepe I am in loue: but it cannot bee ſounded: my affection hath an vnknowne bottome, like the Bay of Portugall.

Cel. Or rather bottomleſſe, that as faſt as you poure affection in, in runs out.

Roſ. No, that ſame wicked Baſtard of *Venus*, that was begot of thought, conceiu'd of ſpleene, and borne of madneſſe, that blinde raſcally boy, that abuſes euery ones eyes, becauſe his owne are out, let him bee iudge, how deepe I am in loue: ile tell thee *Aliena*, I cannot be out of the ſight of *Orlando*: Ile goe finde a ſhadow, and ſigh till he come.

Cel. And Ile ſleepe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Iaques and Lords, Forreſters.

Iaq. Which is he that killed the Deare?

Lord. Sir, it was I.

Iaq. Let's preſent him to the Duke like a Romane Conquerour, and it would doe well to ſet the Deares horns vpon his head, for a branch of victory; haue you no ſong Forreſter for this purpoſe?

Lord. Yes Sir.

Iaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it bee in tune, ſo it make noyſe enough.

Muſicke, Song.

What ſhall he haue that kild the Deare?
His Leather skin, and hornes to weare:
Then ſing him home, the reſt ſhall beare this burthen;
Take thou no ſcorne to weare the horne,
It was a creſt ere thou waſt borne,
Thy fathers father wore it,
And thy father bore it,
The horne, the horne, the luſty horne,
Is not a thing to laugh to ſcorne. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Roſalind and Celia.

Roſ. How ſay you now, is it not paſt two a clock?
And heere much *Orlando*.

Cel. I warrant you, with pure loue, & troubled brain,
Enter Siluius.
He hath t'ane his bow and arrowes, and is gone forth
To ſleepe: looke who comes heere.

Sil. My errand is to you, faire youth,
My gentle *Phebe*, did bid me giue you this:
I know not the contents, but as I gueſſe
By the ſterne brow, and waſpiſh action
Which ſhe did vſe, as ſhe was writing of it,
It beares an angry tenure; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltleſſe meſſenger.

Roſ. Patience her ſelfe would ſtartle at this letter,
And play the ſwaggerer, beare this, beare all:
Shee ſaies I am not faire, that I lacke manners,
She calls me proud, and that ſhe could not loue me
Were man as rare as Phenix: 'od's my will,
Her loue is not the Hare that I doe hunt,
Why writes ſhe ſo to me? well Shepheard, well,
This is a Letter of your owne deuice.

Sil. No, I proteſt, I know not the contents,
Phebe did write it.

Roſ. Come, come, you are a foole,
And turn'd into the extremity of loue.
I ſaw her hand, ſhe has a leatherne hand,
A freeſtone coloured hand: I verily did thinke
That her old gloues were on, but twas her hands:
She has a huſwiues hand, but that's no matter:
I ſay ſhe neuer did inuent this letter,
This is a mans inuention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure it is hers.

Roſ. Why, tis a boyſterous and a cruell ſtile,
A ſtile for challengers: why, ſhe defies me,
Like Turke to Chriſtian: vvomens gentle braine
Could not drop forth ſuch giant rude inuention,
Such Ethiop vvords, blacker in their effect
Then in their countenance: vvill you heare the letter?

Sil. So pleaſe you, for I neuer heard it yet:
Yet heard too much of *Phebes* crueltie.

Roſ. She *Phebes* me: marke how the tyrant vvrites.
Read. *Art thou god, to Shepherd turn'd?*
That a maidens heart hath burn'd.
Can a vvoman raile thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Roſ. Read. *Why, thy godhead laid a part,*
War'ſt thou with a womans heart?
Did you euer heare ſuch railing?
Whiles the eye of man did wooe me,
That could do no vengeance to me.
Meaning me a beaſt.
If the ſcorne of your bright eine
Haue power to raiſe ſuch loue in mine,
Alacke, in me, what ſtrange effect
Would they worke in milde aſpect?
Whiles you chid me, I did loue,
How then might your praiers moue?
He that brings this loue to thee,
Little knowes this Loue in me:
And by him ſeale vp thy minde,
Whether that thy youth and kinde
Will the faithfull offer take
Of me, and all that I can make,
Or elſe by him my loue denie,
And then Ile ſtudie how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas poore Shepheard.

Roſ. Doe you pitty him? No, he deſerues no pitty: wilt thou loue ſuch a woman? what to make thee an inſtrument, and play falſe ſtraines vpon thee? not to be endur'd. Well, goe your way to her; (for I ſee Loue hath made thee a tame ſnake) and ſay this to her; That if ſhe loue me, I charge her to loue thee: if ſhe will not, I will neuer haue her, vnleſſe thou intreat for her: if you bee a true louer hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. *Exit. Sil.*

Enter Oliuer.

Olin. Good morrow, faire ones: pray you, (if you know)
Where in the Purlews of this Forreſt, ſtands

A ſheep-coat, fenc'd about with Oliue-trees.

Cel. Weſt of this place, down in the neighbor bottom
The ranke of Oziers, by the murmuring ſtreame
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
But at this howre, the houſe doth keepe it ſelfe,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then ſhould I know you by deſcription,
Such garments, and ſuch yeeres: the boy is faire,
Of femall fauour, and beſtowes himſelfe
Like a ripe ſiſter: the woman low
And browner then her brother: are not you
The owner of the houſe I did enquire for?

Cel. It is no boaſt, being ask'd, to ſay we are.

Oli. *Orlando* doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth hee calls his *Roſalind*,
He ſends this bloudy napkin; are you he?

Roſ. I am: what muſt we vnderſtand by this?

Oli. Some of my ſhame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchef was ſtain'd.

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Oli. When laſt the yong *Orlando* parted from you,
He left a promiſe to returne againe
Within an houre, and pacing through the Forreſt,
Chewing the food of ſweet and bitter fancie,
Loe vvhat befell: he threw his eye aſide,
And marke vvhat obiect did preſent it ſelfe
Vnder an old Oake, whoſe bows were moſ'd with age
And high top, bald with drie antiquitie:
A wretched ragged man, ore-growne with haire
Lay ſleeping on his back; about his necke
A greene and guilded ſnake had wreath'd it ſelfe,
Who with her head, nimble in threats approach'd
The opening of his mouth: but ſodainly
Seeing *Orlando*, it vnlink'd it ſelfe,
And with indented glides, did ſlip away
Into a buſh, vnder which buſhes ſhade
A Lyonneſſe, with vdders all drawne drie,
Lay cowching head on ground, with catlike watch
When that the ſleeping man ſhould ſtirre; for 'tis
The royall diſpoſition of that beaſt
To prey on nothing, that doth ſeeme as dead:
This ſeene, *Orlando* did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O I haue heard him ſpeake of that ſame brother,
And he did render him the moſt vnnaturall
That liu'd amongſt men.

Oli. And well he might ſo doe,
For well I know he was vnnaturall.

Roſ. But to *Orlando*: did he leaue him there
Food to the ſuck'd and hungry Lyonneſſe?

Oli. Twice did he turne his backe, and purpos'd ſo:
But kindneſſe, nobler euer then reuenge,
And Nature ſtronger then his iuſt occaſion,
Made him giue battell to the Lyonneſſe:
Who quickly fell before him, in which hurtling
From miſerable ſlumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Roſ. Was't you he reſcu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did ſo oft contriue to kill him?

Oli. 'Twas I: but 'tis not I: I doe not ſhame
To tell you what I was, ſince my conuerſion
So ſweeetly taſtes, being the thing I am.

Roſ. But for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By and by:
When from the firſt to laſt betwixt vs two,
Teares our recountments had moſt kindely bath'd,
As how I came into that Deſert place.
I briefe, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gaue me freſh aray, and entertainment,
Committing me vnto my brothers loue,
Who led me inſtantly vnto his Caue,
There ſtript himſelfe, and heere vpon his arme
The Lyonneſſe had torne ſome fleſh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cride in fainting vpon *Roſalinde*.
Briefe, I recouer'd him, bound vp his wound,
And after ſome ſmall ſpace, being ſtrong at heart,
He ſent me hither, ſtranger as I am
To tell this ſtory, that you might excuſe
His broken promiſe, and to giue this napkin
Died in this bloud, vnto the Shepheard youth,
That he in ſport doth call his *Roſalind*.

Cel. Why how now *Ganimed*, ſweet *Ganimed*.

Oli. Many will ſwoon when they do look on bloud.

Cel. There is more in it; Coſen *Ganimed*.

Oli. Looke, he recouers.

Roſ. I would I were at home.

Cel. Wee'll lead you thither:
I pray you will you take him by the arme.

Oli. Be of good cheere youth: you a man?
You lacke a mans heart.

Roſ. I doe ſo, I confeſſe it:
Ah, ſirra, a body would thinke this was well counterfeited, I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited: heigh-ho.

Oli. This was not counterfeit, there is too great teſtimony in your complexion, that it was a paſſion of earneſt.

Roſ. Counterfeit, I aſſure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

Roſ. So I doe: but yfaith, I ſhould haue beene a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you looke paler and paler: pray you draw homewards: good ſir, goe with vs.

Oli. That will I: for I muſt beare anſwere backe
How you excuſe my brother, *Roſalind*.

Roſ. I ſhall deuiſe ſomething: but I pray you commend my counterfeiting to him: will you goe? *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Awdrie.

Clow. We ſhall finde a time *Awdrie*, patience gentle *Awdrie*.

Awd. Faith the Prieſt was good enough, for all the olde gentlemans ſaying.

Clow. A moſt wicked Sir *Oliuer*, *Awdrie*, a moſt vile *Mar-text*. But *Awdrie*, there is a youth heere in the Forreſt layes claime to you.

Awd. I, I know who 'tis: he hath no intereſt in mee in the world: here comes the man you meane.

Enter William.

Clo. It is meat and drinke to me to ſee a Clowne, by my troth, we that haue good wits, haue much to anſwer for: we ſhall be flouting: we cannot hold.

Will. Good eu'n *Audrey*.

Aud. God ye good eu'n *William*.

Will. And good eu'n to you Sir.

Clo. Good eu'n gentle friend. Couer thy head, couer thy head: Nay prethee bee eouer'd. How olde are you Friend?

Will. Fiue and twentie Sir.

Clo. A ripe age: Is thy name *William*?

Will. *William*, ſir.

Clo. A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forreſt heere?

Will. I ſir, I thanke God.

Clo. Thanke God: A good anſwer:
Art rich?

Will. 'Faith ſir, ſo, ſo.

Clo. So, ſo, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not, it is but ſo, ſo:
Art thou wiſe?

Will. I ſir, I haue a prettie wit.

Clo. Why, thou ſaiſt well. I do now remember a ſaying: The Foole doth thinke he is wiſe, but the wiſeman knowes himſelfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philoſopher, when he had a deſire to eate a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open. You do loue this maid?

Will. I do ſir.

Clo. Giue me your hand: Art thou Learned?

Will. No ſir.

Clo. Then learne this of me, To haue, is to haue. For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being powr'd out of a cup into a glaſſe, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do conſent, that *ipſe* is hee: now you are not *ipſe*, for I am he.

Will. Which he ſir?

Clo. He ſir, that muſt marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leaue the ſocietie: which in the booriſh, is companie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the ſociety of this Female, or Clowne thou periſheſt: or to thy better vnderſtanding, dyeſt; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, tranſlate thy life into death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deale in poyſon with thee, or in baſtinado, or in ſteele: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will ore-run thee with police: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble and depart.

Aud. Do good *William*.

Will. God reſt you merry ſir. *Exit*

Enter Corin.

Cor. Our Maſter and Miſtreſſe ſeekes you: come away, away.

Clo. Trip *Audry*, trip *Audry*, I attend,
I attend. *Exeunt*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Orlando & Oliuer.

Orl. Is't poſſible, that on ſo little acquaintance you ſhould like her? that, but ſeeing, you ſhould loue her? And louing woo? and wooing, ſhe ſhould graunt? And will you perſeuer to enioy her?

Ol. Neither call the giddineſſe of it in queſtion; the pouertie of her, the ſmall acquaintance, my ſodaine wooing, nor ſodaine conſenting: but ſay with mee, I loue *Aliena*: ſay with her, that ſhe loues mee; conſent with both, that we may enioy each other: it ſhall be to your good: for my fathers houſe, and all the reuennew, that was old Sir *Rowlands* will I eſtate vpon you, and heere liue and die a Shepherd.

Enter Roſalind.

Orl. You haue my conſent.
Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I
Inuite the Duke, and all's contented followers:
Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for looke you,
Heere comes my *Roſalinde*.

Roſ. God ſaue you brother.

Ol. And you faire ſiſter.

Roſ. Oh my deere *Orlando*, how it greeues me to ſee thee weare thy heart in a ſcarfe.

Orl. It is my arme.

Roſ. I thought thy heart had beene wounded with the clawes of a Lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

Roſ. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeyted to ſound, when he ſhew'd me your handkercher?

Orl. I, and greater wonders then that.

Roſ. O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there was neuer any thing ſo ſodaine, but the fight of two Rammes, and *Ceſars* Thraſonicall bragge of I came, ſaw, and ouercome. For your brother, and my ſiſter, no ſooner met, but they look'd: no ſooner look'd, but they lou'd; no ſooner lou'd, but they ſigh'd: no ſooner ſigh'd but they ask'd one another the reaſon: no ſooner knew the reaſon, but they ſought the remedie: and in theſe degrees, haue they made a paire of ſtaires to marriage, which they will climbe incontinent, or elſe bee incontinent before marriage; they are in the verie wrath of loue, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

Orl. They ſhall be married to morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke into happines through another mans eies: by ſo much the more ſhall I to morrow be at the height of heart heauineſſe. by how much I ſhal thinke my brother happie, in hauing what he wiſhes for.

Roſ. Why then to morrow, I cannot ſerue your turne for *Roſalind*?

Orl. I can liue no longer by thinking.

Roſ. I will wearie you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I ſpeake to ſome purpoſe) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceit: I ſpeake not this, that you ſhould beare a good opinion of my knowledge: inſomuch (I ſay) I know you are: neither do I labor for a greater eſteeme then may in ſome little meaſure draw a beleefe from you, to do your ſelfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeue then, if you pleaſe, that I can do ſtrange things: I haue ſince I was three yeare old conuerſt with a Magitian, moſt profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue *Roſalinde* ſo neere the hart, as your geſture cries it out: when your brother marries *Aliena*, ſhall you marrie her. I know into what ſtraights of Fortune ſhe is driuen, and it is not impoſſible to me, if it appeare not inconuenient to you, to ſet her before your eyes to morrow, humane as ſhe is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speak'ſt thou in ſober meanings?

Roſ. By my life I do, which I tender deerly, though I ſay I am a Magitian: Therefore put you in your beſt aray, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you ſhall: and to *Roſalind* if you will.

Enter Siluius & Phebe.

Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a louer of hers.

Phe. Youth, you haue done me much vngentleneſſe,
To ſhew the letter that I writ to you.

Roſ. I care not if I haue: it is my ſtudie
To ſeeme deſpightfull and vngentle to you:
you are there followed by a faithful ſhepheard,
Looke vpon him, loue him: he worſhips you.

Phe. Good ſhepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to loue

Sil. It is to be all made of ſighes and teares,
And ſo am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orl. And I for *Roſalind*.

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and ſeruice,
And ſo am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And I for *Ganimed*.

Orl. And I for *Roſalind*.

Roſ. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantaſie,
All made of paſſion, and all made of wiſhes,
All adoration, dutie, and obſeruance,
All humbleneſſe, all patience, and impatience,
All puritie, all triall, all obſeruance:
And ſo am I for *Phebe*.

Phe. And ſo am I for *Ganimed*.

Orl. And ſo am I for *Roſalind*.

Roſ. And ſo am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be ſo, why blame you me to loue you?

Sil. If this be ſo, why blame you me to loue you?

Orl. If this be ſo, why blame you me to loue you?

Roſ. Why do you ſpeake too, Why blame you mee to loue you.

Orl. To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heare.

Roſ. Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling of Iriſh Wolues againſt the Moone: I will helpe you if I can: I would loue you if I could: To morrow meet me altogether: I wil marrie you, if euer I marrie Woman, and Ile be married to morrow: I wlll ſatisfie you, if euer I ſatisfi'd man, and you ſhall bee married to morrow. I wil content you, if what pleaſes you contents you, and you ſhal be married to morrow: As you loue *Roſalind* meet, as you loue *Phebe* meet, and as I loue no woman, Ile meet: ſo fare you wel: I haue left you commands.

Sil. Ile not faile, if I liue.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Clo. To morrow is the ioyfull day *Audrey*, to morow will we be married.

Aud. I do deſire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no diſhoneſt deſire, to deſire to be a woman of ÿ world? Heere come two of the baniſh'd Dukes Pages.

Enter two Pages.

1. Pa. Wel met honeſt Gentleman.

Clo. By my troth well met: come, ſit, ſit, and a ſong.

2. Pa. We are for you, ſit i'th middle.

1. Pa. Shal we clap into't roundly, without hauking, or ſpitting, or ſaying we are hoarſe, which are the onely prologues to a bad voice.

2. Pa. I faith, y'faith, and both in a tune like two gipſies on a horſe.

Song.

It was a Louer, and his laſſe,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o're the greene corne feild did paſſe,
In the ſpring time, the onely pretty rang time.
When Birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet Louers loue the ſpring,
And therefore take the preſent time.
With a hey, & a ho, and a hey nonino,
For loue is crowned with the prime.
In ſpring time, &c.

Betweene the acres of the Rie,
With a hey, and a ho, & a hey nonino:
Theſe prettie Country folks would lie.
In ſpring time, &c.

This Carroll they began that houre,
With a hey and a ho, & a hey nonino:
How that a life was but a Flower,
In ſpring time, &c.

Clo. Truly yong Gentlemen, though there vvas no great matter in the dittie, yet ÿ note was very vntunable

1. Pa. you are deceiu'd Sir, we kept time, we loſt not our time.

Clo. By my troth yes: I count it but time loſt to heare ſuch a fooliſh ſong. God buy you, and God mend your voices. Come *Audrie*. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke Senior, Amyens, Iaques, Orlando, Oliuer, Celia.

Du. Sen. Doſt thou beleeue *Orlando*, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promiſed?

Orl. I ſometimes do beleeue, and ſomtimes do not,
As thoſe that feare they hope, and know they feare.

Enter Roſalinde, Siluius, & Phebe.

Roſ. Patience once more, whiles our cõpact is vrg'd:
You ſay, if I bring in your *Roſalinde*,
You wil beſtow her on *Orlando* heere?

Du. Se. That would I, had I kingdoms to giue with hir.

Roſ. And you ſay you wil haue her, when I bring hir?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdomes King.

Roſ. You ſay, you'l marrie me, if I be willing.

Phe. That will I, ſhould I die the houre after.

Roſ. But if you do refuſe to marrie me,
You'l giue your ſelfe to this moſt faithfull Shepheard.

Phe. So is the bargaine.

Roſ. You ſay that you'l haue *Phebe* if ſhe will.

Sil. Though to haue her and death, were both one thing.

Roſ. I haue promis'd to make all this matter euen:
Keepe you your word, O Duke, to giue your daughter,
You yours *Orlando*, to receiue his daughter:
Keepe you your word *Phebe*, that you'l marrie me,
Or elſe refuſing me to wed this ſhepheard:
Keepe your word *Siluius*, that you'l marrie her
If ſhe refuſe me, and from hence I go
To make theſe doubts all euen. *Exit Roſ. and Celia.*

Du.Sen. I do remember in this ſhepheard boy,
Some liuely touches of my daughters fauour.

Orl. My Lord, the firſt time that I euer ſaw him,
Me thought he was a brother to your daughter:
But my good Lord, this Boy is Forreſt borne,
And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many deſperate ſtudies, by his vnckle,
Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.

Enter Clowne and Audrey.

Obſcured in the circle of this Forreſt.

Iaq. There is ſure another flood toward, and theſe couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre of verie ſtrange beaſts, which in all tongues, are call'd Fooles.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Iaq. Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the Motley-minded Gentleman, that I haue ſo often met in the Forreſt: he hath bin a Courtier he ſweares.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my purgation, I haue trod a meaſure, I haue flattred a Lady, I haue bin politicke with my friend, ſmooth with mine enemie, I haue vndone three Tailors, I haue had foure quarrels, and like to haue fought one.

Iaq. And how was that tane vp?

Clo. 'Faith we met, and found the quarrel was vpon the ſeuenth cauſe.

Iaq. How ſeuenth cauſe? Good my Lord, like this fellow.

Du.Se. I like him very well.

Clo. God'ild you ſir, I deſire you of the like: I preſſe in heere ſir, amongſt the reſt of the Country copulatiues to ſweare, and to forſweare, according as mariage binds and blood breakes: a poore virgin ſir, an il-fauor'd thing ſir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine ſir, to take that that no man elſe will: rich honeſtie dwels like a miſer ſir, in a poore houſe, as your Pearle in your foule oyſter.

Du.Se. By my faith, he is very ſwift, and ſententious

Clo. According to the fooles bolt ſir, and ſuch dulcet diſeaſes.

Iaq. But for the ſeuenth cauſe. How did you finde the quarrell on the ſeuenth cauſe?

Clo. Vpon a lye, ſeuen times remoued: (beare your bodie more ſeeming *Audry*) as thus ſir: I did diſlike the cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he ſent me word, if I ſaid his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I ſent him word againe, it was not well cut, he wold ſend me word he cut it to pleaſe himſelfe: this is call'd the quip modeſt. If againe, it was not well cut, he diſabled my iudgment: this is called, the reply churliſh. If againe it was not well cut, he would anſwer I ſpake not true: this is call'd the reproofe valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold ſay, I lie: this is call'd the counter-checke quarrelſome: and ſo ro lye circumſtantiall, and the lye direct.

Iaq. And how oft did you ſay his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durſt go no further then the lye circumſtantial: nor he durſt not giue me the lye direct: and ſo wee meaſur'd ſwords, and parted.

Iaq. Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of the lye.

Clo. O ſir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: as you haue bookes for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The firſt, the Retort courteous: the ſecond, the Quip-modeſt: the third, the reply Churliſh: the fourth, the Reproofe valiant: the fift, the Countercheck quarrelſome: the ſixt, the Lye with circumſtance: the ſeauenth, the Lye direct: all theſe you may auoyd, but the Lye direct: and you may auoide that too, with an If. I knew when ſeuen Iuſtices could not take vp a Quarrell, but when the parties were met themſelues, one of them thought but of an If; as if you ſaide ſo, then I ſaide ſo: and they ſhooke hands, and ſwore brothers. Your If, is the onely peace-maker: much vertue in if.

Iaq. Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a foole.

Du.Se. He vſes his folly like a ſtalking-horſe, and vnder the preſentation of that he ſhoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Roſalind, and Celia.
Still Muſicke.

Hymen. *Then is there mirth in heauen,*
When earthly things made eauen
attone together.
Good Duke receiue thy daughter,
Hymen from Heauen brought her,
Yea brought her hether.
That thou mightſt ioyne his hand with his,
Whoſe heart within his boſome is.

Roſ. To you I giue my ſelfe, for I am yours.
To you I giue my ſelfe, for I am yours.

Du.Se. If there be truth in ſight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in ſight, you are my *Roſalind.*

Phe. If ſight & ſhape be true, why then my loue adieu

Roſ. Ile haue no Father, if you be not he:
Ile haue no Husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not ſhee.

Hy. Peace hoa: I barre confuſion,
'Tis I muſt make concluſion
Of theſe moſt ſtrange euents:
Here's eight that muſt take hands,
To ioyne in *Hymens* bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you, no croſſe ſhall part;
You and you, are hart in hart:
You, to his loue muſt accord,
Or haue a Woman to your Lord.
You and you, are ſure together,
As the Winter to fowle Weather:
Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we ſing,
Feede your ſelues with queſtioning:
That reaſon, wonder may diminiſh
How thus we met, and theſe things finiſh.

Song.

Wedding is great Iunos crowne,
O bleſſed bond of boord and bed:
'Tis Hymen peoples euerie towne,
High wedlock then be honored:
Honor, high honor and renowne
To Hymen, God of euerie Towne.

Du.Se. O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me,
Euen daughter welcome, in no leſſe degree.

Phe. I wil not eate my word, now thou art mine,
Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2.Bro. Let me haue audience for a word or two:
I am the ſecond ſonne of old *Sir Rowland,*
That bring theſe tidings to this faire aſſembly.
Duke Frederick hearing how that euerie day
Men of great worth reſorted to this forreſt,
Addreſt a mightie power, which were on foote
In his owne conduct, purpoſely to take
His brother heere, and put him to the ſword:
And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came;
Where, meeting with an old Religious man,
After ſome queſtion with him, was conuerted
Both from his enterprize, and from the world:
His crowne bequeathing to his baniſh'd Brother,
And all their Lands reſtor'd to him againe
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Du.Se. Welcome yong man:
Thou offer'ſt fairely to thy brothers wedding:
To one his lands with-held, and to the other
A land it ſelfe at large, a potent Dukedome.
Firſt, in this Forreſt, let vs do thoſe ends
That heere were well begun, and wel begot:
And after, euery of this happie number
That haue endur'd ſhrew'd daies, and nights with vs,
Shal ſhare the good of our returned fortune,
According to the meaſure of their ſtates.
Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie,
And fall into our Ruſticke Reuelrie:
Play Muſicke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all,
With meaſure heap'd in ioy, to'th Meaſures fall.

Iaq. Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a Religious life,
And throwne into neglect the pompous Court.

2.Bro. He hath.

Iaq. To him will I: out of theſe conuertites,
There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd:
you to your former Honor, I bequeath
your patience, and your vertue, well deſerues it.
you to a loue, that your true faith doth merit:
you to your land, and loue, and great allies:
you to a long, and well-deſerued bed:
And you to wrangling, for thy louing voyage
Is but for two moneths victuall'd: So to your pleaſures,
I am for other, then for dancing meazures.

Du.Se. Stay, *Iaques*, ſtay.

Iaq. To ſee no paſtime, I: what you would haue,
Ile ſtay to know, at your abandon'd caue. *Exit.*

Du.Se. Proceed, proceed: wee'l begin theſe rights,
As we do truſt, they'l end in true delights. *Exit*

Roſ. It is not the faſhion to ſee the Ladie the Epilogue: but it is no more vnhandſome, then to ſee the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no buſh, 'tis true, that a good play needes no Epilogue. Yet to good wine they do vſe good buſhes: and good playes proue the better by the helpe of good Epilogues: What a caſe am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor cannot inſinuate with you in the behalfe of a good play? I am not furniſh'd like a Begger, therefore to begge will not become mee. My way is to coniure you, and Ile begin with the Women. I charge you (O women) for the loue you beare to men, to like as much of this Play, as pleaſe you: And I charge you (O men) for the loue you beare to women (as I perceiue by your ſimpring, none of you hates them) that betweene you, and the women, the play may pleaſe. If I were a Woman, I would kiſſe as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I defi'de not: And I am ſure, as many as haue good beards, or good faces, or ſweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curt'ſie, bid me farewell. *Exit.*

FINIS.

THE
Taming of the Shrew.

Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Begger and Hoſtes, Chriſtophero Sly.

Begger.

Ile pheeze you infaith.

Hoſt. A paire of ſtockes you rogue.

Beg. Y'are a baggage, the *Slies* are no Rogues. Looke in the Chronicles, we came in with *Richard Conqueror*: therefore *Paucas pallabris*, let the world ſlide: Seſſa.

Hoſt. You will not pay for the glaſſes you haue burſt?

Beg. No, not a deniere: go by *S. Ieronimie*, goe to thy cold bed, and warme thee.

Hoſt. I know my remedie, I muſt go fetch the Headborough.

Beg. Third, or fourth, or fift Borough, Ile anſwere him by Law. Ile not budge an inch boy: Let him come, and kindly. *Falles aſleepe.*

Winde hornes. Enter a Lord from hunting, with his traine.

Lo. Huntſman I charge thee, tender wel my hounds,
Brach *Meriman*, the poore Curre is imboſt,
And couple *Clowder* with the deepe-mouth'd brach,
Saw'ſt thou not boy how *Siluer* made it good
At the hedge corner, in the couldeſt fault,
I would not looſe the dogge for twentie pound.

Hunts. Why *Belman* is as good as he my Lord,
He cried vpon it at the meereſt loſſe,
And twice to day pick'd out the dulleſt ſent,
Truſt me, I take him for the better dogge.

Lord. Thou art a Foole, if *Eccho* were as fleete,
I would eſteeme him worth a dozen ſuch:
But ſup them well, and looke vnto them all,
To morrow I intend to hunt againe.

Hunts. I will my Lord.

Lord. What's heere? One dead, or drunke? See doth he breath?

2. Hun. He breath's my Lord. Were he not warm'd with Ale, this were a bed but cold to ſleep ſo ſoundly.

Lord. Oh monſtrous beaſt, how like a ſwine he lyes.
Grim death, how foule and loathſome is thine image:
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man.
What thinke you, if he were conuey'd to bed,
Wrap'd in ſweet cloathes: Rings put vpon his fingers:
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And braue attendants neere him when he wakes,
Would not the begger then forget himſelfe?

1. Hun. Beleeue me Lord, I thinke he cannot chooſe.

2. H. It would ſeem ſtrange vnto him when he wak'd

Lord. Euen as a flatt'ring dreame, or worthles fancie.
Then take him vp, and manage well the ieſt:
Carrie him gently to my faireſt Chamber,
And hang it round with all my vvanton pictures:
Balme his foule head in warme diſtilled waters,
And burne ſweet Wood to make the Lodging ſweete:
Procure me Muſicke readie when he vvakes,
To make a dulcet and a heauenly ſound:
And if he chance to ſpeake, be readie ſtraight
(And with a lowe ſubmiſſiue reuerence)
Say, what is it your Honor vvil command:
Let one attend him vvith a ſiluer Baſon
Full of Roſe-water, and beſtrew'd with Flowers,
Another beare the Ewer: the third a Diaper,
And ſay wilt pleaſe your Lordſhip coole your hands.
Some one be readie with a coſtly ſuite,
And aske him what apparrel he will weare:
Another tell him of his Hounds and Horſe,
And that his Ladie mournes at his diſeaſe,
Perſwade him that he hath bin Lunaticke,
And when he ſayes he is, ſay that he dreames,
For he is nothing but a mightie Lord:
This do, and do it kindly, gentle ſirs,
It wil be paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modeſtie.

1. Hunts. My Lord I warrant you we wil play our part
As he ſhall thinke by our true diligence
He is no leſſe then what we ſay he is.

Lord. Take him vp gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.

Sound trumpets.

Sirrah, go ſee what Trumpet 'tis that ſounds,
Belike ſome Noble Gentleman that meanes
(Trauelling ſome iourney) to repoſe him heere.

Enter Seruingman.

How now? who is it?

Ser. An't pleaſe your Honor, Players
That offer ſeruice to your Lordſhip.

Enter Players.

Lord. Bid them come neere:
Now fellowes, you are welcome.

Players. We thanke your Honor.

Lord. Do you intend to ſtay with me to night?

2. Player. So pleaſe your Lordſhippe to accept our dutie.

Lord. With all my heart. This fellow I remember,
Since once he plaide a Farmers eldeſt ſonne,
'Twas where you woo'd the Gentlewoman ſo well:
I haue forgot your name: but ſure that part

Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

Sincklo. I thinke 'twas *Soto* that your honor meanes.

Lord. 'Tis verie true, thou didſt it excellent:
Well you are come to me in happie time,
The rather for I haue ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a Lord will heare you play to night;
But I am doubtfull of your modeſties,
Leaſt (ouer-eying of his odde behauiour,
For yet his honor neuer heard a play)
You breake into ſome merrie paſſion,
And ſo offend him: for I tell you ſirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he growes impatient.

Plai. Feare not my Lord, we can contain our ſelues,
Were he the verieſt anticke in the world.

Lord. Go ſirra, take them to the Butterie,
And giue them friendly welcome euerie one,
Let them want nothing that my houſe affoords.

Exit one with the Players.

Sirra go you to Bartholmew my Page,
And ſee him dreſt in all ſuites like a Ladie:
That done, conduct him to the drunkards chamber,
And call him Madam, do him obeiſance:
Tell him from me (as he will win my loue)
He beare himſelfe with honourable action,
Such as he hath obſeru'd in noble Ladies
Vnto their Lords, by them accompliſhed,
Such dutie to the drunkard let him do:
With ſoft lowe tongue, and lowly curteſie,
And ſay: What is't your Honor will command,
Wherein your Ladie, and your humble wife,
May ſhew her dutie, and make knowne her loue.
And then with kinde embracements, tempting kiſſes,
And with declining head into his boſome
Bid him ſhed teares, as being ouer-ioyed
To ſee her noble Lord reſtor'd to health,
Who for this ſeuen yeares hath eſteemed him
No better then a poore and loathſome begger:
And if the boy haue not a womans guift
To raine a ſhower of commanded teares,
An Onion wil do well for ſuch a ſhift,
Which in a Napkin (being cloſe conuei'd)
Shall in deſpight enforce a waterie eie:
See this diſpatch'd with all the haſt thou canſt,
Anon Ile giue thee more inſtructions.

Exit a ſeruingman.

I know the boy will wel vſurpe the grace,
Voice, gate, and action of a Gentlewoman:
I long to heare him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will ſtay themſelues from laughter,
When they do homage to this ſimple peaſant,
Ile in to counſell them: haply my preſence
May well abate the ouer-merrie ſpleene,
Which otherwiſe would grow into extreames.

Enter aloft the drunkard with attendants, ſome with apparel, Baſon and Ewer, & other appurtenances, & Lord.

Beg. For Gods ſake a pot of ſmall Ale.

1. Ser. Wilt pleaſe your Lord drink a cup of ſacke?

2. Ser. Wilt pleaſe your Honor taſte of theſe Conſerues?

3. Ser. What raiment wil your honor weare to day.

Beg. I am *Chriſtophero Sly*, call not mee Honour nor Lordſhip: I ne're drank ſacke in my life: and if you giue me any Conſerues, giue me conſerues of Beefe: nere ask me what raiment Ile weare, for I haue no more doublets then backes: no more ſtockings then legges: nor no more ſhooes then feet, nay ſometime more feete then ſhooes, or ſuch ſhooes as my toes looke through the ouer-leather.

Lord. Heauen ceaſe this idle humor in your Honor.
Oh that a mightie man of ſuch diſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteeme
Should be infuſed with ſo foule a ſpirit.

Beg. What would you make me mad? Am not I *Chriſtopher Slie*, old Sies ſonne of Burton-heath, by byrth a Pedler, by education a Cardmaker, by tranſmutation a Beare-heard, and now by preſent profeſſion a Tinker. Aske *Marrian Hacket* the fat Alewife of Wincot, if ſhee know me not: if ſhe ſay I am not xiiii.d. on the ſcore for ſheere Ale, ſcore me vp for the lyingſt knaue in Chriſten dome. What I am not beſtraught: here's——

3. Man. Oh this it is that makes your Ladie mourne.

2 Mar. Oh this is it that makes your ſeruants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred ſhuns your
As beaten hence by your ſtrange Lunacie. (houſe
Oh Noble Lord, bethinke thee of thy birth,
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,
And baniſh hence theſe abiect lowlie dreames:
Looke how thy ſeruants do attend on thee,
Each in his office readie at thy becke.
Wilt thou haue Muſicke? Harke Apollo plaies, *Muſick*
And twentie caged Nightingales do ſing.
Or wilt thou ſleepe? Wee'l haue thee to a Couch,
Softer and ſweeter then the luſtfull bed
On purpoſe trim'd vp for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walke: we wil beſtrow the ground.
Or wilt thou ride? Thy horſes ſhal be trap'd,
Their harneſſe ſtudded all with Gold and Pearle.
Doſt thou loue hawking? Thou haſt hawkes will ſoare
Aboue the morning Larke. Or wilt thou hunt,
Thy hounds ſhall make the Welkin anſwer them
And fetch ſhrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.

1 Man. Say thou wilt courſe, thy gray-hounds are as
As breathed Stags: I fleeter then the Roe. (ſwift

2 M. Doſt thou loue pictures? we wil fetch thee ſtrait
Adonis painted by a running brooke,
And Citherea all in ſedges hid,
Which ſeeme to moue and wanton with her breath,
Euen as the wauing ſedges play with winde.

Lord. Wee'l ſhew thee *Io*, as ſhe was a Maid,
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpriz'd,
As liuelie painted, as the deede was done.

3. Man. Or *Daphne* roming through a thornie wood,
Scratching her legs, that one ſhal ſweare ſhe bleeds,
And at that ſight ſhal ſad Apollo weepe,
So workmanlie the blood and teares are drawne.

Lord. Thou art a Lord, and nothing but a Lord:
Thou haſt a Ladie farre more Beautifull,
Then any woman in this waining age.

1 Man. And til the teares that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like enuious flouds ore-run her louely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world,
And yet ſhee is inferiour to none.

Beg. Am I a Lord, and haue I ſuch a Ladie?
Or do I dreame? Or haue I dream'd till now?
I do not ſleepe: I ſee, I heare, I ſpeake:
I ſmel ſweet ſauours, and I feele ſoft things:
Vpon my life I am a Lord indeede,
And not a Tinker, nor Chriſtopher Slie.
Well, bring our Ladie hither to our ſight,
And once againe a pot o'th ſmalleſt Ale.

2. Man. Wilt pleaſe your mightineſſe to waſh your hands:
Oh how we ioy to ſee your wit reſtor'd,
Oh that once more you knew but what you are:
Theſe fifteene yeeres you haue bin in a dreame,
Or when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if you ſlept.
Beg. Theſe fifteene yeeres, by my fay, a goodly nap,
But did I neuer ſpeake of all that time.
1. Man. Oh yes my Lord, but verie idle words,
For though you lay heere in this goodlie chamber,
Yet would you ſay, ye were beaten out of doore,
And raile vpon the Hoſteſſe of the houſe,
And ſay you would preſent her at the Leete,
Becauſe ſhe brought ſtone-Iugs, and no ſeal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.
Beg. I, the womans maide of the houſe.
3. man. Why ſir you know no houſe, nor no ſuch maid
Nor no ſuch men as you haue reckon'd vp,
As *Stephen Slie*, and old *Iohn Naps* of Greece,
And *Peter Turph*, and *Henry Pimpernell*,
And twentie more ſuch names and men as theſe,
Which neuer were, nor no man euer ſaw.
Beg. Now Lord be thanked for my good amends.
All. Amen.

Enter Lady with Attendants.

Beg. I thanke thee, thou ſhalt not looſe by it.
Lady. How fares my noble Lord?
Beg. Marrie I fare well, for heere is cheere enough.
Where is my wife?
La. Heere noble Lord, what is thy will with her?
Beg. Are you my wife, and will not cal me husband?
My men ſhould call me Lord, I am your good-man.
La. My husband and my Lord, my Lord and husband
I am your wife in all obedience.
Beg. I know it well, what muſt I call her?
Lord. Madam.
Beg. *Alce* Madam, or *Ione* Madam?
Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe, ſo Lords cal Ladies
Beg. Madame wife, they ſay that I haue dream'd,
And ſlept aboue ſome fifteene yeare or more.
Lady. I, and the time ſeeme's thirty vnto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Beg. 'Tis much, ſeruants leaue me and her alone:
Madam vndreſſe you, and come now to bed.
La. Thrice noble Lord, let me intreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two:
Or if not ſo, vntill the Sun be ſet.
For your Phyſitians haue expreſſely charg'd,
In perill to incurre your former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed:
I hope this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.
Beg. I, it ſtands ſo that I may hardly tarry ſo long: But I would be loth to fall into my dreames againe: I wil therefore tarrie in deſpight of the fleſh & the blood

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Your Honors Players hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant Comedie,
For ſo your doctors hold it very meete,
Seeing too much ſadneſſe hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholly is the Nurſe of frenzie,
Therefore they thought it good you heare a play,
And frame your minde to mirth and merriment,
Which barres a thouſand harmes, and lengthens life.
Beg. Marrie I will let them play, it is not a Comontie, a Chriſtmas gambold, or a tumbling tricke?
Lady. No my good Lord, it is more pleaſing ſtuffe.
Beg. What, houſhold ſtuffe.
Lady. It is a a kinde of hiſtory.
Beg. Well, we'l ſee't:
Come Madam wife ſit by my ſide,
And let the world ſlip, we ſhall nere be yonger.

Flouriſh. Enter Lucentio, and his man Triano.

Luc. *Tranio*, ſince for the great deſire I had
To ſee faire *Padua*, nurſerie of Arts,
I am arriu'd for fruitfull *Lumbardie*,
The pleaſant garden of great *Italy*,
And by my fathers loue and leaue am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good companie.
My truſtie ſeruant well approu'd in all,
Heere let vs breath, and haply inſtitute
A courſe of Learning, and ingenious ſtudies.
Piſa renowned for graue Citizens
Gaue me my being, and my father firſt
A Merchant of great Trafficke through the world:
Vincentio's come of the *Bentiuolij*,
Vincentio's ſonne, brough vp in *Florence*,
It ſhall become to ſerue all hopes conceiu'd
To decke his fortune with his vertuous deedes:
And therefore *Tranio*, for the time I ſtudie,
Vertue and that part of Philoſophie
Will I applie, that treats of happineſſe,
By vertue ſpecially to be atchieu'd.
Tell me thy minde, for I haue *Piſa* left,
And am to *Padua* come, as he that leaues
A ſhallow plaſh, to plunge him in the deepe,
And with ſacietie ſeekes to quench his thirſt.
Tra. *Me Pardonato*, gentle maſter mine:
I am in all affected as your ſelfe,
Glad that you thus continue your reſolue,
To ſucke the ſweets of ſweete Philoſophie.
Onely (good maſter) while we do admire
This vertue, and this morall diſcipline,
Let's be no Stoickes, nor no ſtockes I pray,
Or ſo deuote to *Ariſtotles* checkes
As *Ouid*; be an out-caſt quite abiur'd:
Balke Lodgicke with acquaintaince that you haue,
And practiſe Rhetoricke in your common talke,
Muſicke and Poeſie vſe, to quicken you,
The Mathematickes, and the Metaphyſickes
Fall to them as you finde your ſtomacke ſerues you:
No profit growes, where is no pleaſure tane:
In briefe ſir, ſtudie what you moſt affect.
Luc. Gramercies *Tranio*, well doſt thou aduiſe,
If *Biondello* thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put vs in readineſſe,
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
Such friends (as time) in *Padua* ſhall beget.
But ſtay a while, what companie is this?
Tra. Maſter ſome ſhew to welcome vs to Towne.

Enter Baptiſta with his two daughters, Katerina & Bianca, Gremio a Pantelowne, Hortentio ſiſter to Bianca. Lucen. Tranio, ſtand by.

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am reſolu'd you know:
That is, not to beſtow my yongeſt daughter,
Before I haue a husband for the elder:
If either of you both loue *Katherina*,

Becauſe I know you well, and loue you well,
Leaue ſhall you haue to court her at your pleaſure.
Gre. To cart her rather. She's to rough for mee,
There, there *Hortenſio*, will you any Wife?
Kate. I pray you ſir, is it your will
To make a ſtale of me amongſt theſe mates?
Hor. Mates maid, how meane you that?
No mates for you,
Vnleſſe you were of gentler milder mould.
Kate. I'faith ſir, you ſhall neuer neede to feare,
I-wis it is not halfe way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care ſhould be,
To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd ſtoole,
And paint your face, and vſe you like a foole.
Hor. From all ſuch diuels, good Lord deliuer vs.
Gre. And me too, good Lord.
Tra. Huſht maſter, heres ſome good paſtime toward;
That wench is ſtarke mad, or wonderfull froward.
Lucen. But in the others ſilence do I ſee,
Maids milde behauiour and ſobrietie.
Peace *Tranio*.
Tra. Well ſaid Mr, mum, and gaze your fill.
Bap. Gentlemen, that I may ſoone make good
What I haue ſaid, *Bianca* get you in,
And let it not diſpleaſe thee good *Bianca*,
For I will loue thee nere the leſſe my girle.
Kate. A pretty peate, it is beſt put finger in the eye, and ſhe knew why.
Bian. Siſter content you, in my diſcontent.
Sir, to your pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My bookes and inſtruments ſhall be my companie,
On them to looke, and practiſe by my ſelfe.
Luc. Harke *Tranio*, thou maiſt heare *Minerua* ſpeak.
Hor. Signior *Baptiſta*, will you be ſo ſtrange,
Sorrie am I that our good will effects
Bianca's greefe.
Gre. Why will you mew her vp
(Signior *Baptiſta*) for this fiend of hell,
And make her beare the pennance of her tongue.
Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am reſould:
Go in *Bianca*.
And for I know ſhe taketh moſt delight
In Muſicke, Inſtruments, and Poetry,
Schoolemaſters will I keepe within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth. If you *Hortenſio*,
Or ſignior *Gremio* you know any ſuch,
Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,
I will be very kinde and liberall,
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
And ſo farewell: *Katherina* you may ſtay,
For I haue more to commune with *Bianca*. *Exit.*
Kate. Why, and I truſt I may go too, may I not?
What ſhall I be appointed houres, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leaue? Ha. *Exit*

Gre. You may go to the diuels dam: your guifts are ſo good heere's none will holde you: Their loue is not ſo great *Hortenſio*, but we may blow our nails together, and faſt it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both ſides. Farewell: yet for the loue I beare my ſweet *Bianca*, if I can by any meanes light on a fit man to teach her that wherein ſhe delights, I will wiſh him to her father.

Hor. So will I ſigniour *Gremio*: but a word I pray: Though the nature of our quarrell yet neuer brook'd parle, know now vpon aduice, it toucheth vs both: that we may yet againe haue acceſſe to our faire Miſtris, and be happie riuals in *Bianca's* loue, to labour and effect one thing ſpecially.

Gre. What's that I pray?

Hor. Marrie ſir to get a husband for her Siſter.

Gre. A husband: a diuell.

Hor. I ſay a husband.

Gre. I ſay, a diuell: Think'ſt thou *Hortenſio*, though her father be verie rich, any man is ſo verie a foole to be married to hell?

Hor. Tuſh *Gremio*: though it paſſe your patience & mine to endure her lowd alarums, why man there bee good fellowes in the world, and a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and mony enough.

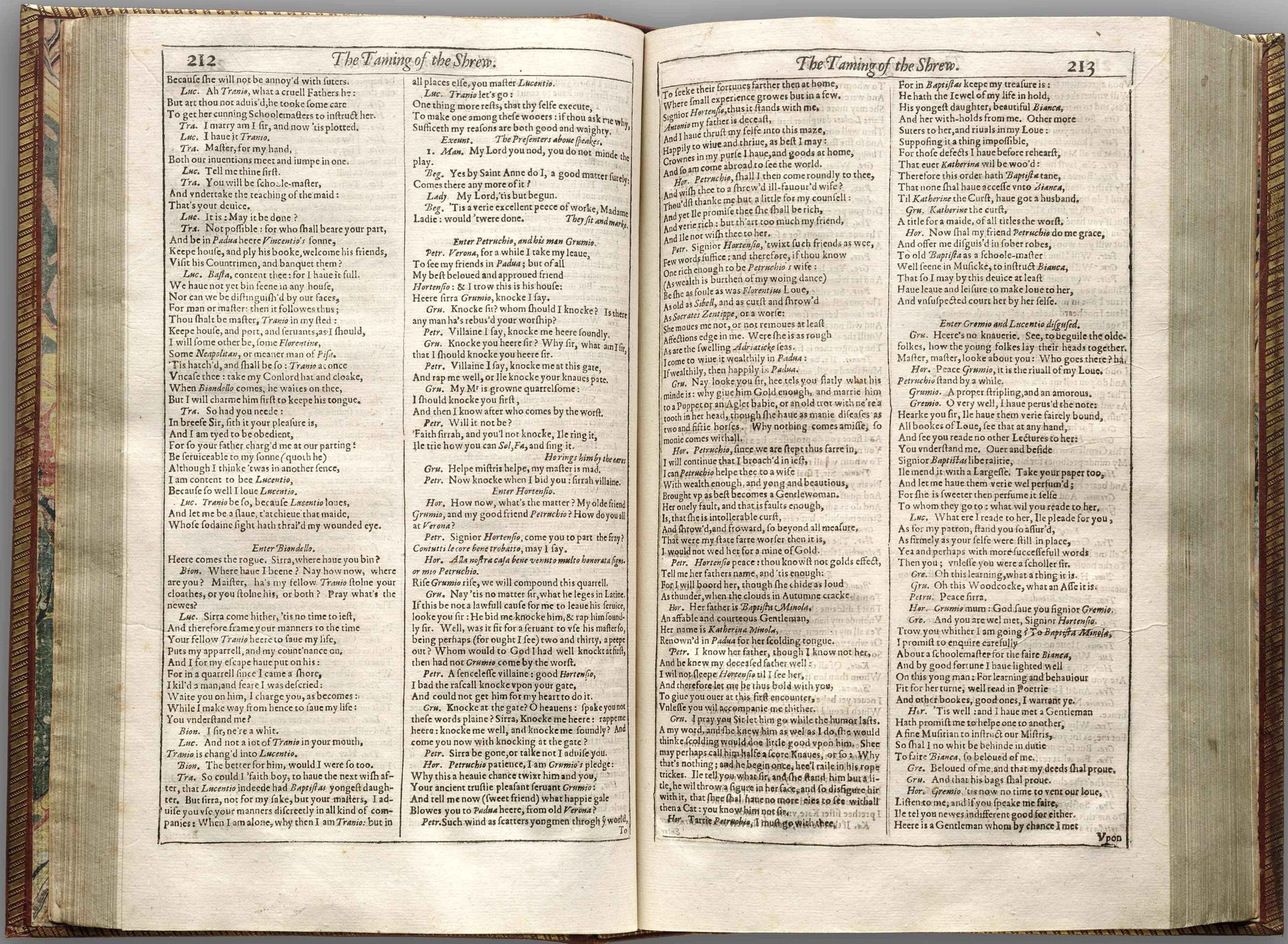
Gre. I cannot tell: but I had as lief take her dowrie with this condition; To be whipt at the hie croſſe euerie morning.

Hor. Faith (as you ſay) there's ſmall choiſe in rotten apples: but come, ſince this bar in law makes vs friends, it ſhall be ſo farre forth friendly maintain'd, till by helping *Baptiſtas* eldeſt daughter to a husband, wee ſet his yongeſt free for a husband, and then haue too t afreſh: Sweet *Bianca*, happy man be his dole: hee that runnes faſteſt, gets the Ring: How ſay you ſignior *Gremio*?

Grem. I am agreed, and would I had giuen him the beſt horſe in *Padua* to begin his woing that would thoroughly woe her, wed her, and bed her, and ridde the houſe of her. Come on.

Exeunt ambo. Manet Tranio and Lucentio

Tra. I pray ſir tel me, is it poſſible
That loue ſhould of a ſodaine take ſuch hold.
Luc. Oh *Tranio*, till I found it to be true,
I neuer thought it poſſible or likely.
But ſee, while idely I ſtood looking on,
I found the effect of Loue in idleneſſe,
And now in plainneſſe do confeſſe to thee
That art to me as ſecret and as deere
As *Anna* to the Queene of Carthage was:
Tranio I burne, I pine, I periſh *Tranio*,
If I atchieue not this yong modeſt gyrle:
Counſaile me *Tranio*, for I know thou canſt:
Aſſiſt me *Tranio*, for I know thou wilt.
Tra. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now,
Affection is not rated from the heart:
If loue haue touch'd you, naught remaines but ſo,
Redime te captam quam queas minimo.
Luc Gramercies Lad: Go forward, this contents,
The reſt wil comfort, for thy counſels ſound.
Tra. Maſter, you look'd ſo longly on the maide,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.
Luc. Oh yes, I ſaw ſweet beautie in her face,
Such as the daughter of *Agenor* had,
That made great *Ioue* to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiſt the Cretan ſtrond.
Tra. Saw you no more? Mark'd you not how hir ſiſter
Began to ſcold, and raiſe vp ſuch a ſtorme,
That mortal eares might hardly indure the din.
Luc. *Tranio*, I ſaw her corrall lips to moue,
And with her breath ſhe did perfume the ayre,
Sacred and ſweet was all I ſaw in her.
Tra. Nay, then 'tis time to ſtirre him frõ his trance:
I pray awake ſir: if you loue the Maide,
Bend thoughts and wits to atcheeue her. Thus it ſtands:
Her elder ſiſter is ſo curſt and ſhrew'd,
That til the Father rid his hands of her,
Maſter, your Loue muſt liue a maide at home,
And therefore has he cloſely meu'd her vp,



Becauſe ſhe will not be annoy'd with ſuters.
Luc. Ah *Tranio*, what a cruell Fathers he:
But art thou not aduis'd, he tooke ſome care
To get her cunning Schoolemaſters to inſtruct her.
Tra. I marry am I ſir, and now 'tis plotted.
Luc. I haue it *Tranio.*
Tra. Maſter, for my hand,
Both our inuentions meet and iumpe in one.
Luc. Tell me thine firſt.
Tra. You will be ſchoole-maſter,
And vndertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your deuice.
Luc. It is: May it be done?
Tra. Not poſſible: for who ſhall beare your part,
And be in *Padua* heere *Vincentio's* ſonne,
Keepe houſe, and ply his booke, welcome his friends,
Viſit his Countrimen, and banquet them?
Luc. *Baſta*, content thee: for I haue it full.
We haue not yet bin ſeene in any houſe,
Nor can we be diſtinguiſh'd by our faces,
For man or maſter: then it followes thus;
Thou ſhalt be maſter, *Tranio* in my ſted:
Keepe houſe, and port, and ſeruants, as I ſhould,
I will ſome other be, ſome *Florentine*,
Some *Neapolitan*, or meaner man of *Piſa.*
'Tis hatch'd, and ſhall be ſo: *Tranio* at once
Vncaſe thee: take my Conlord hat and cloake,
When *Biondello* comes, he waites on thee,
But I will charme him firſt to keepe his tongue.
Tra. So had you neede:
In breefe Sir, ſith it your pleaſure is,
And I am tyed to be obedient,
For ſo your father charg'd me at our parting:
Be ſeruiceable to my ſonne (quoth he)
Although I thinke 'twas in another ſence,
I am content to bee *Lucentio*,
Becauſe ſo well I loue *Lucentio.*
Luc. *Tranio* be ſo, becauſe *Lucentio* loues,
And let me be a ſlaue, t'atchieue that maide,
Whoſe ſodaine ſight hath thral'd my wounded eye.

Enter Biondello.

Heere comes the rogue. Sirra, where haue you bin?
Bion. Where haue I beene? Nay how now, where are you? Maiſter, ha's my fellow *Tranio* ſtolne your cloathes, or you ſtolne his, or both? Pray what's the newes?
Luc. Sirra come hither, 'tis no time to ieſt,
And therefore frame your manners to the time
Your fellow *Tranio* heere to ſaue my life,
Puts my apparrell, and my count'nance on,
And I for my eſcape haue put on his:
For in a quarrell ſince I came a ſhore,
I kil'd a man, and feare I was deſcried:
Waite you on him, I charge you, as becomes:
While I make way from hence to ſaue my life:
You vnderſtand me?
Bion. I ſir, ne're a whit.
Luc. And not a iot of *Tranio* in your mouth,
Tranio is chang'd into *Lucentio.*
Bion. The better for him, would I were ſo too.
Tra. So could I 'faith boy, to haue the next wiſh after, that *Lucentio* indeede had *Baptiſtas* yongeſt daughter. But ſirra, not for my ſake, but your maſters, I aduiſe you vſe your manners diſcreetly in all kind of companies: When I am alone, why then I am *Tranio:* but in all places elſe, you maſter *Lucentio.*
Luc. *Tranio* let's go:
One thing more reſts, that thy ſelfe execute,
To make one among theſe wooers: if thou ask me why,
Sufficeth my reaſons are both good and waighty.
Exeunt. *The Preſenters aboue ſpeakes.*
1. *Man.* My Lord you nod, you do not minde the play.
Beg. Yes by Saint Anne do I, a good matter ſurely: Comes there any more of it?
Lady. My Lord, 'tis but begun.
Beg. 'Tis a verie excellent peece of worke, Madame Ladie: would 'twere done. *They ſit and marke.*

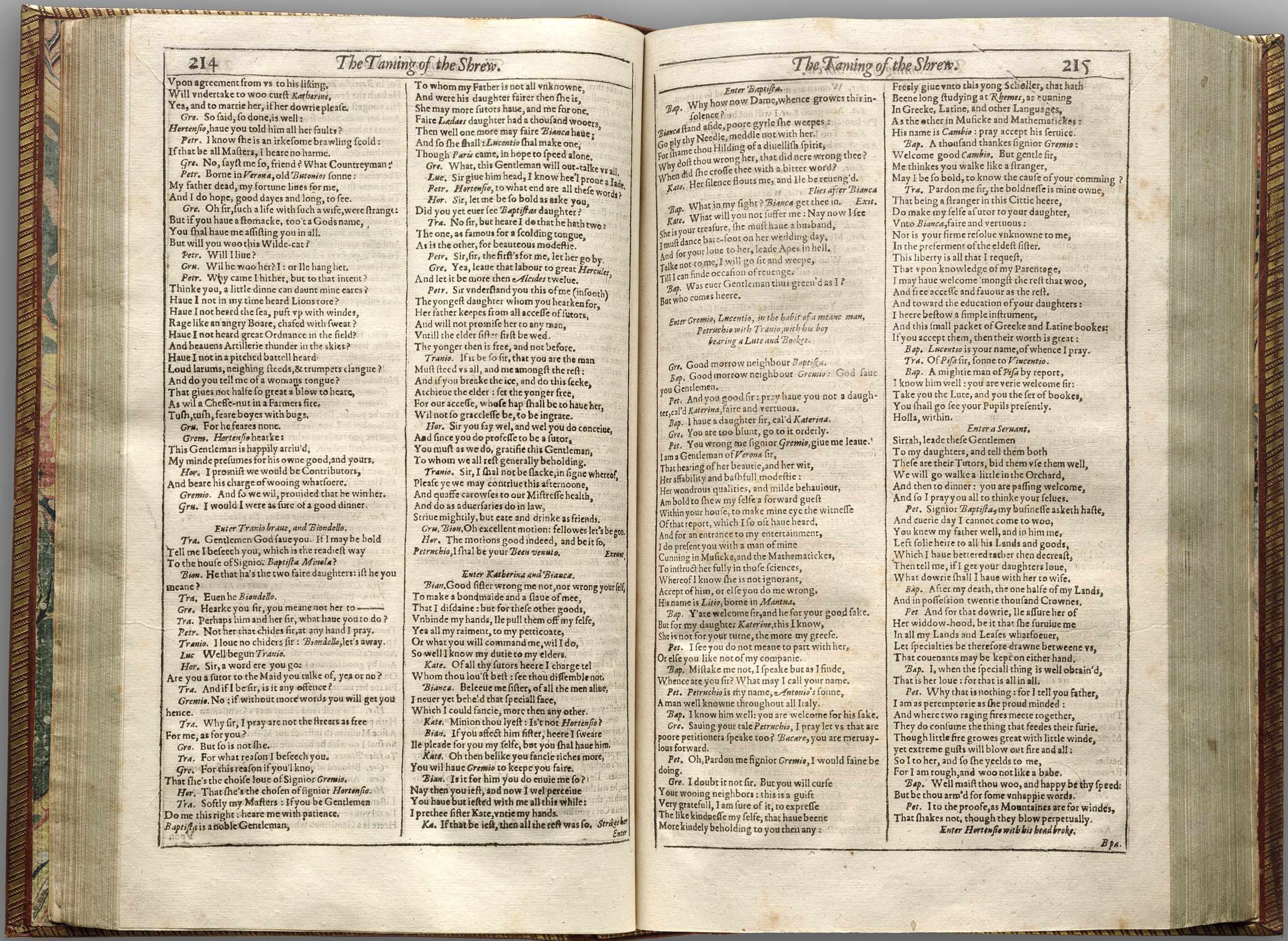
Enter Petruchio, and his man Grumio.

Petr. *Verona*, for a while I take my leaue,
To ſee my friends in *Padua*; but of all
My beſt beloued and approued friend
Hortenſio: & I trow this is his houſe:
Heere ſirra *Grumio*, knocke I ſay.
Gru. Knocke ſir? whom ſhould I knocke? Is there any man ha's rebus'd your worſhip?
Petr. Villaine I ſay, knocke me heere ſoundly.
Gru. Knocke you heere ſir? Why ſir, what am I ſir, that I ſhould knocke you heere ſir.
Petr. Villaine I ſay, knocke me at this gate,
And rap me well, or Ile knocke your knaues pate.
Gru. My M^{r} is growne quarrelſome:
I ſhould knocke you firſt,
And then I know after who comes by the worſt.
Petr. Will it not be?
'Faith ſirrah, and you'l not knocke, Ile ring it,
Ile trie how you can *Sol, Fa*, and ſing it.
He rings him by the eares
Gru. Helpe miſtris helpe, my maſter is mad.
Petr. Now knocke when I bid you: ſirrah villaine.
Enter Hortenſio.
Hor. How now, what's the matter? My olde friend *Grumio*, and my good friend *Petruchio*? How do you all at *Verona*?
Petr. Signior *Hortenſio*, come you to part the fray?
Contutti le core bene trobatto, may I ſay.
Hor. *Alla noſtra caſa bene venuto multo honorata ſignior mio Petruchio.*
Riſe *Grumio* riſe, we will compound this quarrell.
Gru. Nay 'tis no matter ſir, what he leges in Latine. If this be not a lawfull cauſe for me to leaue his ſeruice, looke you ſir: He bid me knocke him, & rap him ſoundly ſir. Well, was it fit for a ſeruant to vſe his maſter ſo, being perhaps (for ought I ſee) two and thirty, a peepe out? Whom would to God I had well knockt at firſt, then had not *Grumio* come by the worſt.
Petr. A ſenceleſſe villaine: good *Hortenſio*,
I bad the raſcall knocke vpon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.
Gru. Knocke at the gate? O heauens: ſpake you not theſe words plaine? Sirra, Knocke me heere: rappe me heere: knocke me well, and knocke me ſoundly? And come you now with knocking at the gate?
Petr. Sirra be gone, or talke not I aduiſe you.
Hor. *Petruchio* patience, I am *Grumio's* pledge:
Why this a heauie chance twixt him and you,
Your ancient truſtie pleaſant ſeruant *Grumio*:
And tell me now (ſweet friend) what happie gale
Blowes you to *Padua* heere, from old *Verona*?
Petr. Such wind as ſcatters yongmen throgh ẏ world,

To ſeeke their fortunes farther then at home,
Where ſmall experience growes but in a few.
Signior *Hortenſio*, thus it ſtands with me,
Antonio my father is deceaſt,
And I haue thruſt my ſelfe into this maze,
Happily to wiue and thriue, as beſt I may:
Crownes in my purſe I haue, and goods at home,
And ſo am come abroad to ſee the world.
Hor. *Petruchio*, ſhall I then come roundly to thee,
And wiſh thee to a ſhrew'd ill-fauour'd wife?
Thou'dſt thanke me but a little for my counſell:
And yet Ile promiſe thee ſhe ſhall be rich,
And verie rich: but th'art too much my friend,
And Ile not wiſh thee to her.
Petr. Signior *Hortenſio*, 'twixt ſuch friends as wee,
Few words ſuffice: and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be *Petruchio's* wife:
(As wealth is burthen of my woing dance)
Be ſhe as foule as was *Florentius* Loue,
As old as *Sibell*, and as curſt and ſhrow'd
As *Socrates Zentippe*, or a worſe:
She moues me not, or not remoues at leaſt
Affections edge in me. Were ſhe is as rough
As are the ſwelling *Adriaticke* ſeas.
I come to wiue it wealthily in *Padua*:
If wealthily, then happily in *Padua.*
Gru. Nay looke you ſir, hee tels you flatly what his minde is: why giue him Gold enough, and marrie him to a Puppet or an Aglet babie, or an old trot with ne're a tooth in her head, though ſhe haue as manie diſeaſes as two and fiftie horſes. Why nothing comes amiſſe, ſo monie comes withall.
Hor. *Petruchio*, ſince we are ſtept thus farre in,
I will continue that I broach'd in ieſt,
I can *Petruchio* helpe thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and yong and beautious,
Brought vp as beſt becomes a Gentlewoman.
Her onely fault, and that is faults enough,
Is, that ſhe is intollerable curſt,
And ſhrow'd, and froward, ſo beyond all meaſure,
That were my ſtate farre worſer then it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of Gold.
Petr. *Hortenſio* peace: thou knowſt not golds effect,
Tell me her fathers name, and 'tis enough:
For I will boord her, though ſhe chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke.
Hor. Her father is *Baptiſta Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is *Katherina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her ſcolding tongue.
Petr. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceaſed father well:
I wil not ſleepe *Hortenſio* til I ſee her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To giue you ouer at this firſt encounter,
Vnleſſe you wil accompanie me thither.
Gru. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor laſts. A my word, and ſhe knew him as wel as I do, ſhe would thinke ſcolding would doe little good vpon him. Shee may perhaps call him halfe a ſcore Knaues, or ſo: Why that's nothing; and he begin once, hee'l raile in his rope trickes. Ile tell you what ſir, and ſhe ſtand him but a litle, he wil throw a figure in her face, and ſo diſfigure hir with it, that ſhee ſhal haue no more eies to ſee withall then a Cat: you know him not ſir.
Hor. Tarrie *Petruchio*, I muſt go with thee,
For in *Baptiſtas* keepe my treaſure is:
He hath the Iewel of my life in hold,
His yongeſt daughter, beautiful *Bianca*,
And her with-holds from me. Other more
Suters to her, and riuals in my Loue:
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
For thoſe defects I haue before rehearſt,
That euer *Katherina* wil be woo'd:
Therefore this order hath *Baptiſta* tane,
That none ſhal haue acceſſe vnto *Bianca*,
Til *Katherine* the Curſt, haue got a husband.
Gru. *Katherine* the curſt,
A title for a maide, of all titles the worſt.
Hor. Now ſhal my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me diſguis'd in ſober robes,
To old *Baptiſta* as a ſchoole-maſter
Well ſeene in Muſicke, to inſtruct *Bianca*,
That ſo I may by this deuice at leaſt
Haue leaue and leiſure to make loue to her,
And vnſuſpected court her by her ſelfe.

Enter Gremio and Lucentio diſguſed.

Gru. Heere's no knauerie. See, to beguile the olde-folkes, how the young folkes lay their heads together. Maſter, maſter, looke about you: Who goes there? ha.
Hor. Peace *Grumio*, it is the riuall of my Loue.
Petruchio ſtand by a while.
Grumio. A proper ſtripling, and an amorous.
Gremio. O very well, I haue perus'd the note:
Hearke you ſir, Ile haue them verie fairely bound,
All bookes of Loue, ſee that at any hand,
And ſee you reade no other Lectures to her:
You vnderſtand me. Ouer and beſide
Signior *Baptiſtas* liberalitie,
Ile mend it with a Largeſſe. Take your paper too,
And let me haue them verie wel perfum'd;
For ſhe is ſweeter then perfume it ſelfe
To whom they go to: what wil you reade to her.
Luc. What ere I reade to her, Ile pleade for you,
As for my patron, ſtand you ſo aſſur'd,
As firmely as your ſelfe were ſtill in place,
Yea and perhaps with more ſucceſſefull words
Then you; vnleſſe you were a ſcholler ſir.
Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it is.
Gru. Oh this Woodcocke, what an Aſſe it is.
Petru. Peace ſirra.
Hor. *Grumio* mum: God ſaue you ſignior *Gremio.*
Gre. And you are wel met, Signior *Hortenſio.*
Trow you whither I am going? To *Baptiſta Minola*,
I promiſt to enquire carefully
About a ſchoolemaſter for the faire *Bianca*,
And by good fortune I haue lighted well
On this yong man: For learning and behauiour
Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant ye.
Hor. 'Tis well: and I haue met a Gentleman
Hath promiſt me to helpe one to another,
A fine Muſitian to inſtruct our Miſtris,
So ſhal I no whit be behinde in dutie
To faire *Bianca*, ſo beloued of me.
Gre. Beloued of me, and that my deeds ſhal proue.
Gru. And that his bags ſhal proue.
Hor. *Gremio*, 'tis now no time to vent our loue,
Liſten to me, and if you ſpeake me faire,
Ile tel you newes indifferent good for either.
Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met



Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,
Will vndertake to woo curſt *Katherine*,
Yea, and to marrie her, if her dowrie pleaſe.
Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well:
Hortenſio, haue you told him all her faults?
Petr. I know ſhe is an irkeſome brawling ſcold:
If that be all Maſters, I heare no harme.
Gre. No, ſayſt me ſo, friend? What Countreyman?
Petr. Borne in *Verona*, old *Butonios* ſonne:
My father dead, my fortune liues for me,
And I do hope, good dayes and long, to ſee.
Gre. Oh ſir, ſuch a life with ſuch a wife, were ſtrange:
But if you haue a ſtomacke, too't a Gods name,
You ſhal haue me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this Wilde-cat?
Petr. Will I liue?
Gru. Wil he woo her? I: or Ile hang her.
Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?
Haue I not in my time heard Lions rore?
Haue I not heard the ſea, puft vp with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with ſweat?
Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heauens Artillerie thunder in the skies?
Haue I not in a pitched battell heard
Loud larums, neighing ſteeds, & trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
That giues not halfe ſo great a blow to heare,
As wil a Cheſſe-nut in a Farmers fire.
Tuſh, tuſh, feare boyes with bugs.
Gru. For he feares none.
Grem. *Hortenſio* hearke:
This Gentleman is happily arriu'd,
My minde preſumes for his owne good, and yours.
Hor. I promiſt we would be Contributors,
And beare his charge of wooing whatſoere.
Gremio. And ſo we wil, prouided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as ſure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio braue, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God ſaue you. If I may be bold
Tell me I beſeech you, which is the readieſt way
To the houſe of Signior *Baptiſta Minola*?
Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: iſt he you meane?
Tra. Euen he *Biondello*.
Gre. Hearke you ſir, you meane not her to——
Tra. Perhaps him and her ſir, what haue you to do?
Petr. Not her that chides ſir, at any hand I pray.
Tranio. I loue no chiders ſir: *Biondello*, let's away.
Luc Well begun *Tranio*.
Hor. Sir, a word ere you go:
Are you a ſutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?
Tra. And if I be ſir, is it any offence?
Gremio. No: if without more words you will get you hence.
Tra. Why ſir, I pray are not the ſtreets as free
For me, as for you?
Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.
Tra. For what reaſon I beſeech you.
Gre. For this reaſon if you'l kno,
That ſhe's the choiſe loue of Signior *Gremio*.
Hor. That ſhe's the choſen of ſignior *Hortenſio*.
Tra. Softly my Maſters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: heare me with patience.
Baptiſta is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then ſhe is,
She may more ſutors haue, and me for one.
Faire *Ladaes* daughter had a thouſand wooers,
Then well one more may faire *Bianca* haue;
And ſo ſhe ſhall: *Lucentio* ſhal make one,
Though *Paris* came, in hope to ſpeed alone.
Gre. What, this Gentleman will out-talke vs all.
Luc. Sir giue him head, I know hee'l proue a Iade.
Petr. *Hortenſio*, to what end are all theſe words?
Hor. Sir, let me be ſo bold as aske you,
Did you yet euer ſee *Baptiſtas* daughter?
Tra. No ſir, but heare I do that he hath two:
The one, as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As is the other, for beauteous modeſtie.
Petr. Sir, ſir, the firſt's for me, let her go by.
Gre. Yea, leaue that labour to great *Hercules*,
And let it be more then *Alcides* twelue.
Petr. Sir vnderſtand you this of me (inſooth)
The yongeſt daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keepes from all acceſſe of ſutors,
And will not promiſe her to any man,
Vntill the elder ſiſter firſt be wed.
The yonger then is free, and not before.
Tranio. If it be ſo ſir, that you are the man
Muſt ſteed vs all, and me amongſt the reſt:
And if you breake the ice, and do this ſeeke,
Atchieue the elder: ſet the yonger free,
For our acceſſe, whoſe hap ſhall be to haue her,
Wil not ſo graceleſſe be, to be ingrate.
Hor. Sir you ſay wel, and wel you do conceiue,
And ſince you do profeſſe to be a ſutor,
You muſt as we do, gratifie this Gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholding.
Tranio. Sir, I ſhal not be ſlacke, in ſigne whereof,
Pleaſe ye we may contriue this afternoone,
And quaffe carowſes to our Miſtreſſe health,
And do as aduerſaries do in law,
Striue mightily, but eate and drinke as friends.
Gru. Bion. Oh excellent motion: fellowes let's be gon.
Hor. The motions good indeed, and be it ſo,
Petruchio, I ſhal be your *Been venuto*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Katherina and Bianca.

Bian. Good ſiſter wrong me not, nor wrong your ſelf,
To make a bondmaide and a ſlaue of mee,
That I diſdaine: but for theſe other goods,
Vnbinde my hands, Ile pull them off my ſelfe,
Yea all my raiment, to my petticoate,
Or what you will command me, wil I do,
So well I know my dutie to my elders.
Kate. Of all thy ſutors heere I charge tel
Whom thou lou'ſt beſt: ſee thou diſſemble not.
Bianca. Beleeue me ſiſter, of all the men aliue,
I neuer yet beheld that ſpeciall face,
Which I could fancie, more then any other.
Kate. Minion thou lyeſt: Is't not *Hortenſio*?
Bian. If you affect him ſiſter, heere I ſweare
Ile pleade for you my ſelfe, but you ſhal haue him.
Kate. Oh then belike you fancie riches more,
You wil haue *Gremio* to keepe you faire.
Bian. Is it for him you do enuie me ſo?
Nay then you ieſt, and now I wel perceiue
You haue but ieſted with me all this while:
I prethee ſiſter Kate, vntie my hands.
Ka. If that be ieſt, then all the reſt was ſo. *Strikes her*

Enter Baptiſta.

Bap. Why how now Dame, whence growes this inſolence?
Bianca ſtand aſide, poore gyrle ſhe weepes:
Go ply thy Needle, meddle not with her.
For ſhame thou Hilding of a diuelliſh ſpirit,
Why doſt thou wrong her, that did nere wrong thee?
When did ſhe croſſe thee with a bitter word?
Kate. Her ſilence flouts me, and Ile be reueng'd.
Flies after Bianca

Bap. What in my ſight? *Bianca* get thee in. *Exit.*
Kate. What will you not ſuffer me: Nay now I ſee
She is your treaſure, ſhe muſt haue a husband,
I muſt dance bare-foot on her wedding day,
And for your loue to her, leade Apes in hell.
Talke not to me, I will go ſit and weepe,
Till I can finde occaſion of reuenge.
Bap. Was euer Gentleman thus greeu'd as I?
But who comes heere.

Enter Gremio, Lucentio, in the habit of a meane man,
Petruchio with Tranio, with his boy
bearing a Lute and Bookes.

Gre. Good morrow neighbour *Baptiſta*.
Bap. Good morrow neighbour *Gremio*: God ſaue you Gentlemen.
Pet. And you good ſir: pray haue you not a daughter, cal'd *Katerina*, faire and vertuous.
Bap. I haue a daughter ſir, cal'd *Katerina*.
Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.
Pet. You wrong me ſignior *Gremio*, giue me leaue.
I am a Gentleman of *Verona* ſir,
That hearing of her beautie, and her wit,
Her affability and baſhfull modeſtie:
Her wondrous qualities, and milde behauiour,
Am bold to ſhew my ſelfe a forward gueſt
Within your houſe, to make mine eye the witneſſe
Of that report, which I ſo oft haue heard,
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do preſent you with a man of mine
Cunning in Muſicke, and the Mathematickes,
To inſtruct her fully in thoſe ſciences,
Whereof I know ſhe is not ignorant,
Accept of him, or elſe you do me wrong,
His name is *Litio*, borne in *Mantua*.
Bap. Y'are welcome ſir, and he for your good ſake.
But for my daughter *Katerine*, this I know,
She is not for your turne, the more my greefe.
Pet. I ſee you do not meane to part with her,
Or elſe you like not of my companie.
Bap. Miſtake me not, I ſpeake but as I finde,
Whence are you ſir? What may I call your name.
Pet. *Petruchio* is my name, *Antonio's* ſonne,
A man well knowne throughout all Italy.
Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his ſake.
Gre. Sauing your tale *Petruchio*, I pray let vs that are poore petitioners ſpeake too? *Bacare*, you are meruaylous forward.
Pet. Oh, Pardon me ſignior *Gremio*, I would faine be doing.
Gre. I doubt it not ſir. But you will curſe
Your wooing neighbors: this is a guift
Very gratefull, I am ſure of it, to expreſſe
The like kindneſſe my ſelfe, that haue beene
More kindely beholding to you then any:
Freely giue vnto this yong Scholler, that hath
Beene long ſtudying at *Rhemes*, as cunning
In Greeke, Latine, and other Languages,
As the other in Muſicke and Mathematickes:
His name is *Cambio*: pray accept his ſeruice.
Bap. A thouſand thankes ſignior *Gremio*:
Welcome good *Cambio*. But gentle ſir,
Me thinkes you walke like a ſtranger,
May I be ſo bold, to know the cauſe of your comming?
Tra. Pardon me ſir, the boldneſſe is mine owne,
That being a ſtranger in this Cittie heere,
Do make my ſelfe a ſutor to your daughter,
Vnto *Bianca*, faire and vertuous:
Nor is your firme reſolue vnknowne to me,
In the preferment of the eldeſt ſiſter.
This liberty is all that I requeſt,
That vpon knowledge of my Parentage,
I may haue welcome 'mongſt the reſt that woo,
And free acceſſe and fauour as the reſt.
And toward the education of your daughters:
I heere beſtow a ſimple inſtrument,
And this ſmall packet of Greeke and Latine bookes:
If you accept them, then their worth is great:
Bap. *Lucentio* is your name, of whence I pray.
Tra. Of *Piſa* ſir, ſonne to *Vincentio*.
Bap. A mightie man of *Piſa* by report,
I know him well: you are verie welcome ſir:
Take you the Lute, and you the ſet of bookes,
You ſhall go ſee your Pupils preſently.
Holla, within.

Enter a Seruant.

Sirrah, leade theſe Gentlemen
To my daughters, and tell them both
Theſe are their Tutors, bid them vſe them well,
We will go walke a little in the Orchard,
And then to dinner: you are paſſing welcome,
And ſo I pray you all to thinke your ſelues.
Pet. Signior *Baptiſta*, my buſineſſe asketh haſte,
And euerie day I cannot come to woo,
You knew my father well, and in him me,
Left ſolie heire to all his Lands and goods,
Which I haue bettered rather then decreaſt,
Then tell me, if I get your daughters loue,
What dowrie ſhall I haue with her to wife.
Bap. After my death, the one halfe of my Lands,
And in poſſeſſion twentie thouſand Crownes.
Pet And for that dowrie, Ile aſſure her of
Her widdow-hood, be it that ſhe ſuruiue me
In all my Lands and Leaſes whatſoeuer,
Let ſpecialties be therefore drawne betweene vs,
That couenants may be kept on either hand.
Bap. I, when the ſpeciall thing is well obtain'd,
That is her loue: for that is all in all.
Pet. Why that is nothing: for I tell you father,
I am as peremptorie as ſhe proud minded:
And where two raging fires meete together,
They do conſume the thing that feedes their furie.
Though little fire growes great with little winde,
yet extreme guſts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and ſo ſhe yeelds to me,
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.
Bap. Well maiſt thou woo, and happy be thy ſpeed:
But be thou arm'd for ſome vnhappie words.
Pet. I to the proofe, as Mountaines are for windes,
That ſhakes not, though they blow perpetually.

Enter Hortenſio with his head broke.

Bap. How now my friend, why doſt thou looke ſo pale?
Hor. For feare I promiſe you, if I looke pale.
Bap. What, will my daughter proue a good Muſitian?
Hor. I thinke ſhe'l ſooner proue a ſouldier,
Iron may hold with her, but neuer Lutes.
Bap. Why then thou canſt not break her to the Lute?
Hor. Why no, for ſhe hath broke the Lute to me:
I did but tell her ſhe miſtooke her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When (with a moſt impatient diuelliſh ſpirit)
Frets call you theſe? (quoth ſhe) Ile fume with them:
And with that word ſhe ſtroke me on the head,
And through the inſtrument my pate made way,
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a Pillorie, looking through the Lute,
While ſhe did call me Raſcall, Fidler,
And twangling Iacke, with twentie ſuch vilde tearmes,
As had ſhe ſtudied to miſvſe me ſo.
Pet. Now by the world, it is a luſtie Wench,
I loue her ten times more then ere I did,
Oh how I long to haue ſome chat with her.
Bap. Wel go with me, and be not ſo diſcomfited.
Proceed in practiſe with my yonger daughter,
She's apt to learne, and thankefull for good turnes:
Signior *Petruchio*, will you go with vs,
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter *Kate* to you.
Exit. Manet Petruchio.
Pet. I pray you do. Ile attend her heere,
And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes,
Say that ſhe raile, why then Ile tell her plaine,
She ſings as ſweetly as a Nightinghale:
Say that ſhe frowne, Ile ſay ſhe lookes as cleere
As morning Roſes newly waſht with dew:
Say ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeake a word,
Then Ile commend her volubility,
And ſay ſhe vttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me packe, Ile giue her thankes,
As though ſhe bid me ſtay by her a weeke:
If ſhe denie to wed, Ile craue the day
When I ſhall aske the banes, and when be married.
But heere ſhe comes, and now *Petruchio* ſpeake.
Enter Katerina.
Good morrow *Kate*, for thats your name I heare.
Kate. Well haue you heard, but ſomething hard of hearing:
They call me *Katerine*, that do talke of me.
Pet. You lye infaith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,
And bony *Kate*, and ſometimes *Kate* the curſt:
But *Kate*, the prettieſt *Kate* in Chriſtendome,
Kate of *Kate*-hall, my ſuper-daintie *Kate*,
For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me, *Kate* of my conſolation,
Hearing thy mildneſſe prais'd in euery Towne,
Thy vertues ſpoke of, and thy beautie ſounded,
Yet not ſo deepely as to thee belongs,
My ſelfe am moou'd to woo thee for my wife.
Kate. Mou'd, in good time, let him that mou'd you hether
Remoue you hence: I knew you at the firſt
You were a mouable.
Pet. Why, what's a mouable?
Kat. A ioyn'd ſtoole.
Pet. Thou haſt hit it: come ſit on me.
Kate. Aſſes are made to beare, and ſo are you.
Pet. Women are made to beare, and ſo are you.
Kate. No ſuch Iade as you, if me you meane.
Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burthen thee,
For knowing thee to be but yong and light.
Kate. Too light for ſuch a ſwaine as you to catch,
And yet as heauie as my waight ſhould be.
Pet. Shold be, ſhould: buzze.
Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard.
Pet. Oh ſlow-wing'd Turtle, ſhal a buzard take thee?
Kat. I for a Turtle, as he takes a buzard.
Pet. Come, come you Waſpe, y'faith you are too angrie.
Kate. If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.
Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.
Kate. I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.
Pet. Who knowes not where a Waſpe does weare his ſting? In his taile.
Kate. In his tongue?
Pet. Whoſe tongue.
Kate. Yours if you talke of tales, and ſo farewell.
Pet. What with my tongue in your taile.
Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman,
Kate. That Ile trie.
ſhe ſtrikes him
Pet. I ſweare Ile cuffe you, if you ſtrike againe.
Kate. So may you looſe your armes,
If you ſtrike me, you are no Gentleman,
And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.
Pet. A Herald *Kate*? Oh put me in thy bookes.
Kate. What is your Creſt, a Coxcombe?
Pet. A combleſſe Cocke, ſo *Kate* will be my Hen.
Kate. No Cocke of mine, you crow too like a crauen
Pet. Nay come *Kate*, come: you muſt not looke ſo ſowre.
Kate. It is my faſhion when I ſee a Crab.
Pet. Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not ſowre.
Kate. There is, there is.
Pet. Then ſhew it me.
Kate. Had I a glaſſe, I would.
Pet. What, you meane my face.
Kate. Well aym'd of ſuch a yong one.
Pet. Now by S. George I am too yong for you.
Kate. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kate. I care not.
Pet. Nay heare you *Kate*. Inſooth you ſcape not ſo.
Kate. I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit, I finde you paſſing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I finde report a very liar:
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous,
But ſlow in ſpeech: yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers.
Thou canſt not frowne, thou canſt not looke a ſconce,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſſe in talke:
But thou with mildneſſe entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conference, ſoft, and affable.
Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limpe?
Oh ſland'rous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig
Is ſtraight, and ſlender, and as browne in hue
As hazle nuts, and ſweeter then the kernels:
Oh let me ſee thee walke: thou doſt not halt.
Kate. Go foole, and whom thou keep'ſt command.
Pet. Did euer *Dian* ſo become a Groue
As *Kate* this chamber with her princely gate:
O be thou *Dian*, and let her be *Kate*,

And then let *Kate* be chaſte, and *Dian* ſportfull.
Kate. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?
Petr. It is *extempore*, from my mother wit.
Kate. A witty mother, witleſſe elſe her ſonne.
Pet. Am I not wiſe?
Kat. Yes, keepe you warme.
Pet. Marry ſo I meane ſweet *Katherine* in thy bed:
And therefore ſetting all this chat aſide,
Thus in plaine termes: your father hath conſented
That you ſhall be my wife; your dowry greed on,
And will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Now *Kate*, I am a husband for your turne,
For by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,
Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,
Thou muſt be married to no man but me,

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Trayno.

For I am he am borne to tame you *Kate*,
And bring you from a wilde *Kate* to a *Kate*
Conformable as other houſhold *Kates*:
Heere comes your father, neuer make deniall,
I muſt, and will haue *Katherine* to my wife. (daughter?
Bap. Now Signior *Petruchio*, how ſpeed you with my
Pet. How but well ſir? how but well?
It were impoſſible I ſhould ſpeed amiſſe. (dumps?
Bap. Why how now daughter *Katherine*, in your
Kat. Call you me daughter? now I promiſe you
You haue ſhewd a tender fatherly regard,
To wiſh me wed to one halfe Lunaticke,
A mad-cap ruffian, and a ſwearing Iacke,
That thinkes with oathes to face the matter out.
Pet. Father, 'tis thus, your ſelfe and all the world
That talk'd of her, haue talk'd amiſſe of her:
If ſhe be curſt, it is for pollicie,
For ſhee's not froward, but modeſt as the Doue,
Shee is not hot, but temperate as the morne,
For patience ſhee will proue a ſecond *Griſſell*,
And Romane *Lucrece* for her chaſtitie:
And to conclude, we haue greed ſo well together,
That vpon ſonday is the wedding day.
Kate. Ile ſee thee hang'd on ſonday firſt. (firſt.
Gre. Hark *Petruchio*, ſhe ſaies ſhee'll ſee thee hang'd
Tra. Is this your ſpeeding? nay thē godnight our part.
Pet. Be patient gentlemen, I chooſe her for my ſelfe,
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd twixt vs twaine being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curſt in company.
I tell you 'tis incredible to beleeue
How much ſhe loues me: oh the kindeſt *Kate*,
Shee hung about my necke, and kiſſe on kiſſe
Shee vi'd ſo faſt, proteſting oath on oath,
That in a twinke ſhe won me to her loue.
Oh you are nouices, 'tis a world to ſee
How tame when men and women are alone,
A meacocke wretch can make the curſteſt ſhrew:
Giue me thy hand *Kate*, I will vnto *Venice*
To buy apparell 'gainſt the wedding day;
Prouide the feaſt father, and bid the gueſts,
I will be ſure my *Katherine* ſhall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to ſay, but giue me your hāds,
God ſend you joy, *Petruchio*, 'tis a match.
Gre. Tra. Amen ſay we, we will be witneſſes.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen adieu,
I will to *Venice*, ſonday comes apace,
We will haue rings, and things, and fine array,
And kiſſe me *Kate*, we will be married a ſonday.
Exit Petruchio and Katherine.
Gre. Was euer match clapt vp ſo ſodainly?
Bap. Faith Gentlemen now I play a marchants part,
And venture madly on a deſperate Mart.
Tra. Twas a commodity lay fretting by you,
'Twill bring you gaine, or periſh on the ſeas.
Bap. The gaine I ſeeke, is quiet me the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch:
But now *Baptiſta*, to your yonger daughter,
Now is the day we long haue looked for,
I am your neighbour, and was ſuter firſt.
Tra. And I am one that loue *Bianca* more
Then words can witneſſe, or your thoughts can gueſſe.
Gre. Yongling thou canſt not loue ſo deare as I.
Tra. Gray-beard thy loue doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth frie,
Skipper ſtand backe, 'tis age that nouriſheth.
Tra. But youth in Ladies eyes that floriſheth.
Bap. Content you gentlemen, I wil cōpound this ſtrife
'Tis deeds muſt win the prize, and he of both
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
Shall haue my *Biancas* loue.
Say ſignior *Gremio*, what can you aſſure her?
Gre. Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the City
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold,
Baſons and ewers to laue her dainty hands:
My hangings all of *tirian* tapeſtry:
In Iuory cofers I haue ſtuft my crownes:
In Cypres cheſts my arras counterpoints,
Coſtly apparell, tents, and Canopies,
Fine Linnen, Turky cuſhions boſt with pearle,
Vallens of Venice gold, in needle worke:
Pewter and braſſe, and all things that belongs
To houſe or houſe-keeping: then at my farme
I haue a hundred milch-kine to the pale,
Sixe-ſcore fat Oxen ſtanding in my ſtalls,
And all things anſwerable to this portion.
My ſelfe am ſtrooke in yeeres I muſt confeſſe,
And if I die to morrow this is hers,
If whil'ſt I liue ſhe will be onely mine.
Tra. That only came well in: ſir, liſt to me,
I am my fathers heyre and onely ſonne,
If I may haue your daughter to my wife,
Ile leaue her houſes three or foure as good
Within rich *Piſa* walls, as any one
Old Signior *Gremio* has in *Padua*,
Beſides, two thouſand Duckets by the yeere
Of fruitfull land, all which ſhall be her ioynter.
What, haue I pincht you Signior *Gremio*?
Gre. Two thouſand Duckets by the yeere of land,
My Land amounts not to ſo much in all:
That ſhe ſhall haue, beſides an Argoſie
That now is lying in Marcellus roade:
What, haue I choakt you with an Argoſie?
Tra. *Gremio*, 'tis knowne my father hath no leſſe
Then three great Argoſies, beſides two Galliaſſes
And twelue tite Gallies, theſe I will aſſure her,
And twice as much what ere thou offreſt next.
Gre. Nay, I haue offred all, I haue no more,
And ſhe can haue no more then all I haue,
If you like me, ſhe ſhall haue me and mine.
Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the world
By your firme promiſe, *Gremio* is out-vied.
Bap. I muſt confeſſe your offer is the beſt,
And let your father make her the aſſurance,

Shee is your owne, elſe you muſt pardon me:
If you ſhould die before him, where's her dower?
Tra. That's but a cauill: he is olde, I young.
Gre. And may not yong men die as well as old?
Bap. Well gentlemen, I am thus reſolu'd,
On ſonday next, you know
My daughter *Katherine* is to be married:
Now on the ſonday following, ſhall *Bianca*
Be Bride to you, if you make this aſſurance:
If not, to Signior *Gremio*:
And ſo I take my leaue, and thanke you both. *Exit.*
Gre. Adieu good neighbour: now I feare thee not:
Sirra, yong gameſter, your father were a foole
To giue thee all, and in his wayning age
Set foot vnder thy table: tut, a toy,
An olde Italian foxe is not ſo kinde my boy. *Exit.*
Tra. A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,
Yet I haue fac'd it with a card of ten:
'Tis in my head to doe my maſter good:
I ſee no reaſon but ſuppos'd *Lucentio*
Muſt get a father, call'd ſuppos'd *Vincentio*,
And that's a wonder: fathers commonly
Doe get their children: but in this caſe of woing,
A childe ſhall get a ſire, if I faile not of my cunning. *Exit.*

Actus Tertia.

Enter Lucentio, Hortentio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fidler forbeare, you grow too forward Sir,
Haue you ſo ſoone forgot the entertainment
Her ſiſter *Katherine* welcom'd you withall.
Hort. But wrangling pedant, this is
The patroneſſe of heauenly harmony:
Then giue me leaue to haue prerogatiue,
And when in Muſicke we haue ſpent an houre,
Your Lecture ſhall haue leiſure for as much.
Luc. Prepoſterous Aſſe that neuer read ſo farre,
To know the cauſe why muſicke was ordain'd:
Was it not to refreſh the minde of man
After his ſtudies, or his vſuall paine?
Then giue me leaue to read Philoſophy,
And while I pauſe, ſerue in your harmony.
Hort. Sirra, I will not beare theſe braues of thine.
Bianc. Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,
To ſtriue for that which reſteth in my choice:
I am no breeching ſcholler in the ſchooles,
Ile not be tied to howres, nor pointed times,
But learne my Leſſons as I pleaſe my ſelfe,
And to cut off all ſtrife: heere ſit we downe,
Take you your inſtrument, play you the whiles,
His Lecture will be done ere you haue tun'd.
Hort. You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?
Luc. That will be neuer, tune your inſtrument.
Bian. Where left we laſt?

Luc. Heere Madam: *Hic Ibat Simois, hic eſt ſigeria tellus, hic ſteterat Priami regia Celſa ſenis.*

Bian. Conſter them.

Luc. *Hic Ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am Lucentio, *hic eſt*, ſonne vnto Vincentio of Piſa, *Sigeria tellus*, diſguiſed thus to get your loue, *hic ſteterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing, *priami*, is my man Tranio, *regia*, bearing my port, *celſa ſenis* that we might beguile the old Pantalowne.

Hort. Madam, my Inſtrument's in tune.
Bian. Let's heare, oh fie, the treble iarres.
Luc. Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.

Bian. Now let mee ſee if I can conſter it. *Hic ibat ſimois*, I know you not, *hic eſt ſigeria tellus*, I truſt you not, *hic ſtaterat priami*, take heede he heare vs not, *regia preſume* not, *Celſa ſenis*, deſpaire not.

Hort. Madam, tis now in tune.
Luc. All but the baſe.
Hort. The baſe is right, 'tis the baſe knaue that iars.
Luc. How fiery and forward our Pedant is,
Now for my life the knaue doth court my loue,
Pedaſcule, Ile watch you better yet:
In time I may beleeue, yet I miſtruſt.
Bian. Miſtruſt it not, for ſure *Æacides*
Was *Aiax* cald ſo from his grandfather.
Hort. I muſt beleeue my maſter, elſe I promiſe you,
I ſhould be arguing ſtill vpon that doubt,
But let it reſt, now *Litio* to you:
Good maſter take it not vnkindly pray
That I haue beene thus pleaſant with you both.
Hort. You may go walk, and giue me leaue a while,
My Leſſons make no muſicke in three parts.
Luc. Are you ſo formall ſir, well I muſt waite
And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd,
Our fine Muſitian groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the inſtrument,
To learne the order of my fingering,
I muſt begin with rudiments of Art,
To teach you gamoth in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy, and effectuall,
Then hath beene taught by any of my trade,
And there it is in writing fairely drawne.
Bian. Why, I am paſt my gamouth long agoe.
Hor. Yet read the gamouth of *Hortentio.*
Bian. *Gamouth* I am, the ground of all accord:
Are, to plead *Hortenſio's* paſſion:
Beeme, Bianca take him for thy Lord
Cfavt, that loues with all affection:
D ſolre, one Cliffe, two notes haue I,
Ela mi, ſhow pitty or I die.
Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,
Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt, I am not ſo nice
To charge true rules for old inuentions.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Nicke. Miſtreſſe, your father prayes you leaue your
And helpe to dreſſe your ſiſters chamber vp, (books,
You know to morrow is the wedding day.
Bian. Farewell ſweet maſters both, I muſt be gone.
Luc. Faith Miſtreſſe then I haue no cauſe to ſtay.
Hor. But I haue cauſe to pry into this pedant,
Methinkes he lookes as though he were in loue:
Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be ſo humble
To caſt thy wandring eyes on euery ſtale:
Seize thee that Liſt, if once I finde thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

Enter Baptiſta, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and others, attendants.

Bap. Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day
That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* ſhould be married,
And yet we heare not of our ſonne in Law:
What will be ſaid, what mockery will it be?
To want the Bride-groome when the Prieſt attends
To ſpeake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?
What ſaies *Lucentio* to this ſhame of ours?

Kate. No ſhame but mine, I muſt forſooth be forſt
To giue my hand oppos'd againſt my heart
Vnto a mad-braine rudesby, full of ſpleene,
Who woo'd in haſte, and meanes to wed at leyſure:
I told you I, he was a franticke foole,
Hiding his bitter ieſts in blunt behauiour,
And to be noted for a merry man;
Hee'll wooe a thouſand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, inuite, and proclaime the banes,
Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:
Now muſt the world point at poore *Katherine*,
And ſay, loe, there is mad *Petruchio's* wife
If it would pleaſe him come and marry her.
Tra. Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptiſta* too,
Vpon my life *Petruchio* meanes but well,
What euer fortune ſtayes him from his word,
Though he be blunt, I know him paſſing wiſe,
Though he be merry, yet withall he's honeſt.
Kate. Would *Katherine* had neuer ſeen him though.
Exit weeping.
Bap. Goe girle, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,
For ſuch an iniurie would vexe a very ſaint,
Much more a ſhrew of impatient humour.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Maſter, maſter, newes, and ſuch newes as you neuer heard of,

Bap. Is it new and olde too? how may that be?
Bion. Why, is it not newes to heard of *Petruchio's*
Bap. Is he come? (comming?
Bion. Why no ſir.
Bap. What then?
Bion. He is comming.
Bap. When will he be heere?
Bion. When he ſtands where I am, and ſees you there.
Tra. But ſay, what to thine olde newes?

Bion. Why *Petruchio* is comming, in a new hat and an old ierkin, a paire of olde breeches thrice turn'd; a paire of bootes that haue beene candle-caſes, one buckled, another lac'd: an olde ruſty ſword tane out of the Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſſe: with two broken points: his horſe hip'd with an olde mothy ſaddle, and ſtirrops of no kindred: beſides poſſeſt with the glanders, and like to moſe in the chine, troubled with the Lampaſſe, infected with the faſhions, full of Windegalls, ſped with Spauins, raied with the Yellowes, paſt cure of the Fiues, ſtarke ſpoyl'd with the Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe, and ſhoulder-ſhotten, neere leg'd before, and with a halfe-chekt Bitte, & a headſtall of ſheepes leather, which being reſtrain'd to keepe him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repaired with knots: one girth ſixe times peec'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairely ſet down in ſtuds, and heere and there peec'd with packthred.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. Oh ſir, his Lackey, for all the world Capariſon'd like the horſe: with a linnen ſtock on one leg, and a kerſey boot-hoſe on the other, gartred with a red and blew liſt; an old hat, & the humor of forty fancies prickt in't for a feather: a monſter, a very monſter in apparell, & not like a Chriſtian foot-boy, or a gentlemans Lacky.

Tra. 'Tis ſome od humor pricks him to this faſhion,
Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.
Bap. I am glad he's come, howſoere he comes.
Bion. Why ſir, he comes not.
Bap. Didſt thou not ſay hee comes?
Bion. Who, that *Petruchio* came?
Bap. I, that *Petruchio* came. (backe.
Bion. No ſir, I ſay his horſe comes with him on his
Bap. Why that's all one.

Bion. Nay by S. *Iamy*, I hold you a penny, a horſe and a man is more then one, and yet not many.

Enter Petruchio and Grumio.

Pet. Come, where be theſe gallants? who's at home?
Bap. You are welcome ſir.
Petr. And yet I come not well.
Bap. And yet you halt not.
Tra. Not ſo well apparell'd as I wiſh you were.
Petr. Were it better I ſhould ruſh in thus:
But where is *Kate*? where is my louely Bride?
How does my father? gentles methinkes you frowne,
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they ſaw ſome wondrous monument,
Some Commet, or vnuſuall prodigie?
Bap. Why ſir, you know this is your wedding day:
Firſt were we ſad, fearing you would not come,
Now ſadder that you come ſo vnprouided:
Fie, doff this habit, ſhame to your eſtate,
An eye-ſore to our ſolemne feſtiuall.
Tra. And tell vs what occaſion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife,
And ſent you hither ſo vnlike your ſelfe?
Petr. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to heare,
Sufficeth I am come to keepe my word,
Though in ſome part inforced to digreſſe,
Which at more leyſure I will ſo excuſe,
As you ſhall well be ſatisfied with all.
But where is *Kate*? I ſtay too long from her,
The morning weares, 'tis time we were at Church.
Tra. See not your Bride in theſe vnreuerent robes,
Goe to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.
Pet. Not I, beleeue me, thus Ile viſit her.
Bap. But thus I truſt you will not marry her. (words,
Pet. Good ſooth euen thus: therefore ha done with
To me ſhe's married, not vnto my cloathes:
Could I repaire what ſhe will weare in me,
As I can change theſe poore accoutrements,
'Twere well for *Kate*, and better for my ſelfe.
But what a foole am I to chat with you,
When I ſhould bid good morrow to my Bride?
And ſeale the title with a louely kiſſe. *Exit.*
Tra. He hath ſome meaning in his mad attire,
We will perſwade him be it poſſible,
To put on better ere he goe to Church.
Bap. Ile after him, and ſee the euent of this. *Exit.*
Tra. But ſir, Loue concerneth vs to adde
Her fathers liking, which to bring to paſſe
As before imparted to your worſhip,
I am to get a man what ere he be,
It skills not much, weele fit him to our turne,
And he ſhall be *Vincentio* of *Piſa*,
And make aſſurance heere in *Padua*
Of greater ſummes then I haue promiſed,
So ſhall you quietly enioy your hope,
And marry ſweet *Bianca* with conſent.
Luc. Were it not that my fellow ſchoolemaſter
Doth watch *Bianca's* ſteps ſo narrowly:
'Twere good me-thinkes to ſteale our marriage,
Which once perform'd, let all the world ſay no,
Ile keepe mine owne deſpite of all the world.
Tra. That by degrees we meane to looke into,

And watch our vantage in this buſineſſe,
Wee'll ouer-reach the grey-beard *Gremio*,
The narrow prying father *Minola*,
The quaint Muſician, amorous *Litio*,
All for my Maſters ſake *Lucentio*.

Enter Gremio.

Signior *Gremio*, came you from the Church?
Gre. As willingly as ere I came from ſchoole.
Tra. And is the Bride & Bridegroom coming home?
Gre. A bridegroome ſay you? 'tis a groome indeed,
A grumlling groome, and that the girle ſhall finde.
Tra. Curſter then ſhe, why 'tis impoſſible.
Gre. Why hee's a deuill, a deuill, a very fiend.
Tra. Why ſhe's a deuill, a deuill, the deuils damme.
Gre. Tut, ſhe's a Lambe, a Doue, a foole to him:
Ile tell you ſir *Lucentio*; when the Prieſt
Should aske if *Katherine* ſhould be his wife,
I, by goggs woones quoth he, and ſwore ſo loud,
That all amaz'd the Prieſt let fall the booke,
And as he ſtoop'd againe to take it vp,
This mad-brain'd bridegroome tooke him ſuch a cuffe,
That downe fell Prieſt and booke, and booke and Prieſt,
Now take them vp quoth he, if any liſt.
Tra. What ſaid the wench when he roſe againe?

Gre. Trembled and ſhooke: for why, he ſtamp'd and ſwore, as if the Vicar meant to cozen him: but after many ceremonies done, hee calls for wine, a health quoth he, as if he had beene aboord carowſing to his Mates after a ſtorme, quaft off the Muſcadell, and threw the ſops all in the Sextons face: hauing no other reaſon, but that his beard grew thinne and hungerly, and ſeem'd to aske him ſops as hee was drinking: This done, hee tooke the Bride about the necke, and kiſt her lips with ſuch a clamorous ſmacke, that at the parting all the Church did eccho: and I ſeeing this, came thence for very ſhame, and after mee I know the rout is comming, ſuch a mad marryage neuer was before: harke, harke, I heare the minſtrels play. *Muſicke playes.*

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Bianca, Hortenſio, Baptiſta.

Petr. Gentlemen & friends, I thank you for your pains,
I know you thinke to dine with me to day,
And haue prepar'd great ſtore of wedding cheere,
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call me hence,
And therefore heere I meane to take my leaue.
Bap. Is't poſſible you will away to night?
Pet. I muſt away to day before night come,
Make it no wonder: if you knew my buſineſſe,
You would intreat me rather goe then ſtay:
And honeſt company, I thanke you all,
That haue beheld me giue away my ſelfe
To this moſt patient, ſweet, and vertuous wife,
Dine with my father, drinke a health to me,
For I muſt hence, and farewell to you all.
Tra. Let vs intreat you ſtay till after dinner.
Pet. It may not be.
Gra. Let me intreat you.
Pet. It cannot be.
Kat. Let me intreat you.
Pet. I am content.
Kat. Are you content to ſtay?
Pet. I am content you ſhall entreat me ſtay,
But yet not ſtay, entreat me how you can.
Kat. Now if you loue me ſtay.
Pet. *Grumio*, my horſe.

Gru. I ſir, they be ready, the Oates haue eaten the horſes.

Kate. Nay then,
Doe what thou canſt, I will not goe to day,
No, nor to morrow, not till I pleaſe my ſelfe,
The dore is open ſir, there lies your way,
You may be iogging whiles your bootes are greene:
For me, Ile not be gone till I pleaſe my ſelfe,
'Tis like you'll proue a iolly ſurly groome,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.
Pet. O *Kate* content thee, prethee be not angry.
Kat. I will be angry, what haſt thou to doe?
Father, be quiet, he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.
Gre. I marry ſir, now it begins to worke.
Kat. Gentlemen, forward to the bridall dinner,
I ſee a woman may be made a foole
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.
Pet. They ſhall goe forward *Kate* at thy command,
Obey the Bride you that attend on her.
Goe to the feaſt, reuell and domineere,
Carowſe full meaſure to her maiden-head,
Be madde and merry, or goe hang your ſelues:
But for my bonny *Kate*, ſhe muſt with me:
Nay, looke not big, nor ſtampe, nor ſtare, nor fret,
I will be maſter of what is mine owne,
Shee is my goods, my chattels, ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuffe, my field, my barne,
My horſe, my oxe, my aſſe, my any thing,
And heere ſhe ſtands, touch her who euer dare,
Ile bring mine action on the proudeſt he
That ſtops my way in *Padua*: *Grumio*
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beſet with theeues,
Reſcue thy Miſtreſſe if thou be a man:
Feare not ſweet wench, they ſhall not touch thee *Kate*,
Ile buckler thee againſt a Million. *Exeunt. P. Ka.*
Bap. Nay, let them goe, a couple of quiet ones. (ing.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laugh-
Tra. Of all mad matches neuer was the like.
Luc. Miſtreſſe, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?
Bian. That being mad her ſelfe, ſhe's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him *Petruchio* is Kated.
Bap. Neighbours and friends, though Bride & Bride-
For to ſupply the places at the table, (groom wants
You know there wants no iunkets at the feaſt:
Lucentio, you ſhall ſupply the Bridegroomes place,
And let *Bianca* take her ſiſters roome.
Tra. Shall ſweet *Bianca* practiſe how to bride it?
Bap. She ſhall *Lucentio*: come gentlemen lets goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Grumio.

Gru.: Fie, fie on all tired Iades, on all mad Maſters, & all foule waies: was euer man ſo beaten? was euer man ſo raide? was euer man ſo weary? I am ſent before to make a fire, and they are comming after to warme them: now were not I a little pot, & ſoone hot; my very lippes might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roofe of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw me, but I with blowing the fire ſhall warme my ſelfe: for conſidering the weather, a taller man then I will take cold: Holla, hoa *Curtis*.

Enter Curtis.

Curt. Who is that calls ſo coldly?

Gru. A piece of Ice: if thou doubt it, thou maiſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heele, with no

greater a run but my head and my necke. A fire good *Curtis*.

Cur. Is my maſter and his wife comming *Grumio*?

Gru. Oh I *Curtis* I, and therefore fire, fire, caſt on no water.

Cur. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported.

Gru. She was good *Curtis* before this froſt: but thou know'ſt winter tames man, woman, and beaſt: for it hath tam'd my old maſter, and my new miſtris, and my ſelfe fellow *Curtis*.

Gru. Away you three inch foole, I am no beaſt.

Gru. Am I but three inches? Why thy horne is a foot and ſo long am I at the leaſt. But wilt thou make a fire, or ſhall I complaine on thee to our miſtris, whoſe hand (ſhe being now at hand) thou ſhalt ſoone feele, to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.

Cur. I prethee good *Grumio*, tell me, how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world *Curtis* in euery office but thine, & therefore fire: do thy duty, and haue thy dutie, for my Maſter and miſtris are almoſt frozen to death.

Cur. There's fire readie, and therefore good *Grumio* the newes.

Gru. Why Iacke boy, ho boy, and as much newes as wilt thou.

Cur. Come, you are ſo full of conicatching.

Gru. Why therefore fire, for I haue caught extreme cold. Where's the Cooke, is ſupper ready, the houſe trim'd, ruſhes ſtrew'd, cobwebs ſwept, the ſeruingmen in their new fuſtian, the white ſtockings, and euery officer his wedding garment on? Be the Iackes faire within, the Gils faire without, the Carpets laide, and euerie thing in order?

Cur. All readie: and therefore I pray thee newes.

Gru. Firſt know my horſe is tired, my maſter & miſtris falne out. *Cur.* How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the durt, and thereby hangs a tale.

Cur. Let's ha't good *Grumio*.

Gru. Lend thine eare.

Cur. Heere.

Gru. There.

Cur. This 'tis to feele a tale, not to heare a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis cal'd a ſenſible tale: and this Cuffe was but to knocke at your eare, and beſeech liſtning: now I begin, Inprimis wee came downe a fowle hill, my Maſter riding behinde my Miſtris.

Cur. Both of one horſe?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Cur. Why a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale: but hadſt thou not croſt me, thou ſhouldſt haue heard how her horſe fel, and ſhe vnder her horſe: thou ſhouldſt haue heard in how miery a place, how ſhe was bemoil'd, how hee left her with the horſe vpon her, how he beat me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled, how ſhe waded through the durt to plucke him off me: how he ſwore, how ſhe prai'd, that neuer prai'd before: how I cried, how the horſes ranne away, how her bridle was burſt: how I loſt my crupper, with manie things of worthy memorie, which now ſhall die in obliuion, and thou returne vnexperienc'd to thy graue.

Cur. By this reckning he is more ſhrew than ſhe.

Gru. I, and that thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall finde when he comes home. But what talke I of this? Call forth *Nathaniel*, *Ioſeph*, *Nicholas*, *Phillip*, *Walter*, *Sugerſop* and the reſt: let their heads bee ſlickely comb'd, their blew coats bruſh'd, and their garters of an indifferent knit, let them curtſie with their left legges, and not preſume to touch a haire of my Maſters horſe-taile, till they kiſſe their hands. Are they all readie?

Cur. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Cur. Do you heare ho? you muſt meete my maiſter to countenance my miſtris.

Gru. Why ſhe hath a face of her owne.

Cur. Who knowes not that?

Gru. Thou it ſeemes, that cals for company to countenance her.

Cur. I call them forth to credit her.

Enter foure or fiue ſeruingmen.

Gru. Why ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.

Nat. Welcome home *Grumio*.

Phil. How now *Grumio*.

Ioſ. What *Grumio*.

Nick. Fellow *Grumio*.

Nat. How now old lad.

Gru. Welcome you: how now you: what you: fellow you: and thus much for greeting. Now my ſpruce companions, is all readie, and all things neate?

Nat. All things is readie, how neere is our maſter?

Gre. E'ne at hand, alighted by this: and therefore be not—— Cockes paſſion, ſilence, I heare my maſter.

Enter Petruchio and Kate.

Pet. Where be theſe knaues? What no man at doore
To hold my ſtirrop, nor to take my horſe?
Where is *Nathaniel*, *Gregory*, *Phillip*.
All ſer. Heere, heere ſir, heere ſir.
Pet. Heere ſir, heere ſir, heere ſir, heere ſir.
You logger-headed and vnpolliſht groomes:
What? no attendance? no regard? no dutie?
Where is the fooliſh knaue I ſent before?
Gru. Heere ſir, as fooliſh as I was before.
Pet. You pezant, ſwain, you horſon malt-horſe drudg
Did I not bid thee meete me in the Parke,
And bring along theſe raſcal knaues with thee?
Grumio. *Nathaniels* coate ſir was not fully made,
And *Gabrels* pumpes were all vnpinkt i'th heele:
There was no Linke to colour *Peters* hat,
And *Walters* dagger was not come from ſheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Rafe*, and *Gregory*,
The reſt were ragged, old, and beggerly,
Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you.
Pet. Go raſcals, go, and fetch my ſupper in. *Ex. Ser.*
Where is the life that late I led?
Where are thoſe? Sit downe *Kate*,
And welcome. Soud, ſoud, ſoud, ſoud.

Enter ſeruants with ſupper.

Why when I ſay? Nay good ſweete *Kate* be merrie.
Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?
It was the Friar of Orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way.
Out you rogue, you plucke my foote awrie,
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.
Be merrie *Kate*: Some water heere: what hoa.

Enter one with water.

Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sirra, get you hence,
And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither:
One *Kate* that you muſt kiſſe, and be acquainted with.
Where are my Slippers? Shall I haue ſome water?
Come *Kate* and waſh, & welcome heartily:
you horſon villaine, will you let it fall?

Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vnwilling.
Pet. A horſon beetle-headed flap-ear'd knaue:
Come *Kate* ſit downe, I know you haue a ſtomacke,
Will you giue thankes, ſweete *Kate*, or elſe ſhall I?
What's this, Mutton?
1. Ser. I.
Pet. Who brought it?
Peter. I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt, and ſo is all the meate:
What dogges are theſe? Where is the raſcall Cooke?
How durſt you villaines bring it from the dreſſer
And ſerue it thus to me that loue it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
You heedleſſe iolt-heads, and vnmanner'd ſlaues.
What, do you grumble? Ile be with you ſtraight.
Kate. I pray you husband be not ſo diſquiet,
The meate was well, if you were ſo contented.
Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expreſſely am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of vs did faſt,
Since of our ſelues, our ſelues are chollericke,
Then feede it with ſuch ouer-roſted fleſh:
Be patient, to morrow't ſhalbe mended,
And for this night we'l faſt for companie.
Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. *Exeunt.*

Enter Seruants ſeuerally.

Nath. Peter didſt euer ſee the like.
Peter. He kils her in her owne humor.
Grumio. Where is he?

Enter Curtis a Seruant.

Cur. In her chamber, making a ſermon of continencie to her, and railes, and ſweares, and rates, that ſhee (poore ſoule) knowes not which way to ſtand, to looke, to ſpeake, and ſits as one new riſen from a dreame. Away, away, for he is comming hither.

Enter Petruchio.

Pet. Thus haue I politickely begun my reigne,
And 'tis my hope to end ſucceſſefully:
My Faulcon now is ſharpe, and paſſing emptie,
And til ſhe ſtoope, ſhe muſt not be full gorg'd,
For then ſhe neuer lookes vpon her lure.
Another way I haue to man my Haggard,
To make her come, and know her Keepers call:
That is, to watch her, as we watch theſe Kites,
That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient:
She eate no meate to day, nor none ſhall eate.
Laſt night ſhe ſlept not, nor to night ſhe ſhall not:
As with the meate, ſome vndeſerued fault
Ile finde about the making of the bed,
And heere Ile fling the pillow, there the boulſter,
This way the Couerlet, another way the ſheets:
I, and amid this hurlie I intend,
That all is done in reuerend care of her,
And in concluſion, ſhe ſhal watch all night,
And if ſhe chance to nod, Ile raile and brawle,
And with the clamor keepe her ſtil awake:
This is a way to kil a Wife with kindneſſe,
And thus Ile curbe her mad and headſtrong humor:
He that knowes better how to tame a ſhrew,
Now let him ſpeake, 'tis charity to ſhew. *Exit*

Enter Tranio and Hortenſio:

Tra. Is't poſsible friend *Liſio*, that miſtris *Bianca*
Doth fancie any other but *Lucentio*,
I tel you ſir, ſhe beares me faire in hand.
Luc. Sir, to ſatisfie you in what I haue ſaid,
Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.

Enter Bianca.

Hor. Now Miſtris, profit you in what you reade?
Bian. What Maſter reade you firſt, reſolue me that?
Hor. I reade, that I profeſſe the Art to loue.
Bian And may you proue ſir Maſter of your Art.
Luc. While you ſweet deere proue Miſtreſſe of my heart.
Hor. Quicke proceeders marry, now tel me I pray, you that durſt ſweare that your miſtris *Bianca*
Lou'd me in the World ſo wel as *Lucentio*.
Tra. Oh deſpightful Loue, vnconſtant womankind,
I tel thee *Liſio* this is wonderfull.
Hor. Miſtake no more, I am not *Liſio*,
Nor a Muſitian as I ſeeme to bee,
But one that ſcorne to liue in this diſguiſe,
For ſuch a one as leaues a Gentleman,
And makes a God of ſuch a Cullion;
Know ſir, that I am cal'd *Hortenſio*.
Tra. Signior *Hortenſio*, I haue often heard
Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,
And ſince mine eyes are witneſſe of her lightneſſe,
I wil with you, if you be ſo contented,
Forſweare *Bianca*, and her loue for euer.
Hor. See how they kiſſe and court: Signior *Lucentio*,
Heere is my hand, and heere I firmly vow
Neuer to woo her more, but do forſweare her
As one vnworthie all the former fauours
That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall.
Tra. And heere I take the like vnfained oath,
Neuer to marrie with her, though ſhe would intreate,
Fie on her, ſee how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.
Hor. Would all the world but he had quite forſworn
For me, that I may ſurely keepe mine oath.
I wil be married to a wealthy Widdow,
Ere three dayes paſſe, which hath as long lou'd me,
As I haue lou'd this proud diſdainful Haggard,
And ſo farewel ſignior *Lucentio*,
Kindneſſe in women, not their beauteous lookes
Shal win my loue, and ſo I take my leaue,
In reſolution, as I ſwore before.
Tra. Miſtris *Bianca*, bleſſe you with ſuch grace,
As longeth to a Louers bleſſed caſe:
Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle Loue,
And haue forſworne you with *Hortenſio*.
Bian. *Tranio* you ieſt, but haue you both forſworne mee?
Tra. Miſtris we haue.
Luc. Then we are rid of *Liſio*.
Tra. I'faith hee'l haue a luſtie Widdow now,
That ſhalbe woo'd, and wedded in a day.
Bian. God giue him ioy.
Tra. I, and hee'l tame her.
Bianca. He ſayes ſo *Tranio*.
Tra. Faith he is gone vnto the taming ſchoole.
Bian. The taming ſchoole: what is there ſuch a place?
Tra. I miſtris, and *Petruchio* is the maſter,
That teacheth trickes eleuen and twentie long,
To tame a ſhrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Oh Maſter, maſter I haue watcht ſo long,
That I am dogge-wearie, but at laſt I ſpied
An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,
Wil ſerue the turne.
Tra. What is he *Biondello*?
Bio. Maſter, a Marcantant, or a pedant,

I know not what, but formall in apparrell,
In gate and countenance ſurely like a Father.
Luc. And what of him *Tranio*?
Tra. If he be credulous, and truſt my tale,
Ile make him glad to ſeeme *Vincentio*,
And giue aſſurance to *Baptiſta Minola*.
As if he were the right *Vincentio*.
Par. Take me your loue, and then let me alone.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God ſaue you ſir.
Tra. And you ſir, you are welcome,
Trauaile you farre on, or are you at the fartheſt?
Ped. Sir at the fartheſt for a weeke or two,
But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome,
And ſo to Tripolie, if God lend me life.
Tra. What Countreyman I pray?
Ped. Of *Mantua*.
Tra. Of *Mantua* Sir, marrie God forbid,
And come to Padua careleſſe of your life.
Ped. My life ſir? how I pray? for that goes hard.
Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua, know you not the cauſe?
Your ſhips are ſtaid at Venice, and the Duke
For priuate quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publiſh'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis meruaile, but that you are but newly come,
you might haue heard it elſe proclaim'd about.
Ped. Alas ſir, it is worſe for me then ſo,
For I haue bils for monie by exchange
From Florence, and muſt heere deliuer them.
Tra. Wel ſir, to do you courteſie,
This wil I do, and this I wil aduiſe you,
Firſt tell me, haue you euer beene at Piſa?
Ped. I ſir, in Piſa haue I often bin,
Piſa renowned for graue Citizens.
Tra. Among them know you one *Vincentio*?
Ped. I know him not, but I haue heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.
Tra. He is my father ſir, and ſooth to ſay,
In count'nance ſomewhat doth reſemble you.
Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyſter, & all one.
Tra. To ſaue your life in this extremitie,
This fauor wil I do you for his ſake,
And thinke it not the worſt of all your fortunes,
That you are like to Sir *Vincentio*.
His name and credite ſhal you vndertake,
And in my houſe you ſhal be friendly lodg'd,
Looke that you take vpon you as you ſhould,
you vnderſtand me ſir: ſo ſhal you ſtay
Til you haue done your buſineſſe in the Citie:
If this be court'ſie ſir, accept of it.
Ped. Oh ſir I do, and wil repute you euer
The patron of my life and libertie.
Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good,
This by the way I let you vnderſtand,
My father is heere look'd for euerie day,
To paſſe aſſurance of a dowre in marriage
'Twixt me, and one *Baptiſtas* daughter heere:
In all theſe circumſtances Ile inſtruct you,
Go with me to cloath you as becomes you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Katherina and Grumio.

Gru. No, no forſooth I dare not for my life.
Ka. The more my wrong, the more his ſpite appears.
What, did he marrie me to famiſh me?
Beggers that come vnto my fathers doore,
Vpon intreatie haue a preſent almes,
If not, elſewhere they meete with charitie:
But I, who neuer knew how to intreat,
Nor neuer needed that I ſhould intreate,
Am ſtaru'd for meate, giddie for lacke of ſleepe:
With oathes kept waking, and with brawling fed,
And that which ſpights me more then all theſe wants,
He does it vnder name of perfect loue:
As who ſhould ſay, if I ſhould ſleepe or eate
'Twere deadly ſickneſſe, or elſe preſent death.
I prethee go, and get me ſome repaſt,
I care not what, ſo it be holſome foode.
Gru. What ſay you to a Neats foote?
Kate. 'Tis paſsing good, I prethee let me haue it.
Gru. I feare it is too chollericke a meate.
How ſay you to a fat Tripe finely broyl'd?
Kate. I like it well, good Grumio fetch it me.
Gru. I cannot tell, I feare 'tis chollericke.
What ſay you to a peece of Beefe and Muſtard?
Kate. A diſh that I do loue to feede vpon.
Gru. I, but the Muſtard is too hot a little.
Kate. Why then the Beefe, and let the Muſtard reſt.
Gru. Nay then I wil not, you ſhal haue the Muſtard
Or elſe you get no beefe of Grumio.
Kate. Then both or one, or any thing thou wilt.
Gru. Why then the Muſtard without the beefe.
Kate. Go get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlaue, *Beats him.*
That feed'ſt me with the verie name of meate.
Sorrow on thee, and all the packe of you
That triumph thus vpon my miſery:
Go get thee gone, I ſay.

Enter Petruchio, and Hortenſio with meate.

Petr. How fares my Kate, what ſweeting all a-mort?
Hor. Miſtris, what cheere?
Kate. Faith as cold as can be.
Pet. Plucke vp thy ſpirits, looke cheerfully vpon me.
Heere Loue, thou ſeeſt how diligent I am,
To dreſſe thy meate my ſelfe, and bring it thee.
I am ſure ſweet Kate, this kindneſſe merites thankes.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lou'ſt it not:
And all my paines is ſorted to no proofe.
Heere take away this diſh.
Kate. I pray you let it ſtand.
Pet. The pooreſt ſeruice is repaide with thankes,
And ſo ſhall mine before you touch the meate.
Kate. I thanke you ſir.
Hor. Signior *Petruchio*, fie you are too blame:
Come Miſtris Kate, Ile beare you companie.
Petr. Eate it vp all *Hortenſio*, if thou loueſt mee:
Much good do it vnto thy gentle heart:
Kate eate apace; and now my honie Loue,
Will we returne vnto thy Fathers houſe,
And reuell it as brauely as the beſt,
With ſilken coats and caps, and golden Rings,
With Ruffes and Cuffes, and Fardingales, and things:
With Scarfes, and Fannes, & double change of brau'ry,
With Amber Bracelets, Beades, and all this knau'ry.
What haſt thou din'd? The Tailor ſtaies thy leaſure,
To decke thy bodie with his ruffling treaſure.

Enter Tailor.

Come Tailor, let vs ſee theſe ornaments.

Enter Haberdaſher.

Lay forth thè gowne. What newes with you ſir?
Fel. Heere is the cap your Worſhip did beſpeake.
Pet. Why this was moulded on a porrenger,
A Veluet diſh: Fie, fie, 'tis lewd and filthy,
Why 'tis a cockle or a walnut-ſhell,
A knacke, a toy, a tricke, a babies cap:
Away with it, come let me haue a bigger.
Kate. Ile haue no bigger, this doth fit the time,
And Gentlewomen weare ſuch caps as theſe.
Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall haue one too,
And not till then.
Hor. That will not be in haſt.
Kate. Why ſir I truſt I may haue leaue to ſpeake,
And ſpeake I will. I am no childe, no babe,
Your betters haue indur'd me ſay my minde,
And if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your eares.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or els my heart concealing it wil breake,
And rather then it ſhall, I will be free,
Euen to the vttermoſt as I pleaſe in words.
Pet. Why thou ſaiſt true, it is paltrie cap,
A cuſtard coffen, a bauble, a ſilken pie,
I loue thee well in that thou lik'ſt it not.
Kate. Loue me, or loue me not, I like the cap,
And it I will haue, or I will haue none.
Pet. Thy gowne, why I: come Tailor let vs ſee't.
Oh mercie God, what masking ſtuffe is heere?
Whats this? a ſleeue? 'tis like demi cannon,
What, vp and downe caru'd like an apple Tart?
Heers ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh and ſlaſh,
Like to a Cenſor in a barbers ſhoppe:
Why what a deuils name Tailor cal'ſt thou this?
Hor. I ſee ſhees like to haue neither cap nor gowne.
Tai. You bid me make it orderlie and well,
According to the faſhion, and the time.
Pet. Marrie and did: but if you be remembred,
I did not bid you marre it to the time.
Go hop me ouer euery kennell home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtome ſir:
Ile none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.
Kate. I neuer ſaw a better faſhion'd gowne,
More queint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike you meane to make a puppet of me.
Pet. Why true, he meanes to make a puppet of thee.
Tail. She ſaies your Worſhip meanes to make a puppet of her.
Pet. Oh monſtrous arrogance:
Thou lyeſt, thou thred, thou thimble,
Thou yard three quarters, halfe yard, quarter, naile,
Thou Flea, thou Nit, thou winter cricket thou:
Brau'd in mine owne houſe with a skeine of thred:
Away thou Ragge, thou quantitie, thou remnant,
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete thee with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt thinke on prating whil'ſt thou liu'ſt:
I tell thee I, that thou haſt marr'd her gowne.
Tail. Your worſhip is deceiu'd, the gowne is made
Juſt as my maſter had direction:
Grumio gaue order how it ſhould be done.
Gru. I gaue him no order, I gaue him the ſtuffe.
Tail. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?
Gru. Marrie ſir with needle and thred.
Tail. But did you not requeſt to haue it cut?
Gru. Thou haſt fac'd many things.
Tail. I haue.
Gru. Face not mee: thou haſt brau'd manie men, braue not me; I will neither bee fac'd nor brau'd. I ſay vnto thee, I bid thy Maſter cut out the gowne, but I did not bid him cut it to peeces. Ergo thou lieſt.
Tail. Why heere is the note of the faſhion to teſtify.
Pet. Reade it.
Gru. The note lies in's throate if he ſay I ſaid ſo.
Tail. Inprimis, a looſe bodied gowne.
Gru. Maſter, if euer I ſaid looſe-bodied gowne, ſow me in the skirts of it, and beate me to death with a bottome of browne thred: I ſaid a gowne.
Pet. Proceede.
Tai. With a ſmall compaſt cape.
Gru. I confeſſe the cape.
Tai. With a trunke ſleeue.
Gru. I confeſſe two ſleeues.
Tai: The ſleeues curiouſly cut.
Pet. I there's the villanie.
Gru. Error i'th bill ſir, error i'th bill? I commanded the ſleeues ſhould be cut out, and ſow'd vp againe, and that Ile proue vpon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.
Tail. This is true that I ſay, and I had thee in place where thou ſhouldſt know it.
Gru. I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the bill, giue me thy meat-yard, and ſpare not me.
Hor. God-a-mercie *Grumio*, then hee ſhall haue no oddes.
Pet. Well ſir in breefe the gowne is not for me.
Gru. You are i'th right ſir, 'tis for my miſtris.
Pet. Go take it vp vnto thy maſters vſe.
Gru. Villaine, not for thy life: Take vp my Miſtreſſe gowne for thy maſters vſe.
Pet. Why ſir, what's your conceit in that?
Gru. Oh ſir, the conceit is deeper then you think for:
Take vp my Miſtris gowne to his maſters vſe.
Oh fie, fie, fie.
Pet. *Hortenſio*, ſay thou wilt ſee the Tailor paide:
Go take it hence, be gone, and ſay no more.
Hor. Tailor, Ile pay thee for thy gowne to morrow,
Take no vnkindneſſe of his haſtie words:
Aw[illegible] ſay, commend me to thy maſter. *Exit Tail.*
Pet. Well, come my *Kate*, we will vnto your fathers,
Euen in theſe honeſt meane habiliments:
Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poore:
For 'tis the minde that makes the bodie rich.
And as the Sunne breakes through the darkeſt clouds,
So honor peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What is the Iay more precious then the Lark[illegible]
Becauſe his feathers are more beautifull.
Or is the Adder better then the Eele,
Becauſe his painted skin contents the eye.
Oh no good *Kate*: neither art thou the worſe
For this poore furniture, and meane array.
If thou accountedſt it ſhame, lay it on me,
And therefore frolicke, we will hence forthwith,
To feaſt and ſport vs at thy fathers houſe,
Go call my men, and let vs ſtraight to him,
And bring our horſes vnto Long-lane end,
There wil we mount, and thither walke on foote,
Let's ſee, I thinke 'tis now ſome ſeuen a clocke,
Aud well we may come there by dinner time.
Kate. I dare aſſure you ſir, 'tis almoſt two,
And 'twill be ſupper time ere you come there.
Pet. It ſhall be ſeuen ere I go to horſe:
Looke what I ſpeake, or do, or thinke to doe,

You

You are ſtill croſſing it, ſirs let't alone,
I will not goe to day, and ere I doe,
It ſhall be what a clock I ſay it is.
Hor. Why ſo this gallant will command the ſunne.

Enter Tranio, and the Pedant dreſt like Vincentio.

Tra. Sirs, this is the houſe, pleaſe it you that I call.
Ped. I what elſe, and but I be deceiued,
Signior *Baptiſta* may remember me
Neere twentie yeares a goe in *Genoa*.
Tra. Where we were lodgers, at the *Pegaſus*,
Tis well, and hold your owne in any caſe
With ſuch auſteritie as longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: but ſir here comes your boy,
Twere good he were ſchool'd.
Tra. Feare you not him: ſirra *Biondello*,
Now doe your dutie throughlie I aduiſe you:
Imagine 'twere the right *Vincentio*.
Bion. Tut, feare not me.
Tra. But haſt thou done thy errand to *Baptiſta*.
Bion. I told him that your father was at *Venice*,
And that you look't for him this day in *Padua*.
Tra. Th'art a tall fellow, hold thee that to drinke,
Here comes *Baptiſta*: ſet your countenance ſir.

Enter Baptiſta and Lucentio: Pedant booted and bare headed.

Tra. Signior *Baptiſta* you are happilie met:
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of,
I pray you ſtand good father to me now,
Giue me *Bianca* for my patrimony.
Ped Soft ſon: ſir by your leaue, hauing com to *Padua*
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon *Lucentio*
Made me acquainted with a waighty cauſe
Of loue betweene your daughter and himſelfe:
And for the good report I heare of you,
And for the loue he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhe to him: to ſtay him not too long,
I am content in a good fathers care
To haue him matcht, and if you pleaſe to like
No worſe then I, vpon ſome agreement
Me ſhall you finde readie and willing
With one conſent to haue her ſo beſtowed:
For curious I cannot be with you
Signior *Baptiſta*, of whom I heare ſo well.
Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I haue to ſay,
Your plainneſſe and your ſhortneſſe pleaſe me well:
Right true it is your ſonne *Lucentio* here
Doth loue my daughter, and ſhe loueth him,
Or both diſſemble deepely their affections:
And therefore if you ſay no more then this,
That like a Father you will deale with him,
And paſſe my daughter a ſufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done,
Your ſonne ſhall haue my daughter with conſent.
Tra. I thanke you ſir, where then doe you know beſt
We be affied and ſuch aſſurance tane,
As ſhall with either parts agreement ſtand.
Bap. Not in my houſe *Lucentio*, for you know
Pitchers haue eares, and I haue manie ſeruants,
Beſides old *Gremio* is harkning ſtill,
And happilie we might be interrupted.
Tra. Then at my lodging, and it like you,
There doth my father lie: and there this night
Weele paſſe the buſineſſe priuately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſeruant here,
My Boy ſhall fetch the Scriuener preſentlie,
The worſt is this that at ſo ſlender warning,
You are like to haue a thin and ſlender pittance.
Bap. It likes me well:
Cambio hie you home, and bid *Bianca* make her readie ſtraight:
And if you will tell what hath hapned,
Lucentios Father is arriued in *Padua*,
And how ſhe's like to be *Lucentios* wife.
Biond. I praie the gods ſhe may withall my heart. *Exit.*
Tran. Dallie not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Enter Peter.

Signior *Baptiſta*, ſhall I leade the way,
Welcome, one meſſe is like to be your cheere,
Come ſir, we will better it in *Piſa*.
Bap. I follow you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucentio and Biondello.

Bion. *Cambio.*
Luc. What ſaiſt thou *Biondello*.
Biond. You ſaw my Maſter winke and laugh vpon you?
Luc. *Biondello*, what of that?
Biond. Faith nothing: but has left mee here behinde to expound the meaning or morrall of his ſignes and tokens.
Luc. I pray thee moralize them.
Biond. Then thus: *Baptiſta* is ſafe talking with the deceiuing Father of a deceitfull ſonne.
Luc. And what of him?
Biond. His daughter is to be brought by you to the ſupper.
Luc. And then.
Bio. The old Prieſt at Saint *Lukes* Church is at your command at all houres.
Luc. And what of all this.
Bion. I cannot tell, expect they are buſied about a counterfeit aſſurance: take you aſſurance of her, *Cum preuilegio ad Impremendum ſolem*, to th' Church take the Prieſt, Clarke, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes:
If this be not that you looke for, I haue no more to ſay,
But bid *Bianca* farewell for euer and a day.
Luc. Hear'ſt thou *Biondello*.
Biond. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench maried in an afternoone as ſhee went to the Garden for Parſeley to ſtuffe a Rabit, and ſo may you ſir: and ſo adew ſir, my Maſter hath appointed me to goe to Saint *Lukes* to bid the Prieſt be readie to come againſt you come with your appendix. *Exit.*
Luc. I may and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:
She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt:
Hap what hap may, Ile roundly goe about her:
It ſhall goe hard if *Cambio* goe without her. *Exit.*

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Hortentio

Petr. Come on a Gods name, once more toward our fathers:
Good Lord how bright and goodly ſhines the Moone.
Kate. The Moone, the Sunne: it is not Moonelight now.
Pet. I ſay it is the Moone that ſhines ſo bright.
Kate. I know it is the Sunne that ſhines ſo bright.
Pet. Now by my mothers ſonne, and that's my ſelfe,

It ſhall be moone,or ſtarre,or what I liſt,
Or ere I iourney to your Fathers houſe:
Goe on, and fetch our horſes backe againe,
Euermore croſt and croſt,nothing but croſt.
Hort. Say as he ſaies, or we ſhall neuer goe.
Kate. Forward I pray, ſince we haue come ſo farre,
And be it moone, or ſunne,or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh Candle,
Henceforth I vowe it ſhall be ſo for me.
Petr. I ſay it is the Moone.
Kate. I know it is the Moone.
Petr. Nay then you lye: it is the bleſſed Sunne.
Kate. Then God be bleſt, it in the bleſſed ſun,
But ſunne it is not,when you ſay it is not.
And the Moone changes euen as your minde:
What you will haue it nam'd,euen that it is,
And ſo it ſhall be ſo for *Katherine.*
Hort. *Petruchio*, goe thy waies,the field is won.
Petr. Well,forward,forward,thus the bowle ſhould (run,
And not vnluckily againſt the Bias:
But ſoft, Company is comming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle Miſtris, where away:
Tell me ſweete *Kate*,and tell me truely too,
Haſt thou beheld a freſher Gentlewoman:
Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:
What ſtars do ſpangle heauen with ſuch beautie,
As thoſe two eyes become that heauenly face?
Faire louely Maide,once more good day to thee:
Sweete *Kate* embrace her for her beauties ſake.
Hort. A will make the man mad to make the woman of him.
Kate. Yong budding Virgin,faire,and freſh,& ſweet,
Whether away,or whether is thy aboade?
Happy the Parents of ſo faire a childe;
Happier the man whom fauourable ſtars
A lots thee for his louely bedfellow.
Petr. Why how now *Kate*,I hope thou art not mad,
This is a man old, wrinckled,faded,withered,
And not a Maiden,as thou ſaiſt he is.
Kate. Pardon old father my miſtaking eies,
That haue bin ſo bedazled with the ſunne,
That euery thing I looke on ſeemeth greene:
Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent Father:
Pardon I pray thee for my mad miſtaking.
Petr. Do good old grandſire,& withall make known
Which way thou trauelleſt,if along with vs,
We ſhall be ioyfull of thy companie.
Vin. Faire Sir,and you my merry Miſtris,
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaſde me:
My name is call'd *Vincentio*, my dwelling *Piſa*,
And bound I'am to *Padua*,there to viſite
A ſonne of mine,which long I haue not ſeene.
Petr. What is his name?
Vinc. *Lucentio* gentle ſir.
Petr. Happily met, the happier for thy ſonne:
And now by Law,as well as reuerent age,
I may intitle thee my louing Father,
The ſiſter to my wife,this Gentlewoman,
Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,
Nor be not grieued, ſhe is of good eſteeme,
Her dowrie wealthie,and of worthie birth;
Beſide,ſo qualified, as may beſeeme
The Spouſe of any noble Gentleman:
Let me imbrace with old *Vincentio*,
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt ſonne,
Who will of thy arriuall be full ioyous.
Vinc. But is this true, or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like pleaſant trauailors to breake a Ieſt
Vpon the companie you ouertake?
Hort. I doe aſſure thee father ſo it is.
Petr. Come goe along and ſee the truth hereof,
For our firſt merriment hath made thee iealous. *Exeunt.*
Hor. Well *Petruchio*, this has put me in heart;
Haue to my Widdow, and if ſhe froward,
Then haſt thou taught *Hortentio* to be vntoward. *Exit.*

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio is out before.

Biond. Softly and ſwiftly ſir,for the Prieſt is ready.

Luc. I flie *Biondello*; but they may chance to neede thee at home,therefore leaue vs. *Exit.*

Biond. Nay faith, Ile ſee the Church a your backe, and then come backe to my miſtris as ſoone as I can.

Gre. I maruaile *Cambio* comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Grumio with Attendants.

Petr. Sir heres the doore, this is *Lucentios* houſe,
My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place,
Thither muſt I,and here I leaue you ſir.
Vin. You ſhall not choose but drinke before you go,
I thinke I ſhall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood ſome cheere is toward. *Knock.*
Grem. They're buſie within, you were beſt knocke lowder.

Pedant lookes out of the window.

Ped What's he that knockes as he would beat downe the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within ſir?

Ped. He's within ſir,but not to be ſpoken withall.

Vinc. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merrie withall.

Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your ſelfe, hee ſhall neede none ſo long as I liue.

Petr. Nay,I told you your ſonne was well beloued in *Padua*: doe you heare ſir, to leaue friuolous circumſtances, I pray you tell ſignior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Piſa*, and is here at the doore to ſpeake with him.

Ped. Thou lieſt his Father is come from *Padua*, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. I ſir,ſo his mother ſaies,if I may beleeue her.

Petr. Why how now gentleman: why this is flat knauerie to take vpon you another mans name.

Peda. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleeue a meanes to coſen ſome bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bio. I haue ſeene them in the Church together, God ſend'em good ſhipping: but who is here? mine old Maſter *Vincentio*: now wee are vndone and brough to nothing.

Vin. Come hither crackhempe.

Bion. I hope I may chooſe Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot mee?

Biond. Forgot you,no ſir: I could not forget you, for I neuer ſaw you before in all my life.

Vinc. What,you notorious villaine,didſt thou neuer ſee thy Miſtris father,*Vincentio*?

Bion. What

Bion. What my old worſhipfull old maſter? yes marie ſir ſee where he lookes out of the window.

Vin. Iſt ſo indeede. *He beates Biondello.*

Bion. Helpe,helpe, helpe,here's a mad man will murderme.

Pedan. Helpe,ſonne, helpe ſignior *Baptiſta.*

Petr. Pree the *Kate* let's ſtand aſide and ſee the end of this controuerſie.

Enter Pedant with ſeruants, Baptiſta, Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beate my ſeruant?

Vinc. What am I ſir: nay what are you ſir: oh immortall Goddes: oh fine villaine, a ſilken doubtlet, a veluet hoſe, a ſcarlet cloake, and a copataine hat: oh I am vndone, I am vndone: while I plaie the good husband at home, my ſonne and my ſeruant ſpend all at the vniuerſitie.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bapt. What is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you ſeeme a ſober ancient Gentleman by your habit: but your words ſhew you a mad man: why ſir, what cernes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold: I thank my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in *Bergamo.*

Bap. You miſtake ſir, you miſtake ſir, praie what do you thinke is his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I haue brought him vp euer ſince he was three yeeres old, and his name is *Tronio.*

Ped. Awaie,awaie mad aſſe, his name is *Lucentio*,and he is mine onelie ſonne and heire to the Lands of me ſignior *Vincentio.*

Ven. *Lucentio*: oh he hath murdred his Maſter; laie hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my ſonne,my ſonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my ſon *Lucentio*?

Tra. Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knaue to the Iaile: father *Baptiſta*, I charge you ſee that hee be forth comming.

Vinc. Carrie me to the Iaile?

Gre. Staie officer,he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talke not ſignior *Gremio*: I ſaie he ſhall goe to priſon.

Gre. Take heede ſignior *Baptiſta*, leaſt you be conicatcht in this buſineſſe: I dare ſweare this is the right *Vincentio.*

Ped. Sweare if thou dar'ſt.

Gre. Naie, I dare not ſweare it.

Tran. Then thou wert beſt ſaie that I am not *Lucentio.*

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be ſignior *Lucentio.*

Bap. Awaie with the dotard, to the Iaile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Biancu.

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be haild and abuſd: oh monſtrous villaine.

Bion. Oh we are ſpoil'd,and yonder he is,denie him, forſweare him, or elſe we are all vndone.

Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as faſt as may be.

Luc. Pardon ſweete father. *Kneele.*
Vin. Liues my ſweete ſonne?
Bian. Pardon deere father.
Bap. How haſt thou offended, where is *Lucentio*?
Luc: Here's *Lucentio*, right ſonne to the right *Vincentio*,
That haue by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit ſuppoſes bleer'd thine eine.
Gre. Here's packing with a witneſſe to deceiue vs all.
Vin. Where is that damned villaine *Tranio*,
That fac'd and braued me in this matter ſo?
Bvp. Why,tell me is not this my *Cambio*?
Bian. *Cambio* is chang'd into *Lucentio.*
Luc. Loue wrought theſe miracles. *Biancas* loue
Made me exchange my ſtate with *Tranio*,
While he did beare my countenance in the towne,
And happilie I haue arriued at the laſt
Vnto the wiſhed hauen of my bliſſe:
What *Tranio* did,my ſelfe enforſt him to;
Then pardon him ſweete Father for my ſake.

Vin. Ile ſlit the villaines noſe that would haue ſent me to the Iaile.

Bap. But doe you heare ſir, haue you married my daughter without asking my good will?

Vin. Feare not *Baptiſta*,we will content you,goe to: but I will in to be reueng'd for this villanie. *Exit.*

Bap. And I to ſound the depth of this knauerie. *Exit.*

Luc. Looke not pale *Bianca*,thy father will not frown. *Exeunt.*

Gre. My cake is doug,h but Ile in among the reſt,
Out of hope of all, but my ſhare of the feaſt.
Kate. Husband let's follow,to ſee the end of this adoe.
Petr. Firſt kiſſe me *Kate*,and we will.
Kate. What in the midſt of the ſtreete?
Petr. What art thou aſham'd of me?
Kate. Mo ſir,God forbid,but aſham'd to kiſſe.
Petr. Why then let's home againe: Come Sirra let's awaie.
Kate. Nay, I will giue thee a kiſſe, now praie thee Loue ſtaie.
Petr. Is not this well? come my ſweete *Kate.*
Better once then neuer, for neuer to late. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Baptiſta, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, and Bianca. Tranio, Biondello Grumio, and Widdow: The Seruingmen with Tranio bringing in a Banquet.

Luc. At laſt, though long, our iarring notes agree,
And time it is when raging warre is come,
To ſmile at ſcapes and perils ouerblowne:
My faire *Bianca* bid my father welcome,
While I with ſelfeſame kindneſſe welcome thine:
Brother *Petruchio*, ſiſter *Katerina*,
And thou *Hortentio* with thy louing *Widdow*:
Feaſt with the beſt,and welcome to my houſe,
My Banket is to cloſe our ſtomakes vp
After our great good cheere: praie you ſit downe,
For now we ſit to chat as well as eate.
Petr. Nothing but ſit and ſit,and eate and eate.
Bap. *Padua* affords this kindneſſe, ſonne *Petruchio.*
Petr. *Padua* affords nothing but what is kinde.
Hor. For both our ſakes I would that word were true.
Pet. Now for my life *Hortentio* feares his Widow.
Wid. Then neuer truſt me if I be affeard.
Petr. You are verie ſencible, and yet you miſſe my ſence:
I meane *Hortentio* is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddie thinks the world turns round.
Petr. Roundlie replied.
Kat. Miſtris, how meane you that?
Wid. Thus I conceiue by him.
Petr. Conceiues by me, how likes *Hortentio* that?
Hor. My Widdow ſaies, thus ſhe conceiues her tale.
Petr. Verie well mended: kiſſe him for that good Widdow.
Kat. He that is giddie thinkes the world turnes round,
I praie you tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your housband being troubled with a ſhrew,
Meaſures my husbands ſorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
Kate. A verie meane meaning.
Wid. Right, I meane you.
Kat. And I am meane indeede, reſpecting you.
Petr. To her *Kate.*
Hor. To her *Widdow.*
Petr. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.
Hor. That's my office.
Petr. Spoke like an Officer: ha to the lad.
Drinkes to Hortentio.
Bap. How likes *Gremio* theſe quicke witted folkes?
Gre. Beleeue me ſir, they But together well.
Bian. Head, and but an haſtie witted bodie,
Would ſay your Head and But were head and horne.
Vin. I Miſtris Bride, hath that awakened you?
Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile ſleepe againe.
Petr. Nay that you ſhall not ſince you haue begun:
Haue at you for a better ieſt or too.
Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to ſhift my buſh,
And then purſue me as you draw your Bow.
You are welcome all. *Exit Bianca.*
Petr. She hath preuented me, here ſignior *Tranio*,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,
Therefore a health to all that ſhot and miſt.
Tri. Oh ſir, *Lucentio* ſlipt me like his Gray-hound,
Which runs himſelfe, and catches for his Maſter.
Petr. A good ſwift ſimile, but ſomething curriſh.
Tra. 'Tis well ſir that you hunted for your ſelfe:
'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a baie.
Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.
Luc. I thanke thee for that gird good *Tranio.*
Hor. Confeſſe, confeſſe, hath he not hit you here?
Petr. A has a little gald me I confeſſe:
And as the Ieſt did glaunce awaie from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too out right.
Bap. Now in good ſadneſſe ſonne *Petruchio*,
I thinke thou haſt the verieſt ſhrew of all.
Petr. Well, I ſay no: and therefore ſir aſſurance,
Let's each one ſend vnto his wife,
And he whoſe wife is moſt obedient,
To come at firſt when he doth ſend for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propoſe.
Hort. Content, what's the wager?
Luc. Twentie crownes.
Petr. Twentie crownes,
Ile venture ſo much of my Hawke or Hound,
But twentie times ſo much vpon my Wife.
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Petr. A match, 'tis done.
Hor. Who ſhall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Goe *Biondello*, bid your Miſtris come to me.
Bio. I goe. *Exit.*
Bap. Sonne, Ile be your halfe, *Bianca* comes.
Luc. Ile haue no halues: Ile beare it all my ſelfe.
Enter Biondello.
How now, what newes?
Bio. Sir, my Miſtris ſends you word
That ſhe is buſie, and ſhe cannot come.
Petr. How? ſhe's buſie, and ſhe cannot come: is that an anſwere?
Gre. I, and a kinde one too:
Praie God ſir your wife ſend you not a worſe.
Petr. I hope better.
Hor. Sirra *Biondello*, goe and intreate my wife to come to me forthwith. *Exit. Bion.*
Pet. Oh ho, intreate her, nay then ſhee muſt needes come.
Hor. I am affraid ſir, doe what you can
Enter Biondello.
Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?
Bion. She ſaies you haue ſome goodly Ieſt in hand,
She will not come: ſhe bids you come to her.
Petr. Worſe and worſe, ſhe will not come:
Oh vilde, intollerable, not to be indur'd:
Sirra *Grumio*, goe to your Miſtris,
Say I command her come to me. *Exit.*
Hor. I know her anſwere.
Pet. What?
Hor. She will not.
Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katerina.
Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes *Katerina.*
Kat. What is your will ſir, that you ſend for me?
Petr. Where is your ſiſter, and *Hortenſios* wife?
Kate. They ſit conferring by the Parler fire.
Petr. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,
Swinge me them ſoundly forth vnto their husbands:
Away I ſay, and bring them hither ſtraight.
Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.
Hor. And ſo it is: I wonder what it boads.
Petr. Marrie peace it boads, and loue, and quiet life,
An awfull rule, and right ſupremicie:
And to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweete and happie.
Bap. Now faire befall thee good *Petruchio*;
The wager thou haſt won, and I will adde
Vnto their loſſes twentie thouſand crownes,
Another dowrie to another daughter,
For ſhe is chang'd as ſhe had neuer bin.
Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And ſhow more ſigne of her obedience,
Her new built vertue and obedience.
Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.
See where ſhe comes, and brings your froward Wiues
As priſoners to her womanlie perſwaſion:
Katerine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,
Off with that bable, throw it vnderfoote.
Wid. Lord let me neuer haue a cauſe to ſigh,
Till I be brought to ſuch a ſillie paſſe.
Bian. Fie what a fooliſh dutie call you this?
Luc. I would your dutie were as fooliſh too:
The wiſdome of your dutie faire *Bianca*,
Hath coſt me fiue hundred crownes ſince ſupper time.
Bian. The more foole you for laying on my dutie.
Pet. *Katherine* I charge thee tell theſe head-ſtrong women, what dutie they doe owe their Lords and husbands.
Wid. Come,

Wid. Come, come, your mocking: we will haue no telling.
Pet. Come on I ſay, and firſt begin with her.
Wid. She ſhall not.
Pet. I ſay ſhe ſhall, and firſt begin with her.
Kate. Fie, fie, vnknit that threatning vnkinde brow,
And dart not ſcornefull glances from thoſe eies,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouernour.
It blots thy beautie, as froſts doe bite the Meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlewinds ſhake faire budds,
And in no ſence is meete or amiable.
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill ſeeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,
And while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſtie
Will daigne to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy ſoueraigne: One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance. Commits his body
To painfull labour, both by ſea and land:
To watch the night in ſtormes, the day in cold,
Whil'ſt thou ly'ſt warme at home, ſecure and ſafe,
And craues no other tribute at thy hands,
But loue, faire lookes, and true obedience;
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such dutie as the ſubiect owes the Prince,
Euen ſuch a woman oweth to her husband:
And when ſhe is froward, peeuiſh, ſullen, ſowre,
And not obedient to his honeſt will,
What is ſhe but a foule contending Rebell,
And graceleſſe Traitor to her louing Lord?
I am aſham'd that women are ſo ſimple,
To offer warre, where they ſhould kneele for peace:
Or ſeeke for rule, ſupremacie, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerue, loue, and obay.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weake, and ſmooth,
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
But that our ſoft conditions, and our harts,
Should well agree with our externall parts?
Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes,
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reaſon haplie more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I ſee our Launces are but ſtrawes:
Our ſtrength as weake, our weakeneſſe paſt compare,
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.
Then vale your ſtomackes, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands foote:
In token of which dutie, if he pleaſe,
My hand is readie, may it do him eaſe.
Pet. Why there's a wench: Come on, and kiſſe mee *Kate.*
Luc. Well go thy waies olde Lad for thou ſhalt ha't.
Vin. Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.
Luc. But a harſh hearing, when women are froward,
Pet. Come *Kate*, weee'le to bed,
We three are married, but you two are ſped.
'Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,
And being a winner, God giue you good night.
Exit Petruchio
Horten. Now goe thy wayes, thou haſt tam'd a curſt Shrow.
Luc. Tis a wonder, by your leaue, ſhe wil be tam'd ſo.

FINIS.

V

ALL'S Well, that Ends Well.

Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter yong Bertram Count of Roſſillion, his Mother, and Helena, Lord Lafew, all in blacke.

Mother.

IN deliuering my ſonne from me, I burie a ſecond husband.

Roſ. And I in going Madam, weep ore my fathers death anew; but I muſt attend his maieſties command, to whom I am now in Ward, euermore in ſubiection.

Laf. You ſhall find of the King a husband Madame, you ſir a father. He that ſo generally is at all times good, muſt of neceſſitie hold his vertue to you, whoſe worthineſſe would ſtirre it vp where it wanted rather then lack it where there is ſuch abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Maieſties amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phiſitions Madam, vnder whoſe practiſes he hath perſecuted time with hope, and finds no other aduantage in the proceſſe, but onely the looſing of hope by time.

Mo. This yong Gentlewoman had a father, O that had, how ſad a paſſage tis, whoſe skill was almoſt as great as his honeſtie, had it ſtretch'd ſo far, would haue made nature immortall, and death ſhould haue play for lacke of worke. Would for the Kings ſake hee were liuing, I thinke it would be the death of the Kings diſeaſe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you ſpeake of Madam?

Mo. He was famous ſir in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very latelie ſpoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: hee was skilfull enough to haue liu'd ſtil, if knowledge could be ſet vp againſt mortallitie.

Roſ. What is it (my good Lord) the King languiſhes of?

Laf. A Fiſtula my Lord.

Roſ I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of *Gerard de Narbon*?

Mo. His ſole childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my ouer looking. I haue thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes her diſpoſitions ſhee inherits, which makes faire gifts fairer: for where an vncleane mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pitty, they are vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their ſimpleneſſe; ſhe deriues her honeſtie, and atcheeues her goodneſſe.

Lafew. Your commendations Madam get from her teares.

Mo. 'Tis the beſt brine a Maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in. The remembrance of her father neuer approches her heart, but the tirrany of her ſorrowes takes all liuelihood from her cheeke. No more of this *Helena*, go too, no more leaſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, then to haue———

Hell. I doe affect a ſorrow indeed, but I haue it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceſſiue greefe the enemie to the liuing.

Mo. If the liuing be enemie to the greefe, the exceſſe makes it ſoone mortall.

Roſ. Maddam I deſire your holie wiſhes.

Laf. How vnderſtand we that?

Mo. Be thou bleſt *Bertrame*, and ſucceed thy father,
In manners as in ſhape: thy blood and vertue
Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodneſſe
Share with thy birth-right. Loue all, truſt a few,
Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemie
Rather in power then vſe: and keepe thy friend
Vnder thy owne lifes key. Be checkt for ſilence,
But neuer tax'd for ſpeech. What heauen more wil,
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers plucke downe,
Fall on thy head. Farwell my Lord,
'Tis an vnſeaſon'd Courtier, good my Lord
Aduiſe him.

Laf. He cannot want the beſt
That ſhall attend his loue.

Mo. Heauen bleſſe him: Farwell *Bertram.*

Ro. The beſt wiſhes that can be forg'd in your thoghts be ſeruants to you: be comfortable to my mother, your Miſtris, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell prettie Lady, you muſt hold the credit of your father.

Hell. O were that all, I thinke not on my father,
And theſe great teares grace his remembrance more
Then thoſe I ſhed for him. What was he like?
I haue forgott him. My imagination
Carries no fauour in't but *Bertrams.*
I am vndone, there is no liuing, none,
If *Bertram* be away. 'Twere all one,
That I ſhould loue a bright particuler ſtarre,
And think to wed it, he is ſo aboue me
In his bright radience and colaterall light,

Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere;
Th'ambition in my loue thus plagues it ſelfe:
The hind that would be mated by the Lion
Muſt die for loue. 'Twas prettie, though a plague
To ſee him euerie houre to ſit and draw
His arched browes, his hawking eie, his curles
In our hearts table: heart too capeable
Of euerie line and tricke of his ſweet fauour.
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie
Muſt ſanctifie his Reliques. Who comes heere?

Enter Parrolles.

One that goes with him: I loue him for his ſake,
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Thinke him a great way foole, ſolie a coward,
Yet theſe fixt euils ſit ſo fit in him,
That they take place, when Vertues ſteely bones
Lookes bleake i'th cold wind: withall, full ofte we ſee
Cold wiſedome waighting on ſuperfluous follie.

Par. Saue you faire Queene.

Hel. And you Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?

Hel. If you haue ſome ſtaine of ſouldier in you: Let mee aske you a queſtion. Man is enemie to virginitie, how may we barracado it againſt him?

Par. Keepe him out.

Hel. But he aſſailes, and our virginitie though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: vnfold to vs ſome warlike reſiſtance.

Par. There is none: Man ſetting downe before you, will vndermine you, and blow you vp.

Hel. Bleſſe our poore Virginity from vnderminers and blowers vp. Is there no Military policy how Virgins might blow vp men?

Par. Virginity beeing blowne downe, Man will quicklier be blowne vp: marry in blowing him downe againe, with the breach your ſelues made, you loſe your Citty. It is not politicke, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preſerue virginity. Loſſe of Virginitie, is rationall encreaſe, and there was neuer Virgin goe, till virginitie was firſt loſt. That you were made of, is mettall to make Virgins. Virginitie, by beeing once loſt, may be ten times found: by being euer kept, it is euer loſt: 'tis too cold a companion: Away with't.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.

Par. There's little can bee ſaide in't, 'tis againſt the rule of Nature. To ſpeake on the part of virginitie, is to accuſe your Mothers; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. He that hangs himſelfe is a Virgin: Virginitie murthers it ſelfe, and ſhould be buried in highwayes out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate Offendreſſe againſt Nature. Virginitie breedes mites, much like a Cheeſe, conſumes it ſelfe to the very payring, and ſo dies with feeding his owne ſtomacke. Beſides, Virginitie is peeuiſh, proud, ydle, made of ſelfe-loue, which is the moſt inhibited ſinne in the Cannon. Keepe it not, you cannot chooſe but looſe by't. Out with't: within ten yeare it will make it ſelfe two, which is a goodly increaſe, and the principall it ſelfe not much the worſe. Away with't.

Hel. How might one do ſir, to looſe it to her owne liking?

Par. Let mee ſee. Marry ill, to like him that ne're it likes. 'Tis a commodity wil loſe the gloſſe with lying: The longer kept, the leſſe worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible. Anſwer the time of requeſt, Virginitie like an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of faſhion, richly ſuted, but vnſuteable, iuſt like the brooch & the tooth-pick, which were not now: your Date is better in your Pye and your Porredge, then in your cheeke: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd peares, it lookes ill, it eates drily, marry 'tis a wither'd peare: it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a wither'd peare: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet:
There ſhall your Maſter haue a thouſand loues,
A Mother, and a Miſtreſſe, and a friend,
A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy,
A guide, a Goddeſſe, and a Soueraigne,
A Counſellor, a Traitoreſſe, and a Deare:
His humble ambition, proud humility:
His iarring, concord: and his diſcord, dulcet,
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter: with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious chriſtendomes
That blinking Cupid goſſips. Now ſhall he:
I know not what he ſhall, God ſend him well,
The Courts a learning place, and he is one.

Par. What one ifaith?

Hel. That I wiſh well, 'tis pitty.

Par. What's pitty?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt, that we the poorer borne,
Whoſe baſer ſtarres do ſhut vs vp in wiſhes,
Might vvith effects of them follow our friends,
And ſhew what vve alone muſt thinke, which neuer
Returnes vs thankes.

Enter Page.

Pag. Monſieur *Parrolles*,
My Lord cals for you.

Par. Little *Hellen* farewell, if I can remember thee, I will thinke of thee at Court.

Hel. Monſieur *Parolles*, you were borne vnder a charitable ſtarre.

Par. Vnder *Mars* I.

Hel. I eſpecially thinke, vnder *Mars*.

Par Why vnder *Mars*?

Hel. The warres hath ſo kept you vnder, that you muſt needes be borne vnder *Mars*.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde I thinke rather.

Par. Why thinke you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for aduantage.

Hel. So is running away,
When feare propoſes the ſafetie:
But the compoſition that your valour and feare makes in you, is a vertue of a good wing, and I like the weare well.

Parell I am ſo full of buſineſſes, I cannot anſwere thee acutely: I will returne perfect Courtier, in the which my inſtruction ſhall ſerue to naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capeable of a Courtiers councell, and vnderſtand what aduice ſhall thruſt vppon thee, elſe thou dieſt in thine vnthankfulnes, and thine ignorance makes thee away, farewell: When thou haſt leyſure, ſay thy praiers: when thou haſt none, remember thy Friends:

Get thee a good husband, and vſe him as he vſes thee:
So farewell.

Hel. Our remedies oft in our ſelues do lye,
Which we aſcribe to heauen: the fated skye
Giues vs free ſcope, onely doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſignes, when we our ſelues are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my loue ſo hye,
That makes me ſee, and cannot feede mine eye?
The mightieſt ſpace in fortune, Nature brings
To ioyne like, likes; and kiſſe like natiue things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts to thoſe
That weigh their paines in ſence, and do ſuppoſe
What hath beene, cannot be. Who euer ſtroue
To ſhew her merit, that did miſſe her loue?
(The Kings diſeaſe) my proiect may deceiue me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leaue me. *Exit*

Flouriſh Cornets.
Enter the King of France with Letters, and diuers Attendants.

King. The *Florentines* and *Senoys* are by th'eares,
Haue fought with equall fortune, and continue
A brauing warre.

1.Lo.G. So tis reported ſir.

King. Nay tis moſt credible, we heere receiue it,
A certaintie vouch'd from our Coſin *Auſtria*,
With caution, that the *Florentine* will moue vs
For ſpeedie ayde: wherein our deereſt friend
Preiudicates the buſineſſe, and would ſeeme
To haue vs make deniall.

1.Lo.G. His loue and wiſedome
Approu'd ſo to your Maieſty, may pleade
For ampleſt credence.

King. He hath arm'd our anſwer,
And *Florence* is deni'de before he comes:
Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to ſee
The *Tuſcan* ſeruice, freely haue they leaue
To ſtand on either part.

2.Lo.E. It well may ſerue
A nurſſerie to our Gentrie, who are ſicke
For breathing, and exploit.

King. What's he comes heere.

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

1.Lor.G. It is the Count *Roſignoll* my good Lord,
Yong *Bertram*.

King. Youth, thou bear'ſt thy Fathers face,
Franke Nature rather curious then in haſt
Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Fathers morall parts
Maiſt thou inherit too: Welcome to *Paris*.

Ber. My thankes and dutie are your Maieſties.

Kin. I would I had that corporall ſoundneſſe now,
As when thy father, and my ſelfe, in friendſhip
Firſt tride our ſouldierſhip: he did looke farre
Into the ſeruice of the time, and was
Diſcipled of the braueſt. He laſted long,
But on vs both did haggiſh Age ſteale on,
And wore vs out of act: It much repaires me
To talke of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit, which I can well obſerue
To day in our yong Lords: but they may ieſt
Till their owne ſcorne returne to them vnnoted
Ere they can hide their leuitie in honour:
So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitterneſſe
Were in his pride, or ſharpneſſe; if they were,
His equall had awak'd them, and his honour
Clocke to it ſelfe, knew the true minute when
Exception bid him ſpeake: and at this time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,
He vs'd as creatures of another place,
Aud bow'd his eminent top to their low rankes,
Making them proud of his humilitie,
In their poore praiſe he humbled: Such a man
Might be a copie to theſe yonger times;
Which followed well, would demonſtrate them now
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance ſir
Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe:
So in approofe liues not his Epitaph,
As in your royall ſpeech.

King. Would I were with him he would alwaies ſay,
(Me thinkes I heare him now) his plauſiue words
He ſcatter'd not in eares, but grafted them
To grow there and to beare: Let me not liue,
This his good melancholly oft began
On the Cataſtrophe and heele of paſtime
When it was out: Let me not liue (quoth hee)
After my flame lackes oyle, to be the ſnuffe
Of yonger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſiue ſenſes
All but new things diſdaine; whoſe iudgements are
Meere fathers of their garments; whoſe conſtancies
Expire before their faſhions: this he wiſh'd.
I after him, do after him wiſh too:
Since I nor wax nor honie can bring home,
I quickly were diſſolued from my hiue
To giue ſome Labourers roome.

L.2.E. You'r loued Sir,
They that leaſt lend it you, ſhall lacke you firſt.

Kin. I fill a place I know't: how long iſt Count
Since the Phyſitian at your fathers died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some ſix moneths ſince my Lord.

Kin. If he were liuing, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arme: the reſt haue worne me out
With ſeuerall applications: Nature and ſickneſſe
Debate it at their leiſure. Welcome Count,
My ſonne's no deerer.

Ber. Thanke your Maieſty. *Exit*

Flouriſh.

Enter Counteſſe, Steward, and Clowne.

Coun. I will now heare, what ſay you of this gentlewoman.

Ste. Maddam the care I haue had to euen your content, I wiſh might be found in the Kalender of my paſt endeuours, for then we wound our Modeſtie, and make foule the clearneſſe of our deſeruings, when of our ſelues we publiſh them.

Coun. What doe's this knaue heere? Get you gone ſirra: the complaints I haue heard of you I do not all beleeue, 'tis my ſlowneſſe that I doe not: For I know you lacke not folly to commit them, & haue abilitie enough to make ſuch knaueries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not vnknown to you Madam, I am a poore fellow.

Coun. Well ſir.

Clo. No maddam,
'Tis not ſo well that I am poore, though manie of the rich are damn'd, but if I may haue your Ladiſhips good will to goe to the world, *Isbell* the woman and w will doe as we may.

Coun. Wilt thou needes be a begger?

Clo. I doe beg your good will in this caſe.

Cou. In what caſe?

Clo. In *Isbels* caſe and mine owne: ſeruice is no heritage, and I thinke I ſhall neuer haue the bleſſing of God, till I haue iſſue a my bodie: for they ſay barnes are bleſſings.

Cou. Tell me thy reaſon why thou wilt marrie?

Clo. My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driuen on by the fleſh, and hee muſt needes goe that the diuell driues.

Cou. Is this all your worſhips reaſon?

Clo. Faith Madam I haue other holie reaſons, ſuch as they are.

Cou. May the world know them?

Clo. I haue beene Madam a wicked creature, as you and all fleſh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that I may repent.

Cou. Thy marriage ſooner then thy wickedneſſe.

Clo. I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to haue friends for my wiues ſake.

Cou. Such friends are thine enemies knaue.

Clo. Y'are ſhallow Madam in great friends, for the knaues come to doe that for me which I am a wearie of: he that eres my Land, ſpares my teame, and giues mee leaue to Inne the crop: if I be his cuckold hee's my drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood; hee that cheriſhes my fleſh and blood, loues my fleſh and blood; he that loues my fleſh and blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kiſſes my wife is my friend: if men could be contented to be what they are, there were no feare in marriage, for yong *Charbon* the Puritan, and old *Poyſam* the Papiſt, how ſomere their hearts are ſeuer'd in Religion, their heads are both one, they may ioule horns together like any Deare i'th Herd.

Cou. Wilt thou euer be a foule mouth'd and calumnious knaue?

Clo. A Prophet I Madam, and I ſpeake the truth the next waie, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full true ſhall finde, your marriage comes by deſtinie, your Cuckow ſings by kinde.

Cou. Get you gone ſir, Ile talke with you more anon.

Stew. May it pleaſe you Madam, that hee bid *Hellen* come to you, of her I am to ſpeake.

Cou. Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would ſpeake with her, *Hellen* I meane.

Clo. Was this faire face the cauſe, quoth ſhe,
Why the Grecians ſacked *Troy*,
Fond done, done, fond was this King *Priams* ioy,
With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood, *bis*
And gaue this ſentence then, among nine bad if one be good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one good in ten.

Cou. What, one good in tenne? you corrupt the ſong ſirra.

Clo. One good woman in ten Madam, which is a purifying ath' ſong: would God would ſerue the world ſo all the yeere, weed finde no fault with the tithe woman if I were the Parſon, one in ten quoth a? and wee might haue a good woman borne but ore euerie blazing ſtarre, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lotteriewell, a man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one.

Cou. Youle begone ſir knaue, and doe as I command you?

Clo. That man ſhould be at womans command, and yet no hurt done, though honeſtie be no Puritan, yet it will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surplis of humilitie ouer the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart: I am going forſooth, the buſineſſe is for *Helen* to come hither. *Exit.*

Cou. Well now.

Stew. I know Madam you loue your Gentlewoman intirely.

Cou. Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to mee, and ſhe her ſelfe without other aduantage, may lawfullie make title to as much loue as ſhee findes, there is more owing her then is paid, and more ſhall be paid her then ſheele demand.

Stew. Madam, I was verie late more neere her then I thinke ſhee wiſht mee, alone ſhee was, and did communicate to her ſelfe her owne words to her owne eares, ſhee thought, I dare vowe for her, they toucht not anie ſtranger ſence, her matter was, ſhee loued your Sonne; Fortune ſhee ſaid was no goddeſſe, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates: Loue no god, that would not extend his might onelie, where qualities were leuell, Queene of Virgins, that would ſuffer her poore Knight ſurpris'd without reſcue in the firſt aſſault or ranſome afterward: This ſhee deliuer'd in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaime in, which I held my dutie ſpeedily to acquaint you withall, ſithence in the loſſe that may happen, it concernes you ſomething to know it.

Cou. You haue diſcharg'd this honeſtlie, keepe it to your ſelfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this before, which hung ſo tottring in the ballance, that I could neither beleeue nor miſdoubt: praie you leaue mee, ſtall this in your boſome, and I thanke you for your honeſt care: I will ſpeake with you further anon. *Exit Steward.*

Enter Hellen.

Old.Cou. Euen ſo it vvas vvith me when I was yong:
If euer vve are natures, theſe are ours, this thorne
Doth to our Roſe of youth righlie belong
Our bloud to vs, this to our blood is borne,
It is the ſhow, and ſeale of natures truth,
Where loues ſtrong paſſion is impreſt in youth,
By our remembrances of daies forgon,
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none,
Her eie is ſicke on't, I obſerue her now.

Hell. What is your pleaſure Madam?

Ol.Cou. You know *Hellen* I am a mother to you.

Hell. Mine honorable Miſtris.

Ol.Cou. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I ſed a mother
Me thought you ſaw a ſerpent, what's in mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay I am your mother,
And put you in the Catalogue of thoſe
That were enwombed mine, 'tis often ſeene
Adoption ſtriues vvith nature, and choiſe breedes
A natiue ſlip to vs from forraine ſeedes:
You nere oppreſt me with a mothers groane,
Yet I expreſſe to you a mothers care,
(Gods mercie maiden) dos it curd thy blood
To ſay I am thy mother? vvhat's the matter,
That this diſtempered meſſenger of wet?

The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?
——————Why, that you are my daughter?
Hell. That I am not.
Old.Cou. I ſay I am your Mother.
Hell. Pardon Madam.
The Count *Roſillion* cannot be my brother:
I am from humble, he from honored name:
No note vpon my Parents, his all noble,
My Maſter, my deere Lord he is, and I
His ſeruant liue, and will his vaſſall die:
He muſt not be my brother.
Ol.Cou. Nor I your Mother.
Hell. You are my mother Madam, would you were
So that my Lord your ſonne were not my brother,
Indeede my mother, or were you both our mothers,
I care no more for, then I doe for heauen,
So I were not his ſiſter, cant no other,
But I your daughter, he muſt be my brother.
Old.Cou. Yes *Hellen*, you might be my daughter in law,
God ſhield you meane it not, daughter and mother
So ſtriue vpon your pulſe; vvhat pale agen?
My feare hath catcht your fondneſſe! now I ſee
The miſtrie of your louelineſſe, and finde
Your ſalt teares head, now to all ſence 'tis groſſe:
You loue my ſonne, inuention is aſham'd
Againſt the proclamation of thy paſſion
To ſay thou dooſt not: therefore tell me true,
But tell me then 'tis ſo, for looke, thy cheekes
Confeſſe it 'ton tooth to th'other, and thine eies
See it ſo groſely ſhowne in thy behauiours,
That in their kinde they ſpeake it, onely ſinne
And helliſh obſtinacie tye thy tongue
That truth ſhould be ſuſpected, ſpeake, iſt ſo?
If it be ſo, you haue wound a goodly clewe:
If it be not, forſweare't how ere I charge thee,
As heauen ſhall worke in me for thine auaile
To tell me truelie.
Hell. Good Madam pardon me.
Cou. Do you loue my Sonne?
Hell. Your pardon noble Miſtris.
Cou. Loue you my Sonne?
Hell. Doe not you loue him Madam?
Cou. Goe not about; my loue hath in't a bond
Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, diſcloſe:
The ſtate of your affection, for your paſſions
Haue to the full appeach'd.
Hell. Then I confeſſe
Here on my knee, before high heauen and you,
That before you, and next vnto high heauen, I loue your
Sonne:
My friends were poore but honeſt, ſo's my loue:
Be not offended, for it hurts not him
That he is lou'd of me; I follow him not
By any token of preſumptuous ſuite,
Nor would I haue him, till I doe deſerue him,
Yet neuer know how that deſert ſhould be:
I know I loue in vaine, ſtriue againſt hope:
Yet in this captious, and intemible Siue.
I ſtill poure in the waters of my loue
And lacke not to looſe ſtill; thus *Indian* like
Religious in mine error, I adore
The Sunne that lookes vpon his worſhipper,
But knowes of him no more. My deereſt Madam,
Let not your hate incounter with my loue,
For louing where you doe; but if your ſelfe,
Whoſe aged honor cites a vertuous youth,
Did euer, in ſo true a flame of liking,
Wiſh chaſtly, and loue dearely, that your *Dian*
Was both her ſelfe and loue, O then giue pittie
To her whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chooſe
But lend and giue where ſhe is ſure to looſe;
That ſeekes not to finde that, her ſearch implies,
But riddle like, liues ſweetely where ſhe dies.
Cou. Had you not lately an intent, ſpeake truely,
To goe to *Paris*?
Hell Madam I had.
Cou. Wherefore? tell true.
Hell. I will tell truth, by grace it ſelfe I ſweare:
You know my Father left me ſome preſcriptions
Of rare and prou'd effects, ſuch as his reading
And manifeſt experience, had collected
For generall ſoueraigntie: and that he wil'd me
In heedefull'ſt reſeruation to beſtow them,
As notes, whoſe faculties incluſiue were,
More then they were in note: Amongſt the reſt,
There is a remedie, approu'd, ſet downe,
To cure the deſperate languiſhings whereof
The King is render'd loſt.
Cou. This was your motiue for *Paris*, was it, ſpeake?
Hell. My Lord, your ſonne, made me to think of this;
Elſe *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the conuerſation of my thoughts,
Happily beene abſent then.
Cou. But thinke you *Hellen*,
If you ſhould tender your ſuppoſed aide,
He would receiue it? He and his Phiſitions
Are of a minde, he, that they cannot helpe him:
They, that they cannot helpe, how ſhall they credit
A poore vnlearned Virgin, when the Schooles
Embowel'd of their doctrine, haue left off
The danger to it ſelfe.
Hell. There's ſomething in't
More then my Fathers skill, which was the great'ſt
Of his profeſſion, that his good receipt,
Shall for my legacie be ſanctified
Byth' luckieſt ſtars in heauen, and would your honor
But giue me leaue to trie ſucceſſe, I'de venture
The well loſt life of mine, on his Graces cure,
By ſuch a day, an houre.
Cou. Doo'ſt thou beleeue't?
Hell. I Madam knowingly.
Cou. Why *Hellen* thou ſhalt haue my leaue and loue,
Meanes and attendants, and my louing greetings
To thoſe of mine in Court, Ile ſtaie at home
And praie Gods bleſſing into thy attempt:
Begon to morrow, and be ſure of this,
What I can helpe thee to, thou ſhalt not miſſe. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter the King with diuers yong Lords, taking leaue for the Florentine warre: Count, Roſſe, and Parrolles. Floriſh Cornets.

King. Farewell yong Lords, theſe warlike principles
Doe not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell:
Share the aduice betwixt you, if both gaine, all
The guift doth ſtretch it ſelfe as 'tis receiu'd,
And is enough for both.
Lord.G. 'Tis our hope ſir,
After well entred ſouldiers, to returne
And finde your grace in health.
King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confeſſe he owes the mallady
That doth my life beſiege: farwell yong Lords,
Whether I liue or die, be you the ſonnes
Of worthy French men: let higher Italy
(Thoſe bated that inherit but the fall
Of the laſt Monarchy) ſee that you come
Not to wooe honour, but to wed it, when
The braueſt queſtant ſhrinkes: finde what you ſeeke,
That fame may cry you loud: I ſay farewell.
L.G. Health at your bidding ſerue your Maieſty.
King. Thoſe girles of Italy, take heed of them,
They ſay our French, lacke language to deny
If they demand: beware of being Captiues
Before you ſerue.
Bo. Our hearts receiue your warnings.
King. Farewell, come hether to me.
1.Lo.G. Oh my ſweet Lord ẏ you wil ſtay behind vs.
Parr. 'Tis not his fault the ſpark.
2.Lo.E. Oh 'tis braue warres.
Parr. Moſt admirable, I haue ſeene thoſe warres.
Roſſill. I am commanded here, and kept a coyle with,
Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early.
Parr. And thy minde ſtand too't boy,
Steale away brauely.
Roſſill. I ſhal ſtay here the for-horſe to a ſmocke,
Creeking my ſhooes on the plaine Maſonry,
Till honour be bought vp, and no ſword worne
But one to dance with: by heauen, Ile ſteale away.
1.Lo.G. There's honour in the theft.
Parr. Commit it Count.
2.Lo.E. I am your acceſſary, and ſo farewell.
Roſ. I grow to you, & our parting is a tortur'd body.
1.Lo.G. Farewll Captaine.
2.Lo.E. Sweet Mounſier *Parolles.*
Parr. Noble *Heroes*; my ſword and yours are kinne, good ſparkes and luſtrous, a word good mettals. You ſhall finde in the Regiment of the Spinij, one Captaine *Spurio* his ſicatrice, with an Embleme of warre heere on his ſiniſter cheeke; it was this very ſword entrench'd it: ſay to him I liue, and obſerue his reports for me.
Lo.G. We ſhall noble Captaine.
Parr. *Mars* doate on you for his nouices, what will ye doe?
Roſſ. Stay the King.
Parr. Vſe a more ſpacious ceremonie to the Noble Lords, you haue reſtrain'd your ſelfe within the Liſt of too cold an adieu: be more expreſſiue to them; for they weare themſelues in the cap of the time, there do muſter true gate; eat, ſpeake, and moue vnder the influence of the moſt receiu'd ſtarre, and though the deuill leade the meaſure, ſuch are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.
Roſſ. And I will doe ſo.
Parr. Worthy fellowes, and like to prooue moſt ſinewie ſword-men. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lafew.

L.Laf. Pardon my Lord for mee and for my tidings.
King. Ile ſee thee to ſtand vp.
L.Laf. Then heres a man ſtands that has brought his (pardon,
I would you had kneel'd my Lord to aske me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could ſo ſtand vp.
King. I would I had, ſo I had broke thy pate
And askt thee mercy for't.
Laf. Goodfaith a-croſſe, but my good Lord 'tis thus,
Will you be cur'd of your infirmitie?
King. No.
Laf. O will you eat no grapes my royall foxe?
Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if
My royall foxe could reach them: I haue ſeen a medicine
That's able to breath life into a ſtone,
Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari
With ſprightly fire and motion, whoſe ſimple touch
Is powerfull to arayſe King *Pippen*, nay
To giue great *Charlemaine* a pen in's hand
And write to her a loue-line.
King. What her is this?
Laf. Why doctor ſhe: my Lord, there's one arriu'd,
If you will ſee her: now by my faith and honour,
If ſeriouſly I may conuay my thoughts
In this my light deliuerance, I haue ſpoke
With one, that in her ſexe, her yeeres, profeſſion,
Wiſedome and conſtancy, hath amaz'd mee more
Then I dare blame my weakeneſſe: will you ſee her?
For that is her demand, and know her buſineſſe?
That done, laugh well at me.
King. Now good *Lafew*,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May ſpend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondring how thou tookſt it.
Laf. Nay, Ile fit you,
And not be all day neither.
King. Thus he his ſpeciall nothing euer prologues.
Laf. Nay, come your waies.

Enter Hellen.

King. This haſte hath wings indeed.
Laf. Nay, come your waies,
This is his Maieſtie, ſay your minde to him,
A Traitor you doe looke like, but ſuch traitors
His Maieſty ſeldome feares, I am *Creſſeds* Vncle,
That dare leaue two together, far you well. *Exit.*
King. Now faire one, do's your buſines follow vs?
Hel. I my good Lord,
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profeſſe, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I ſpare my praiſes towards him,
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death,
Many receits he gaue me, chieflie one,
Which as the deareſt iſſue of his practice
And of his olde experience, th'onlie darling,
He bad me ſtore vp, as a triple eye,
Safer then mine owne two: more deare I haue ſo,
And hearing your high Maieſtie is toucht
With that malignant cauſe, wherein the honour
Of my deare fathers gift, ſtands cheefe in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneſſe.
King. We thanke you maiden,
But may not be ſo credulous of cure,
When our moſt learned Doctors leaue vs, and
The congregated Colledge haue concluded,
That labouring Art can neuer ranſome nature
From her inaydible eſtate: I ſay we muſt not
So ſtaine our iudgement, or corrupt our hope,
To proſtitute our paſt-cure malladie
To empericks, or to diſſeuer ſo
Our great ſelfe and our credit, to eſteeme
A ſenceleſſe helpe, when helpe paſt ſence we deeme.

Hell. My dutie then ſhall pay me for my paines:
I will no more enforce mine office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,
A modeſt one to beare me backe againe.

King. I cannot giue thee leſſe to be cal'd gratefull:
Thou thoughtſt to helpe me, and ſuch thankes I giue,
As one neere death to thoſe that wiſh him liue:
But what at full I know, thou knowſt no part,
I knowing all my perill, thou no Art.

Hell. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you ſet vp your reſt 'gainſt remedie:
He that of greateſt workes is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter:
So holy Writ, in babes hath iudgement ſhowne,
When Iudges haue bin babes; great flouds haue flowne
From ſimple ſources: and great Seas haue dried
When Miracles haue by the great'ſt beene denied.
Oft expectation failes, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes: and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpaire moſt ſhifts.

King. I muſt not heare thee, fare thee wel kind maide,
Thy paines not vs'd, muſt by thy ſelfe be paid,
Proffers not tooke, reape thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inſpired Merit ſo by breath is bard,
It is not ſo with him that all things knowes
As 'tis with vs, that ſquare our gueſſe by ſhowes:
But moſt it is preſumption in vs, when
The help of heauen we count the act of men.
Deare ſir, to my endeauors giue conſent,
Of heauen, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an Impoſtrue, that proclaime
My ſelfe againſt the leuill of mine aime,
But know I thinke, and thinke I know moſt ſure,
My Art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.

King. Art thou ſo confident? Within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?

Hel. The greateſt grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horſes of the ſunne ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring,
Ere twice in murke and occidentall dampe
Moiſt *Heſperus* hath quench'd her ſleepy Lampe:
Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glaſſe
Hath told the theeuiſh minutes, how they paſſe:
What is infirme, from your ſound parts ſhall flie,
Health ſhall liue free, and ſickeneſſe freely dye.

King. Vpon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venter?

Hell. Taxe of impudence,
A ſtrumpets boldneſſe, a divulged ſhame
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maidens name
Seard otherwiſe, ne worſe of worſt extended
With vildeſt torture, let my life be ended.

Kin. Methinks in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak
His powerfull ſound, within an organ weake:
And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſence, ſence ſaues another way:
Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate:
Youth, beauty, wiſedome, courage, all
That happines and prime, can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate,
Sweet practiſer, thy Phyſicke I will try,
That miniſters thine owne death if I die.

Hel. If I breake time, or flinch in property
Of what I ſpoke, vnpittied let me die,
And well deſeru'd: not helping, death's my fee,
But if I helpe, what doe you promiſe me.

Kin. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it euen?

Kin. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.

Hel. Then ſhalt thou giue me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chooſe from forth the royall bloud of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy ſtate:
But ſuch a one thy vaſſall, whom I know
Is free for me to aske, thee to beſtow.

Kin. Heere is my hand, the premiſes obſeru'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſeru'd:
So make the choice of thy owne time, for I
Thy reſolv'd Patient, on thee ſtill relye:
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt,
Though more to know, could not be more to truſt:
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on, but reſt
Vnqueſtion'd welcome, and vndoubted bleſt.
Giue me ſome helpe heere hoa, if thou proceed,
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed.

Floriſh. Exit.

Enter Counteſſe and Clowne.

Lady. Come on ſir, I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clown. I will ſhew my ſelfe highly fed, and lowly taught, I know my buſineſſe is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you ſpeciall, when you put off that with ſuch contempt, but to the Court?

Clo. Truly Madam, if God haue lent a man any manners, hee may eaſilie put it off at Court: hee that cannot make a legge, put off's cap, kiſſe his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap; and indeed ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the Court, but for me, I haue an anſwere will ſerue all men.

Lady. Marry that's a bountifull anſwere that fits all queſtions.

Clo. It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttockes, the pin buttocke, the quatch-buttocke, the brawn buttocke, or any buttocke.

Lady. Will your anſwere ſerue fit to all queſtions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Atturney, as your French Crowne for your taffety punke, as *Tibs* ruſh for *Toms* fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrouetueſday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole, the Cuckold to his horne, as a ſcolding queane to a wrangling knaue, as the Nuns lip to the Friers mouth, nay as the pudding to his skin.

Lady. Haue you, I ſay, an anſwere of ſuch fitneſſe for all queſtions?

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.

Lady. It muſt be an anſwere of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all demands.

Clo. But a triſle neither in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeake truth of it: heere it is, and all that belongs to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier, it ſhall doe you no harme to learne.

Lady. To be young againe if we could: I will bee a foole in queſtion, hoping to bee the wiſer by your anſwer.

Lady,

La. I pray you ſir, are you a Courtier?

Clo. O Lord ſir theres a ſimple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

La. Sir I am a poore freind of yours, that loues you.

Clo. O Lord ſir, thicke, thicke, ſpare not me.

La. I thinke ſir, you can eate none of this homely meate.

Clo. O Lord ſir; nay put me too't, I warrant you.

La. You were lately whipt ſir as I thinke.

Clo. O Lord ſir, ſpare not me.

La. Doe you crie O Lord ſir at your whipping, and ſpare not me? Indeed your O Lord ſir, is very ſequent to your whipping: you would anſwere very well to a whipping if you were but bound too't.

Clo. I nere had worſe lucke in my life in my O Lord ſir: I ſee things may ſerue long, but not ſerue euer.

La. I play the noble huſwife with the time, to entertaine it ſo merrily with a foole.

Clo. O Lord ſir, why there't ſerues well agen.

La. And end ſir to your buſineſſe: giue *Hellen* this,
And vrge her to a preſent anſwer backe,
Commend me to my kinſmen, and my ſonne,
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

La. Not much imployement for you, you vnderſtand me.

Clo Moſt fruitfully, I am there, before my legegs.

La. Haſt you agen. *Exeunt*

Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.

Ol.Laf. They ſay miracles are paſt, and we haue our Philoſophicall perſons, to make moderne and familiar things ſupernaturall and cauſeleſſe. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrours, enſconcing our ſelues into ſeeming knowledge, when we ſhould ſubmit our ſelues to an vnknowne feare.

Par. Why 'tis the rareſt argument of wonder, that hath ſhot out in our latter times.

Roſ. And ſo 'tis.

Ol.Laf. To be relinquiſht of the Artiſts.

Par. So I ſay both of *Galen* and *Paracelſus.*

Ol.Laf. Of all the learned and authenticke fellowes.

Par. Right ſo I ſay.

Ol.Laf. That gaue him out incureable.

Par. Why there 'tis, ſo ſay I too.

Ol.Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as 'twere a man aſſur'd of a——

Ol.Laf. Vncertaine life, and ſure death.

Par. Iuſt, you ſay well: ſo would I haue ſaid.

Ol.Laf. I may truly ſay, it is a noueltie to the world.

Par. It is indeede if you will haue it in ſhewing, you ſhall reade it in what do ye call there.

Ol.Laf. A ſhewing of a heauenly effect in an earthly Actor.

Par. That's it, I would haue ſaid, the verie ſame.

Ol.Laf. Why your Dolphin is not luſtier: fore mee I ſpeake in reſpect——

Par. Nay 'tis ſtrange, 'tis very ſtraunge, that is the breefe and the tedious of it, and he's of a moſt facinerious ſpirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Ol.Laf. Very hand of heauen.

Par. I, ſo I ſay.

Ol.Laf. In a moſt weake——

Par. And debile miniſter great power, great trancendence, which ſhould indeede giue vs a further vſe to be made, then alone the recou'ry of the king, as to bee

Old Laf. Generally thankfull.

Enter King, Hellen, and attendants.

Par. I would haue ſaid it, you ſay well: heere comes the King.

Ol.Laf. Luſtique, as the Dutchman ſaies: Ile like a maide the Better whil'ſt I haue a tooth in my head: why he's able to leade her a Carranto.

Par. *Mor du vinager*, is not this *Helen*?

Ol.Laf. Fore God I thinke ſo.

King. Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court,
Sit my preſeruer by thy patients ſide,
And with this healthfull hand whoſe baniſht ſence
Thou haſt repeal'd, a ſecond time receyue
The confirmation of my promis'd guift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Faire Maide ſend forth thine eye, this youthfull parcell
Of Noble Batchellors, ſtand at my beſtowing,
Ore whom both Soueraigne power, and fathers voice
I haue to vſe; thy franke election make,
Thou haſt power to chooſe, and they none to forſake.

Hel. To each of you, one faire and vertuous Miſtris;
Fall when loue pleaſe, marry to each but one.

Old Laf, I'de giue bay curtall, and his furniture
My mouth no more were broken then theſe boyes,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruſe them well:
Not one of thoſe, but had a Noble father.

She addreſſes her to a Lord.

Hel. Gentlemen, heauen hath through me, reſtor'd the king to health.

All. We vnderſtand it, and thanke heauen for you.

Hel. I am a ſimple Maide, and therein wealthieſt
That I proteſt, I ſimply am a Maide:
Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, I haue done already:
The bluſhes in my cheekes thus whiſper mee,
We bluſh that thou ſhouldſt chooſe, but be refuſed;
Let the white death ſit on thy cheeke for euer,
Wee'l nere come there againe.

King. Make choiſe and ſee,
Who ſhuns thy loue, ſhuns all his loue in mee.

Hel. Now *Dian* from thy Altar do I fly,
And to imperiall loue, that God moſt high
Do my ſighes ſtreame: Sir, wil you heare my ſuite?

1.Lo. And grant it.

Hel. Thankes ſir, all the reſt is mute.

Ol.Laf. I had rather be in this choiſe, then throw
Ameſ-ace for my life.

Hel. The honor ſir that flames in your faire eyes,
Before I ſpeake too threatningly replies:
Loue make your fortunes twentie times aboue
Her that ſo vviſhes, and her humble loue.

2.Lo. No better if you pleaſe.

Hel. My wiſh receiue,
Which great loue grant, and ſo I take my leaue.

Ol.Laf. Do all they denie her? And they were ſons of mine, I'de haue them whip'd, or I would ſend them to'th Turke to make Eunuches of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand ſhould take,
Ile neuer do you wrong for your owne ſake:
Bleſſing vpon your vowes, and in your bed
Finde fairer fortune, if you euer wed.

Old Laf. Theſe boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none haue heere : ſure they are baſtards to the Engliſh, the Frenchnere got em.

La. You are too young, too happie, and too good
To make your ſelfe a ſonne out of my blood.

4.Lord. Faire one, I thinke not ſo.

Ol.Lord There's one grape yet, I am ſure thy father drunke wine. But if thou be'ſt not an aſſe, I am a youth of fourteene : I haue knowne thee already.

Hel. I dare not ſay I take you, but I giue
Me and my ſeruice, euer whilſt I liue
Into your guiding power : This is the man.

King. Why then young *Bertram* take her ſhee's thy wife.

Ber. My wife my Leige? I ſhal beſeech your highnes
In ſuch a buſines, giue me leaue to vſe
The helpe of mine owne eies.

King. Know'ſt thou not *Bertram* what ſhee ha's done for mee?

Ber. Yes my good Lord, but neuer hope to know why I ſhould marrie her.

King. Thou know'ſt ſhee ha's rais'd me from my ſickly bed.

Ber. But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe
Muſt anſwer for your raiſing? I knowe her well :
Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge:
A poore Phyſitians daughter my wife? Diſdaine
Rather corrupt me euer.

King Tis onely title thou diſdainſt in her, the which
I can build vp : ſtrange is it that our bloods
Of colour, waight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction: yet ſtands off
In differences ſo mightie. If ſhe bee
All that is vertuous (ſaue what thou diſlik'ſt)
A poore Phiſitians daughter, thou diſlik'ſt
Of vertue for the name : but doe not ſo :
From loweſt place, whence vertuous things proceed,
The place is dignified by th' doers deede.
Where great additions ſwell's, and vertue none,
It is a dropſied honour. Good a lone,
Is good without a name? Vileneſſe is ſo :
The propertie by what is is, ſhould go,
Not by the title. Shee is young, wiſe, faire,
In theſe, to Nature ſhee's immediate heire :
And theſe breed honour : that is honours ſcorne,
Which challenges it ſelfe as honours borne,
And is not like the ſire : Honours thriue,
When rather from our acts we them deriue
Then our fore-goers : the meere words, a ſlaue
Deboſh'd on euerie tombe, on euerie graue :
A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumbe,
Where duſt, and damn'd obliuion is the Tombe.
Of honour'd bones indeed, what ſhould be ſaide?
If thou canſt like this creature, as a maide,
I can create the reſt : Vertue, and ſhee
Is her owne dower : Honour and wealth, from mee.

Ber. I cannot loue her, nor will ſtriue to doo't.

King. Thou wrong'ſt thy ſelfe, if thou ſhold'ſt ſtriue to chooſe.

Hel. That you are well reſtor'd my Lord, I'me glad:
Let the reſt go.

King. My Honor's at the ſtake, which to defeate
I muſt produce my power. Heere, take her hand,
Proud ſcornfull boy, vnworthie this good gift,
That doſt in vile miſpriſion ſhackle vp
My loue, and her deſert : that canſt not dreame,
We poizing vs in her defectiue ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beame : That wilt not know,
It is in Vs to plant thine Honour, where
We pleaſe to haue it grow. Checke thy contempt :
Obey Our will, which trauailes in thy good :
Beleeue not thy diſdaine, but preſentlie
Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right
Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claimes,
Or I will throw thee from my care for euer
Into the ſtaggers, and the careleſſe lapſe
Of youth and ignorance : both my reuenge and hate
Looſing vpon thee, in the name of iuſtice,
Without all termes of pittie. Speake, thine anſwer.

Ber. Pardon my gracious Lord : for I ſubmit
My fancie to your eies, when I conſider
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it : I finde that ſhe which late
Was in my Nobler thoughts, moſt baſe : is now
The praiſed of the King, who ſo ennobled,
Is as 'twere borne ſo.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her ſhe is thine: to whom I promiſe
A counterpoize : If not to thy eſtate,
A ballance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand.

Kin. Good fortune, and the fauour of the King
Smile vpon this Contract : whoſe Ceremonie
Shall ſeeme expedient on the now borne briefe,
And be perform'd to night : the ſolemne Feaſt
Shall more attend vpon the coming ſpace,
Expecting abſent friends. As thou lou'ſt her,
Thy loue's to me Religious : elſe, do's erre. *Exeunt*

Parolles and Lafew ſtay behind, commenting of this wedding.

Laf. Do you heare Monſieur? A word with you.

Par. Your pleaſure ſir.

Laf. Your Lord and Maſter did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation? My Lord? my Maſter?

Laf. I: Is it not a Language I ſpeake?

Par. A moſt harſh one, and not to bee vnderſtoode without bloudie ſucceeding My Maſter?

Laf. Are you Companion to the Count *Roſillion*?

Par. To any Count, to all Counts : to what is man.

Laf. To what is Counts man : Counts maiſter is of another ſtile.

Par. You are too old ſir : Let it ſatisfie you, you are too old.

Laf. I muſt tell thee ſirrah, I write Man : to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did thinke thee for two ordinaries : to bee a prettie wiſe fellow, thou didſt make tollerable vent of thy trauell, it might paſſe : yet the ſcarffes and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldlie diſſwade me from beleeuing thee a veſſell of too great a burthen. I haue now found thee, when I looſe thee againe, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking vp, and that th' ourt ſcarce worth.

Par. Hadſt thou not the priuiledge of Antiquity vpon thee.

Laf. Do not plundge thy ſelfe to farre in anger, leaſt thou haſten thy triall : which if, Lord haue mercie on thee for a hen, ſo my good window of Lettice fare thee well, thy caſement I neede not open, for I look through thee. Giue me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you giue me moſt egregious indignity.

Laf. I with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I haue not my Lord deſeru'd it.

Laf. Yes good faith, eu'ry dramme of it, and I will not bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer.

Laf. Eu'n as ſoone as thou can'ſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmacke a'th contrarie. If euer thou bee'ſt bound in thy skarfe and beaten, thou ſhall finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage, I haue a deſire to holde my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may ſay in the default, he is a man I know.

Par. My Lord you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell paines for thy ſake, and my poore doing eternall : for doing I am paſt, as I will by thee, in what motion age will giue me leaue. *Exit.*

Par. Well, thou haſt a ſonne ſhall take this diſgrace off me; ſcuruy, old, filthy, ſcuruy Lord : Well, I muſt be patient, there is no fettering of authority. Ile beate him (by my life) if I can meete him with any conuenience, and he were double and double a Lord. Ile haue no more pittie of his age then I would haue of——Ile beate him, and if I could but meet him agen.

Enter Lafew.

Laf. Sirra, your Lord and maſters married, there's newes for you : you haue a new Miſtris.

Par. I moſt vnfainedly beſeech your Lordſhippe to make ſome reſeruation of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I ſerue aboue is my maſter.

Laf. Who? God.

Par. I ſir.

Laf. The deuill it is, that's thy maſter. Why dooeſt thou garter vp thy armes a this faſhion? Doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeues? Do other ſeruants ſo? Thou wert beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine Honor, if I were but two houres yonger, I'de beate thee : meethink'ſt thou art a generall offence, and euery man ſhold beate thee : I thinke thou waſt created for men to breath themſelues vpon thee.

Par. This is hard and vndeſerued meaſure my Lord.

Laf. Go too ſir, you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranat, you are a vagabond, and no true traueller : you are more ſawcie with Lordes and honourable perſonages, then the Commiſsion of your birth and vertue giues you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, elſe I'de call you knaue. I leaue you. *Exit*

Enter Count Roſſillion.

Par. Good, very good, it is ſo then : good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.

Roſ. Vndone, and forfeited to cares for euer.

Par. What's the matter ſweet-heart?

Roſsill. Although before the ſolemne Prieſt I haue ſworne, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what ſweet heart?

Roſ. O my *Parrolles*, they haue married me:
Ile to the *Tuſcan* warres, and neuer bed her.

Par. *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits,
The tread of a mans foot : too'th warres.

Roſ. There's letters from my mother : What th'import is, I know not yet.

Par. I that would be knowne : too'th warrs my boy, too'th warres :
He weares his honor in a boxe vnſeene,
That hugges his kickie wickie heare at home,
Spending his manlie marrow in her armes
Which ſhould ſuſtaine the bound and high curuet
Of *Marſes* fierie ſteed : to other Regions,
France is a ſtable, wee that dwell in't Iades,
Therefore too'th warre.

Roſ. It ſhall be ſo, Ile ſend her to my houſe,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled : Write to the King
That which I durſt not ſpeake. His preſent gift
Shall furniſh me to thoſe Italian fields
Where noble fellowes ſtrike : Warres is no ſtrife
To the darke houſe, and the detected wife.

Par. Will this Caprichio hold in thee, art ſure?

Roſ. Go with me to my chamber, and aduice me.
Ile ſend her ſtraight away : To morrow,
Ile to the warres, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow.

Par. Why theſe bals bound, ther's noiſe in it. Tis hard
A yong man maried, is a man that's mard :
Therefore away, and leaue her brauely : go,
The King ha's done you wrong : but huſh 'tis ſo. *Exit*

Enter Helena and Clowne.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is ſhe well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet ſhe has her health, ſhe's very merrie, but yet ſhe is not well : but thankes be giuen ſhe's very well, and wants nothing i'th world : but yet ſhe is not well.

Hel. If ſhe be verie wel, what do's ſhe ayle, that ſhe's not verie well?

Clo. Truly ſhe's very well indeed, but for two things

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that ſhe's not in heauen, whether God ſend her quickly : the other, that ſhe's in earth, from whence God ſend her quickly.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bleſſe you my fortunate Ladie.

Hel. I hope ſir I haue your good will to haue mine owne good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to leade them on, and to keepe them on, haue them ſtill. O my knaue, how do's my old Ladie?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would ſhe did as you ſay.

Par. Why I ſay nothing.

Clo. Marry you are the wiſer man : for many a mans tongue ſhakes out his maſters vndoing : to ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to haue nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a verie little of nothing.

Par. Away, th'art a knaue.

Clo. You ſhould haue ſaid ſir before a knaue, th'art a knaue, that's before me th'art a knaue : this had beene truth ſir.

Par. Go too, thou art a wittie foole, I haue found thee.

Clo. Did you finde me in your ſelfe ſir, or were you taught to finde me?

Clo. The ſearch ſir was profitable, and much Foole may you find in you, euen to the worlds pleaſure, and the encreaſe of laughter.

Par. A good knaue ifaith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,

A verie ſerrious buſineſſe call's on him:
The great prerogatiue and rite of loue,
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd reſtraint:
Whoſe want, and whoſe delay, is ſtrew'd with ſweets
Which they diſtill now in the curbed time,
To make the comming houre oreflow with ioy,
And pleaſure drowne the brim.

Hel. What's his will elſe?

Par. That you will take your inſtant leaue a'th king,
And make this haſt as your owne good proceeding,
Strengthned with what Apologie you thinke
May make it probable neede.

Hel. What more commands hee?

Par. That hauing this obtain'd, you preſentlie
Attend his further pleaſure.

Hel. In euery thing I waite vpon his will.

Par. I ſhall report it ſo. *Exit Par.*

Hell. I pray you come ſirrah. *Exit*

Enter Lafew and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordſhippe thinkes not him a ſouldier.

Ber. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approofe.

Laf. You haue it from his owne deliuerance.

Ber. And by other warranted teſtimonie.

Laf. Then my Diall goes not true, I tooke this Larke for a bunting.

Ber. I do aſſure you my Lord he is very great in knowledge, and accordinglie valiant.

Laf. I haue then ſinn'd againſt his experience, and tranſgreſt againſt his valour, and my ſtate that way is dangerous, ſince I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: Heere he comes, I pray you make vs freinds, I will purſue the amitie.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Theſe things ſhall be done ſir.

Laf. Pray you ſir whoſe his Tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O I know him well, I ſir, hee ſirs a good workeman, a verie good Tailor.

Ber. Is ſhee gone to the king?

Par. Shee is.

Ber. Will ſhee away to night?

Par. As you'le haue her.

Ber. I haue writ my letters, casketted my treaſure,
Giuen order for our horſes, and to night,
When I ſhould take poſſeſſion of the Bride,
And ere I doe begin.

Laf. A good Trauailer is ſomething at the latter end of a dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and vſes a known truth to paſſe a thouſand nothings with, ſhould bee once hard, and thrice beaten. God ſaue you Captaine.

Ber. Is there any vnkindnes betweene my Lord and you Monſieur?

Par. I know not how I haue deſerued to run into my Lords diſpleaſure.

Laf. You haue made ſhift to run into't, bootes and ſpurres and all: like him that leapt into the Cuſtard, and out of it you'le runne againe, rather then ſuffer queſtion for your reſidence.

Ber. It may bee you haue miſtaken him my Lord.

Laf. And ſhall doe ſo euer, though I tooke him at's prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and beleeue this of me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the ſoule of this man is his cloathes: Truſt him not in matter of heauie conſequence: I haue kept of them tame, & know their natures. Farewell Monſieur, I haue ſpoken better of you, then you haue or will to deſerue at my hand, but we muſt do good againſt euill.

Par. An idle Lord, I ſweare.

Ber. I thinke ſo.

Par. Why do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common ſpeech
Giues him a worthy paſſe. Heere comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I haue ſir as I was commanded from you
Spoke with the King, and haue procur'd his leaue
For preſent parting, onely he deſires
Some priuate ſpeech with you.

Ber. I ſhall obey his will.
You muſt not meruaile *Helen* at my courſe,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The miniſtration, and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For ſuch a buſineſſe, therefore am I found
So much vnſetled: This driues me to intreate you,
That preſently you take your way for home,
And rather muſe then aske why I intreate you,
For my reſpects are better then they ſeeme,
And my appointments haue in them a neede
Greater then ſhewes it ſelfe at the firſt view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother,
'Twill be two daies ere I ſhall ſee you, ſo
I leaue you to your wiſedome.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay,
But that I am your moſt obedient ſeruant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And euer ſhall
With true obſeruance ſeeke to eeke out that
Wherein toward me my homely ſtarres haue faild
To equall my great fortune.

Ber. Let that goe: my haſt is verie great. Farwell:
Hie home.

Hel. Pray ſir your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you ſay?

Hel. I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,
Nor dare I ſay 'tis mine: and yet it is,
But like a timorous theefe, moſt faine would ſteale
What law does vouch mine owne.

Ber. What would you haue?

Hel. Something, and ſcarſe ſo much: nothing indeed,
I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes,
Strangers and foes do ſunder, and not kiſſe.

Ber. I pray you ſtay not, but in haſt to horſe.

Hel. I ſhall not breake your bidding, good my Lord:
Where are my other men? Monſieur, farwell. *Exit*

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I wil neuer come,
Whilſt I can ſhake my ſword, or heare the drumme:
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Brauely, Coragio.

Actus Tertius.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, the two Frenchmen, with a troope of Souldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point, now haue you heard
The fundamentall reaſons of this warre,
Whoſe great deciſion hath much blood let forth
And more thirſts after.

1.Lord. Holy ſeemes the quarrell
Vpon your Graces part: blacke and fearefull
On the oppoſer.

Duke. Therefore we meruaile much our Coſin France
Would in ſo iuſt a buſineſſe, ſhut his boſome
Againſt our borrowing prayers.

French E. Good my Lord,
The reaſons of our ſtate I cannot yeelde,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a Counſaile frames,
By ſelfe vnable motion, therefore dare not
Say what I thinke of it, ſince I haue found
My ſelfe in my incertaine grounds to faile
As often as I gueſt.

Duke. Be it his pleaſure.

Fren.G. But I am ſure the yonger of our nature,
That ſurfet on their eaſe, will day by day
Come heere for Phyſicke.

Duke. Welcome ſhall they bee:
And all the honors that can flye from vs,
Shall on them ſettle: you know your places well,
When better fall, for your auailes they fell,
To morrow to'th the field. *Flouriſh.*

Enter Counteſſe and Clowne.

Count. It hath happen'd all, as I would haue had it, ſaue that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a verie melancholly man.

Count. By what obſeruance I pray you.

Clo. Why he will looke vppon his boote, and ſing: mend the Ruffe and ſing, aske queſtions and ſing, picke his teeth, and ſing: I know a man that had this tricke of melancholy hold a goodly Mannor for a ſong.

Lad. Let me ſee what he writes, and when he meanes to come.

Clow. I haue no minde to *Isbell* ſince I was at Court. Our old Lings, and our *Isbels* a'th Country, are nothing like your old Ling and your *Isbels* a'th Court: the brains of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to loue, as an old man loues money, with no ſtomacke.

Lad. What haue we heere?

Clo. In that you haue there. *exit*

A Letter.

I haue ſent you a daughter-in-Law, ſhee hath recouered the King, and vndone me: I haue wedded her, not bedded her, and ſworne to make the not eternall. You ſhall heare I am runne away, know it before the report come. If there bee bredth enough in the world, I will hold a long diſtance. My duty to you. *Your vnfortunate ſonne,*
Bertram.

This is not well raſh and vnbridled boy,
To flye the fauours of ſo good a King,
To plucke his indignation on thy head,
By the miſpriſing of a Maide too vertuous
For the contempt of Empire.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. O Madam, yonder is heauie newes within betweene two ſouldiers, and my yong Ladie.

La. What is the matter.

Clo. Nay there is ſome comfort in the newes, ſome comfort, your ſonne will not be kild ſo ſoone as I thoght he would.

La. Why ſhould he be kill'd?

Clo. So ſay I Madame, if he runne away, as I heare he does, the danger is in ſtanding too't, that's the loſſe of men, though it be the getting of children. Heere they come will tell you more. For my part I onely heare your ſonne was run away.

Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.

French E. Saue you good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for euer gone.

French G. Do not ſay ſo.

La. Thinke vpon patience, pray you Gentlemen,
I haue felt ſo many quirkes of ioy and greefe,
That the firſt face of neither on the ſtart
Can woman me vntoo't. Where is my ſonne I pray you?

Fren.G. Madam he's gone to ſerue the Duke of Florence,
We met him thitherward, for thence we came:
And after ſome diſpatch in hand at Court,
Thither we bend againe.

Hel. Looke on his Letter Madam, here's my Paſport.

When thou canſt get the Ring vpon my finger, which neuer ſhall come off, and ſhew mee a childe begotten of thy bodie, that I am father too, then call me husband: but in ſuch a (then) I write a Neuer.

This is a dreadfull ſentence.

La. Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?

1.G. I Madam, and for the Contents ſake are ſorrie for our paines.

Old La. I prethee Ladie haue a better cheere,
If thou engroſſeſt, all the greefes are thine,
Thou robſt me of a moity: He was my ſonne,
But I do waſh his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he?

Fren.G. I Madam.

La. And to be a ſouldier.

Fren.G. Such is his noble purpoſe, and beleeu't
The Duke will lay vpon him all the honor
That good conuenience claimes.

La. Returne you thither.

Fren.E. I Madam, with the ſwifteſt wing of ſpeed.

Hel. Till I haue no wife, I haue nothing in France,
'Tis bitter.

La. Finde you that there?

Hel. I Madame.

Fren.E. 'Tis but the boldneſſe of his hand haply, which his heart was not conſenting too.

Lad. Nothing in France, vntill he haue no wife:
There's nothing heere that is too good for him
But onely ſhe, and ſhe deſerues a Lord
That twenty ſuch rude boyes might tend vpon,
And call her hourely Miſtris. Who was with him?

Fren.E. A ſeruant onely, and a Gentleman: which I haue ſometime knowne.

La. *Parolles* was it not?

Fren.E. I my good Ladie, hee.

La. A verie tainted fellow, and full of wickedneſſe,
My ſonne corrupts a well deriued nature
With his inducement.

Fren.E. Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deale of that, too much, which holds him much to haue.

La. Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you when you ſee my ſonne, to tell him that his ſword can neuer winne the honor that he looſes: more Ile intreate you written to bearealong.

Fren.G. We ſerue you Madam in that and all your worthieſt affaires.

La. Not ſo, but as we change our courteſies,
Will you draw neere? *Exit.*

Hel. Till I haue no wife I haue nothing in France.
Nothing in France vntill he has no wife:
Thou ſhalt haue none *Roſſillion*, none in France,
Then haſt thou all againe: poore Lord, is't I
That chaſe thee from thy Countrie, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbes of thine, to the euent
Of the none-ſparing warre? And is it I,
That driue thee from the ſportiue Court, where thou
Was't ſhot at with faire eyes, to be the marke
Of ſmoakie Muskets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride vpon the violent ſpeede of fire,
Fly with falſe ayme, moue the ſtill-peering aire
That ſings with piercing, do not touch my Lord:
Who euer ſhoots at him, I ſet him there.
Who euer charges on his forward breſt
I am the Caitiffe that do hold him too't,
And though I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected: Better 'twere
I met the rauine Lyon when he roar'd
With ſharpe conſtraint of hunger: better 'twere,
That all the miſeries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No come thou home *Roſſillion*,
Whence honor but of danger winnes a ſcarre,
As oft it looſes all. I will be gone:
My being heere it is, that holds thee hence,
Shall I ſtay heere to doo't? No, no, although
The ayre of Paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And Angles offic'd all: I will be gone,
That pittifull rumour may report my flight
To conſolate thine eare. Come night, end day,
For with the darke (poore theefe) Ile ſteale away. *Exit.*

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, Roſſillion,
drum and trumpets, ſoldiers, Parrolles.

Duke. The Generall of our horſe thou art, and we
Great in our hope, lay our beſt loue and credence
Vpon thy promiſing fortune.

Ber. Sir it is
A charge too heauy for my ſtrength, but yet
Wee'l ſtriue to beare it for your worthy ſake,
To th'extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play vpon thy proſperous helme
As thy auſpicious miſtris.

Ber. This very day
Great Mars I put my ſelfe into thy file,
Make me but like my thoughts, and I ſhall proue
A louer of thy drumme, hater of loue. *Exeunt omnes*

Enter Counteſſe & Steward.

La. Alas! and would you take the letter of her:
Might you not know ſhe would do, as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a Letter. Reade it agen.

Letter.
I am S. Iaques Pilgrim, thither gone:
Ambitious loue hath ſo in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground vpon
With ſainted vow my faults to haue amended.
Write, write, that from the bloodie courſe of warre,
My deereſt Maſter your deare ſonne, may hie,
Bleſſe him at home in peace. Whilſt I from farre,
His name with zealous feruour ſanctifie:
His taken labours bid him me forgiue:
I his deſpightfull Iuno ſent him forth,
From Courtly friends, with Camping foes to liue,
Where death and danger dogges the heeles of worth.
He is too good and faire for death, and mee,
Whom I my ſelfe embrace, to ſet him free.

Ah what ſharpe ſtings are in her mildeſt words?
Rynaldo, you did neuer lacke aduice ſo much,
As letting her paſſe ſo: had I ſpoke with her,
I could haue well diuerted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath preuented.

Ste. Pardon me Madam,
If I had giuen you this at ouer-night,
She might haue beene ore-tane: and yet ſhe writes
Purſuite would be but vaine.

La. What Angell ſhall
Bleſſe this vnworthy husband, he cannot thriue,
Vnleſſe her prayers, whom heauen delights to heare
And loues to grant, repreeue him from the wrath
Of greateſt Iuſtice. Write, write *Rynaldo*,
To this vnworthy husband of his wife,
Let euerie word waigh heauie of her worth,
That he does waigh too light: my greateſt greefe,
Though little he do feele it, ſet downe ſharpely.
Diſpatch the moſt conuenient meſſenger,
When haply he ſhall heare that ſhe is gone,
He will returne, and hope I may that ſhee
Hearing ſo much, will ſpeede her foote againe,
Led hither by pure loue: which of them both
Is deereſt to me, I haue no skill in ſence
To make diſtinction: prouide this Meſſenger:
My heart is heauie, and mine age is weake,
Greefe would haue teares, and ſorrow bids me ſpeake.
Exeunt

A Tucket afarre off.

Enter old Widdow of Florence, her daughter, Violenta
and Mariana, with other
Citizens.

Widdow. Nay come,
For if they do approach the Citty,
We ſhall looſe all the ſight.

Diana. They ſay, the French Count has done
Moſt honourable ſeruice.

Wid. It is reported,
That he has taken their great'ſt Commander,
And that with his owne hand he ſlew
The Dukes brother: we haue loſt our labour,
They are gone a contrarie way: harke,
you may know by their Trumpets.

Maria. Come lets returne againe,
And ſuffice our ſelues with the report of it.
Well *Diana*, take heed of this French Earle,
The honor of a Maide is her name,
And no Legacie is ſo rich
As honeſtie.

Widdow. I haue told my neighbour
How you haue beene ſolicited by a Gentleman
His Companion.

Maria. I know that knaue, hang him, one *Parolles*, a filthy Officer he is in thoſe ſuggeſtions for the young Earle, beware of them *Diana*; their promiſes, entiſements, oathes, tokens, and all theſe engines of luſt, are not the things they go vnder: many a maide hath beene ſeduced by them, and the miſerie is example, that ſo terrible ſhewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot for all that diſſwade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigges that threatens them. I hope I neede not to aduiſe you further, but I hope your owne grace will keepe you where you are, though there were no further danger knowne, but the modeſtie which is ſo loſt.

Dia. You ſhall not neede to feare me.

Enter Hellen.

Wid. I hope ſo: looke here comes a pilgrim, I know ſhe will lye at my houſe, thither they ſend one another, Ile queſtion her. God ſaue you pilgrim, whether are bound?

Hel. To S. *Iaques la grand.*
Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beſeech you?

Wid. At the S. *Francis* heere beſide the Port.

Hel. Is this the way? *A march afarre.*

Wid. I marrie iſt. Harke you, they come this way:
If you will tarrie holy Pilgrime
But till the troopes come by,
I will conduct you where you ſhall be lodg'd,
The rather for I thinke I know your hoſteſſe
As ample as my ſelfe.

Hel. Is it your ſelfe?

Wid. If you ſhall pleaſe ſo Pilgrime.

Hel. I thanke you, and will ſtay vpon your leiſure.

Wid. you came I thinke from *France*?

Hel. I did ſo.

Wid. Heere you ſhall ſee a Countriman of yours
That has done worthy ſeruice.

Hel. His name I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Roſſillion*: know you ſuch a one?

Hel. But by the eare that heares moſt nobly of him:
His face I know not.

Dia. What ſomere he is
He's brauely taken heere. He ſtole from *France*
As 'tis reported: for the King had married him
Againſt his liking. Thinke you it is ſo?

Hel. I ſurely meere the truth, I know his Lady.

Dia. There is a Gentleman that ſerues the Count,
Reports but courſely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monſieur *Parrolles.*

Hel. Oh I beleeue with him,
In argument of praiſe, or to the worth
Of the great Count himſelfe, ſhe is too meane
To haue her name repeated, all her deſeruing
Is a reſerued honeſtie, and that
I haue not heard examin'd.

Dian. Alas poore Ladie,
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a deteſting Lord.

Wid. I write good creature, whereſoere ſhe is,
Her hart waighes ſadly: this yong maid might do her
A ſhrewd turne if ſhe pleas'd.

Hel. How do you meane?
May be the amorous Count ſolicites her
In the vnlawfull purpoſe.

Wid. He does indeede,
And brokes with all that can in ſuch a ſuite
Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide:
But ſhe is arm'd for him, and keepes her guard
In honeſteſt defence.

Drumme and Colours.
Enter Count Roſſillion, Parrolles, and the whole Armie.

Mar. The goddes forbid elſe.

Wid. So, now they come:
That is *Anthonio* the Dukes eldeſt ſonne,
That *Eſcalus.*

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. Hee,
That with the plume, 'tis a moſt gallant fellow,
I would he lou'd his wife: if he were honeſter
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handſom Gentleman

Hel. I like him well.

Di. 'Tis pitty he is not honeſt: yonds that ſame knaue
That leades him to theſe places: were I his Ladie,
I would poiſon that vile Raſcall.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That Iacke an-apes with ſcarfes. Why is hee melancholly?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i'th battaile.

Par. Looſe our drum? Well.

Mar. He's ſhrewdly vext at ſomething. Looke he has ſpyed vs.

Wid. Marrie hang you.

Mar. And your curteſie, for a ring-carrier. *Exit.*

Wid. The troope is paſt: Come pilgrim, I wil bring
you, Where you ſhall hoſt: Of inioyn'd penitents
There's foure or fiue, to great S. *Iaques* bound,
Alreadie at my houſe.

Hel. I humbly thanke you:
Pleaſe it this Matron, and this gentle Maide
To eate with vs to night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me, and to requite you further,
I will beſtow ſome precepts of this Virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. Wee'l take your offer kindly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Count Roſſillion and the Frenchmen,
as at firſt.

Cap.E. Nay good my Lord put him too't: let him haue his way.

Cap.G. If your Lordſhippe finde him not a Hilding, hold me no more in your reſpect.

Cap.E. On my life my Lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you thinke I am ſo farre
Deceiued in him.

Cap.E. Beleeue it my Lord, in mine owne direct knowledge, without any malice, but to ſpeake of him as my kinſman, hee's a moſt notable Coward, an infinite and endleſſe Lyar, an hourely promiſe-breaker, the owner of no one good qualitie, worthy your Lordſhips entertainment.

Cap.G. It were fit you knew him, leaſt repoſing too farre in his vertue which he hath not, he might at ſome great and truſtie buſineſſe, in a maine daunger, fayle you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

Cap. G. None better then to let him fetch off his drumme, which you heare him ſo confidently vndertake to do.

C.E. I with a troop of Florentines wil ſodainly ſurprize him; ſuch I will haue whom I am ſure he knowes not from the enemie: wee will binde and hoodwinke him ſo, that he ſhall ſuppoſe no other but that he is carried into the Leager of the aduerſaries, when we bring him to our owne tents: be but your Lordſhip preſent at his examination, if he do not for the promiſe of his life, and in the higheſt compulſion of baſe feare, offer to betray you, and deliuer all the intelligence in his power againſt you, and that with the diuine forfeite of his ſoule vpon oath, neuer truſt my iudgement in anie thing.

Cap.G. O for the loue of laughter, let him fetch his drumme, he ſayes he has a ſtratagem for't: when your Lordſhip ſees the bottome of this ſucceſſe in't, and to what mettle this counterfeyt lump of ours will be melted if you giue him not Iohn drummes entertainement, your inclining cannot be remoued. Heere he comes.

Enter Parrolles.

Cap.E. O for the loue of laughter hinder not the honor of his deſigne, let him fetch off his drumme in any hand.

Ber. How now Monſieur? This drumme ſticks ſorely in your diſpoſition.

Cap.G. A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme.

Par. But a drumme: Iſt but a drumme? A drum ſo loſt. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horſe vpon our owne wings, and to rend our owne ſouldiers.

Cap.G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the ſeruice: it was a diſaſter of warre that *Cæſar* him ſelfe could not haue preuented, if he had beene there to command.

Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our ſucceſſe: ſome diſhonor wee had in the loſſe of that drum, but it is not to be recouered.

Par. It might haue beene recouered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recouered, but that the merit of ſeruice is ſildome attributed to the true and exact performer, I would haue that drumme or another, or *hic iacet.*

Ber. Why if you haue a ſtomacke, too't Monſieur: if you thinke your myſterie in ſtratagem, can bring this inſtrument of honour againe into his natiue quarter, be magnanimious in the enterprize and go on, I wil grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you ſpeede well in it, the Duke ſhall both ſpeake of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatneſſe, euen to the vtmoſt ſyllable of your worthineſſe.

Par. By the hand of a ſouldier I will vndertake it.

Ber. But you muſt not now ſlumber in it.

Par. Ile about it this euening, and I will preſently pen downe my dilemma's, encourage my ſelfe in my certaintie, put my ſelfe into my mortall preparation: and by midnight looke to heare further from me.

Ber. May I bee bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it.

Par. I know not what the ſucceſſe wil be my Lord, but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant,
And to the poſsibility of thy ſouldierſhip,
Will ſubſcribe for thee: Farewell.

Par. I loue not many words. *Exit*

Cap.E. No more then a fiſh loues water. Is not this a ſtrange fellow my Lord, that ſo confidently ſeemes to vndertake this buſineſſe, which he knowes is not to be done, damnes himſelfe to do, & dares better be damnd then to doo't.

Cap.G. You do not know him my Lord as we doe, certaine it is that he will ſteale himſelfe into a mans fauour, and for a weeke eſcape a great deale of diſcoueries, but when you finde him out, you haue him euer after.

Ber. Why do you thinke he will make no deede at all of this that ſo ſeriouſlie hee dooes addreſſe himſelfe vnto?

Cap.E. None in the world, but returne with an inuention, and clap vpon you two or three probable lies: but we haue almoſt imboſt him, you ſhall ſee his fall to night; for indeede he is not for your Lordſhippes reſpect.

Cap.G. Weele make you ſome ſport with the Foxe ere we caſe him. He was firſt ſmoak'd by the old Lord *Lafew*, when his diſguiſe and he is parted, tell me what a ſprat you ſhall finde him, which you ſhall ſee this verie night.

Cap.E. I muſt go looke my twigges,
He ſhall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he ſhall go along with me.

Cap.G. As't pleaſe your Lordſhip, Ile leaue you.

Ber. Now wil I lead you to the houſe, and ſhew you
The Laſſe I ſpoke of.

Cap.E. But you ſay ſhe's honeſt.

Ber. That's all the fault: I ſpoke with hir but once,
And found her wondrous cold, but I ſent to her
By this ſame Coxcombe that we haue i'th winde
Tokens and Letters, which ſhe did reſend,
And this is all I haue done: She's a faire creature,
Will you go ſee her?

Cap.E. With all my heart my Lord. *Exeunt*

Enter Hellen, and Widdow.

Hel. If you miſdoubt me that I am not ſhee,
I know not how I ſhall aſſure you further,
But I ſhall looſe the grounds I worke vpon.

Wid. Though my eſtate be falne, I was well borne,
Nothing acquainted with theſe buſineſſes,
And would not put my reputation now
In any ſtaining act.

Hel. Nor would I wiſh you.
Firſt giue me truſt, the Count he is my husband,
And what to your ſworne counſaile I haue ſpoken,
Is ſo from word to word: and then you cannot
By the good ayde that I of you ſhall borrow,
Erre in beſtowing it.

Wid. I ſhould beleeue you,
For you haue ſhew'd me that which well approues
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purſe of Gold,
And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre,
Which I will ouer-pay, and pay againe
When I haue found it. The Count he woes your daughter,
Layes downe his wanton ſiedge before her beautie,
Reſolue to carrie her: let her in fine conſent
As wee'l direct her how 'tis beſt to beare it:
Now his important blood will naught denie,
That ſhee'l demand: a ring the Countie weares,
That downward hath ſucceeded in his houſe
From ſonne to ſonne, ſome foure or fiue diſcents,
Since the firſt father wore it. This Ring he holds
In moſt rich choice: yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not ſeeme too deere,
How ere repented after.

Wid. Now I ſee the bottome of your purpoſe.

Hel. You ſee it lawfull then, it is no more,
But that your daughter ere ſhe ſeemes as wonne,
Deſires this Ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, deliuers me to fill the time,
Her ſelfe moſt chaſtly abſent: after
To marry her, Ile adde three thouſand Crownes
To what is paſt already.

Wid. I haue yeelded:
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall perſeuer,
That time and place with this deceite ſo lawfull
May proue coherent. Euery night he comes
With Muſickes of all ſorts, and ſongs compos'd
To her vnworthineſſe: It nothing ſteeds vs
To chide him from our eeues, for he perſiſts
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to night
Let vs aſſay our plot, which if it ſpeed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deede;
And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act,
Where both not ſinne, and yet a ſinfull fact.
But let's about it.

Actus Quartus.

Enter one of the Frenchmen, with fiue or ſixe other ſouldiers in ambuſh.

1.*Lord E.* He can come no other way but by this hedge corner: when you ſallie vpon him, ſpeake what terrible Language you will: though you vnderſtand it not your ſelues, no matter: for we muſt not ſeeme to vnderſtand him, vnleſſe ſome one among vs, whom wee muſt produce for an Interpreter.

1.*Sol.* Good Captaiue, let me be th'Interpreter.

*Lor.*E. Art not acquainted with him? knowes he not thy voice?

1.*Sol.* No ſir I warrant you.

*Lo.*E. But what linſie wolſy haſt thou to ſpeake to vs againe.

1.*Sol.* E'n ſuch as you ſpeake to me.

*Lo.*E. He muſt thinke vs ſome band of ſtrangers, i'th aduerſaries entertainment. Now he hath a ſmacke of all neighbouring Languages: therefore we muſt euery one be a man of his owne fancie, not to know what we ſpeak one to another: ſo we ſeeme to know, is to know ſtraight our purpoſe: Choughs language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you interpreter, you muſt ſeeme very politicke. But couch hoa, heere hee comes, to beguile two houres in a ſleepe, and then to returne & ſwear the lies he forges.

Enter Parrolles.

Par. Ten a clocke: Within theſe three houres 'twill be time enough to goe home. What ſhall I ſay I haue done? It muſt bee a very plauſiue inuention that carries it. They beginne to ſmoake mee, and diſgraces haue of late, knock'd too often at my doore: I finde my tongue is too foole-hardie, but my heart hath the feare of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

*Lo.*E. This is the firſt truth that ere thine own tongue was guiltie of.

Par. What the diuell ſhould moue mee to vndertake the recouerie of this drumme, being not ignorant of the impoſſibility, and knowing I had no ſuch purpoſe? I muſt giue my ſelfe ſome hurts, and ſay I got them in exploit: yet ſlight ones will not carrie it. They will ſay, came you off with ſo little? And great ones I dare not giue, wherefore what's the inſtance. Tongue, I muſt put you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my ſelfe another of *Baiazeths* Mule, if you prattle mee into theſe perilles.

*Lo.*E. Is it poſſible he ſhould know what hee is, and be that he is.

Par. I would the cutting of my garments wold ſerue the turne, or the breaking of my Spaniſh ſword.

*Lo.*E. We cannot affoord you ſo.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to ſay it was in ſtratagem.

*Lo.*E. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drowne my cloathes, and ſay I was ſtript.

*Lo.*E. Hardly ſerue.

Par. Though I ſwore I leapt from the window of the Citadell.

*Lo.*E. How deepe?

Par. Thirty fadome.

*Lo.*E. Three great oathes would ſcarſe make that be beleeued.

Par. I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I would ſweare I recouer'd it.

*Lo.*E. You ſhall heare one anon.

Par. A drumme now of the enemies.

Alarum within.

Lo E. *Throca mououſus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O ranſome, ranſome,
Do not hide mine eyes.

Inter. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the *Muskos* Regiment,
And I ſhall looſe my life for want of language.
If there be heere German or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him ſpeake to me,
Ile diſcouer that, which ſhal vndo the Florentine.

Int. *Boskos vauvado*, I vnderſtand thee, & can ſpeake thy tongue: *Kerelybonto* ſir, betake thee to thy faith, for ſeuenteene ponyards are at thy boſome.

Par. Oh.

Inter. Oh pray, pray, pray,
Manka reuania dulche.

Lo.E. *Oſcorbidulchos voliuorco.*

Int. The Generall is content to ſpare thee yet,
And hoodwinkt as thou art, will leade thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou mayſt informe
Something to ſaue thy life.

Par. O let me liue,
And all the ſecrets of our campe Ile ſhew,
Their force, their purpoſes: Nay, Ile ſpeake that,
Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damne me.

Inter. *Acordo linta.*
Come on, thou are granted ſpace. *Exit*

A ſhort Alarum within.

L.E. Go tell the Count *Roſſilion* and my brother,
We haue caught the woodcocke, and will keepe him (mufled
Till we do heare from them.
Sol. Captaine I will.
L.E. A will betray vs all vnto our ſelues,
Informe on that.
Sol. So I will ſir.
L.E. Till then Ile keepe him darke and ſafely lockt.
Exit

Enter Bertram, and the Maide called Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was *Fontybell.*
Dia. No my good Lord, *Diana.*
Ber. Titled Goddeſſe,
And worth it with addition: but faire ſoule,
In your fine frame hath loue no qualitie?
If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,
You are no Maiden but a monument
When you are dead you ſhould be ſuch a one
As you are now: for you are cold and ſterne,
And now you ſhould be as your mother was
When your ſweet ſelfe was got.
Dia. She then was honeſt.
Ber. So ſhould you be.
Dia. No:
My mother did but dutie, ſuch (my Lord)
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more a'that:
I prethee do not ſtriue againſt my vowes:
I was compell'd to her, but I loue thee
By loues owne ſweet conſtraint, and will for euer
Do thee all rights of ſeruice.
Dia. I ſo you ſerue vs
Till we ſerue you: But when you haue our Roſes,
You barely leaue our thornes to pricke our ſelues,
And mocke vs with our bareneſſe.
Ber. How haue I ſworne.
Dia. Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth,
But the plaine ſingle vow, that is vow'd true:
What is not holie, that we ſweare not by,
But take the high'ſt to witneſſe: then pray you tell me,
If I ſhould ſweare by Ioues great attributes,
I lou'd you deerely, would you beleeue my oathes,
When I did loue you ill? This ha's no holding
To ſweare by him whom I proteſt to loue
That I will worke againſt him. Therefore your oathes
Are words and poore conditions, but vnſeal'd
At leſt in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not ſo holy cruell: Loue is holie,
And my integritie ne're knew the crafts
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But giue thy ſelfe vnto my ſicke deſires,
Who then recouers. Say thou art mine, and euer
My loue as it beginnes, ſhall ſo perſeuer.
Dia. I ſee that men make rope's in ſuch a ſcarre,
That wee'l forſake our ſelues. Giue me that Ring.
Ber. Ile lend it thee my deere; but haue no power
To giue it from me.
Dia. Will you not my Lord?
Ber. It is an honour longing to our houſe,
Bequeathed downe from manie Anceſtors,
Which were the greateſt obloquie i'th world,
In me to looſe.
Dian. Mine Honors ſuch a Ring,
My chaſtities the Iewell of our houſe,
Bequeathed downe from many Anceſtors,
Which were the greateſt obloquie i'th world,
In mee to looſe. Thus your owne proper wiſedome
Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
Againſt your vaine aſſault.
Ber. Heere, take my Ring,
My houſe, mine honor, yea my life be thine,
And Ile be bid by thee.
Dia. When midnight comes, knocke at my chamber window:
Ile order take, my mother ſhall not heare.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you haue conquer'd my yet maiden-bed,
Remaine there but an houre, nor ſpeake to mee:
My reaſons are moſt ſtrong, and you ſhall know them,
When backe againe this Ring ſhall be deliuer'd:
And on your finger in the night, Ile put
Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our paſt deeds.
Adieu till then, then faile not: you haue wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.
Ber. A heauen on earth I haue won by wooing thee.
Di. For which, liue long to thank both heauen & me,
You may ſo in the end.
My mother told me iuſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſate in's heart. She ſayes, all men
Haue the like oathes: He had ſworne to marrie me
When his wife's dead: therfore Ile lye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are ſo braide,
Marry that will, I liue and die a Maid:
Onely in this diſguiſe, I think't no ſinne,
To coſen him that would vniuſtly winne. *Exit*

Enter the two French Captaines, and ſome two or three Souldiours.

Cap.G. You haue not giuen him his mothers letter.

Cap.E. I haue deliu'red it an houre ſince, there is ſomthing in't that ſtings his nature: for on the reading it, he chang'd almoſt into another man.

Cap.G. He has much worthy blame laid vpon him, for ſhaking off ſo good a wife, and ſo ſweet a Lady.

Cap.E. Eſpecially, hee hath incurred the euerlaſting diſpleaſure of the King, who had euen tun'd his bounty to ſing happineſſe to him. I will tell you a thing, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you.

Cap.G. When you haue ſpoken it 'tis dead, and I am the graue of it.

Cap.E. Hee hath peruerted a young Gentlewoman heere in *Florence*, of a moſt chaſte renown, & this night he fleſhes his will in the ſpoyle of her honour: hee hath giuen her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himſelfe made in the vnchaſte compoſition.

Cap.G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are our ſelues, what things are we.

Cap.E. Meerely our owne traitours. And as in the common courſe of all treaſons, we ſtill ſee them reueale themſelues, till they attaine to their abhorr'd ends: ſo he that in this action contriues againſt his owne Nobility in his proper ſtreame, ore-flowes himſelfe.

Cap.G. Is it not meant damnable in vs, to be Trumpeters of our vnlawfull intents? We ſhall not then haue his company to night?

Cap.E. Not till after midnight: for hee is dieted to his houre.

Cap.G. That approaches apace: I would gladly haue him ſee his company anathomiz'd, that hee might take

a meaſure of his owne iudgements, wherein ſo curiouſly he had ſet this counterfeit.

Cap.E. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

Cap.G. In the meane time, what heare you of theſe Warres?

Cap.E. I heare there is an ouerture of peace.

Cap.G. Nay, I aſſure you a peace concluded.

Cap.E. What will Count *Roſſillion* do then? Will he trauaile higher, or returne againe into France?

Cap.G. I perceiue by this demand, you are not altogether of his councell.

Cap.E. Let it be forbid ſir, ſo ſhould I bee a great deale of his act.

Cap.G. Sir, his wife ſome two months ſince fledde from his houſe, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint *Iaques le grand*; which holy vndertaking, with moſt auſtere ſanctimonie ſhe accompliſht: and there reſiding, the tenderneſſe of her Nature, became as a prey to her greefe: in fine, made a groane of her laſt breath, & now ſhe ſings in heauen.

Cap.E. How is this iuſtified?

Cap.G. The ſtronger part of it by her owne Letters, which makes her ſtorie true, euen to the poynt of her death: her death it ſelfe, which could not be her office to ſay, is come: was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place.

Cap.E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

Cap.G. I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the veritie.

Cap.E. I am heartily ſorrie that hee'l bee gladde of this.

Cap.G. How mightily ſometimes, we make vs comforts of our loſſes.

Cap.E. And how mightily ſome other times, wee drowne our gaine in teares, the great dignitie that his valour hath here acquir'd for him, ſhall at home be encountred with a ſhame as ample.

Cap.G. The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarne, good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would diſpaire if they were not cheriſh'd by our vertues.

Enter a Meſſenger.

How now? Where's your maſter?

Ser. He met the Duke in the ſtreet ſir, of whom hee hath taken a ſolemne leaue: his Lordſhippe will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendations to the King.

Cap.E. They ſhall bee no more then needfull there, if they were more then they can commend.

Enter Count Roſſillion.

Ber. They cannot be too ſweete for the Kings tartneſſe, heere's his Lordſhip now. How now my Lord, i'ſt not after midnight?

Ber. I haue to night diſpatch'd ſixteene buſineſſes, a moneths length a peece, by an abſtract of ſucceſſe: I haue congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his neereſt; buried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my Ladie mother, I am returning, entertain'd my Conuoy, & betweene theſe maine parcels of diſpatch, affected many nicer needs: the laſt was the greateſt, but that I haue not ended yet.

Cap.E. If the buſineſſe bee of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haſt of your Lordſhip.

Ber. I meane the buſineſſe is not ended, as fearing to heare of it hereafter: but ſhall we haue this dialogue betweene the Foole and the Soldiour. Come, bring forth this counterfet module, ha's deceiu'd mee, like a double-meaning Propheſier.

Cap.E. Bring him forth, ha's ſate i'th ſtockes all night poore gallant knaue.

Ber. No matter, his heeles haue deſeru'd it, in vſurping his ſpurres ſo long. How does he carry himſelfe?

Cap.E. I haue told your Lordſhip alreadie: The ſtockes carrie him. But to anſwer you as you would be vnderſtood, hee weepes like a wench that had ſhed her milke, he hath confeſt himſelfe to *Morgan*, whom hee ſuppoſes to be a Friar, frõ the time of his remembrance to this very inſtant diſaſter of his ſetting i'th ſtockes: and what thinke you he hath confeſt?

Ber. Nothing of me, ha's a?

Cap.E. His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall bee read to his face, if your Lordſhippe be in't, as I beleeue you are, you muſt haue the patience to heare it.

Enter Parolles with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague vpon him, muffeld; he can ſay nothing of me: huſh, huſh.

Cap.G. Hoodman comes: *Portotartaroſſa.*

Inter. He calles for the tortures, what will you ſay without em.

Par. I will confeſſe what I know without conſtraint,
If ye pinch me like a Paſty, I can ſay no more.

Int. *Bosko Chimurcho.*

Cap. *Boblibindo chicurmurco.*

Int. You are a mercifull Generall: Our Generall bids you anſwer to what I ſhall aske you out of a Note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to liue.

Int. Firſt demand of him, how many horſe the Duke is ſtrong. What ſay you to that?

Par. Fiue or ſixe thouſand, but very weake and vnſeruiceable: the troopes are all ſcattered, and the Commanders verie poore rogues, vpon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to liue.

Int. Shall I ſet downe your anſwer ſo?

Par. Do, Ile take the Sacrament on't, how & which way you will: all's one to him.

Ber. What a paſt-ſauing ſlaue is this?

Cap.G. Y'are deceiu'd my Lord, this is Mounſieur *Parrolles* the gallant militariſt, that was his owne phraſe that had the whole theoricke of warre in the knot of his ſcarfe, and the practiſe in the chape of his dagger.

Cap.E. I will neuer truſt a man againe, for keeping his ſword cleane, nor beleeue he can haue euerie thing in him, by wearing his apparrell neatly.

Int. Well, that's ſet downe.

Par. Fiue or ſix thouſand horſe I ſed, I will ſay true, or thereabouts ſet downe, for Ile ſpeake truth.

Cap.G. He's very neere the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thankes for't in the nature he deliuers it.

Par. Poore rogues, I pray you ſay.

Int. Well, that's ſet downe.

Par. I humbly thanke you ſir, a truth's a truth, the Rogues are maruailous poore.

Interp. Demaund of him of what ſtrength they are a foot. What ſay you to that?

Par. By my troth ſir, if I were to liue this preſent houre, I will tell true. Let me ſee, *Spurio* a hundred &

fiftie, *Sebaſtian* ſo many, *Corambus* ſo many, *Iaques* ſo many : *Guiltian*, *Coſmo*, *Lodowicke*, and *Gratij*, two hundred fiftie each : Mine owne Company, *Chitopher*, *Vaumond*, *Bentij*, two hundred fiftie each : ſo that the muſter file, rotten and ſound, vppon my life amounts not to fifteene thouſand pole, halfe of the which, dare not ſhake the ſnow from off their Caſſockes, leaſt they ſhake themſelues to peeces.

Ber. What ſhall be done to him?

Cap.G. Nothing, but let him haue thankes. Demand of him my condition : and what credite I haue with the Duke.

Int. Well that's ſet downe : you ſhall demaund of him, whether one Captaine *Dumaine* bee i'th Campe, a Frenchman : what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honeſtie, and expertneſſe in warres : or whether he thinkes it were not poſſible with well-waighing ſummes of gold to corrupt him to a reuolt. What ſay you to this? What do you know of it?

Par. I beſeech you let me anſwer to the particular of the intergatories. Demand them ſingly.

Int. Do you know this Captaine *Dumaine*?

Par. I know him, a was a Botchers Prentize in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shrieues fool with childe, a dumbe innocent that could not ſay him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leaue hold your hands, though I know his braines are forfeite to the next tile that fals.

Int. Well, is this Captaine in the Duke of Florences campe?

Par. Vpon my knowledge he is, and lowſie.

Cay.G. Nay looke not ſo vpon me : we ſhall heare of your Lord anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knowes him for no other, but a poore Officer of mine, and writ to mee this other day, to turne him out a'th band. I thinke I haue his Letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry we'll ſearch.

Par. In good ſadneſſe I do not know, either it is there, or it is vpon a file with the Dukes other Letters, in my Tent.

Int. Heere 'tis, heere's a paper, ſhall I reade it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well.

Cap.G. Excellently.

Int. Dian, the Counts a foole, and full of gold.

Par. That is not the Dukes letter ſir : that is an aduertiſement to a proper maide in Florence, one *Diana*, to take heede of the allurement of one Count *Roſſillion*, a fooliſh idle boy : but for all that very ruttiſh. I pray you ſir put it vp againe.

Int. Nay, Ile reade it firſt by your fauour.

Par. My meaning in't I proteſt was very honeſt in the behalfe of the maid : for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and laſciuious boy, who is a whale to Virginity, and deuours vp all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable both-ſides rogue.

Int.Let. When he ſweares oathes, bid him drop gold, and take it :
After he ſcores, he neuer payes the ſcore :
Halfe won is match well made, match and well make it,
He nere payes after-debts, take it before,
And ſay a ſouldier (Dian) told thee this :
Men are to mell with, boyes are not to kis.
For count of this, the Counts a Foole I know it,
Who payes before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine as he vow'd to thee in thine eare,
Parolles.

Ber. He ſhall be whipt through the Armie with this rime in's forehead.

Cap.E. This is your deuoted friend ſir, the manifold Linguiſt, and the army-potent ſouldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and now he's a Cat to me.

Int. I perceiue ſir by your Generals lookes, wee ſhall be faine to hang you.

Par. My life ſir in any caſe : Not that I am afraide to dye, but that my offences beeing many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me liue ſir in a dungeon, i'th ſtockes, or any where, ſo I may liue.

Int. Wee'le ſee what may bee done, ſo you confeſſe freely : therefore once more to this Captaine *Dumaine* : you haue anſwer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honeſtie?

Par. He will ſteale ſir an Egge out of a Cloiſter : for rapes and rauiſhments he paralels *Neſſus*. Hee profeſſes not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is ſtronger then *Hercules*. He will lye ſir, with ſuch volubilitie, that you would thinke truth were a foole : drunkenneſſe is his beſt vertue, for he will be ſwine-drunke, and in his ſleepe he does little harme, ſaue to his bed-cloathes about him : but they know his conditions, and lay him in ſtraw. I haue but little more to ſay ſir of his honeſty, he ha's euerie thing that an honeſt man ſhould not haue; what an honeſt man ſhould haue, he has nothing.

Cap.G. I begin to loue him for this.

Ber. For this deſcription of thine honeſtie? A pox vpon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

Int. What ſay you to his expertneſſe in warre?

Par. Faith ſir, ha's led the drumme before the Engliſh Tragedians : to belye him I will not, and more of his ſouldierſhip I know not, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called *Mile-end*, to inſtruct for the doubling of files. I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certaine.

Cap.G. He hath out-villain'd villanie ſo farre, that the raritie redeemes him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a Cat ſtill.

Int. His qualities being at this poore price, I neede not to aske you, if Gold will corrupt him to reuolt.

Par. Sir, for a Cardceue he will ſell the fee-ſimple of his ſaluation, the inheritance of it, and cut th'intaile from all remainders, and a perpetuall ſucceſsion for it perpetually.

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Dumain*?

Cap.E. Why do's he aske him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'ne a Crow a'th ſame neſt : not altogether ſo great as the firſt in goodneſſe, but greater a great deale in euill. He excels his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the beſt that is. In a retreate hee outrunnes any Lackey; marrie in comming on, hee ha's the Crampe.

Int. If your life be ſaued, will you vndertake to betray the Florentine.

Par. I, and the Captaine of his horſe, Count *Roſſillion*.

Int. Ile whiſper with the Generall, and knowe his pleaſure.

Par. Ile no more drumming, a plague of all drummes, onely to ſeeme to deſerue well, and to beguile the ſuppoſition

of that laſciuious yong boy the Count, haue I run into this danger : yet who would haue ſuſpected an ambuſh where I was taken?

Int. There is no remedy ſir, but you muſt dye : the Generall ſayes, you that haue ſo traitorouſly diſcouerd the ſecrets of your army, and made ſuch peſtiferous reports of men very nobly held, can ſerue the world for no honeſt vſe : therefore you muſt dye. Come headeſman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord ſir let me liue, or let me ſee my death.

Int. That ſhall you, and take your leaue of all your friends :
So, looke about you, know you any heere?

Count. Good morrow noble Captaine.

Lo.E. God bleſſe you Captaine *Parolles*.

Cap.G. God ſaue you noble Captaine.

Lo.E. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafew*? I am for *France*.

Cap.G. Good Captaine will you giue me a Copy of the ſonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalfe of the Count *Roſſillion*, and I were not a verie Coward, I'de compell it of you, but far you well. *Exeunt.*

Int. You are vndone Captaine all but your ſcarfe, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruſh'd with a plot?

Inter. If you could finde out a Countrie where but women were that had receiued ſo much ſhame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare yee well ſir, I am for *France* too, we ſhall ſpeake of you there. *Exit*

Par. Yet am I thankfull : if my heart were great
'Twould burſt at this : Captaine Ile be no more,
But I will eate, and drinke, and ſleepe as ſoft
As Captaine ſhall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me liue : who knowes himſelfe a braggart
Let him feare this; for it will come to paſſe,
That euery braggart ſhall be found an Aſſe.
Ruſt ſword, coole bluſhes, and *Parrolles* liue
Safeſt in ſhame : being fool'd, by fool'rie thriue;
There's place and meanes for euery man aliue.
Ile after them. *Exit.*

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceiue I haue not wrong'd you,
One of the greateſt in the Chriſtian world
Shall be my ſuretie : for whoſe throne 'tis needfull
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele.
Time was, I did him a deſired office
Deere almoſt as his life, which gratitude
Through flintie Tartars boſome would peepe forth,
And anſwer thankes. I duly am inform'd,
His grace is at *Marcella*, to which place
We haue conuenient conuoy : you muſt know
I am ſuppoſed dead, the Army breaking,
My husband hies him home, where heauen ayding,
And by the leaue of my good Lord the King,
Wee'l be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,
You neuer had a ſeruant to whoſe truſt
Your buſines was more welcome.

Hel. Nor your Miſtris
Euer a friend, whoſe thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your loue : Doubt not but heauen
Hath brought me vp to be your daughters dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motiue
And helper to a husband. But O ſtrange men,
That can ſuch ſweet vſe make of what they hate,
When ſawcie truſting of the coſin'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night, ſo luſt doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away,
But more of this heereafter : you *Diana*,
Vnder my poore inſtructions yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalfe.

Dia. Let death and honeſtie
Go with your impoſitions, I am yours
Vpon your will to ſuffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you :
But with the word the time will bring on ſummer,
When Briars ſhall haue leaues as well as thornes,
And be as ſweet as ſharpe : we muſt away,
Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time reuiues vs,
All's well that ends well, ſtill the fines the Crowne;
What ere the courſe, the end is the renowne. *Exeunt*

Enter Clowne, old Lady, and Lafew.

Laf. No, no, no, your ſonne was miſled with a ſnipt taffata fellow there, whoſe villanous ſaffron wold haue made all the vnbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour : your daughter-in-law had beene aliue at this houre, and your ſonne heere at home, more aduanc'd by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Bee I ſpeak of.

La. I would I had not knowne him, it was the death of the moſt vertuous gentlewoman, that euer Nature had praiſe for creating. If ſhe had pertaken of my fleſh and coſt mee the deereſt groanes of a mother, I could not haue owed her a more rooted loue.

Laf. Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. Wee may picke a thouſand ſallets ere wee light on ſuch another hearbe.

Clo. Indeed ſir ſhe was the ſweete Margerom of the ſallet, or rather the hearbe of grace.

Laf. They are not hearbes you knaue, they are noſe-hearbes.

Clowne. I am no great *Nabuchadnezar* ſir, I haue not much skill in grace.

Laf. Whether doeſt thou profeſſe thy ſelfe, a knaue or a foole?

Clo. A foole ſir at a womans ſeruice, and a knaue at a mans.

Laf. Your diſtinction.

Clo. I would couſen the man of his wife, and do his ſeruice.

Laf. So you were a knaue at his ſeruice indeed.

Clo. And I would giue his wife my bauble ſir to doe her ſeruice.

Laf. I will ſubſcribe for thee, thou art both knaue and foole.

Clo. At your ſeruice.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why ſir, if I cannot ſerue you, I can ſerue as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Whoſe that, a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith ſir a has an Engliſh maine, but his ſiſnomie is more hotter in France then there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The blacke prince ſir, alias the prince of darkeneſſe, alias the diuell.

Laf. Hold thee there's my purſe, I giue thee not this to ſuggeſt thee from thy maſter thou talk'ſt off, ſerue him ſtill.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow ſir, that alwaies loued a great fire, and the maſter I ſpeak of euer keeps a good fire, but ſure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobilitie remaine in's Court. I am for the houſe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompe to enter: ſome that humble themſelues may, but the manie will be too chill and tender, and theyle bee for the flowrie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy waies, I begin to bee a wearie of thee, and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy wayes, let my horſes be wel look'd too, without any trickes.

Clo. If I put any trickes vpon em ſir, they ſhall bee Iades trickes, which are their owne right by the law of Nature. *exit*

Laf. A ſhrewd knaue and an vnhappie.

Lady. So a is. My Lord that's gone made himſelfe much ſport out of him, by his authoritie hee remaines heere, which he thinkes is a pattent for his ſawcineſſe, and indeede he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiſſe: and I was about to tell you, ſince I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your ſonne was vpon his returne home. I moued the King my maſter to ſpeake in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his Maieſtie out of a ſelfe-gracious remembrance did firſt propoſe, his Highneſſe hath promis'd me to doe it, and to ſtoppe vp the diſpleaſure he hath conceiued againſt your ſonne, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyſhip like it?

La. With verie much content my Lord, and I wiſh it happily effected.

Laf. His Highneſſe comes poſt from *Marcellus*, of as able bodie as when he number'd thirty, a will be heere to morrow, or I am deceiu'd, by him that in ſuch intelligence hath ſeldome fail'd.

La. It reioyces me, that I hope I ſhall ſee him ere I die. I haue letters that my ſonne will be heere to night: I ſhall beſeech your Lordſhip to remaine with mee, till they meete together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might ſafely be admitted.

Lad. You neede but pleade your honourable priuiledge.

Laf. Ladie, of that I haue made a bold charter, but I thanke my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. O Madam, yonders my Lord your ſonne with a patch of veluet on's face, whether there bee a ſcar vnder't or no, the Veluet knowes, but 'tis a goodly patch of Veluet, his left cheeke is a cheeke of two pile and a halfe, but his right cheeke is worne bare.

Laf. A ſcarre nobly got,
Or a noble ſcarre, is a good liu'rie of honor,
So belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd face.

Laf. Let vs go ſee
your ſonne I pray you, I long to talke
With the yong noble ſouldier.

Clowne. 'Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate fine hats, and moſt courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at euerie man.

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding poſting day and night,
Muſt wear your ſpirits low, we cannot helpe it:
But ſince you haue made the daies and nights as one,
To weare your gentle limbes in my affayres,
Be bold you do ſo grow in my requitall,
As nothing can vnroote you. In happie time,

Enter a gentle Aſtringer.

This man may helpe me to his Maieſties eare,
If he would ſpend his power. God ſaue you ſir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I haue ſeene you in the Court of France.

Gent. I haue beene ſometimes there.

Hel. I do preſume ſir, that you are not falne
From the report that goes vpon your goodneſſe,
And therefore goaded with moſt ſharpe occaſions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The vſe of your owne vertues, for the which
I ſhall continue thankefull.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will pleaſe you
To giue this poore petition to the King,
And ayde me with that ſtore of power you haue
To come into his preſence.

Gen. The Kings not heere.

Hel. Not heere ſir?

Gen. Not indeed,
He hence remou'd laſt night, and with more haſt
Then is his vſe.

Wid. Lord how we looſe our paines.

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time ſeeme ſo aduerſe, and meanes vnfit:
I do beſeech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marrie as I take it to *Roſſillion*,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beſeech you ſir,
Since you are like to ſee the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand,
Which I preſume ſhall render you no blame,
But rather make you thanke your paines for it,
I will come after you with what good ſpeede
Our meanes will make vs meanes.

Gent. This Ile do for you.

Hel. And you ſhall finde your ſelfe to be well thankt what e're falles more. We muſt to horſe againe, Go, go, prouide.

Enter Clowne and Parrolles.

Par. Good Mr *Lauatch* giue my Lord *Lafew* this letter, I haue ere now ſir beene better knowne to you, when I haue held familiaritie with freſher cloathes: but I am now ſir muddied in fortunes mood, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.

Clo. Truely, Fortunes diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh if it ſmell ſo ſtrongly as thou ſpeak'ſt of: I will hencefoorth eate no Fiſh of Fortunes butt'ring. Pre thee alow the winde.

Par. Nay you neede not to ſtop your noſe ſir: I ſpake but by a Metaphor.

Clo. Indeed ſir, if your Metaphor ſtinke, I will ſtop my noſe, or againſt any mans Metaphor. Prethe get thee further.

Par.

Par. Pray you ſir deliuer me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prethee ſtand away: a paper from fortunes cloſe-ſtoole, to giue to a Nobleman. Looke heere he comes himſelfe.

Enter Lafew.

Clo. Heere is a purre of Fortunes ſir, or of Fortunes Cat, but not a Muſcat, that ha's falne into the vncleane fiſh-pond of her diſpleaſure, and as he ſayes is muddied withall. Pray you ſir, vſe the Carpe as you may, for he lookes like a poore decayed, ingenious, fooliſh, raſcally knaue. I doe pittie his diſtreſſe in my ſmiles of comfort, and leaue him to your Lordſhip.

Par. My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly ſcratch'd.

Laf. And what would you haue me to doe? 'Tis too late to paire her nailes now. Wherein haue you played the knaue with fortune that ſhe ſhould ſcratch you, who of her ſelfe is a good Lady, and would not haue knaues thriue long vnder? There's a Cardecue for you: Let the Iuſtices make you and fortune friends; I am for other buſineſſe.

Par. I beſeech your honour to heare mee one ſingle word,

Laf. you begge a ſingle peny more: Come you ſhall ha't, ſaue your word.

Par. My name my good Lord is *Parrolles*.

Laf. You begge more then word then. Cox my paſſion, giue me your hand: How does your drumme?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the firſt that found mee.

Laf. Was I inſooth? And I was the firſt that loſt thee.

Par. It lies in you my Lord to bring me in ſome grace for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out vpon thee knaue, doeſt thou put vpon mee at once both the office of God and the diuel: one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. The Kings comming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talke of you laſt night, though you are a foole and a knaue, you ſhall eate, go too, follow.

Par. I praiſe God for you.

Flouriſh. Enter King, old Lady, Lafew, the two French Lords, with attendants.

Kin. We loſt a Iewell of her, and our eſteeme
Was made much poorer by it: but your ſonne,
As mad in folly, lack'd the ſence to know
Her eſtimation home.

Old La. 'Tis paſt my Liege,
And I beſeech your Maieſtie to make it
Naturall rebellion, done i'th blade of youth,
When oyle and fire, too ſtrong for reaſons force,
Ore-beares it, and burnes on.

Kin. My honour'd Lady,
I haue forgiuen and forgotten all,
Though my reuenges were high bent vpon him,
And watch'd the time to ſhoote.

Laf. This I muſt ſay,
But firſt I begge my pardon: the yong Lord
Did to his Maieſty, his Mother, and his Ladie,
Offence of mighty note; but to himſelfe
The greateſt wrong of all. He loſt a wife,
Whoſe beauty did aſtoniſh the ſuruey
Of richeſt eies: whoſe words all eares tooke captiue,
Whoſe deere perfection, hearts that ſcorn'd to ſerue,
Humbly call'd Miſtris.

Kin. Praiſing what is loſt,
Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither,
We are reconcil'd, and the firſt view ſhall kill
All repetition: Let him not aske our pardon,
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper then obliuion, we do burie
Th'incenſing reliques of it. Let him approach
A ſtranger, no offender; and informe him
So 'tis our will he ſhould.

Gent. I ſhall my Liege.

Kin. What ſayes he to your daughter,
Haue you ſpoke?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.

Kin. Then ſhall we haue a match. I haue letters ſent me, that ſets him high in fame.

Enter Count Bertram.

Laf. He lookes well on't.

Kin. I am not a day of ſeaſon,
For thou maiſt ſee a ſun-ſhine, and a haile
In me at once: But to the brighteſt beames
Diſtracted clouds giue way, ſo ſtand thou forth,
The time is faire againe.

Ber. My high repented blames
Deere Soueraigne pardon to me.

Kin. All is whole,
Not one word more of the conſumed time,
Let's take the inſtant by the forward top:
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees
Th'inaudible, and noiſeleſſe foot of time
Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly my Liege, at firſt
I ſtucke my choice vpon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herauld of my tongue:
Where the impreſſion of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his ſcornfull Perſpectiue did lend me,
Which warpt the line, of euerie other fauour,
Scorn'd a faire colour, or expreſt it ſtolne,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a moſt hideous obiect. Thence it came,
That ſhe whom all men prais'd, and whom my ſelfe,
Since I haue loſt, haue lou'd; was in mine eye
The duſt that did offend it.

Kin. Well excus'd:
That thou didſt loue her, ſtrikes ſome ſcores away
From the great compt: but loue that comes too late,
Like a remorſefull pardon ſlowly carried
To the great ſender, turnes a ſowre offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone: Our raſh faults,
Make triuiall price of ſerious things we haue,
Not knowing them, vntill we know their graue.
Oft our diſpleaſures to our ſelues vniuſt,
Deſtroy our friends, and after weepe their duſt:
Our owne loue waking, cries to ſee what's don, é
While ſhamefull hate ſleepes out the afternoone.
Be this ſweet *Helens* knell, and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for faire *Maudlin*,
The maine conſents are had, and heere wee'l ſtay
To ſee our widdowers ſecond marriage day:
Which better then the firſt, O deere heauen bleſſe,
Or, ere they meete in me, O Nature ceſſe.

Laf. Come on my ſonne, in whom my houſes name
Muſt be digeſted: giue a fauour from you
To ſparkle in the ſpirits of my daughter,

That ſhe may quickly come. By my old beard,
And eu'rie haire that's on't, *Helen* that's dead
Was a ſweet creature: ſuch a ring as this,
The laſt that ere I tooke her leaue at Court,
I ſaw vpon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now pray you let me ſee it. For mine eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd too't:
This Ring was mine, and when I gaue it *Hellen*,
I bad her if her fortunes euer ſtoode
Neceſſitied to helpe, that by this token
I would releeue her. Had you that craft to reaue her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?

Ber. My gracious Soueraigne,
How ere it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
The ring was neuer hers.

Old La. Sonne, on my life
I haue ſeene her weare it, and ſhe reckon'd it
At her liues rate.

Laf. I am ſure I ſaw her weare it.

Ber. You are deceiu'd my Lord, ſhe neuer ſaw it:
In Florence was it from a caſement throwne mee,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: Noble ſhe was, and thought
I ſtood ingag'd. but when I had ſubſcrib'd
To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not anſwer in that courſe of Honour
As ſhe had made the ouerture, ſhe ceaſt
In heauie ſatisfaction, and would neuer
Receiue the Ring againe.

Kin. *Platus* himſelfe,
That knowes the tinct and multiplying med'cine,
Hath not in natures myſterie more ſcience,
Then I haue in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helens*,
Who euer gaue it you: then if you know
That you are well acquainted with your ſelfe,
Confeſſe 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to ſuretie,
That ſhe would neuer put it from her finger,
Vnleſſe ſhe gaue it to your ſelfe in bed,
Where you haue neuer come: or ſent it vs
Vpon her great diſaſter.

Ber. She neuer ſaw it.

Kin. Thou ſpeak'ſt it falſely: as I loue mine Honor,
And mak'ſt connecturall feares to come into me,
Which I would faine ſhut out, if it ſhould proue
That thou art ſo inhumane, 'twill not proue ſo:
And yet I know not, thou didſt hate her deadly,
And ſhe is dead, which nothing but to cloſe
Her eyes my ſelfe, could win me to beleeue,
More then to ſee this Ring. Take him away,
My fore-paſt proofes, how ere the matter fall
Shall taze my feares of little vanitie,
Hauing vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
Wee'l ſift this matter further.

Ber. If you ſhall proue
This Ring was euer hers, you ſhall as eaſie
Proue that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet ſhe neuer was.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrap'd in diſmall thinkings.

Gen. Gracious Soueraigne.
Whether I haue beene too blame or no, I know not,
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for foure or fiue remoues come ſhort,
To tender it her ſelfe. I vndertooke it,
Vanquiſh'd thereto by the faire grace and ſpeech
Of the poore ſuppliant, who by this I know
Is heere attending: her buſineſſe lookes in her
With an importing viſage, and ſhe told me
In a ſweet verball breefe, it did concerne
Your Highneſſe with her ſelfe.

A Letter.

Upon his many proteſtations to marrie mee when his wife was dead, I bluſh to ſay it, he wonne me. Now is the Count Roſſillion a Widdower, his vowes are forfeited to mee, and my honors payed to him. Hee ſtole from Florence, taking no leaue, and I follow him to his Countrey for Iuſtice: Grant it me, O King, in you it beſt lies, otherwiſe a ſeducer flouriſhes, and a poore Maid is vndone.

Diana Capilet.

Laf. I will buy me a ſonne in Law in a faire, and toule for this. Ile none of him.

Kin. The heauens haue thought well on thee *Lafew*,
To bring forth this diſcou'rie, ſeeke theſe ſutors:
Go ſpeedily, and bring againe the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am a-feard the life of *Hellen* (Ladie)
Was fowly ſnatcht.

Old La. Now iuſtice on the doers.

King. I wonder ſir, ſir, wiues are monſters to you,
And that you flye them as you ſweare them Lordſhip,
Yet you deſire to marry. What woman's that?

Enter Widdow, Diana, and Parrolles.

Dia. I am my Lord a wretched Florentine,
Deriued from the ancient Capilet,
My ſuite as I do vnderſtand you know,
And therefore know how farre I may be pittied.

Wid. I am her Mother ſir, whoſe age and honour
Both ſuffer vnder this complaint we bring,
And both ſhall ceaſe, without your remedie.

King. Come hether Count, do you know theſe Women?

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will denie,
But that I know them, do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you looke ſo ſtrange vpon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine my Lord.

Dia. If you ſhall marrie
You giue away this hand, and that is mine,
You giue away heauens vowes, and thoſe are mine:
You giue away my ſelfe, which is knowne mine:
For I by vow am ſo embodied yours,
That ſhe which marries you, muſt marrie me,
Either both or none.

Laf. your reputation comes too ſhort for my daughter, you are no husband for her.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and deſp'rate creature,
Whom ſometime I haue laugh'd with: Let your highnes
Lay a more noble thought vpon mine honour,
Then for to thinke that I would ſinke it heere.

Kin. Sir for my thoughts, you haue them il to friend,
Till your deeds gaine them fairer: proue your honor,
Then in my thought it lies.

Dian. Good my Lord,
Aske him vpon his oath, if hee do's thinke
He had not my virginity.

Kin. What ſaiſt thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent my Lord,
And was a common gameſter to the Campe.

Dia. He do's me wrong my Lord: If I were ſo,
He might haue bought me at a common price.

Do not beleeue him. O behold this Ring,
Whoſe high reſpect and rich validitie
Did lacke a Paralell: yet for all that
He gaue it to a Commoner a'th Campe
If I be one.

Coun. He bluſhes, and 'tis hit:
Of ſixe preceding Anceſtors, that Iemme
Confer'd by teſtament to'th ſequent iſſue
Hath it beene owed and worne. This is his wife,
That Ring's a thouſand proofes.

King. Me thought you ſaide
You ſaw one heere in Court could witneſſe it.

Dia. I did my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an inſtrument, his names *Parrolles*.

Laf. I ſaw the man to day, if man he bee.

Kin. Finde him, and bring him hether.

Roſ. What of him:
He's quoted for a moſt pe fidious ſlaue
With all the ſpots a'th world, taxt and deboſh'd,
Whoſe nature ſickens: but to ſpeake a truth,
Am I, or that or this for what he'l vtter,
That will ſpeake any thing.

Kin. She hath that Ring of yours.

Roſ. I thinke ſhe has; certaine it is I lyk'd her,
And boorded her i'th wanton way of youth:
She knew her diſtance, and did angle for mee,
Madding my eagerneſſe with her reſtraint,
As all impediments in fancies courſe
Are motiues of more fancie, and in fine,
Her inſuite comming with her moderne grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate, ſhe got the Ring,
And I had that which any inferiour might
At Market price haue bought.

Dia. I muſt be patient:
You that haue turn'd off a firſt ſo noble wife,
May iuſtly dyet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lacke vertue, I will looſe a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,
And giue me mine againe.

Roſ. I haue it not.

Kin. What Ring was yours I pray you?

Dian. Sir much like the ſame vpon your finger.

Kin. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gaue him being a bed.

Kin. The ſtory then goes falſe, you threw it him
Out of a Caſement.

Dia. I haue ſpoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Roſ. My Lord, I do confeſſe the ring was hers.

Kin. You boggle ſhrewdly, euery feather ſtarts you:
Is this the man you ſpeake of?

Dia. I, my Lord.

Kin. Tell me ſirrah, but tell me true I charge you,
Not fearing the diſpleaſure of your maſter:
Which on your iuſt proceeding, Ile keepe off,
By him and by this woman heere, what know you?

Par. So pleaſe your Maieſty, my maſter hath bin an honourable Gentleman. Trickes hee hath had in him, which Gentlemen haue.

Kin. Come, come, to'th'purpoſe: Did hee loue this woman?

Par. Faith ſir he did loue her, but how.

Kin. How I pray you?

Par. He did loue her ſir, as a Gent. loues a Woman.

Kin. How is that?

Par. He lou'd her ſir, and lou'd her not.

Kin. As thou art a knaue and no knaue, what an equiuocall Companion is this?

Par. I am a poore man, and at your Maieſties command.

Laf. Hee's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughtie Orator.

Dian. Do you know he promiſt me marriage?

Par. Faith I know more then Ile ſpeake.

Kin. But wilt thou not ſpeake all thou know'ſt?

Par. Yes ſo pleaſe your Maieſty: I did goe betweene them as I ſaid, but more then that he loued her, for indeede he was madde for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knewe of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promiſing her marriage, and things which would deriue mee ill will to ſpeake of, therefore I will not ſpeake what I know.

Kin. Thou haſt ſpoken all alreadie, vnleſſe thou canſt ſay they are maried, but thou art too fine in thy euidence, therefore ſtand aſide. This Ring you ſay was yours.

Dia. I my good Lord.

Kin. Where did you buy it? Or who gaue it you?

Dia. It was not giuen me, nor I did not buy it.

Kin. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

Kin. Where did you finde it then?

Dia. I found it not.

Kin. If it were yours by none of all theſe wayes,
How could you giue it him?

Dia. I neuer gaue it him.

Laf. This womans an eaſie gloue my Lord, ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure.

Kin. This Ring was mine, I gaue it his firſt wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers for ought I know.

Kin. Take her away, I do not like her now,
To priſon with her: and away with him,
Vnleſſe thou telſt me where thou hadſt this Ring,
Thou dieſt within this houre.

Dia. Ile neuer tell you.

Kin. Take her away.

Dia. Ile put in baile my liedge.

Kin. I thinke thee now ſome common Cuſtomer.

Dia. By Ioue if euer I knew man 'twas you.

King. Wherefore haſt thou accuſde him al this while.

Dia. Becauſe he's guiltie, and he is not guilty:
He knowes I am no Maid, and hee'l ſweare too't:
Ile ſweare I am a Maid, and he knowes not.
Great King I am no ſtrumpet, by my life,
I am either Maid, or elſe this old mans wife.

Kin. She does abuſe our eares, to priſon with her.

Dia. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall ſir,
The Ieweller that owes the Ring is ſent for,
And he ſhall ſurety me. But for this Lord,
Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himſelfe,
Though yet he neuer harm'd me, heere I quit him.
He knowes himſelfe my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with childe:
Dead though ſhe be, ſhe feeles her yong one kicke:
So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quicke,
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Hellen and Widdow.

Kin. Is there no exorciſt
Beguiles the truer Office of mine eyes?
Is't reall that I ſee?

Hel. No my good Lord,

'Tis but the ſhadow of a wife you ſee,
The name, and not the thing.
Roſ. Both, both, O pardon.
Hel. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,
And looke you, heeres your letter: this it ſayes,
When from my finger you can get this Ring,
And is by me with childe, &c. This is done,
Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?
Roſ. If ſhe my Liege can make me know this clearly,
Ile loue her dearely, euer, euer dearly.
Hel. If it appeare not plaine, and proue vntrue,
Deadly diuorce ſtep betweene me and you.
O my deere mother do I ſee you liuing?
Laf. Mine eyes ſmell Onions, I ſhall weepe anon:
Good Tom Drumme lend me a handkercher.
So I thanke thee, waite on me home, Ile make ſport with thee: Let thy curtſies alone, they are ſcuruy ones.
King Let vs from point to point this ſtorie know,
To make the euen truth in pleaſure flow:
If thou beeſt yet a freſh vncropped flower,
Chooſe thou thy husband, and Ile pay thy dower.
For I can gueſſe, that by thy honeſt ayde,
Thou keptſt a wife her ſelfe, thy ſelfe a Maide.
Of that and all the progreſſe more and leſſe,
Reſolduedly more leaſure ſhall expreſſe:
All yet ſeemes well, and if it end ſo meete,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet.
Flouriſh.

THe Kings a Begger, now the Play is done,
All is well ended, if this ſuite be wonne,
That you expreſſe Content: which we will pay,
With ſtrift to pleaſe you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend vs, and take our hearts. Exeunt omn.

FINIS.

Twelfe Night, Or what you will.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Orſino Duke of Illyria, Curio, and other Lords.

Duke.
IF Muſicke be the food of Loue, play on,
Giue me exceſſe of it: that ſurfetting,
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo dye.
That ſtraine agen, it had a dying fall:
O, it came ore my eare, like the ſweet ſound
That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;
Stealing, and giuing Odour. Enough, no more,
'Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
O ſpirit of Loue, how quicke and freſh art thou,
That notwithſtanding thy capacitie,
Receiueth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch ſo ere,
But falles into abatement, and low price
Euen in a minute; ſo full of ſhapes is fancie,
That it alone, is high fantaſticall.
Cu. Will you go hunt my Lord?
Du. What *Curio*?
Cu. The Hart.
Du. Why ſo I do, the Nobleſt that I haue:
O when mine eyes did ſee *Oliuia* firſt,
Methought ſhe purg'd the ayre of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turn'd into a Hart,
And my deſires like fell and cruell hounds,
Ere ſince purſue me. How now what newes from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So pleaſe my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do returne this anſwer:
The Element it ſelfe, till ſeuen yeares heate,
Shall not behold her face at ample view:
But like a Cloyſtreſſe ſhe will vailed walke,
And water once a day her Chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to ſeaſon
A brothers dead loue, which ſhe would keepe freſh
And laſting, in her ſad remembrance.
Du. O ſhe that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of loue but to a brother,
How will ſhe loue, when the rich golden ſhaft
Hath kill'd the flocke of all affections elſe
That liue in her. When Liuer, Braine, and Heart,
Theſe ſoueraigne thrones, are all ſupply'd and fill'd
Her ſweete perfections with one ſelfe king:
Away before me, to ſweet beds of Flowres,
Loue-thoughts lye rich, when canopy'd with bowres.
Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola, a Captaine, and Saylors.

Vio. What Country (Friends) is this?
Cap. This is Illyria Ladie.
Vio. And what ſhould I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elizium,
Perchance he is not drown'd: What thinke you ſaylors?
Cap. It is perchance that you your ſelfe were ſaued.
Vio. O my poore brother, and ſo perchance may he be.
Cap. True Madam, and to comfort you with chance,
Aſſure your ſelfe, after our ſhip did ſplit,
When you, and thoſe poore number ſaued with you,
Hung on our driuing boate: I ſaw your brother
Moſt prouident in perill, binde himſelfe,
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practiſe)
To a ſtrong Maſte, that liu'd vpon the ſea:
Where like *Orion* on the Dolphines backe,
I ſaw him hold acquaintance with the waues,
So long as I could ſee.
Vio. For ſaying ſo, there's Gold:
Mine owne eſcape vnfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy ſpeech ſerues for authoritie
The like of him. Know'ſt thou this Countrey?
Cap. I Madam well, for I was bred and borne
Not three houres trauaile from this very place:
Vio. Who gouernes heere?
Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. *Orſino.*
Vio. *Orſino*: I haue heard my father name him.
He was a Batchellor then.
Cap. And ſo is now, or was ſo very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas freſh in murmure (as you know
What great ones do, the leſſe will prattle of,)
That he did ſeeke the loue of faire *Oliuia*.
Vio. What's ſhee?
Cap. A vertuous maid, the daughter of a Count
That dide ſome tweluemonth ſince, then leauing her
In the protection of his ſonne, her brother,
Who ſhortly alſo dide: for whoſe deere loue
(They ſay) ſhe hath abiur'd the ſight
And company of men.
Vio. O that I ſeru'd that Lady,
And might not be deliuered to the world

Till I had made mine owne occaſion mellow
What my eſtate is.
Cap. That were hard to compaſſe,
Becauſe ſhe will admit no kinde of ſuite,
No, not the Dukes.
Vio. There is a faire behauiour in thee Captaine,
And though that nature, with a beauteous wall
Doth oft cloſe in pollution: yet of thee
I will beleeue thou haſt a minde that ſuites
With this thy faire and outward charracter.
I prethee (and Ile pay thee bounteouſly)
Conceale me what I am, and be my ayde,
For ſuch diſguiſe as haply ſhall become
The forme of my intent. Ile ſerue this Duke,
Thou ſhalt preſent me as an Eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy paines: for I can ſing,
And ſpeake to him in many ſorts of Muſicke,
That will allow me very worth his ſeruice.
What elſe may hap, to time I will commit,
Onely ſhape thou thy ſilence to my wit.
Cap. Be you his Eunuch, and your Mute Ile bee,
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not ſee.
Vio. I thanke thee: Lead me on. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague meanes my Neece to take the death of her brother thus? I am ſure care's an enemie to life.

Mar. By my troth ſir *Toby*, you muſt come in earlyer a nights: your Coſin, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill houres.

To. Why let her except, before excepted.

Ma. I, but you muſt confine your ſelfe within the modeſt limits of order.

To. Confine? Ile confine my ſelfe no finer then I am: theſe cloathes are good enough to drinke in, and ſo bee theſe boots too: and they be not, let them hang themſelues in their owne ſtraps.

Ma. That quaffing and drinking will vndoe you: I heard my Lady talke of it yeſterday: and of a fooliſh knight that you brought in one night here, to be hir woer

To. Who, Sir *Andrew Ague-cheeke*?

Ma. I he.

To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Ma. What's that to th'purpoſe?

To. Why he ha's three thouſand ducates a yeare.

Ma. I, but hee'l haue but a yeare in all theſe ducates: He's a very foole, and a prodigall.

*To.*Fie, that you'l ſay ſo: he playes o'th Viol-de-gamboys, and ſpeaks three or four languages word for word without booke, & hath all the good gifts of nature.

Ma. He hath indeed, almoſt naturall: for beſides that he's a foole, he's a great quarreller: and but that hee hath the gift of a Coward, to allay the guſt he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickely haue the gift of a graue.

Tob. By this hand they are ſcoundrels and ſubſtractors that ſay ſo of him. Who are they?

Ma. They that adde moreour, hee's drunke nightly in your company.

To. With drinking healths to my Neece: Ile drinke to her as long as there is a paſſage in my throat, & drinke in Illyria: he's a Coward and a Coyſtrill that will not drinke to my Neece, till his braines turne o'th toe, like a pariſh top. What wench? *Caſtiliano vulgo*: for here coms Sir *Andrew Agueface.*

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. Sir *Toby Belch.* How now ſir *Toby Belch*?

To. Sweet ſir *Andrew.*

And. Bleſſe you faire Shrew.

Mar. And you too ſir.

Tob. Accoſt Sir *Andrew*, accoſt.

And. What's that?

To. My Neeces Chamber-maid.

And. *Ma.*Good Miſtris accoſt, I deſire better acquaintance

Ma. My name is *Mary* ſir.

And. Good miſtris *Mary*, accoſt.

To, You miſtake knight: Accoſt, is front her, boord her, woe her, aſſayle her.

And. By my troth I would not vndertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of Accoſt?

Ma. Far you well Gentlemen.

To. And thou let part ſo Sir *Andrew*, would thou mightſt neuer draw ſword agen.

And. And you part ſo miſtris, I would I might neuer draw ſword agen: Faire Lady, doe you thinke you haue fooles in hand?

Ma. Sir, I haue not you by'th hand.

An. Marry but you ſhall haue, and heeres my hand.

Ma. Now ſir, thought is free: I pray you bring your hand to'th Buttry barre, and let it drinke.

An. Wherefore (ſweet-heart?) What's your Metaphor?

Ma. It's dry ſir.

And. Why I thinke ſo: I am not ſuch an aſſe, but I can keepe my hand dry. But what's your ieſt?

Ma. A dry ieſt Sir.

And. Are you full of them?

*Ma.*I Sir, I haue them at my fingers ends: marry now I let go your hand, I am barren. *Exit Maria*

To. O knight, thou lack'ſt a cup of Canarie: when did I ſee thee ſo put downe?

An. Neuer in your life I thinke, vnleſſe you ſee Canarie put me downe: mee thinkes ſometimes I haue no more wit then a Chriſtian, or an ordinary man ha's: but I am a great eater of beefe, and I beleeue that does harme to my wit.

To. No queſtion.

An. And I thought that, I'de forſweare it. Ile ride home to morrow ſir *Toby*.

To. *Pur-quoy* my deere knight?

An. What is *purquoy*? Do, or not do? I would I had beſtowed that time in the tongues, that I haue in fencing dancing, and beare-bayting: O had I but followed the Arts.

To. Then hadſt thou had an excellent head of haire.

An. Why, would that haue mended my haire?

To. Paſt queſtion, for thou ſeeſt it will not coole my nature.

An But it becoms we wel enough, doſt not?

To. Excellent, it hangs like flax on a diſtaffe: & I hope to ſee a huſwife take thee between her legs, & ſpin it off.

*An.*Faith Ile home to morrow ſir *Toby*, your niece wil not be ſeene, or if ſhe be it's four to one, ſhe'l none of me: the Count himſelfe here hard by, wooes her,

To. Shee'l none o'th Count, ſhe'l not match aboue hir degree, neither in eſtate, yeares, nor wit: I haue heard her ſwear t. Tut there's life in't man.

And. Ile ſtay a moneth longer. I am a fellow o'th ſtrangeſt minde i'th world: I delight in Maskes and Reuels ſometimes altogether.

To. Art thou good at theſe kicke-chawſes Knight?

And. As any man in Illyria, whatſoeuer he be, vnder the degree of my betters, & yet I will not compare with an old man.

To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

To. And I can cut the Mutton too't.

And. And I thinke I haue the backe-tricke, ſimply as ſtrong as any man in Illyria.

To. Wherefore are theſe things hid? Wherefore haue theſe gifts a Curtaine before 'em? Are they like to take duſt, like miſtris *Mals* picture? Why doſt thou not goe to Church in a Galliard, and come home in a Carranto? My verie walke ſhould be a Iigge: I would not ſo much as make water but in a Sinke-a-pace: What dooeſt thou meane? Is it a world to hide vertues in? I did thinke by the excellent conſtitution of thy legge, it was form'd vnder the ſtarre of a Galliard.

And, I, 'tis ſtrong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd colour'd ſtocke. Shall we ſit about ſome Reuels?

To. What ſhall we do elſe: were we not borne vnder Taurus?

And. Taurus? That ſides and heart.

To. No ſir, it is leggs and thighes: let me ſee thee caper. Ha, higher: ha, ha, excellent. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in mans attire.

Val. If the Duke continue theſe fauours towards you *Ceſario*, you are like to be much aduanc'd, he hath known you but three dayes, and already you are no ſtranger.

Vio. You either feare his humour, or my negligence, that you call in queſtion the continuance of his loue. Is he inconſtant ſir, in his fauours. *Val.* No beleeue me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and Attendants.

Vio. I thanke you: heere comes the Count.

Duke. Who ſaw *Ceſario* hoa?

Vio. On your attendance my Lord heere.

Du. Stand you a-while aloofe. *Ceſario*,
Thou knowſt no leſſe, but all: I haue vnclaſp'd
To thee the booke euen of my ſecret ſoule.
Therefore good youth, addreſſe thy gate vnto her,
Be not deni'de acceſſe, ſtand at her doores,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot ſhall grow
Till thou haue audience.
Vio. Sure my Noble Lord,
If ſhe be ſo abandon'd to her ſorrow
As it is ſpoke, ſhe neuer will admit me.
Du, Be clamorous, and leape all ciuill bounds,
Rather then make vnprofited returne,
Vio. Say I do ſpeake with her (my Lord) what then?
Du. O then, vnfold the paſsion of my loue,
Surprize her with diſcourſe of my deere faith;
It ſhall become thee well to act my woes:
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Then in a Nuntio's of more graue aſpect.
Vio. I thinke not ſo, my Lord.
Du. Deere Lad, beleeue it;
For they ſhall yet belye thy happy yeeres,
That ſay thou art a man: *Dianas* lip
Is not more ſmooth, and rubious: thy ſmall pipe
Is as the maidens organ, ſhrill, and ſound,
And all is ſemblatiue a womans part.
I know thy conſtellation is right apt
For this affayre: ſome foure or fiue attend him,
All if you will: for I my ſelfe am beſt
When leaſt in companie: proſper well in this,
And thou ſhalt liue as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.
Vio. Ile do my beſt
To woe your Lady: yet a barrefull ſtrife,
Who ere I woe, my ſelfe would be his wife. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Maria, and Clowne.

Ma. Nay, either tell me where thou haſt bin, or I will not open my lippes ſo wide as a briſsle may enter, in way of thy excuſe: my Lady will hang thee for thy abſence.

Clo. Let her hang me: hee that is well hang'de in this world, needs to feare no colours.

Ma. Make that good.

Clo. He ſhall ſee none to feare.

Ma. A good lenton anſwer: I can tell thee where ẏ ſaying was borne, of I feare no colours.

Clo. Where good miſtris *Mary*?

Ma. In the warrs, & that may you be bolde to ſay in your foolerie.

Clo. Well, God giue them wiſedome that haue it: & thoſe that are fooles, let them vſe their talents.

Ma. Yet you will be hang'd for being ſo long abſent, or to be turn'd away: is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging, preuents a bad marriage: and for turning away, let ſummer beare it out.

Ma. You are reſolute then?

Clo. Not ſo neyther, but I am reſolu'd on two points

Ma. That if one breake, the other will hold: or if both breake, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt in good faith, very apt: well go thy way, if ſir *Toby* would leaue drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eues* fleſh, as any in Illyria.

Ma. Peace you rogue, no more o'that: here comes my Lady: make your excuſe wiſely, you were beſt.

Enter Lady Olivia, with Maluolio.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling: thoſe wits that thinke they haue thee, doe very oft proue fooles: and I that am ſure I lacke thee, may paſſe for a wiſe man. For what ſaies *Quinapalus*, Better a witty foole, then a fooliſh wit. God bleſſe thee Lady.

Ol. Take the foole away.

Clo. Do you not heare fellowes, take away the Ladie.

Ol. Go too, y'are a dry foole: Ile no more of you: beſides you grow diſ-honeſt.

Clo. Two faults Madona, that drinke & good counſell wil amend: for giue the dry foole drink, then is the foole not dry: bid the diſhoneſt man mend himſelf, if he mend, he is no longer diſhoneſt; if hee cannot, let the Botcher mend him: any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: vertu that tranſgreſſes, is but patcht with ſinne, and ſin that amends, is but patcht with vertue. If that this ſimple Sillogiſme will ſerue, ſo: if it will not, vvhat remedy?

As there is no true Cuckold but calamity, ſo beauties a flower; The Lady bad take away the foole, therefore I ſay againe, take her away.

Ol. Sir, I bad them take away you.

Clo. Miſpriſion in the higheſt degree. Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*: that's as much to ſay, as I weare not motley in my braine: good *Madona*, giue mee leaue to proue you a foole.

Ol. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriouſly, good Madona.

Ol. Make your proofe.

Clo. I muſt catechize you for it Madona, Good my Mouſe of vertue anſwer mee.

Ol. Well ſir, for want of other idleneſſe, Ile bide your proofe.

Clo. Good Madona, why mournſt thou?

Ol. Good foole, for my brothers death.

Clo. I thinke his ſoule is in hell, Madona.

Ol. I know his ſoule is in heauen, foole.

Clo. The more foole (Madona) to mourne for your Brothers ſoule, being in heauen. Take away the Foole, Gentlemen.

Ol. What thinke you of this foole *Maluolio*, doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and ſhall do, till the pangs of death ſhake him: Infirmity that decaies the wiſe, doth euer make the better foole.

Clow. God ſend you ſir, a ſpeedie Infirmity, for the better increaſing your folly: Sir *Toby* will be ſworn that I am no Fox, but he wil not paſſe his word for two pence that you are no Foole.

Ol. How ſay you to that *Maluolio*?

Mal. I maruell your Ladyſhip takes delight in ſuch a barren raſcall: I ſaw him put down the other day, with an ordinary foole, that has no more braine then a ſtone. Looke you now, he's out of his gard already: vnles you laugh and miniſter occaſion to him, he is gag'd. I proteſt I take theſe Wiſemen, that crow ſo at theſe ſet kinde of fooles, no better then the fooles Zanies.

Ol. O you are ſicke of ſelfe-loue *Maluolio*, and taſte with a diſtemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltleſſe, and of free diſpoſition, is to take thoſe things for Bird-bolts, that you deeme Cannon bullets: There is no ſlander in an allow'd foole, though he do nothing but rayle; nor no rayling, in a knowne diſcreet man, though hee do nothing but reproue.

Clo. Now Mercury indue thee with leaſing, for thou ſpeak'ſt well of fooles.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate, a young Gentleman, much deſires to ſpeake with you.

Ol. From the Count *Orſino*, is it?

Ma I know not (Madam) 'tis a faire young man, and well attended.

Ol. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Ma. Sir *Toby* Madam, your kinſman.

Ol. Fetch him off I pray you, he ſpeakes nothing but madman: Fie on him. Go you *Maluolio*; If it be a ſuit from the Count, I am ſicke, or not at home. What you will, to diſmiſſe it. *Exit Maluo.* Now you ſee ſir, how your fooling growes old, & people diſlike it.

Clo. Thou haſt ſpoke for vs (Madona) as if thy eldeſt ſonne ſhould be a foole: whoſe ſcull, Ioue cramme with braines, for heere he comes. *Enter Sir Toby.* One of thy kin has a moſt weake *Pia-mater*.

Ol. By mine honor halfe drunke. What is he at the gate Coſin?

To. A Gentleman.

Ol. A Gentleman? What Gentleman?

To. 'Tis a Gentleman heere. A plague o'theſe pickle herring: How now Sot.

Clo. Good Sir *Toby*.

Ol. Coſin, Coſin, how haue you come ſo earely by this Lethargie?

To. Letcherie, I defie Letchery: there's one at the gate.

Ol. I marry, what is he?

To. Let him be the diuell and he will, I care not: giue me faith ſay I. Well, it's all one. *Exit*

Ol. What's a drunken man like, foole?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a foole, and a madde man: One draught aboue heate, makes him a foole, the ſecond maddes him, and a third drownes him.

Ol. Go thou and ſeeke the Crowner, and let him ſitte o'my Coz: for he's in the third degree of drinke: hee's drown'd: go looke after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet Madona, and the foole ſhall looke to the madman.

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow ſweares hee will ſpeake with you. I told him you were ſicke, he takes on him to vnderſtand ſo much, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. I told him you were aſleepe, he ſeems to haue a fore knowledge of that too, and therefore comes to ſpeake with you. What is to be ſaid to him Ladie, hee's fortified againſt any deniall.

Ol. Tell him, he ſhall not ſpeake with me.

Mal. Ha's beene told ſo: and hee ſayes hee'l ſtand at your doore like a Sheriffes poſt, and be the ſupporter to a bench, but hee'l ſpeake with you.

Ol. What kinde o'man is he?

Mal. Why of mankinde.

Ol. What manner of man?

Mal. Of verie ill manner: hee'l ſpeake with you, will you, or no.

Ol. Of what perſonage, and yeeres is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor yong enough for a boy: as a ſquaſh is before tis a peſcod, or a Codling when tis almoſt an Apple: Tis with him in ſtanding water, betweene boy and man. He is verie well-fauour'd, and he ſpeakes verie ſhrewiſhly: One would thinke his mothers milke were ſcarſe out of him.

Ol. Let him approach: Call in my Gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my Lady calles. *Exit.*

Enter Maria.

Ol. Giue me my vaile: come throw it ore my face,
Wee'l once more heare *Orſinos* Embaſſie.

Enter Violenta.

Vio. The honorable Ladie of the houſe, which is ſhe?

Ol. Speake to me, I ſhall anſwer for her: your will.

Vio. Moſt radiant, exquiſite, and vnmatchable beautie. I pray you tell me if this bee the Lady of the houſe, for I neuer ſaw her. I would bee loath to caſt away my ſpeech: for beſides that it is excellently well pend, I haue taken great paines to con it. Good Beauties, let mee ſuſtaine no ſcorne; I am very comptible, euen to the leaſt ſiniſter vſage.

Ol. Whence came you ſir?

Vio. I can ſay little more then I haue ſtudied, & that queſtion's out of my part. Good gentle one, giue mee modeſt aſſurance, if you be the Ladie of the houſe, that

may proceede in my ſpeech.

Ol. Are you a Comedian?

Vio. No my profound heart: and yet (by the verie phangs of malice, I ſweare) I am not that I play. Are you the Ladie of the houſe?

Ol. If I do not vſurpe my ſelfe, I am.

Vio. Moſt certaine, if you are ſhe, you do vſurp your ſelfe: for what is yours to beſtowe, is, not yours to reſerue. But this is from my Commiſſion: I will on with my ſpeech in your praiſe, and then ſhew you the heart of my meſſage.

Ol. Come to what is important in't: I forgiue you the praiſe.

Vio. Alas, I tooke great paines to ſtudie it, and 'tis Poeticall.

Ol. It is the more like to be feigned, I pray you keep it in. I heard you were ſawcy at my gates, & allowd your approach rather to wonder at you, then to heare you. If you be not mad, be gone: if you haue reaſon, be breefe: 'tis not that time of Moone with me, to make one in ſo skipping a dialogue.

Ma. Will you hoyſt ſayle ſir, here lies your way.

Vio. No good ſwabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your Giant, ſweete Ladie; tell me your minde, I am a meſſenger.

Ol. Sure you haue ſome hiddeous matter to deliuer, when the curteſie of it is ſo fearefull. Speake your office.

Vio. It alone concernes your eare: I bring no ouerture of warre, no taxation of homage; I hold the Olyffe in my hand: my words are as full of peace, as matter.

Ol. Yet you began rudely. What are you?
What would you?

Vio. The rudeneſſe that hath appear'd in mee, haue I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as ſecret as maiden-head: to your eares, Diuinity; to any others, prophanation.

Ol. Giue vs the place alone,
We will heare this diuinitie. Now ſir, what is your text?

Vio. Moſt ſweet Ladie.

Ol. A comfortable doctrine, and much may bee ſaide of it. Where lies your Text?

Vio. In *Orſinoes* boſome.

Ol. In his boſome? In what chapter of his boſome?

Vio. To anſwer by the method, in the firſt of his hart.

Ol. O, I haue read it: it is hereſie. Haue you no more to ſay?

Vio. Good Madam, let me ſee your face.

Ol. Haue you any Commiſsion from your Lord, to negotiate with my face: you are now out of your Text: but we will draw the Curtain, and ſhew you the picture. Looke you ſir, ſuch a one I was this preſent: Iſt not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Ol. 'Tis in graine ſir, 'twill endure winde and weather.

Vio. Tis beauty truly blent, whoſe red and white,
Natures owne ſweet, and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'ſt ſhee aliue,
If you will leade theſe graces to the graue,
And leaue the world no copie.

Ol. O ſir, I will not be ſo hard-hearted: I will giue out diuers ſcedules of my beautie. It ſhalbe Inuentoried and euery particle and vtenſile labell'd to my will: As, Item two lippes indifferent redde, Item two grey eyes, with lids to them: Item, one necke, one chin, & ſo forth. Were you ſent hither to praiſe me?

Vio. I ſee you what you are, you are too proud:
But if you were the diuell, you are faire:
My Lord, and maſter loues you: O ſuch loue
Could be but recompenc'd, though you were crown'd
The non-pareil of beautie.

Ol. How does he loue me?

Vio, With adorations, fertill teares,
With groanes that thunder loue, with ſighes of fire.

Ol. Your Lord does know my mind, I cannot loue him
Yet I ſuppoſe him vertuous, know him noble,
Of great eſtate, of freſh and ſtainleſſe youth;
In voyces well diuulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And in dimenſion, and the ſhape of nature,
A gracious perſon; But yet I cannot loue him:
He might haue tooke his anſwer long ago.

Vio. If I did loue you in my maſters flame,
With ſuch a ſuffring, ſuch a deadly life:
In your deniall, I would finde no ſence,
I would not vnderſtand it.

Ol. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow Cabine at your gate,
And call vpon my ſoule within the houſe,
Write loyall Cantons of contemned loue,
And ſing them lowd euen in the dead of night:
Hallow your name to the reuerberate hilles,
And make the babling Goſsip of the aire,
Cry out *Oliuia*: O you ſhould not reſt
Betweene the elements of ayre, and earth,
But you ſhould pittie me.

Ol. You might do much:
What is your Parentage?

Vio. Aboue my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a Gentleman.

Ol. Get you to your Lord:
I cannot loue him: let him ſend no more,
Vnleſſe (perchance) you come to me againe,
To tell me how he takes it: Fare you well:
I thanke you for your paines: ſpend this for mee.

Vio. I am no feede poaſt, Lady; keepe your purſe,
My Maſter, not my ſelfe, lackes recompence.
Loue make his heart of flint, that you ſhal loue,
And let your feruour like my maſters be,
Plac'd in contempt: Farwell fayre crueltie. *Exit*

Ol. What is your Parentage?
Aboue my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well;
I am a Gentleman. Ile be ſworne thou art,
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbes, actions, and ſpirit,
Do giue thee fiue-fold blazon: not too faſt: ſoft, ſoft,
Vnleſſe the Maſter were the man. How now?
Euen ſo quickly may one catch the plague?
Me thinkes I feele this youths perfections
With an inuiſible, and ſubtle ſtealth
To creepe in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What hoa, *Maluolio*.

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. Heere Madam, at your ſeruice.

Ol. Run after that ſame peeuiſh Meſſenger
The Countes man: he left this Ring behinde him
Would I, or not: tell him, Ile none of it.
Deſire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him vp with hopes, I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to morrow,
Ile giue him reaſons for't: hie thee *Maluolio*.

Mal. Madam, I will. *Exit.*

Ol. I do I know not what, and feare to finde
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my minde:

Fate, ſhew thy force, our ſelues we do not owe,
What is decreed, muſt be: and be this ſo.

Finis, Actus primus.

Actus Secundus, Scæna prima.

Enter Antonio & Sebaſtian.

Ant. Will you ſtay no longer: nor will you not that I go with you.

Seb. By your patience, no: my ſtarres ſhine darkely ouer me; the malignancie of my fate, might perhaps diſtemper yours; therefore I ſhall craue of you your leaue, that I may beare my euils alone. It were a bad recompence for your loue, to lay any of them on you.

An. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No ſooth ſir: my determinate voyage is meere extrauagancie. But I perceiue in you ſo excellent a touch of modeſtie, that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to keepe in: therefore it charges me in manners, the rather to expreſſe my ſelfe: you muſt know of mee then *Antonio*, my name is *Sebaſtian* (which I call'd *Rodorigo*) my father was that *Sebaſtian* of *Meſſaline*, whom I know you haue heard of. He left behinde him, my ſelfe, and a ſiſter, both borne in an houre: if the Heanens had beene pleas'd, would we had ſo ended. But you ſir, alter'd that, for ſome houre before you tooke me from the breach of the ſea, was my ſiſter drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady ſir, though it was ſaid ſhee much reſembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but thogh I could not with ſuch eſtimable wonder ouer-farre beleeue that, yet thus farre I will boldly publiſh her, ſhee bore a minde that enuy could not but call faire: Shee is drown'd already ſir with ſalt water, though I ſeeme to drowne her remembrance againe with more.

Ant. Pardon me ſir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgiue me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my loue, let mee be your ſeruant.

Seb. If you will not vndo what you haue done, that is kill him, whom you haue recouer'd, deſire it not. Fare ye well at once, my boſome is full of kindneſſe, and I am yet ſo neere the manners of my mother, that vpon the leaſt occaſion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count Orſino's Court, farewell. *Exit*

Ant. The gentleneſſe of all the gods go with thee:
I haue many enemies in Orſino's Court,
Elſe would I very ſhortly ſee thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee ſo,
That danger ſhall ſeeme ſport, and I will go. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Viola and Malnolio, at ſeuerall doores.

Mal. Were not you eu'n now, with the Counteſſe *Oliuia*?

Vio. Euen now ſir, on a moderate pace, I haue ſince ariu'd but hither.

Mal She returnes this Ring to you (ſir) you might haue ſaued mee my paines, to haue taken it away your ſelfe. She adds moreouer, that you ſhould put your Lord into a deſperate aſſurance, ſhe will none of him. And one thing more, that you be neuer ſo hardie to come againe in his affaires, vnleſſe it bee to report your Lords taking of this: receiue it ſo.

Vio. She tooke the Ring of me, Ile none of it.

Mal. Come ſir, you peeuiſhly threw it to her: and her will is, it ſhould be ſo return'd: If it bee worth ſtooping for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it his that findes it. *Exit.*

Vio. I left no Ring with her: what meanes this Lady?
Fortune forbid my out-ſide haue not charm'd her:
She made good view of me, indeed ſo much,
That me thought her eyes had loſt her tongue,
For ſhe did ſpeake in ſtarts diſtractedly.
She loues me ſure, the cunning of her paſsion
Inuites me in this churliſh meſſenger:
None of my Lords Ring? Why he ſent her none;
I am the man, if it be ſo, as tis,
Poore Lady, ſhe were better loue a dreame:
Diſguiſe, I ſee thou art a wickedneſſe,
Wherein the pregnant enemie does much.
How eaſie is it, for the proper falſe
In womens waxen hearts to ſet their formes:
Alas, O frailtie is the cauſe, not wee,
For ſuch as we are made, if ſuch we bee:
How will this fadge? My maſter loues her deerely,
And I (poore monſter) fond aſmuch on him:
And ſhe (miſtaken) ſeemes to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My ſtate is deſperate for my maiſters loue:
As I am woman (now alas the day)
What thriftleſſe ſighes ſhall poore *Olinia* breath?
O time, thou muſt vntangle this, not I,
It is too hard a knot for me t'vnty.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approach Sir *Andrew*: not to bee a bedde after midnight, is to be vp betimes, and *Deliculo ſurgere*, thou know'ſt.

And. Nay by my troth I know not: but I know, to be vp late, is to be vp late.

To. A falſe concluſion: I hate it as an vnfill'd Canne. To be vp after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: ſo that to go to bed after midnight, is to goe to bed betimes. Does not our liues conſiſt of the foure Elements?

And. Faith ſo they ſay, but I thinke it rather conſiſts of eating and drinking.

To. Th'art a ſcholler; let vs therefore eate and drinke, *Marian* I ſay, a ſtoope of wine.

Enter Clowne.

And. Heere comes the foole yfaith.

Clo. How now my harts: Did you neuer ſee the Picture of we three?

To. Welcome aſſe, now let's haue a catch.

And. By my troth the foole has an excellent breaſt. I had rather then forty ſhillings I had ſuch a legge, and ſo ſweet a breath to ſing, as the foole has. Inſooth thou waſt in very gracious fooling laſt night, when thou ſpok'ſt of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* paſsing the Equinoctial of *Queubus*: 'twas very good yfaith: I ſent thee ſixe pence

for thy Lemon, hadſt it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity: for *Maluolios* noſe is no Whip-ſtocke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Mermidons are no bottle-ale houſes.

An. Excellent: Why this is the beſt fooling, when all is done. Now a ſong.

To. Come on, there is ſixe pence for you. Let's haue a ſong.

An. There's a teſtrill of me too: if one knight giue a

Clo. Would you haue a loue-ſong, or a ſong of good life?

To. A loue ſong, a loue ſong.

An. I, I. I care not for good life.

Clowne ſings.

O Miſtris mine where are you roming?
O ſtay and heare, your true loues coming,
That can ſing both high and low.
Trip no further prettie ſweeting.
Iourneys end in louers meeting,
Euery wiſe mans ſonne doth know.

An. Excellent good, ifaith.

To. Good, good.

Clo. *What is loue, tis not heereafter,*
Preſent mirth, hath preſent laughter:
What's to come, is ſtill vnſure.
In delay there lies no plentie,
Then come kiſſe me ſweet and twentie:
Youths a ſtuffe will not endure.

An. A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight.

To. A contagious breath.

An. Very ſweet, and contagious ifaith.

To. To heare by the noſe, it is dulcet in contagion. But ſhall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall wee rowze the night-Owle in a Catch, that will drawe three ſoules out of one Weauer? Shall we do that?

And. And you loue me, let's doo't: I am dogge at a Catch.

Clo. Byrlady ſir, and ſome dogs will catch well.

An. Moſt certaine: Let our Catch be, *Thou Knaue.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou Knaue* knight. I ſhall be conſtrain'd in't, to call thee knaue, Knight.

An. 'Tis not the firſt time I haue conſtrained one to call me knaue. Begin foole: it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I ſhall neuer begin if I hold my peace.

An. Good ifaith: Come begin. *Catch ſung*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwalling doe you keepe heere? If my Ladie haue not call'd vp her Steward *Maluolio*, and bid him turne you out of doores, neuer truſt me.

To. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, *Maluolios* a Peg-a-ramſie, and *Three merry men be wee.* Am not I conſanguinious? Am I not of her blood: tilly vally. Ladie, *There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.*

Clo. Beſhrew me, the knights in admirable fooling.

An. I, he do's well enough if he be diſpos'd, and ſo do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more naturall.

To. *O the twelfe day of December.*

Mar. For the loue o'God peace.

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. My maſters are you mad? Or what are you? Haue you no wit, manners, nor honeſtie, but to gabble like Tinkers at this time of night? Do yee make an Alehouſe of my Ladies houſe, that ye ſqueak out your Coziers Catches without any mitigation or remorſe of voice? Is there no reſpect of place, perſons, nor time in you?

To. We did keepe time ſir in our Catches. Snecke vp.

Mal. *Sir Toby*, I muſt be round with you. My Lady bad me tell you, that though ſhe harbors you as her kinſman, ſhe's nothing ally'd to your diſorders. If you can ſeparate your ſelfe and your miſdemeanors, you are welcome to the houſe: if not, and it would pleaſe you to take leaue of her, ſhe is very willing to bid you farewell.

To. Farewell deere heart, ſince I muſt needs be gone.

Mar. Nay good Sir *Toby*.

Clo. His eyes do ſhew his dayes are almoſt done.

Mal. Is't euen ſo?

To. But I will neuer dye.

Clo. Sir *Toby* there you lye.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

To. *Shall I bid him go.*

Clo. *What and if you do?*

To. *Shall I bid him go, and ſpare not?*

Clo. *O no, no, no, no, you dare not.*

To. Out o'tune ſir, ye lye: Art any more then a Steward? Doſt thou thinke becauſe thou art vertuous, there ſhall be no more Cakes and Ale?

Clo. Yes by *S.* Anne, and Ginger ſhall bee hotte y'th mouth too.

To. Th'art i'th right. Goe ſir, rub your Chaine with crums. A ſtope of Wine *Maria.*

Mal. Miſtris Mary, if you priz'd my Ladies fauour at any thing more then contempt, you would not giue meanes for this vnciuill rule; ſhe ſhall know of it by this hand. *Exit*

Mar. Go ſhake your eares.

An. 'Twere as good a deede as to drink when a mans a hungrie, to challenge him the field, and then to breake promiſe with him, and make a foole of him.

To. Doo't knight, Ile write thee a Challenge: or Ile deliuer thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby be patient for to night: Since the youth of the Counts was to day with my Lady, ſhe is much out of quiet. For Monſieur Malnolio, let me alone with him: If I do not gull him into an ayword, and make him a common recreation, do not thinke I haue witte enough to lye ſtraight in my bed: I know I can do it.

To. Poſſeſſe vs, poſſeſſe vs, tell vs ſomething of him.

Mar. Marrie ſir, ſometimes he is a kinde of Puritane.

An. O, if I thought that, Ide beate him like a dogge.

To. What for being a Puritan, thy exquiſite reaſon, deere knight.

An. I haue no exquiſite reaſon for't, but I haue reaſon good enough.

Mar. The diu'll a Puritane that hee is, or any thing conſtantly but a time-pleaſer, an affection'd Aſſe, that cons State without booke, and vtters it by great ſwarths. The beſt perſwaded of himſelfe: ſo cram'd (as he thinkes) with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith, that all that looke on him, loue him: and on that vice in him, will my reuenge finde notable cauſe to worke.

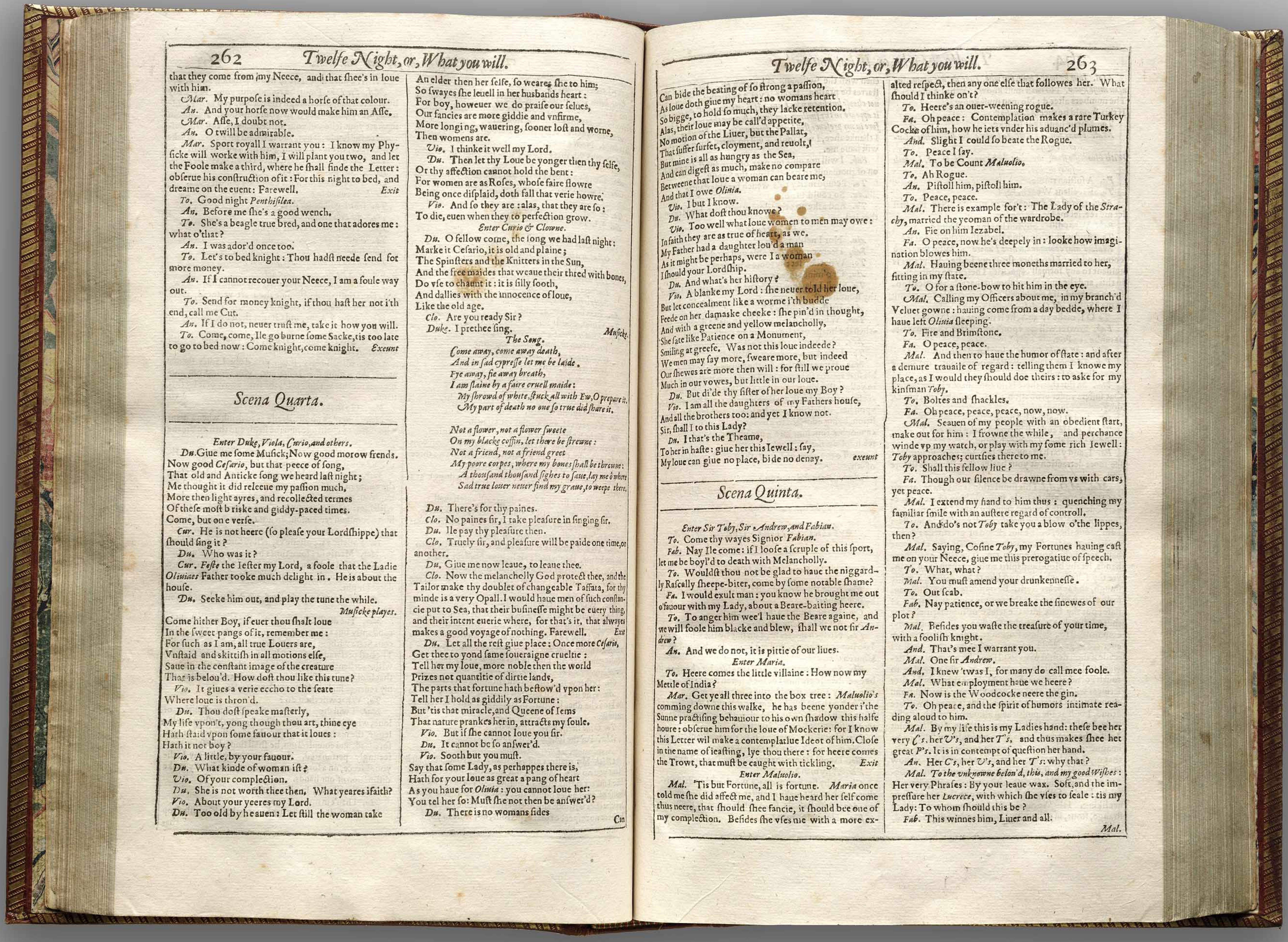
To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way ſome obſcure Epiſtles of loue, wherein by the colour of his beard, the ſhape of his legge, the manner of his gate, the expreſſure of his eye, forehead, and complection, he ſhall finde himſelfe moſt feelingly perſonated. I can write very like my Ladie your Neece, on a forgotten matter wee can hardly make diſtinction of our hands.

To. Excellent, I ſmell a deuice.

An. I hau't in my noſe too.

To. He ſhall thinke by the Letters that thou wilt drop



that they come from my Neece, and that ſhee's in loue with him.

Mar. My purpoſe is indeed a horſe of that colour.

An. And your horſe now would make him an Aſſe.

Mar. Aſſe, I doubt not.

An. O twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royall I warrant you: I know my Phyſicke will worke with him, I will plant you two, and let the Foole make a third, where he ſhall finde the Letter: obſerue his conſtruction of it: For this night to bed, and dreame on the euent: Farewell. *Exit*

To. Good night *Penthiſilea.*

An. Before me ſhe's a good wench.

To. She's a beagle true bred, and one that adores me: what o'that?

An. I was ador'd once too.

To. Let's to bed knight: Thou hadſt neede ſend for more money.

An. If I cannot recouer your Neece, I am a foule way out.

To. Send for money knight, if thou haſt her not i'th end, call me Cut.

An. If I do not, neuer truſt me, take it how you will.

To. Come, come, Ile go burne ſome Sacke, tis too late to go to bed now: Come knight, come knight. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Du. Giue me ſome Muſick; Now good morow frends.
Now good *Ceſario*, but that peece of ſong,
That old and Anticke ſong we heard laſt night;
Me thought it did releeue my paſſion much,
More then light ayres, and recollected termes
Of theſe moſt briske and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verſe.

Cur. He is not heere (ſo pleaſe your Lordſhippe) that ſhould ſing it?

Du. Who was it?

Cur. *Feſte* the Ieſter my Lord, a foole that the Ladie *Oliuiaes* Father tooke much delight in. He is about the houſe.

Du. Seeke him out, and play the tune the while.

Muſicke playes.

Come hither Boy, if euer thou ſhalt loue
In the ſweet pangs of it, remember me:
For ſuch as I am, all true Louers are,
Vnſtaid and skittiſh in all motions elſe,
Saue in the conſtant image of the creature
That is belou'd. How doſt thou like this tune?

Vio. It giues a verie eccho to the ſeate
Where loue is thron'd.

Du. Thou doſt ſpeake maſterly,
My life vpon't, yong though thou art, thine eye
Hath ſtaid vpon ſome fauour that it loues:
Hath it not boy?

Vio. A little, by your fauour.

Du. What kinde of woman iſt?

Vio. Of your complection.

Du. She is not worth thee then. What yeares ifaith?

Vio. About your yeeres my Lord.

Du. Too old by heauen: Let ſtill the woman take
An elder then her ſelfe, ſo weares ſhe to him;
So ſwayes ſhe leuell in her husbands heart:
For boy, howeuer we do praiſe our ſelues,
Our fancies are more giddie and vnfirme,
More longing, wauering, ſooner loſt and worne,
Then womens are.

Vio. I thinke it well my Lord.

Du. Then let thy Loue be yonger then thy ſelfe,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as Roſes, whoſe faire flowre
Being once diſplaid, doth fall that verie howre.

Vio. And ſo they are: alas, that they are ſo:
To die, euen when they to perfection grow.

Enter Curio & Clowne.

Du. O fellow come, the ſong we had laſt night:
Marke it Ceſario, it is old and plaine;
The Spinſters and the Knitters in the Sun,
And the free maides that weaue their thred with bones,
Do vſe to chaunt it: it is ſilly ſooth,
And dallies with the innocence of loue,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready Sir?

Duke. I prethee ſing. *Muſicke.*

The Song.

Come away, come away death,
And in ſad cypreſſe let me be laide.
Fye away, fie away breath,
I am ſlaine by a faire cruell maide:
My ſhrowd of white, ſtuck all with Ew, O prepare it.
My part of death no one ſo true did ſhare it.

Not a flower, not a flower ſweete
On my blacke coffin, let there be ſtrewne:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poore corpes, where my bones ſhall be throwne:
A thouſand thouſand ſighes to ſaue, lay me ô where
Sad true louer neuer find my graue, to weepe there.

Du. There's for thy paines.

Clo. No paines ſir, I take pleaſure in ſinging ſir.

Du. Ile pay thy pleaſure then.

Clo. Truely ſir, and pleaſure will be paide one time, or another.

Du. Giue me now leaue, to leaue thee.

Clo. Now the melancholly God protect thee, and the Tailor make thy doublet of changeable Taffata, for thy minde is a very Opall. I would haue men of ſuch conſtancie put to Sea, that their buſineſſe might be euery thing, and their intent euerie where, for that's it, that alwayes makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. *Exit*

Du. Let all the reſt giue place: Once more *Ceſario*,
Get thee to yond ſame ſoueraigne crueltie:
Tell her my loue, more noble then the world
Prizes not quantitie of dirtie lands,
The parts that fortune hath beſtow'd vpon her:
Tell her I hold as giddily as Fortune:
But 'tis that miracle, and Queene of Iems
That nature prankes her in, attracts my ſoule.

Vio. But if ſhe cannot loue you ſir.

Du. It cannot be ſo anſwer'd.

Vio. Sooth but you muſt.
Say that ſome Lady, as perhappes there is,
Hath for your loue as great a pang of heart
As you haue for *Oliuia*: you cannot loue her:
You tel her ſo: Muſt ſhe not then be anſwer'd?

Du. There is no womans ſides

Can

Can bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a paſſion,
As loue doth giue my heart: no womans heart
So bigge, to hold ſo much, they lacke retention.
Alas, their loue may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the Liuer, but the Pallat,
That ſuffer ſurfet, cloyment, and reuolt,
But mine is all as hungry as the Sea,
And can digeſt as much, make no compare
Betweene that loue a woman can beare me,
And that I owe *Oliuia.*

Vio. I but I know.

Du. What doſt thou knowe?

Vio. Too well what loue women to men may owe:
In faith they are as true of heart, as we.
My Father had a daughter lou'd a man
As it might be perhaps, were I a woman
I ſhould your Lordſhip.

Du. And what's her hiſtory?

Vio. A blanke my Lord: ſhe neuer told her loue,
But let concealment like a worme i'th budde
Feede on her damaske cheeke: ſhe pin'd in thought,
And with a greene and yellow melancholly,
She ſate like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at greefe. Was not this loue indeede?
We men may ſay more, ſweare more, but indeed
Our ſhewes are more then will: for ſtill we proue
Much in our vowes, but little in our loue.

Du. But di'de thy ſiſter of her loue my Boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my Fathers houſe,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, ſhall I to this Lady?

Du. I that's the Theame,
To her in haſte: giue her this Iewell: ſay,
My loue can giue no place, bide no denay. *exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

To. Come thy wayes Signior *Fabian.*

Fab. Nay Ile come: if I looſe a ſcruple of this ſport, let me be boyl'd to death with Melancholly.

To. Wouldſt thou not be glad to haue the niggardly Raſcally ſheepe-biter, come by ſome notable ſhame?

Fa. I would exult man: you know he brought me out o'fauour with my Lady, about a Beare-baiting heere.

To. To anger him wee'l haue the Beare againe, and we will foole him blacke and blew, ſhall we not ſir *Andrew*?

An. And we do not, it is pittie of our liues.

Enter Maria.

To. Heere comes the little villaine: How now my Mettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box tree: *Maluolio's* comming downe this walke, he has beene yonder i'the Sunne practiſing behauiour to his own ſhadow this halfe houre: obſerue him for the loue of Mockerie: for I know this Letter wil make a contemplatiue Ideot of him. Cloſe in the name of ieaſting, lye thou there: for heere comes the Trowt, that muſt be caught with tickling. *Exit*

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. 'Tis but Fortune, all is fortune. *Maria* once told me ſhe did affect me, and I haue heard her ſelf come thus neere, that ſhould ſhee fancie, it ſhould bee one of my complection. Beſides ſhe vſes me with a more exalted reſpect, then any one elſe that followes her. What ſhould I thinke on't?

To. Heere's an ouer-weening rogue.

Fa. Oh peace: Contemplation makes a rare Turkey Cocke of him, how he iets vnder his aduanc'd plumes.

And. Slight I could ſo beate the Rogue.

To. Peace I ſay.

Mal. To be Count *Maluolio.*

To. Ah Rogue.

An. Piſtoll him, piſtoll him.

To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: The Lady of the *Strachy*, married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

An. Fie on him Iezabel.

Fa. O peace, now he's deepely in: looke how imagination blowes him.

Mal. Hauing beene three moneths married to her, ſitting in my ſtate.

To. O for a ſtone-bow to hit him in the eye.

Mal. Calling my Officers about me, in my branch'd Veluet gowne: hauing come from a day bedde, where I haue left *Oliuia* ſleeping.

To. Fire and Brimſtone.

Fa. O peace, peace.

Mal. And then to haue the humor of ſtate: and after a demure trauaile of regard: telling them I knowe my place, as I would they ſhould doe theirs: to aske for my kinſman *Toby.*

To. Boltes and ſhackles.

Fa. Oh peace, peace, peace, now, now.

Mal. Seauen of my people with an obedient ſtart, make out for him: I frowne the while, and perchance winde vp my watch, or play with my ſome rich Iewell: *Toby* approaches; curtſies there to me.

To. Shall this fellow liue?

Fa. Though our ſilence be drawne from vs with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus: quenching my familiar ſmile with an auſtere regard of controll.

To. And do's not *Toby* take you a blow o'the lippes, then?

Mal. Saying, Coſine *Toby*, my Fortunes hauing caſt me on your Neece, giue me this prerogatiue of ſpeech.

To. What, what?

Mal. You muſt amend your drunkenneſſe.

To. Out ſcab.

Fab. Nay patience, or we breake the ſinewes of our plot?

Mal. Beſides you waſte the treaſure of your time, with a fooliſh knight.

And. That's mee I warrant you.

Mal. One ſir *Andrew.*

And. I knew 'twas I, for many do call mee foole.

Mal. What employment haue we heere?

Fa. Now is the Woodcocke neere the gin.

To. Oh peace, and the ſpirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him.

Mal. By my life this is my Ladies hand: theſe bee her very *C's*, her *V's*, and her *T's*, and thus makes ſhee her great *P's*. It is in contempt of queſtion her hand.

An. Her *C's*, her *V's*, and her *T's*: why that?

Mal. *To the vnknowne belou'd, this, and my good Wiſhes*: Her very Phraſes: By your leaue wax. Soft, and the impreſſure her *Lucrece*, with which ſhe vſes to ſeale: tis my Lady: To whom ſhould this be?

Fab. This winnes him, Liuer and all.

Mal. Ioue knowes I loue, but who, Lips do not moone, no man muſt know. No man muſt know. What followes? The numbers alter'd: No man muſt know,
If this ſhould be thee *Maluolio?*

To. Marrie hang thee brocke.

Mal. I may command where I adore, but ſilence like a Lucreſſe knife:
With bloodleſſe ſtroke my heart doth gore, M. O. A. I. doth ſway my life.

Fa. A fuſtian riddle.

To. Excellent Wench, ſay I.

Mal. M.O.A.I. doth ſway my life. Nay but firſt let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee.

Fab. What diſh a poyſon has ſhe dreſt him?

To. And with what wing the ſtallion checkes at it?

Mal. I may command, where I adore: Why ſhee may command me: I ſerue her, ſhe is my Ladie. Why this is euident to any formall capacitie. There is no obſtruction in this, and the end: What ſhould that Alphabeticall poſition portend, if I could make that reſemble ſomething in me? Softly, *M.O.A.I.*

To O I, make vp that, he is now at a cold ſent.

Fab. Sowter will cry vpon't for all this, though it bee as ranke as a Fox.

Mal. M. Maluolio, M. why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I ſay he would worke it out, the Curre is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no conſonancy in the ſequell that ſuffers vnder probation: *A.* ſhould follow, but *O.* does.

Fa. And *O* ſhall end, I hope.

To. I, or Ile cudgell him, and make him cry *O.*

Mal. And then *I.* comes behind.

Fa. I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might ſee more detraction at your heeles, then Fortunes before you.

Mal. M,O,A,I. This ſimulation is not as the former: and yet to cruſh this a little, it would bow to mee, for euery one of theſe Letters are in my name. Soft, here followes proſe: *If this fall into thy hand, reuolue.* In my ſtars I am aboue thee, but be not affraid of greatneſſe: Some are become great, ſome atcheeues greatneſſe, and ſome haue greatneſſe thruſt vppon em. Thy fates open theyr hands, let thy blood and ſpirit embrace them, and to inure thy ſelfe to what thou art like to be: caſt thy humble ſlough, and appeare freſh. Be oppoſite with a kinſman, ſurly with ſeruants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of ſtate; put thy ſelfe into the tricke of ſingularitie. Shee thus aduiſes thee, that ſighes for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings, and wiſh'd to ſee thee euer croſſe garter'd: I ſay remember, goe too, thou art made if thou deſir'ſt to be ſo: If not, let me ſee thee a ſteward ſtill, the fellow of ſeruants, and not woorthie to touch Fortunes fingers Farewell, Shee that would alter ſeruices with thee, tht fortunate vnhappy daylight and champian diſcouers not more: This is open, I will bee proud, I will reade politicke Authours, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will waſh off groſſe acquaintance, I will be point deuiſe, the very man. I do not now foole my ſelfe, to let imagination iade mee; for euery reaſon excites to this, that my Lady loues me. She did commend my yellow ſtockings of late, ſhee did praiſe my legge being croſſe-garter'd, and in this ſhe manifeſts her ſelfe to my loue, & with a kinde of iniunction driues mee to theſe habites of her liking. I thanke my ſtarres, I am happy: I will bee ſtrange, ſtout, in yellow ſtockings, and croſſe Garter'd, euen with the ſwiftneſſe of putting on. Ioue, and my ſtarres be praiſed. Heere is yet a poſtſcript. *Thou canſt not chooſe but know who I am. If thou entertainſt my loue, let it appeare in thy ſmiling, thy ſmiles become thee well. Therefore in my preſence ſtill ſmile, deero my ſweete, I prethee.* Ioue I thanke thee, I will ſmile, I wil do euery thing that thou wilt haue me. *Exit*

Fab. I will not giue my part of this ſport for a penſion of thouſands to be paid from the Sophy.

To. I could marry this wench for this deuice.

An. So could I too.

To. And aske no other dowry with her, but ſuch another ieſt.

Enter Maria.

An. Nor I neither.

Fab. Heere comes my noble gull catcher.

To. Wilt thou ſet thy foote o'my necke.

An. Or o'mine either?

To. Shall I play my freedome at tray-trip, and becom thy bondſlaue?

An. Ifaith, or I either?

Tob. Why, thou haſt put him in ſuch a dreame, that when the image of it leaues him, he muſt run mad.

Ma. Nay but ſay true, do's it worke vpon him?

To. Like Aqua vite with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then ſee the fruites of the ſport, mark his firſt approach before my Lady: hee will come to her in yellow ſtockings, and 'tis a colour ſhe abhorres, and croſſe garter'd, a faſhion ſhee deteſts: and hee will ſmile vpon her, which will now be ſo vnſuteable to her diſpoſition, being addicted to a melancholly, as ſhee is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you wil ſee it follow me.

To. To the gates of Tartar, thou moſt excellent diuell of wit.

And. Ile make one too. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus ſecundus

Actus Tertius, Scæna prima.

Enter Viola and Clowne.

Vio. Saue thee Friend and thy Muſick: doſt thou liue by thy Tabor?

Clo. No ſir, I liue by the Church.

Vio. Art thou a Churchman?

Clo. No ſuch matter ſir, I do liue by the Church: For, I do liue at my houſe, and my houſe dooth ſtand by the Church.

Vio. So thou maiſt ſay the Kings lyes by a begger, if a begger dwell neer him: or the Church ſtands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor ſtand by the Church.

Clo. You haue ſaid ſir: To ſee this age: A ſentence is but a cheu'rill gloue to a good witte, how quickely the wrong ſide may be turn'd outward.

Vio. Nay that's certaine: they that dally nicely with words, may quickely make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore my ſiſter had had no name Sir.

Vio. Why man?

Clo. Why ſir, her names a word, and to dallie with that word, might make my ſiſter wanton: But indeede, words are very Raſcals, ſince bonds diſgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reaſon man?

Clo. Troth ſir, I can yeeld you none without wordes, and wordes are growne ſo falſe, I am loath to proue reaſon with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'ſt for nothing.

Clo. Not ſo ſir, I do care for ſomething: but in my conſcience ſir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing ſir, I would it would make you inuiſible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady *Oliuia's* foole?

Clo. No indeed ſir, the Lady *Oliuia* has no folly, ſhee will keepe no foole ſir, till ſhe be married, and fooles are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husbands the bigger, I am indeede not her foole, but hir corrupter of words.

Vio. I ſaw thee late at the Count *Orſino's*.

Clo. Foolery ſir, does walke about the Orbe like the Sun, it ſhines euery where. I would be ſorry ſir, but the Foole ſhould be as oft with your Maſter, as with my Miſtris: I thinke I ſaw your wiſedome there.

Vio. Nay, and thou paſſe vpon me, Ile no more with thee. Hold there's expences for thee.

Clo. Now Ioue in his next commodity of hayre, ſend thee a beard.

Vio. By my troth Ile tell thee, I am almoſt ſicke for one, though I would not haue it grow on my chinne. Is thy Lady within?

Clo Would not a paire of theſe haue bred ſir?

Vio. Yes being kept together, and put to vſe.

Clo. I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia* ſir, to bring a *Creſſida* to this *Troylus*.

Vio. I vnderſtand you ſir, tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter I hope is not great ſir; begging, but a begger: *Creſſida* was a begger. My Lady is within ſir. I will conſter to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would are out of my welkin, I might ſay Element, but the word is ouer-worne. *exit*

Vio. This fellow is wiſe enough to play the foole,
And to do that well, craues a kinde of wit:
He muſt obſerue their mood on whom he ieſts,
The quality of perſons, and the time:
And like the Haggard, checke at euery Feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a Wiſe-mans Art:
For folly that he wiſely ſhewes, is fit;
But wiſemens folly falne, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

To. Saue you Gentleman.

Vio. And you ſir.

And. Dieu vou guard Monſieur.

Vio. Et vouz ouſie voſtre ſeruiture.

An. I hope ſir, you are, and I am yours.

To. Will you incounter the houſe, my Neece is deſirous you ſhould enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your Neece ſir, I meane ſhe is the liſt of my voyage.

To. Taſte your legges ſir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legges do better vnderſtand me ſir, then I vnderſtand what you meane by bidding me taſte my legs.

To. I meane to go ſir, to enter.

Vio. I will anſwer you with gate and entrance, but we are preuented.

Enter Olivia, and Gentlewoman.

Moſt excellent accompliſh'd Lady, the heauens raine Odours on you.

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours, wel.

Vio. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne moſt pregnant and vouchſafed eare.

And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchſafed: Ile get 'em all three already.

Ol. Let the Garden doore be ſhut, and leaue mee to my hearing. Giue me your hand ſir.

Vio. My dutie Madam, and moſt humble ſeruice.

Ol. What is your name?

Vio. Ceſario is your ſeruants name, faire Princeſſe.

Ol. My ſeruant ſir? 'Twas neuer merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd complement:
y'are ſeruant to the Count *Orſino* youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his muſt needs be yours:
your ſeruants ſeruant, is your ſeruant Madam.

Ol. For him, I thinke not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me.

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalfe.

Ol. O by your leaue I pray you.
I bad you neuer ſpeake againe of him;
But would you vndertake another ſuite
I had rather heare you, to ſolicit that,
Then Muſicke from the ſpheares.

Vio. Deere Lady.

Ol. Giue me leaue, beſeech you: I did ſend,
After the laſt enchantment you did heare,
A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuſe
My ſelfe, my ſeruant, and I feare me you:
Vnder your hard conſtruction muſt I ſit,
To force that on you in a ſhamefull cunning
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Haue you not ſet mine Honor at the ſtake,
And baited it with all th'vnmuzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiuing
Enough is ſhewne, a Cipreſſe, not a boſome,
Hides my heart: ſo let me heare you ſpeake.

Vio. I pittie you.

Ol. That's a degree to loue.

Vio. No not a grize: for tis a vulgar proofe
That verie oft we pitty enemies.

Ol. Why then me thinkes 'tis time to ſmile agen:
O world, how apt the poore are to be proud?
If one ſhould be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

Clocke ſtrikes.

The clocke vpbraides me with the waſte of time:
Be not affraid good youth, I will not haue you,
And yet when wit and youth is come to harueſt,
your wife is like to reape a proper man:
There lies your way, due Weſt.

Vio. Then Weſtward hoe:
Grace and good diſpoſition attend your Ladyſhip:
you'l nothing Madam to my Lord, by me:

Ol. Stay: I prethee tell me what thou thinkſt of me?

Vio. That you do thinke you are not what you are.

Ol. If I thinke ſo, I thinke the ſame of you.

Vio. Then thinke you right: I am not what I am.

Ol. I would you were, as I would haue you be.

Vio. Would it be better Madam, then I am?
I wiſh it might, for now I am your foole.

Ol. O what a deale of ſcorne, lookes beautifull?
In the contempt and anger of his lip,
A murdrous guilt ſhewes not it ſelfe more ſoone,
Then loue that would ſeeme hid: Loues night, is noone.
Ceſario, by the Roſes of the Spring,
By maid-hood, honor, truth, and euery thing,
I loue thee ſo, that maugre all thy pride,

Nor wit, nor reaſon, can my paſſion hide:
Do not extort thy reaſons from this clauſe,
For that I woo, thou therefore haſt no cauſe:
But rather reaſon thus, with reaſon fetter;
Loue ſought, is good: but giuen vnſought, is better.

Vio. By innocence I ſweare, and by my youth,
I haue one heart, one boſome, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor neuer none
Shall miſtris be of it, ſaue I alone.
And ſo adieu good Madam, neuer more,
Will I my Maſters teares to you deplore.

Ol. Yet come againe: for thou perhaps mayſt moue
That heart which now abhorres, to like his loue. *Exeunt*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, Ile not ſtay a iot longer:

To. Thy reaſon deere venom, giue thy reaſon.

Fab. You muſt needes yeelde your reaſon, Sir *Andrew*?

And. Marry I ſaw your Neece do more fauours to the Counts Seruing-man, then euer ſhe beſtow'd vpon mee: I ſaw't i'th Orchard.

To. Did ſhe ſee the while, old boy, tell me that.

And. As plaine as I ſee you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of loue in her toward you.

And. S'light; will you make an Aſſe o'me.

Fab. I will proue it legitimate ſir, vpon the Oathes of iudgement, and reaſon.

To. And they haue beene grand Iurie men, ſince before *Noah* was a Saylor.

Fab. Shee did ſhew fauour to the youth in your ſight, onely to exaſperate you, to awake your dormouſe valour, to put fire in your Heart, and brimſtone in your Liuer: you ſhould then haue accoſted her, and with ſome excellent ieſts, fire-new from the mint, you ſhould haue bangd the youth into dumbeneſſe: this was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulkt: the double gilt of this opportunitie you let time waſh off, and you are now ſayld into the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang like an yſickle on a Dutchmans beard, vnleſſe you do redeeme it, by ſome laudable attempt, either of valour or policie.

And. And't be any way, it muſt be with Valour, for policie I hate: I had as liefe be a Browniſt, as a Politician.

To. Why then build me thy fortunes vpon the baſis of valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him hurt him in eleuen places, my Neece ſhall take note of it, and aſſure thy ſelfe, there is no loue-Broker in the world, can more preuaile in mans commendation with woman, then report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this ſir *Andrew.*

An. Will either of you beare me a challenge to him?

To. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curſt and briefe: it is no matter how wittie, ſo it bee eloquent, and full of inuention: taunt him with the licenſe of Inke: if thou thou'ſt him ſome thrice, it ſhall not be amiſſe, and as many Lyes, as will lye in thy ſheete of paper, although the ſheete were bigge enough for the bedde of *Ware* in England, ſet 'em downe, go about it. Let there bee gaulle enough in thy inke, though thou write with a Gooſe-pen, no matter: about it.

And. Where ſhall I finde you?

To. Wee'l call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.

Exit Sir Andrew.

Fa. This is a deere Manakin to you Sir *Toby.*

To. I haue beene deere to him lad, ſome two thouſand ſtrong, or ſo.

Fa. We ſhall haue a rare Letter from him; but you'le not deliuer't.

To. Neuer truſt me then: and by all meanes ſtirre on the youth to an anſwer. I thinke Oxen and waine-ropes cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd and you finde ſo much blood in his Liuer, as will clog the foote of a flea, Ile eate the reſt of th'anatomy.

Fab. And his oppoſit the youth beares in his viſage no great preſage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

To. Looke where the youngeſt Wren of mine comes.

Mar. If you deſire the ſpleene, and will laughe your ſelues into ſtitches, follow me; yond gull *Maluolio* is turned Heathen, a verie Renegatho; for there is no chriſtian that meanes to be ſaued by beleeuing rightly, can euer beleeue ſuch impoſſible paſſages of groſſeneſſe. Hee's in yellow ſtockings.

To. And croſſe garter'd?

Mar. Moſt villanouſly: like a Pedant that keepes a Schoole i'th Church: I haue dogg'd him like his murtherer. He does obey euery point of the Letter that I dropt, to betray him: He does ſmile his face into more lynes, then is in the new Mappe, with the augmentation of the Indies: you haue not ſeene ſuch a thing as tis: I can hardly forbeare hurling things at him, I know my Ladie will ſtrike him: if ſhee doe, hee'l ſmile, and take't for a great fauour.

To. Come bring vs, bring vs where he is.

Exeunt Omnes.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sebaſtian and Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my will haue troubled you,
But ſince you make your pleaſure of your paines,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not ſtay behinde you: my deſire
(More ſharpe then filed ſteele) did ſpurre me forth,
And not all loue to ſee you (though ſo much
As might haue drawne one to a longer voyage)
But iealouſie, what might befall your trauell,
Being skilleſſe in theſe parts: which to a ſtranger,
Vnguided, and vnfriended, often proue
Rough, and vnhoſpitable. My willing loue,
The rather by theſe arguments of feare
Set forth in your purſuite.

Seb. My kinde *Anthonio,*
I can no other anſwer make, but thankes,
And thankes: and euer oft good turnes,
Are ſhuffel'd off with ſuch vncurrant pay:
But were my worth, as is my conſcience firme,

You ſhould finde better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go ſee the reliques of this Towne?

Ant. To morrow ſir, beſt firſt go ſee your Lodging?

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night
I pray you let vs ſatisfie our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame
That do renowne this City.

Ant. Would youl'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walke theſe ſtreetes.
Once in a ſea-fight 'gainſt the Count his gallies,
I did ſome ſeruice, of ſuch note indeede,
That were I tane heere, it would ſcarſe be anſwer'd.

Seb. Belike you ſlew great number of his people.

Ant. Th offence is not of ſuch a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell
Might well haue giuen vs bloody argument:
It might haue ſince bene anſwer'd in repaying
What we tooke from them, which for Traffiques ſake
Moſt of our City did. Onely my ſelfe ſtood out,
For which if I be lapſed in this place
I ſhall pay deere.

Seb. Do not then walke too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me: hold ſir, here's my purſe,
In the South Suburbes at the Elephant
Is beſt to lodge: I will beſpeake our dyet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the Towne, there ſhall you haue me.

Seb. Why I your purſe?

Ant. Haply your eye ſhall light vpon ſome toy
You haue deſire to purchaſe: and your ſtore
I thinke is not for idle Markets, ſir.

Seb. Ile be your purſe-bearer, and leaue you
For an houre.

Ant. To th'Elephant.

Seb. I do remember. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Oliuia and Maria.

Ol. I haue ſent after him, he ſayes hee'l come:
How ſhall I feaſt him? What beſtow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.
I ſpeake too loud: Where's *Maluolio*, he is ſad, and ciuill,
And ſuites well for a ſeruant with my fortunes,
Where is *Maluolio*?

Mar. He's comming Madame:
But in very ſtrange manner. He is ſure poſſeſt Madam.

Ol. Why what's the matter, does he raue?

Mar. No Madam, he does nothing but ſmile: your Ladyſhip were beſt to haue ſome guard about you, if hee come, for ſure the man is tainted in's wits.

Ol. Go call him hither.

Enter Maluolio.

I am as madde as hee,
If ſad and merry madneſſe equall bee.
How now *Maluolio*?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho.

Ol. Smil'ſt thou? I ſent for thee vpon a ſad occaſion.

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be ſad:
This does make ſome obſtruction in the blood:
This croſſe-gartering, but what of that?
If it pleaſe the eye of one, it is with me as the very true
Sonnet is: Pleaſe one, and pleaſe all.

Mal. Why how doeſt thou man?
What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not blacke in my mindei, though yellow in my legges: It did come to his hands, and Commaunds ſhall be executed. I thinke we doe know the ſweet Romane hand.

Ol. Wilt thou go to bed *Maluolio*?

Mal. To bed? I ſweet heart, and Ile come to thee.

Ol. God comfort thee: Why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſſe thy hand ſo oft?

Mar. How do you *Malnolio*?

Maluo. At your requeſt:
Yes Nightingales anſwere Dawes.

Mar. Why appeare you with this ridiculous boldneſſe before my Lady.

Mal. Be not afraid of greatneſſe: 'twas well writ.

Ol. What meanſt thou by that *Maluolio*?

Mal. Some are borne great.

Ol. Ha?

Mal. Some atcheeue greatneſſe.

Ol. What ſayſt thou?

Mal. And ſome haue greatneſſe thruſt vpon them.

Ol. Heauen reſtore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings.

Ol. Thy yellow ſtockings?

Mal. And wiſh'd to ſee thee croſſe garter'd.

Ol. Croſſe garter'd?

Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou deſir'ſt to be ſo.

Ol. Am I made?

Mal. If not, ler me ſee thee a ſeruant ſtill.

Ol. Why this is verie Midſommer madneſſe.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count *Orſino's* is return'd, I could hardly entreate him backe: he attends your Ladyſhips pleaſure.

Ol. Ile come to him.
Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my Coſine *Toby*, let ſome of my people haue a ſpeciall care of him, I would not haue him miſcarrie for the halfe of my Dowry. *exit*

Mal. Oh ho, do you come neere me now: no worſe man then ſir *Toby* to looke to me. This concurres directly with the Letter, ſhe ſends him on purpoſe, that I may appeare ſtubborne to him: for ſhe incites me to that in the Letter. Caſt thy humble ſlough ſayes ſhe: be oppoſite with a Kinſman, ſurly with ſeruants, let thy tongue langer with arguments of ſtate, put thy ſelfe into the tricke of ſingularity: and conſequently ſetts downe the manner how: as a ſad face, a reuerend carriage, a ſlow tongue, in the habite of ſome Sir of note, and ſo foorth. I haue lymde her, but it is Ioues doing, and Ioue make me thankefull. And when ſhe went away now, let this Fellow be look'd too: Fellow? not *Malnolio*, nor after my degree, but Fellow. Why euery thing adheres togither, that no dramme of a ſcruple, no ſcruple of a ſcruple, no obſtacle, no incredulous or vnſafe circumſtance: What can be ſaide? Nothing that can be, can come betweene me, and the full proſpect of my hopes. Well Ioue, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

To. Which way is hee in the name of ſanctity. If all the diuels of hell be drawne in little, and Legion himſelfe poſſeſt him, yet Ile ſpeake to him.

Fab. Heere he is, heere he is : how iſt with you ſir? How iſt with you man?

Mal. Go off, I diſcard you : let me enioy my priuate: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend ſpeakes within him; did not I tell you? Sir *Toby*, my Lady prayes you to haue a care of him.

Mal. Ah ha, does ſhe ſo?

To. Go too, go too : peace, peace, wee muſt deale gently with him : Let me alone. How do you *Maluolio*? How iſt with you? What man, defie the diuell : conſider, he's an enemy to mankinde.

Mal. Do you know what you ſay?

Mar. La you, and you ſpeake ill of the diuell, how he takes it at heart. Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th'wiſe woman.

Mar. Marry and it ſhall be done to morrow morning if I liue. My Lady would not looſe him for more then ile ſay.

Mal. How now miſtris?

Mar. Oh Lord.

To. Prethee hold thy peace, this is not the way : Doe you not ſee you moue him? Let me alone with him.

Fa. No way but gentleneſſe, gently, gently: the Fiend is rough, and will not be roughly vs'd.

To. Why how now my bawcock? how doſt yͤ chuck?

Mal. Sir.

To. I biddy, come with me. What man, tis not for grauity to play at cherrie-pit with ſathan Hang him foul Colliar.

Mar. Get him to ſay his prayers, good ſir *Toby* gette him to pray.

Mal. My prayers Minx.

Mar. No I warrant you, he will not heare of godlyneſſe.

Mal. Go hang your ſelues all : you are ydle ſhallowe things, I am not of your element, you ſhall knowe more heereafter. *Exit*

To. Iſt poſsible?

Fa. If this were plaid vpon a ſtage now, I could condemne it as an improbable fiction.

To His very genius hath taken the infection of the deuice man.

Mar. Nay purſue him now, leaſt the deuice take ayre, and taint.

Fa. Why we ſhall make him mad indeede.

Mar. The houſe will be the quieter.

To. Come, wee'l haue him in a darke room & bound. My Neece is already in the beleefe that he's mad: we may carry it thus for our pleaſure, and his pennance, til our very paſtime tyred out of breath, prompt vs to haue mercy on him : at which time, we wil bring the deuice to the bar and crowne thee for a finder of madmen : but ſee, but ſee.

Enter Sir Andrew.

Fa. More matter for a May morning.

An. Heere's the Challenge, reade it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Iſt ſo ſawcy?

And. I, iſt? I warrant him : do but read.

To. Giue me.

Youth, whatſoeuer thou art, thou art but a ſcuruy fellow.

Fa. Good, and valiant.

To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy minde why I doe call thee ſo, for I will ſhew thee no reaſon for't.

Fa. A good note, that keepes you from the blow of yͤ Law.

To. Thou comſt to the Lady Oliuia, and in my ſight ſhe vſes thee kindly : but thou lyeſt in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fa. Very breefe, and to exceeding good ſence-leſſe.

To. I will way-lay thee going home, where if it be thy chance to kill me.

Fa. Good.

To. Thou kilſt me like a rogue and a villaine.

Fa. Still you keepe o'th windie ſide of the Law: good.

Tob. Fartheewell, and God haue mercie vpon one of our ſoules. He may haue mercie vpon mine, but my hope is better, and ſo looke to thy ſelfe. Thy friend as thou vſeſt him, & thy ſworne enemie, Andrew Ague-cheeke.

To. If this Letter moue him not, his legges cannot : Ile giu't him.

Mar. You may haue verie fit occaſion for't : he is now in ſome commerce with my Ladie, and will by and by depart.

To. Go ſir *Andrew* : ſcout mee for him at the corner of the Orchard like a bum-Baylie : ſo ſoone as euer thou ſeeſt him, draw, and as thou draw'ſt, ſweare horrible: for t comes to paſſe oft, that a terrible oath, with a ſwaggering accent ſharpely twang'd off, giues manhoode more approbation, then euer proofe it ſelfe would haue earn'd him. Away.

And. Nay let me alone for ſwearing. *Exit*

To. Now will not I deliuer his Letter : for the behauiour of the yong Gentleman, giues him out to be of good capacity, and breeding : his employment betweene his Lord and my Neece, confirmes no leſſe. Therefore, this Letter being ſo excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth : he will finde it comes from a Clodde-pole. But ſir, I will deliuer his Challenge by word of mouth; ſet vpon *Ague-cheeke* a notable report of valor, and driue the Gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receiue it) into a moſt hideous opinion of his rage, skill, furie, and impetuoſitie. This will ſo fright them both, that they wil kill one another by the looke, like Cockatrices.

Enter Oliuia and Viola.

Fab. Heere he comes with your Neece, giue them way till he take leaue, and preſently after him.

To I wil meditate the while vpon ſome horrid meſſage for a Challenge.

Ol. I haue ſaid too much vnto a hart of ſtone,
And laid mine honour too vnchary on't :
There's ſomething in me that reproues my fault;
But ſuch a head-ſtrong potent fault it is,
That it but mockes reproofe.

Vio. With the ſame hauiour that your paſſion beares,
Goes on my Maſters greefes.

Ol. Heere, weare this Iewell for me, tis my picture:
Refuſe it not, it hath no tongue, to vex you :
And I beſeech you come againe to morrow.
What ſhall you aske of me that Ile deny,
That honour (ſau'd) may vpon asking giue.

Vio. Nothing but this, your true loue for my maſter.

Ol. How with mine honor may I giue him that,
Which I haue giuen to you.

Vio I will acquit you.

Ol. Well, come againe to morrow: far-thee-well,
A Fiend like thee might beare my ſoule to hell.

Enter Toby and Fabian.

To. Gentleman, God ſaue thee.

Vio. And you ſir.

To. That defence thou haſt, betake the too't : of what nature the wrongs are thou haſt done him, I knowe not : but thy intercepter full of deſpight, bloody as the Hunter, attends thee at the Orchard end : diſmount thy tucke, be yare in thy preparation, for thy aſſaylant is quick, skilfull, and deadly.

Vio. You miſtake ſir I am ſure, no man hath any quarrell to me : my remembrance is very free and cleere from any image of offence done to any man.

To. You'l finde it otherwiſe I aſſure you : therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your gard : for your oppoſite hath in him what youth, ſtrength, skill, and wrath, can furniſh man withall.

Vio. I pray you ſir what is he?

To. He is knight dubb'd with vnhatch'd Rapier, and on carpet conſideration, but he is a diuell in priuate brall, ſoules and bodies hath he diuorc'd three, and his incenſement at this moment is ſo implacable, that ſatisfaction can be none, but by pangs of death and ſepulcher : Hob, nob, is his word : giu't or take't.

Vio. I will returne againe into the houſe, and deſire ſome conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter, I haue heard of ſome kinde of men, that put quarrells purpoſely on others, to taſte their valour : belike this is a man of that quirke.

To. Sir, no : his indignation deriues it ſelfe out of a very computent iniurie, therefore get you on, and giue him his deſire. Backe you ſhall not to the houſe, vnleſſe you vndertake that with me, which with as much ſafetie you might anſwer him : therefore on, or ſtrippe your ſword ſtarke naked : for meddle you muſt that's certain, or forſweare to weare iron about you.

Vio. This is as vnciuill as ſtrange. I beſeech you doe me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is : it is ſomething of my negligence, nothing of my purpoſe.

To. I will doe ſo. Signiour *Fabian*, ſtay you by this Gentleman, till my returne. *Exit Toby.*

Vio. Pray you ſir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incenſt againſt you, euen to a mortall arbitrement, but nothing of the circumſtance more.

Vio. I beſeech you what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderfull promiſe to read him by his forme, as you are like to finde him in the proofe of his valour. He is indeede ſir, the moſt skilfull, bloudy, & fatall oppoſite that you could poſsibly haue found in anie part of Illyria : will you walke towards him, I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I ſhall bee much bound to you for't : I am one, that had rather go with ſir Prieſt, then ſir knight : I care not who knowes ſo much of my mettle. *Exeunt.*

Enter Toby and Andrew.

To. Why man hee s a verie diuell, I haue not ſeen ſuch a firago : I had a paſſe with him, rapier, ſcabberd, and all : and he giues me the ſtucke in with ſuch a mortall motion that it is ineuitable : and on the anſwer, he payes you as ſurely, as your feete hits the ground they ſtep on. They ſay, he has bin Fencer to the Sophy.

And. Pox on't, Ile not meddle with him.

To. I but he will not now be pacified, *Fabian* can ſcarſe hold him yonder.

An. Plague on't, and I thought he had beene valiant, and ſo cunning in Fence, I'de haue ſeene him damn'd ere I'de haue challeng'd him. Let him let the matter ſlip, and Ile giue him my horſe, gray Capilet.

To. Ile make the motion : ſtand heere, make a good ſhew on't, this ſhall end without the perdition of ſoules, marry Ile ride your horſe as well as I ride you.

Enter Fabian and Viola.

I haue his horſe to take vp the quarrell, I haue perſwaded him the youths a diuell.

Fa. He is as horribly conceited of him : and pants, & lookes pale, as if a Beare were at his heeles.

To. There's no remedie ſir, he will fight with you for's oath ſake : marrie hee hath better bethought him of his quarrell, and hee findes that now ſcarſe to bee worth talking of : therefore draw for the ſupportance of his vowe, he proteſts he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me : a little thing would make me tell them how much I lacke of a man.

Fab. Giue ground if you ſee him furious.

To. Come ſir *Andrew*, there's no remedie, the Gentleman will for his honors ſake haue one bowt with you : he cannot by the Duello auoide it : but hee has promiſed me, as he is a Gentleman and a Soldiour, he will not hurt you. Come on, too't.

And. Pray God he keepe his oath.

Enter Antonio.

Vio. I do aſſure you tis againſt my will.

Ant. Put vp your ſword : if this yong Gentleman
Haue done offence, I take the fault on me :
If you offend him, I for him defie you.

To. You ſir? Why, what are you?

Ant. One ſir, that for his loue dares yet do more
Then you haue heard him brag to you he will.

To. Nay, if you be an vndertaker, I am for you.

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good ſir *Toby* hold: heere come the Officers.

To. Ile be with you anon.

Vio. Pray ſir, put your ſword vp if you pleaſe.

And. Marry will I ſir : and for that I promis'd you Ile be as good as my word, Hee will beare you eaſily, and raines well.

1.*Off.* This is the man, do thy Office.

2 *Off.* *Anthonio*, I arreſt thee at the ſuit of Count *Orſino*

An. You do miſtake me ſir.

1.*Off.* No ſir, no iot : I know your fauour well :
Though now you haue no ſea-cap on your head :
Take him away, he knowes I know him well.

Ant. I muſt obey. This comes with ſeeking you :
But there's no remedie, I ſhall anſwer it :
What will you do : now my neceſſitie
Makes me to aske you for my purſe. It greeues mee
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Then what befals my ſelfe : you ſtand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come ſir away.

Ant. I muſt entreat of you ſome of that money.

Vio. What money ſir?
For the fayre kindneſſe you haue ſhew'd me heere,
And part being prompted by your preſent trouble,
Out of my leane and low ability
Ile lend you ſomething : my hauing is not much,
Ile make diuiſion of my preſent with you :
Hold, there's halfe my Coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now,
Iſt poſſible that my deſerts to you
Can lacke perſwaſion. Do not tempt my miſery,
Leaſt that it make me ſo vnſound a man
As to vpbraid you with thoſe kindneſſes

That I haue done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voyce, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Then lying, vainneſſe, babling drunkenneſſe,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabites our fraile blood.

Ant. Oh heauens themſelues.

2. *Off.* Come ſir, I pray you go.

Ant. Let me ſpeake a litle. This youth that you ſee
I ſnatch'd one halfe out of the iawes of death, (heere,
Releeu'd him with ſuch ſanctitie of loue;
And to his image, which me thought did promiſe
Moſt venerable worth, did I deuotion.

1. *Off.* What's that to vs, the time goes by: Away.

Ant. But oh, how vilde an idoll proues this God:
Thou haſt *Sebaſtian* done good feature, ſhame.
In Nature, there's no blemiſh but the minde:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the vnkinde.
Vertue is beauty, but the beauteous euill
Are empty trunkes, ore-flouriſh'd by the deuill.

1. *Off.* The man growes mad, away with him:
Come, come ſir.

Ant. Leade me on. *Exit*

Vio. Me thinkes his words do from ſuch paſsion flye
That he beleeues himſelfe, ſo do not I:
Proue true imagination, oh proue ttue,
That I deere brother, be now tane for you.

To. Come hither Knight, come hither *Fabian*: Weel whiſper ore a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſawes.

Vio. He nam'd *Sebaſtian*: I my brother know
Yet liuing in my glaſſe: euen ſuch, and ſo
In fauour was my Brother, and he went
Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: Oh if it proue,
Tempeſts are kinde, and ſalt waues freſh in loue.

To. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward then a Hare, his diſhoneſty appeares, in leauing his frend heere in neceſſity, and denying him: and for his cowardſhip aske *Fabian*.

Fab. A Coward, a moſt deuout Coward, religious in it.

And. Slid Ile after him againe, and beate him.

To. Do, cuffe him ſoundly, but neuer draw thy ſword

And. And I do not.

Fab. Come, let's ſee the euent.

To. I dare lay any money, twill be nothing yet. *Exit*

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter Sebaſtian and Clowne.

Clo. Will you make me beleeue, that I am not ſent for you?

Seb. Go too, go too, thou art a fooliſh fellow,
Let me be cleere of thee.

Clo. Well held out yfaith: No, I do not know you, nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come ſpeake with her: nor your name is not Maſter *Ceſario*, nor this is not my noſe neyther: Nothing that is ſo, is ſo.

Seb. I prethee vent thy folly ſome-where elſe, thou know'ſt not me.

Clo. Vent my folly: He has heard that word of ſome great man, and now applyes it to a foole. Vent my folly: I am affraid this great lubber the World will proue a Cockney: I prethee now vngird thy ſtrangenes, and tell me what I ſhall vent to my Lady? Shall I vent to hir that thou art comming?

Seb. I prethee fooliſh greeke depart from me, there's money for thee, if you tarry longer, I ſhall giue worſe paiment.

Clo. By my troth thou haſt an open hand: theſe Wiſemen that giue fooles money, get themſelues a good report, after foureteene yeares purchaſe.

Enter Andrew, Toby, and Fabian.

And. Now ſir, haue I met you again: ther's for you.

Seb. Why there's for thee, and there, and there,
Are all the people mad?

To Hold ſir, or Ile throw your dagger ore the houſe.

Clo. This will I tell my Lady ſtraight, I would not be in ſome of your coats for two pence.

To. Come on ſir, hold.

An. Nay let him alone, Ile go another way to worke with him: Ile haue an action of Battery againſt him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I ſtroke him firſt, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

To. Come ſir, I will not let you go. Come my yong ſouldier put vp your yron: you are well fleſh'd: Come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldſt ỹ now?
If thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword.

To. What, what? Nay then I muſt haue an Ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter Olivia.

Ol. Hold *Toby*, on thy life I charge thee hold.

To. Madam.

Ol. Will it be euer thus? Vngracious wretch,
Fit for the Mountaines, and the barbarous Caues,
Where manners nere were preach'd: out of my ſight.
Be not offended, deere *Ceſario*:
Rudesbey be gone. I prethee gentle friend,
Let thy fayre wiſedome, not thy paſsion ſway
In this vnciuill, and vniuſt extent
Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe,
And heare thou there how many fruitleſſe prankes
This Ruffian hath botch'd vp, that thou thereby
Mayſt ſmile at this: Thou ſhalt not chooſe but goe:
Do not denie, beſhrew his ſoule for mee,
He ſtarted one poore heart of mine, in thee.

Seb. What relliſh is in this? How runs the ſtreame?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dreame:
Let fancie ſtill my ſenſe in Lethe ſteepe,
If it be thus to dreame, ſtill let me ſleepe.

Ol. Nay come I prethee, would thoud'ſt be rul'd by me

Seb. Madam, I will.

Ol. O ſay ſo, and ſo be. *Exeunt*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Maria and Clowne.

Mar. Nay, I prethee put on this gown, & this beard, make him beleeue thou art ſir *Topas* the Curate, doe it quickly. Ile call ſir *Toby* the whilſt.

Clo. Well, Ile put it on, and I will diſſemble my ſelfe in't, and I would I were the firſt that euer diſſembled in ſuch a gowne. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor leane enough to bee thought a good Studient: but to be ſaid an honeſt man and a good houſkeeper goes as fairely, as to ſay, a carefull man, & a great ſcholler. The Competitors enter.

Enter Toby.

To. Ioue bleſſe thee M. Parſon.

Clo. *Bonos dies* ſir *Toby*: for as the old hermit of *Prage* that neuer ſaw pen and inke, very wittily ſayd to a Neece of King *Gorbodacke*, that that is, is: ſo I being M. Parſon, am M. Parſon; for what is that, but that? and is, but is?

To. To him ſir *Topas*.

Clow. What hoa, I ſay, Peace in this priſon.

To. The knaue counterfets well: a good knaue.

Maluolio within.

Mal. Who cals there?

Clo. Sir *Topas* the Curate, who comes to viſit *Maluolio* the Lunaticke.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, ſir *Topas*, good ſir *Topas* goe to my Ladie.

Clo. Out hyperbolicall fiend, how vexeſt thou this man? Talkeſt thou nothing but of Ladies?

Tob. Well ſaid M. Parſon.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, neuer was man thus wronged, good ſir *Topas* do not thinke I am mad: they haue layde mee heere in hideous darkneſſe.

Clo. Fye, thou diſhoneſt ſathan: I call thee by the moſt modeſt termes, for I am one of thoſe gentle ones, that will vſe the diuell himſelfe with curteſie: ſayſt thou that houſe is darke?

Mal. As hell ſir *Topas*.

Clo. Why it hath bay Windowes tranſparant as baricadoes, and the cleere ſtores toward the South north, are as luſtrous as Ebony: and yet complaineſt thou of obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad ſir *Topas*, I ſay to you this houſe is darke.

Clo. Madman thou erreſt: I ſay there is no darkneſſe but ignorance, in which thou art more puzel'd then the Ægyptians in their fogge.

Mal. I ſay this houſe is as darke as Ignorance, thogh Ignorance were as darke as hell; and I ſay there was neuer man thus abus'd, I am no more madde then you are, make the triall of it in any conſtant queſtion.

Clo. What is the opinion of *Pythagoras* concerning Wilde-fowle?

Mal. That the ſoule of our grandam, might happily inhabite a bird.

Clo. What thinkſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I thinke nobly of the ſoule, and no way aproue his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remaine thou ſtill in darkeneſſe, thou ſhalt hold th'opinion of *Pythagoras*, ere I will allow of thy wits, and feare to kill a Woodcocke, leſt thou diſpoſſeſſe the ſoule of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir *Topas*, ſir *Topas*.

Tob. My moſt exquiſite ſir *Topas*.

Clo. Nay I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightſt haue done this without thy berd and gowne, he ſees thee not.

To. To him in thine owne voyce, and bring me word how thou findſt him: I would we were well ridde of this knauery. If he may bee conueniently deliuer'd, I would he were, for I am now ſo farre in offence with my Niece, that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport the vppeſhot. Come by and by to my Chamber. *Exit*

Clo. Hey Robin, iolly Robin, tell me how thy Lady does.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. My Lady is vnkind, *perdie*.

Mal. Foole.

Clo. Alas why is ſhe ſo?

Mal. Foole, I ſay.

Clo. She loues another. Who calles, ha?

Mal. Good foole, as euer thou wilt deſerue well at my hand, helpe me to a Candle, and pen, inke, and paper: as I am a Gentleman, I will liue to bee thankefull to thee for't.

Clo. M. *Maluolio*?

Mal. I good Foole.

Clo. Alas ſir, how fell you beſides your fiue witts?

Mall. Foole, there was neuer man ſo notoriouſlie abus'd: I am as well in my wits (foole) as thou art.

Clo. But as well: then you are mad indeede, if you be no better in your wits then a foole.

Mal. They haue heere propertied me: keepe mee in darkeneſſe, ſend Miniſters to me, Aſſes, and doe all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Aduiſe you what you ſay: the Miniſter is heere. *Maluolio, Maluolio*, thy wittes the heauens reſtore: endeauour thy ſelfe to ſleepe, and leaue thy vaine bibble babble.

Mal. Sir *Topas*.

Clo. Maintaine no words with him good fellow. Who I ſir, not I ſir. God buy you good ſir Topas: Marry Amen. I will ſir, I will.

Mal. Foole, foole, foole I ſay.

Clo. Alas ſir be patient. What ſay you ſir, I am ſhent for ſpeaking to you.

Mal. Good foole, helpe me to ſome light, and ſome paper, I tell thee I am as well in my wittes, as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were ſir.

Mal. By this hand I am: good foole, ſome inke, paper, and light: and conuey what I will ſet downe to my Lady: it ſhall aduantage thee more, then euer the bearing of Letter did.

Clo. I will help you too't. But tel me true, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit.

Mal. Beleeue me I am not, I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, Ile nere beleeue a madman till I ſee his brains I will fetch you light, and paper, and inke.

Mal. Foole, Ile requite it in the higheſt degree:
I prethee be gone.

Clo. I am gone ſir, and anon ſir,
Ile be with you againe;
In a trice, like to the old vice,
your neede to ſuſtaine.
Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,
cries ah ha, to the diuell:
Like a mad lad, paire thy nayles dad,
Adieu good man diuell. *Exit*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sebaſtian.

This is the ayre, that is the glorious Sunne,
This pearle ſhe gaue me, I do feel't, and ſee't,
And though tis wonder that enwraps me thus,

Yet 'tis not madneſſe. Where's *Anthonio* then,
I could not finde him at the Elephant,
Yet there he was, and there I found this credite,
That he did range the towne to ſeeke me out,
His councell now might do me golden ſeruice,
For though my ſoule diſputes well with my ſence,
That this may be ſome error, but no madneſſe,
Yet doth this accident and flood of Fortune,
So farre exceed all inſtance, all diſcourſe,
That I am readie to diſtruſt mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reaſon that perſwades me
To any other truſt, but that I am mad,
Or elſe the Ladies mad; yet if 'twere ſo,
She could not ſway her houſe, command her followers,
Take, and giue backe affayres, and their diſpatch,
With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable bearing
As I perceiue ſhe do's: there's ſomething in't
That is deceiueable. But heere the Lady comes.

Enter Oliuia, and Prieſt.

Ol. Blame not this haſte of mine: if you meane well
Now go with me, and with this holy man
Into the Chantry by: there before him,
And vnderneath that conſecrated roofe,
Plight me the full aſſurance of your faith,
That my moſt iealious, and too doubtfull ſoule
May liue at peace. He ſhall conceale it,
Whiles you are willing it ſhall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keepe
According to my birth, what do you ſay?

Seb. Ile follow this good man, and go with you,
And hauing ſworne truth, euer will be true.

Ol. Then lead the way good father, & heauens ſo ſhine,
That they may fairely note this acte of mine. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clowne and Fabian.

Fab. Now as thou lou'ſt me, let me ſee his Letter.

Clo. Good M. *Fabian*, grant me another requeſt.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not deſire to ſee this Letter.

Fab. This is to giue a dogge, and in recompence deſire my dogge againe.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady *Oliuia*, friends?

Clo. I ſir, we are ſome of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how doeſt thou my good Fellow?

Clo. Truely ſir, the better for my foes, and the worſe for my friends.

Du. Iuſt the contrary: the better for thy friends.

Clo. No ſir, the worſe.

Du. How can that be?

Clo. Marry ſir, they praiſe me, and make an aſſe of me, now my foes tell me plainly, I am an Aſſe: ſo that by my foes ſir, I profit in the knowledge of my ſelfe, and by my friends I am abuſed: ſo that concluſions to be as kiſſes, if your foure negatiues make your two affirmatiues, why then the worſe for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Du. Why this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth ſir, no: though it pleaſe you to be one of my friends.

Du. Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double dealing ſir, I would you could make it another.

Du. O you giue me ill counſell.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket ſir, for this once, and let your fleſh and blood obey it.

Du. Well, I will be ſo much a ſinner to be a double dealer: there's another.

Clo. *Primo, ſecundo, tertio*, is a good play, and the olde ſaying is, the third payes for all: the triplex ſir, is a good tripping meaſure, or the belles of S. *Bennet* ſir, may put you in minde, one, two, three.

Du. You can foole no more money out of mee at this throw: if you will let your Lady know I am here to ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry ſir, lullaby to your bountie till I come agen. I go ſir, but I would not haue you to thinke, that my deſire of hauing is the ſinne of couetouſneſſe: but as you ſay ſir, let your bounty take a nappe, I will awake it anon. *Exit*

Enter Anthonio and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man ſir, that did reſcue mee.

Du. That face of his I do remember well,
yet when I ſaw it laſt, it was beſmear'd
As blacke as Vulcan, in the ſmoake of warre:
A bawbling Veſſell was he Captaine of,
For ſhallow draught and bulke vnprizable,
With which ſuch ſcathfull grapple did he make,
With the moſt noble bottome of our Fleete,
That very enuy, and the tongue of loſſe
Cride fame and honor on him: What's the matter?

1 Offi. *Orſino*, this is that *Anthonio*
That tooke the *Phœnix*, and her fraught from *Candy*,
And this is he that did the *Tiger* boord,
When your yong Nephew *Titus* loſt his legge;
Heere in the ſtreets, deſperate of ſhame and ſtate,
In priuate brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindneſſe ſir, drew on my ſide,
But in concluſion put ſtrange ſpeech vpon me,
I know not what 'twas, but diſtraction.

Du. Notable Pyrate, thou ſalt-water Theefe,
What fooliſh boldneſſe brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou in termes ſo bloudie, and ſo deere
Haſt made thine enemies?

Ant. *Orſino*: Noble ſir,
Be pleas'd that I ſhake off theſe names you giue mee:
Anthonio neuer yet was Theefe, or Pyrate,
Though I confeſſe, on baſe and ground enough
Orſino's enemie. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That moſt ingratefull boy there by your ſide,
From the rude ſeas enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeeme: a wracke paſt hope he was:
His life I gaue him, and did thereto adde
My loue without retention, or reſtraint,
All his in dedication. For his ſake,
Did I expoſe my ſelfe (pure for his loue)
Into the danger of this aduerſe Towne,
Drew to defend him, when he was beſet:
Where being apprehended, his falſe cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And

And grew a twentie yeeres remoued thing
While one would winke: denide me mine owne purſe,
Which I had recommended to his vſe,
Not halfe an houre before.

Vio. How can this be?

Du. When came he to this Towne?

Ant. To day my Lord: and for three months before,
No *intrim*, not a minutes vacancie,
Both day and night did we keepe companie.

Enter Oliuia and attendants.

Du. Heere comes the Counteſſe, now heauen walkes on earth:
But for thee fellow, fellow thy words are madneſſe,
Three monthes this youth hath tended vpon mee,
But more of that anon. Take him aſide.

Ol. What would my Lord, but that he may not haue,
Wherein *Oliuia* may ſeeme ſeruiceable?
Ceſario, you do not keepe promiſe with me.

Vio. Madam:

Du. Gracious *Oliuia*.

Ol. What do you ſay *Ceſario*? Good my Lord.

Vio. My Lord would ſpeake, my dutie huſhes me.

Ol. If it be ought to the old tune my Lord,
It is as fat and fulſome to mine eare
As howling after Muſicke.

Du. Still ſo cruell?

Ol. Still ſo conſtant Lord.

Du. What to peruerſeneſſe? you vnciuill Ladie
To whoſe ingrate, and vnauſpicious Altars
My ſoule the faithfull'ſt offrings haue breath'd out
That ere deuotion tender'd. What ſhall I do?

Ol Euen what it pleaſe my Lord, that ſhal becom him

Du. Why ſhould I not, (had I the heart to do it)
Like to th'Egyptian theefe, at point of death
Kill what I loue: (a ſauage iealouſie,
That ſometime ſauours nobly) but heare me this:
Since you to non-regardance caſt my faith,
And that I partly know the inſtrument
That ſcrewes me from my true place in your fauour:
Liue you the Marble-breſted Tirant ſtill.
But this your Minion, whom I know you loue,
And whom, by heauen I ſweare, I tender deerely,
Him will I teare out of that cruell eye,
Where he ſits crowned in his maſters ſpight.
Come boy with me, my thoughts are ripe in miſchiefe:
Ile ſacrifice the Lambe that I do loue,
To ſpight a Rauens heart within a Doue.

Vio. And I moſt iocund, apt, and willinglie,
To do you reſt, a thouſand deaths would dye.

Ol. Where goes *Ceſario*?

Vio. After him I loue,
More then I loue theſe eyes, more then my life,
More by all mores, then ere I ſhall loue wife.
If I do feigne, you witneſſes aboue
Puniſh my life, for tainting of my loue.

Ol. Aye me deteſted, how am I beguil'd?

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Ol. Haſt thou forgot thy ſelfe? Is it ſo long?
Call forth the holy Father.

Du. Come, away.

Ol. Whether my Lord? *Ceſario*, Husband, ſtay.

Du. Husband?

Ol. I Husband. Can he that deny?

Du. Her husband, ſirrah?

Vio. No my Lord, not I.

Ol. Alas, it is the baſeneſſe of thy feare,
That makes thee ſtrangle thy propriety:
Feare not *Ceſario*, take thy fortunes vp,
Be that thou know'ſt thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'ſt.

Enter Prieſt.

O welcome Father:
Father, I charge thee by thy reuerence
Heere to vnfold, though lately we intended
To keepe in darkeneſſe, what occaſion now
Reueales before 'tis ripe: what thou doſt know
Hath newly paſt, betweene this youth, and me.

Prieſt. A Contract of eternall bond of loue,
Confirm'd by mutuall ioynder of your hands,
Atteſted by the holy cloſe of lippes,
Strengthned by enterchangement of your rings,
And all the Ceremonie of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my teſtimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my graue
I haue trauail'd but two houres.

Du. O thou diſſembling Cub: what wilt thou be
When time hath ſow'd a grizzle on thy caſe?
Or will not elſe thy craft ſo quickely grow,
That thine owne trip ſhall be thine ouerthrow:
Farewell, and take her, but direct thy feete,
Where thou, and I (henceforth) may neuer meet:

Vio. My Lord, I do proteſt.

Ol. O do not ſweare,
Hold little faith, though thou haſt too much feare.

Enter Sir Andrew.

And. For the loue of God a Surgeon, ſend one preſently to ſir *Toby*.

Ol. What's the matter?

And. H'as broke my head a-croſſe, and has giuen Sir *Toby* a bloody Coxcombe too: for the loue of God your helpe, I had rather then forty pound I were at home.

Ol. Who has done this ſir *Andrew*?

And. The Counts Gentleman, one *Ceſario*: we tooke him for a Coward, but hee's the verie diuell incardinate.

Du. My Gentleman *Ceſario*?

And. Odd's lifelings heere he is: you broke my head for nothing, and that that I did, I was ſet on to do't by ſir *Toby*.

Vio. Why do you ſpeake to me, I neuer hurt you:
you drew your ſword vpon me without cauſe,
But I beſpake you faire, and hurt you not.

Enter Toby and Clowne.

And. If a bloody coxcombe be a hurt, you haue hurt me: I thinke you ſet nothing by a bloody Coxecombe. Heere comes ſir *Toby* halting, you ſhall heare more: but if he had not beene in drinke, hee would haue tickel'd you other gates then he did.

Du. How now Gentleman? how iſt with you?

To. That's all one, has hurt me, and there's th'end on't: Sot, didſt ſee Dicke Surgeon, ſot?

Clo. O he's drunke ſir *Toby* an houre agone: his eyes were ſet at eight i'th morning.

To. Then he's a Rogue, and a paſſy meaſures panyn: I hate a drunken rogue.

Ol. Away with him? Who hath made this hauocke with them?

And. Ile helpe you ſir *Toby*, becauſe we'll be dreſt together.

To. Will you helpe an Aſſe-head, and a coxcombe, & a knaue: a thin fac'd knaue, a gull?

Ol. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd too.

Enter Sebaſtian.

Seb. I am ſorry Madam I haue hurt your kinſman:
But had it beene the brother of my blood,
I muſt haue done no leſſe with wit and ſafety.
You throw a ſtrange regard vpon me, and by that
I do perceiue it hath offended you:
Pardon me (ſweet one) euen for the vowes
We made each other, but ſo late ago.

Du. One face, one voice, one habit, and two perſons,
A naturall Perſpectiue, that is, and is not.

Seb. *Anthonio*: O my deere *Anthonio*,
How haue the houres rack'd, and tortur'd me,
Since I haue loſt thee?

Ant. *Sebaſtian* are you?

Seb. Fear'ſt thou that *Anthonio*?

Ant. How haue you made diuiſion of your ſelfe,
An apple cleft in two, is not more twin
Then theſe two creatures. Which is *Sebaſtian*?

Ol. Moſt wonderfull.

Seb. Do I ſtand there? I neuer had a brother:
Nor can there be that Deity in my nature
Of heere, and euery where. I had a ſiſter,
Whom the blinde waues and ſurges haue deuour'd:
Of charity, what kinne are you to me?
What Countreyman? What name? What Parentage?

Vio. Of *Meſſaline*: *Sebaſtian* was my Father,
Such a *Sebaſtian* was my brother too:
So went he ſuited to his watery tombe:
If ſpirits can aſſume both forme and ſuite,
You come to fright vs.

Seb. A ſpirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimenſion groſſely clad,
Which from the wombe I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the reſt goes euen,
I ſhould my teares let fall vpon your cheeke,
And ſay, thrice welcome drowned *Viola*.

Vio. My father had a moale vpon his brow.

Seb. And ſo had mine.

Vio. And dide that day when *Viola* from her birth
Had numbred thirteene yeares.

Seb. O that record is liuely in my ſoule,
He finiſhed indeed his mortall acte
That day that made my ſiſter thirteene yeares.

Vio. If nothing lets to make vs happie both,
But this my maſculine vſurp'd attyre:
Do not embrace me, till each circumſtance,
Of place, time, fortune, do co-here and iumpe
That I am *Viola*, which to confirme,
Ile bring you to a Captaine in this Towne,
Where lye my maiden weeds: by whoſe gentle helpe,
I was preſeru'd to ſerue this Noble Count:
All the occurrence of my fortune ſince
Hath beene betweene this Lady, and this Lord.

Seb. So comes it Lady, you haue beene miſtooke:
But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would haue bin contracted to a Maid,
Nor are you therein (by my life) deceiu'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Du. Be not amaz'd, right noble is his blood:
If this be ſo, as yet the glaſſe ſeemes true,
I ſhall haue ſhare in this moſt happy wracke,
Boy, thou haſt ſaide to me a thouſand times,
Thou neuer ſhould'ſt loue woman like to me.

Vio. And all thoſe ſayings, will I ouer ſweare,
And all thoſe ſwearings keepe as true in ſoule,
As doth that Orbed Continent, the fire,
That ſeuers day ftom night.

Du. Giue me thy hand,
And let me ſee thee in thy womans weedes.

Vio. The Captaine that did bring me firſt on ſhore
Hath my Maides garments: he vpon ſome Action
Is now in durance, at *Maluolio's* ſuite,
A Gentleman, and follower of my Ladies.

Ol. He ſhall inlarge him: fetch *Maluolio* hither,
And yet alas, now I remember me,
They ſay poore Gentleman, he's much diſtract.

Enter Clowne with a Letter, and Fabian.

A moſt extracting frenſie of mine owne
From my remembrance, clearly baniſht his.
How does he ſirrah?

Cl. Truely Madam, he holds *Belzebub* at the ſtaues end as well as a man in his caſe may do: has heere writ a letter to you, I ſhould haue giuen't you to day morning. But as a madmans Epiſtles are no Goſpels, ſo it skilles not much when they are deliuer'd.

Ol. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Looke then to be well edified, when the Foole deliuers the Madman. *By the Lord Madam.*

Ol. How now, art thou mad?

Clo. No Madam, I do but reade madneſſe: and your Ladyſhip will haue it as it ought to bee, you muſt allow *Vox*.

Ol. Prethee reade i'thy right wits.

Clo. So I do Madona: but to reade his right wits, is to reade thus: therefore, perpend my Princeſſe, and giue eare.

Ol. Read it you, ſirrah.

Fab. Reads. By the Lord Madam, you wrong me, and the world ſhall know it: Though you haue put mee into darkeneſſe, and giuen your drunken Coſine rule ouer me, yet haue I the benefit of my ſenſes as well as your Ladieſhip. I haue your owne letter, that induced mee to the ſemblance I put on; with the which I doubt not, but to do my ſelfe much right, or you much ſhame: thinke of me as you pleaſe. I leaue my duty a little vnthought of, and ſpeake out of my iniury. *The madly vs'd Maluolio.*

Ol. Did he write this?

Clo. I Madame.

Du. This ſauours not much of diſtraction.

Ol. See him deliuer'd *Fabian*, bring him hither:
My Lord, ſo pleaſe you, theſe things further thought on,
To thinke me as well a ſiſter, as a wife,
One day ſhall crowne th'alliance on't, ſo pleaſe you,
Heere at my houſe, and at my proper coſt.

Du. Madam, I am moſt apt t'embrace your offer:
Your Maſter quits you; and for your ſeruice done him,
So much againſt the mettle of your ſex,
So farre beneath your ſoft and tender breeding,
And ſince you call'd me Maſter, for ſo long:
Heere is my hand, you ſhall from this time bee
your Maſters Miſtris.

Ol. A ſiſter, you are ſhe.

Enter Maluolio.

Du. Is this the Madman?

Ol. I my Lord, this ſame: How now *Maluolio*?

Mal. Madam, you haue done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Ol. Haue I *Maluolio*? No.

Mal. Lady you haue, pray you peruſe that Letter.
You muſt not now denie it is your hand,
Write from it if you can, in hand, or phraſe,

Or ſay, tis not your ſeale, not your inuention:
You can ſay none of this. Well, grant it then,
And tell me in the modeſtie of honor,
Why you haue giuen me ſuch cleare lights of fauour,
Bad me come ſmiling, and croſſe-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow ſtockings, and to frowne
Vpon ſir *Toby*, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why haue you ſuffer'd me to be impriſon'd,
Kept in a darke houſe, viſited by the Prieſt,
And made the moſt notorious gecke and gull,
That ere inuention plaid on? Tell me why?

Ol. Alas *Maluolio*, this is not my writing,
Though I confeſſe much like the Charracter:
But out of queſtion, tis *Marias* hand.
And now I do bethinke me, it was ſhee
Firſt told me thou waſt mad; then cam'ſt in ſmiling,
And in ſuch formes, which heere were preſuppos'd
Vpon thee in the Letter: prethee be content,
This practice hath moſt ſhrewdly paſt vpon thee:
But when we know the grounds, and authors of it,
Thou ſhalt be both the Plaintiffe and the Iudge
Of thine owne cauſe.

Fab. Good Madam heare me ſpeake,
And let no quarrell, nor no braule to come,
Taint the condition of this preſent houre,
Which I haue wondred at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſſe my ſelfe, and *Toby*
Set this deuice againſt *Maluolio* heere,
Vpon ſome ſtubborne and vncourteous parts
We had conceiu'd againſt him. *Maria* writ
The Letter, at ſir *Tobyes* great importance,
In recompence whereof, he hath married her:
How with a ſportfull malice it was follow'd,
May rather plucke on laughter then reuenge,
If that the iniuries be iuſtly weigh'd,
That haue on both ſides paſt.

Ol. Alas poore Foole, how haue they baffel'd thee?

Clo. Why ſome are borne great, ſome atchieue greatneſſe, and ſome haue greatneſſe throwne vpon them. I was one ſir, in this Enterlude, one ſir *Topas* ſir, but that's all one: By the Lord Foole, I am not mad: but do you remember, Madam, why laugh you at ſuch a barren raſcall, and you ſmile not he's gag'd: and thus the whirlegigge of time, brings in his reuenges.

Mal. Ile be reueng'd on the whole packe of you?

Ol. He hath bene moſt notoriouſly abus'd.

Du. Purſue him, and entreate him to a peace:
He hath not told vs of the Captaine yet,
When that is knowne, and golden time conuents
A ſolemne Combination ſhall be made
Of our deere ſoules. Meane time ſweet ſiſter,
We will not part from hence. *Ceſario* come
(For ſo you ſhall be while you are a man:)
But when in other habites you are ſeene,
Orſino's Miſtris, and his fancies Queene. *Exeunt*

Clowne ſings.

When that I was and a little tine boy,
with hey, ho, the winde and the raine:
A fooliſh thing was but a toy,
for the raine it raineth euery day.

But when I came to mans eſtate,
with hey ho, &c.
Gainſt Knaues and Theeues men ſhut their gate,
for the raine, &c.

But when I came alas to wiue,
with hey ho, &c.
By ſwaggering could I neuer thriue,
for the raine, &c.

But when I came vnto my beds,
with hey ho, &c.
With toſpottes ſtill had drunken heades,
for the raine, &c.

A great while ago the world begon,
hey ho, &c.
But that's all one, our Play is done,
and wee'l ſtriue to pleaſe you euery day.

FINIS.

The Winters Tale.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. IF you ſhall chance(*Camillo*)to viſit *Bohemia*,on the like occaſion whereon my ſeruices are now on-foot, you ſhall ſee(as I haue ſaid)great difference betwixt our *Bohemia*,and your *Sicilia*.

Cam. I thinke, this comming Summer, the King of *Sicilia* meanes to pay *Bohemia* the Viſitation, which hee iuſtly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our Entertainment ſhall ſhame vs: we will be iuſtified in our Loues : for indeed---

Cam. 'Beſeech you---

*Arch.*Verely I ſpeake it in the freedome of my knowledge : we cannot with ſuch magnificence--- in ſo rare-- I know not what to ſay--- Wee will giue you ſleepie Drinkes, that your Sences (vn-intelligent of our inſufficience) may, though they cannot prayſe vs, as little accuſe vs.

Cam. You pay a great deale to deare, for what's giuen freely.

Arch. 'Beleeue me, I ſpeake as my vnderſtanding inſtructs me,and as mine honeſtie puts it to vtterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot ſhew himſelfe ouer-kind to *Bohemia*: They were trayn'd together in their Child-hoods; and there rooted betwixt them then ſuch an affection, which cannot chuſe but braunch now. Since their more mature Dignities,and Royall Neceſſities,made ſeperation of their Societie, their Encounters(though not Perſonall) hath been Royally attornyed with enter-change of Gifts,Letters,louing Embaſſies,that they haue ſeem'd to be together,though abſent: ſhooke hands,as ouer a Vaſt; and embrac'd as it were from the ends of oppoſed Winds. The Heauens continue their Loues.

Arch. I thinke there is not in the World,either Malice or Matter, to alter it. You haue an vnſpeakable comfort of your young Prince *Mamillius*: it is a Gentleman of the greateſt Promiſe,that euer came into my Note.

Cam. I very well agree with you,in the hopes of him: it is a gallant Child ; one,that (indeed)Phyſicks the Subiect, makes old hearts freſh : they that went on Crutches ere he was borne,deſire yet their life,to ſee him a Man.

Arch. Would they elſe be content to die?

Cam. Yes;if there were no other excuſe,why they ſhould deſire to liue.

Arch. If the King had no Sonne, they would deſire to liue on Crutches till he had one. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo.

Pol. Nine Changes of the Watry-Starre hath been
The Shepheards Note,ſince we haue left our Throne
Without a Burthen : Time as long againe
Would be fill'd vp(my Brother)with our Thanks,
And yet we ſhould,for perpetuitie,
Goe hence in debt : And therefore,like a Cypher
(Yet ſtanding in rich place) I multiply
With one we thanke you,many thouſands moe,
That goe before it.

Leo. Stay your Thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir,that's to morrow :
I am queſtion'd by my feares,of what may chance,
Or breed vpon our abſence,that may blow
No ſneaping Winds at home,to make vs ſay,
This is put forth too truly: beſides, I haue ſtay'd
To tyre your Royaltie.

Leo. We are tougher (Brother)
Then you can put vs to't.

Pol. No longer ſtay.

Leo. One Seue'night longer.

Pol. Very ſooth, to morrow.

Leo. Wee'le part the time betweene's then:and in that
Ile no gaine-ſaying.

Pol. Preſſe me not ('beſeech you) ſo:
There is no Tongue that moues;none,none i'th' World
So ſoone as yours,could win me: ſo it ſhould now,
Were there neceſſitie in your requeſt,although
'Twere needfull I deny'd it. My Affaires
Doe euen drag me home-ward : which to hinder,
Were (in your Loue) a Whip to me; my ſtay,
To you a Charge,and Trouble : to ſaue both,
Farewell (our Brother.)

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queene? ſpeake you.

Her. I had thought (Sir)to haue held my peace,vntill
You had drawne Oathes from him,not to ſtay: you(Sir)
Charge him too coldly. Tell him,you are ſure
All in *Bohemia's* well : this ſatisfaction,
The by-gone-day proclaym'd, ſay this to him,
He's beat from his beſt ward.

Leo. Well ſaid, *Hermione*.

Her. To tell,he longs to ſee his Sonne,were ſtrong:
But let him ſay ſo then,and let him goe;
But let him ſweare ſo,and he ſhall not ſtay,
Wee'l thwack him hence with Diſtaffes.
Yet of your Royall preſence,Ile aduenture
The borrow of a Weeke. When at *Bohemia*
You take my Lord, Ile giue him my Commiſſion,
To let him there a Moneth,behind the Geſt
Prefix'd for's parting: yet (good-deed) *Leontes*,
I loue thee not a Iarre o'th' Clock,behind

What Lady ſhe her Lord. You'le ſtay?
Pol. No, Madame.
Her. Nay, but you will?
Pol. I may not verely.
Her. Verely?
You put me off with limber Vowes: but I,
Though you would ſeek t'vnſphere the Stars with Oaths,
Should yet ſay, Sir, no going: Verely
You ſhall not goe; a Ladyes Verely 'is
As potent as a Lords. Will you goe yet?
Force me to keepe you as a Priſoner,
Not like a Gueſt: ſo you ſhall pay your Fees
When you depart, and ſaue your Thanks. How ſay you?
My Priſoner? or my Gueſt? by your dread Verely,
One of them you ſhall be.
Pol. Your Gueſt then, Madame:
To be your Priſoner, ſhould import offending;
Which is for me, leſſe eaſie to commit,
Then you to puniſh.
Her. Not your Gaoler then,
But your kind Hoſteſſe. Come, Ile queſtion you
Of my Lords Tricks, and yours, when you were Boyes:
You were pretty Lordings then?
Pol. We were (faire Queene)
Two Lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to morrow, as to day,
And to be Boy eternall.
Her. Was not my Lord
The veryer Wag o'th' two?
Pol. We were as twyn'd Lambs, that did friſk i'th' Sun,
And bleat the one at th'other: what we chang'd,
Was Innocence, for Innocence: we knew not
The Doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we purſu'd that life,
And our weake Spirits ne're been higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould haue anſwer'd Heauen
Boldly, not guilty; the Impoſition clear'd,
Hereditarie ours.
Her. By this we gather
You haue tript ſince.
Pol. O my moſt ſacred Lady,
Temptations haue ſince then been borne to's: for
In thoſe vnfledg'd dayes, was my Wife a Girle;
Your precious ſelfe had then not croſ'd the eyes
Of my young Play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot:
Of this make no concluſion, leaſt you ſay
Your Queene and I are Deuils: yet goe on,
Th'offences we haue made you doe, wee'le anſwere,
If you firſt ſinn'd with vs: and that with vs
You did continue fault; and that you ſlipt not
With any, but with vs.
Leo. Is he woon yet?
Her. Hee'le ſtay (my Lord.)
Leo. At my requeſt, he would not:
Hermione (my deareſt) thou neuer ſpoak'ſt
To better purpoſe.
Her. Neuer?
Leo. Neuer, but once.
Her. What? haue I twice ſaid well? when was't before?
I prethee tell me: cram's with prayſe, and make's
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongueleſſe,
Slaughters a thouſand, wayting vpon that.
Our prayſes are our Wages. You may ride's
With one ſoft Kiſſe a thouſand Furlongs, ere
With Spur we heat an Acre. But to th' Goale:
My laſt good deed, was to entreat his ſtay.
What was my firſt? it ha's an elder Siſter,
Or I miſtake you: O, would her Name were *Grace*.
But once before I ſpoke to th' purpoſe? when?
Nay, let me haue't: I long.
Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed Moneths had ſowr'd themſelues to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white Hand:
A clap thy ſelfe my Loue; then didſt thou vtter,
I am yours for euer.
Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.
Why lo-you now; I haue ſpoke to th' purpoſe twice:
The one, for euer earn'd a Royall Husband;
Th'other, for ſome while a Friend.
Leo. Too hot, too hot:
To mingle friendſhip farre, is mingling bloods.
I haue *Tremor Cordis* on me: my heart daunces,
But not for ioy; not ioy. This Entertainment
May a free face put on: deriue a Libertie
From Heartineſſe, from Bountie, fertile Boſome,
And well become the Agent: 't may; I graunt:
But to be padling Palmes, and pinching Fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd Smiles
As in a Looking-Glaſſe; and then to ſigh, as 'twere
The Mort o'th' Deere: oh, that is entertainment
My Boſome likes not, nor my Browes. *Mamillius*,
Art thou my Boy?
Mam. I, my good Lord.
Leo. I'fecks:
Why that's my Bawcock: what? has't ſmutch'd thy Noſe?
They ſay it is a Coppy out of mine. Come Captaine,
We muſt be neat; not neat, but cleanly, Captaine:
And yet the Steere, the Heycfer, and the Calfe,
Are all call'd Neat. Still Virginalling
Vpon his Palme? How now (you wanton Calfe)
Art thou my Calfe?
Mam. Yes, if you will (my Lord.)
Leo. Thou want'ſt a rough paſh, & the ſhoots that I haue
To be full, like me: yet they ſay we are
Almoſt as like as Egges; Women ſay ſo,
(That will ſay any thing.) But were they falſe
As o're-dy'd Blacks, as Wind, as Waters; falſe
As Dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No borne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true,
To ſay this Boy were like me. Come (Sir Page)
Looke on me with your Welkin eye: ſweet Villaine,
Moſt dear'ſt, my Collop: Can thy Dam, may't be
Affection? thy Intention ſtabs the Center.
Thou do'ſt make poſſible things not ſo held,
Communicat'ſt with Dreames (how can this be?)
With what's vnreall: thou coactiue art,
And fellow'ſt nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'ſt co-ioyne with ſomething, and thou do'ſt,
(And that beyond Commiſſion) and I find it,
(And that to the infection of my Braines,
And hardning of my Browes.)
Pol. What meanes *Sicilia*?
Her. He ſomething ſeemes vnſetled.
Pol. How? my Lord?
Leo. What cheere? how is't with you, beſt Brother?
Her. You look as if you held a Brow of much diſtraction:
Are you mou'd (my Lord?)
Leo. No, in good earneſt.
How ſometimes Nature will betray it's folly?
It's tenderneſſe? and make it ſelfe a Paſtime
To harder boſomes? Looking on the Lynes

Of my Boyes face, me thoughts I did requoyle
Twentie three yeeres, and ſaw my ſelfe vn-breech'd,
In my greene Veluet Coat; my Dagger muzzel'd,
Leaſt it ſhould bite it's Maſter, and ſo proue
(As Ornaments oft do's) too dangerous:
How like (me thought) I then was to this Kernell,
This Squaſh, this Gentleman. Mine honeſt Friend,
Will you take Egges for Money?
Mam. No (my Lord) Ile fight.
Leo. You will: why happy man be's dole. My Brother
Are you ſo fond of your young Prince, as we
Doe ſeeme to be of ours?
Pol. If at home (Sir)
He's all my Exerciſe, my Mirth, my Matter;
Now my ſworne Friend, and then mine Enemy;
My Paraſite, my Souldier: Stateſ-man; all:
He makes a Iulyes day, ſhort as December,
And with his varying child-neſſe, cures in me
Thoughts, that would thick my blood.
Leo. So ſtands this Squire
Offic'd with me: We two will walke (my Lord)
And leaue you to your grauer ſteps. *Hermione*,
How thou lou'ſt vs, ſhew in our Brothers welcome;
Let what is deare in Sicily, be cheape:
Next to thy ſelfe, and my young Rouer, he's
Apparant to my heart.
Her. If you would ſeeke vs,
We are yours i'th' Garden: ſhall's attend you there?
Leo. To your owne bents diſpoſe you: you'le be found,
Be you beneath the Sky: I am angling now,
(Though you perceiue me not how I giue Lyne)
Goe too, goe too.
How ſhe holds vp the Neb? the Byll to him?
And armes her with the boldneſſe of a Wife
To her allowing Husband. Gone already,
Ynch-thick, knee-deepe; ore head and eares a fork'd one.
Goe play (Boy) play: thy Mother playes, and I
Play too; but ſo diſgrac'd a part, whoſe iſſue
Will hiſſe me to my Graue: Contempt and Clamor
Will be my Knell. Goe play (Boy) play, there haue been
(Or I am much deceiu'd) Cuckolds ere now,
And many a man there is (euen at this preſent,
Now, while I ſpeake this) holds his Wife by th' Arme,
That little thinkes ſhe ha's been ſluyc'd in's abſence,
And his Pond fiſh'd by his next Neighbor (by
Sir *Smile*, his Neighbor:) nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men haue Gates, and thoſe Gates open'd
(As mine) againſt their will. Should all deſpaire
That haue reuolted Wiues, the tenth of Mankind
Would hang themſelues. Phyſick for't, there's none:
It is a bawdy Planet, that will ſtrike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powrefull: thinke it:
From Eaſt, Weſt, North, and South, be it concluded,
No Barricado for a Belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the Enemy,
With bag and baggage: many thouſand on's
Haue the Diſeaſe, and feele't not. How now Boy?
Mam. I am like you ſay.
Leo. Why, that's ſome comfort.
What? *Camillo* there?
Cam. I, my good Lord.
Leo. Goe play (*Mamillius*) thou'rt an honeſt man:
Camillo, this great Sir will yet ſtay longer.
Cam. You had much adoe to make his Anchor hold,
When you caſt out, it ſtill came home.
Leo. Didſt note it?
Cam. He would not ſtay at your Petitions, made
His Buſineſſe more materiall.
Leo. Didſt perceiue it?
They're here with me already; whiſp'ring, rounding:
Sicilia is a ſo-forth: 'tis farre gone,
When I ſhall guſt it laſt. How cam't (*Camillo*)
That he did ſtay?
Cam. At the good Queenes entreatie.
Leo. At the Queenes be't: Good ſhould be pertinent,
But ſo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any vnderſtanding Pate but thine?
For thy Conceit is ſoaking, will draw in
More then the common Blocks. Not noted, is't,
But of the finer Natures? by ſome Seueralls
Of Head-peece extraordinarie? Lower Meſſes
Perchance are to this Buſineſſe purblind? ſay.
Cam. Buſineſſe, my Lord? I thinke moſt vnderſtand
Bohemia ſtayes here longer.
Leo. Ha?
Cam. Stayes here longer.
Leo. I, but why?
Cam. To ſatisfie your Highneſſe, and the Entreaties
Of our moſt gracious Miſtreſſe.
Leo. Satisfie?
Th'entreaties of your Miſtreſſe? Satisfie?
Let that ſuffice. I haue truſted thee (*Camillo*)
With all the neereſt things to my heart, as well
My Chamber-Councels, wherein (Prieſt-like) thou
Haſt cleans'd my Boſome: I, from thee departed
Thy Penitent reform'd: but we haue been
Deceiu'd in thy Integritie, deceiu'd
In that which ſeemes ſo.
Cam. Be it forbid (my Lord.)
Leo. To bide vpon't: thou art not honeſt: or
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a Coward,
Which hoxes honeſtie behind, reſtrayning
From Courſe requir'd: or elſe thou muſt be counted
A Seruant, grafted in my ſerious Truſt,
And therein negligent: or elſe a Foole,
That ſeeſt a Game play'd home, the rich Stake drawne,
And tak'ſt it all for ieaſt.
Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh, and fearefull,
In euery one of theſe, no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, feare,
Among the infinite doings of the World,
Sometime puts forth in your affaires (my Lord.)
If euer I were wilfull-negligent,
It was my folly: if induſtriouſly
I play'd the Foole, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if euer fearefull
To doe a thing, where I the iſſue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Againſt the non-performance, 'twas a feare
Which oft infects the wiſeſt: theſe (my Lord)
Are ſuch allow'd Infirmities, that honeſtie
Is neuer free of. But beſeech your Grace
Be plainer with me, let me know my Treſpas
By it's owne viſage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.
Leo. Ha' not you ſeene *Camillo*?
(But that's paſt doubt: you haue, or your eye-glaſſe
Is thicker then a Cuckolds Horne) or heard?
(For to a Viſion ſo apparant, Rumor
Cannot be mute) or thought? (for Cogitation
Reſides not in that man, that do's not thinke)

My Wiſe is ſlipperie ? If thou wilt confeſſe,
Or elſe be impudently negatiue,
To haue nor Eyes,nor Eares,nor Thought,then ſay
My Wife's a Holy-Horſe,deſerues a Name
As ranke as any Flax-Wench,that puts to
Before her troth-plight : ſay't,and iuſtify't.
Cam. I would not be a ſtander-by, to heare
My Soueraigne Miſtreſſe clouded ſo,without
My preſent vengeance taken : 'ſhrew my heart,
You neuer ſpoke what did become you leſſe
Then this; which to reiterate,were ſin
As deepe as that,though true.
Leo. Is whiſpering nothing ?
Is leaning Cheeke to Cheeke? is meating Noſes ?
Kiſſing with in-ſide Lip? ſtopping the Cariere
Of Laughter,with a ſigh? (a Note infallible
Of breaking Honeſtie) horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing Clocks more ſwift ?
Houres,Minutes? Noone,Mid-night ? and all Eyes
Blind with the Pin and Web,but theirs; theirs onely,
That would vnſeene be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why then the World,and all that's in't,is nothing,
The couering Skie is nothing,*Bohemia* nothing,
My Wife is nothing,nor Nothing haue theſe Nothings,
If this be nothing.
Cam. Good my Lord,be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd Opinion, and betimes,
For 'tis moſt dangerous.
Leo. Say it be,'tis true.
Cam. No,no,my Lord.
Leo. It is: you lye,you lye:
I ſay thou lyeſt *Camillo*,and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a groſſe Lowt,a mindleſſe Slaue,
Or elſe a houering Temporizer,that
Canſt with thine eyes at once ſee good and euill,
Inclining to them both: were my Wiues Liuer
Infected (as her life) ſhe would not liue
The running of one Glaſſe.
Cam. Who do's infect her ?
Leo. Why he that weares her like her Medull,hanging
About his neck (*Bohemia*) who,if I
Had Seruants true about me,that bare eyes
To ſee alike mine Honor,as their Profits,
(Their owne particular Thrifts) they would doe that
Which ſhould vndoe more doing : I,and thou
His Cup-bearer,whom I from meaner forme
Haue Bench'd,and rear'd to Worſhip,who may'ſt ſee
Plainely,as Heauen ſees Earth and Earth ſees Heauen,
How I am gall'd,might'ſt be-ſpice a Cup,
To giue mine Enemy a laſting Winke:
Which Draught to me,were cordiall.
Cam. Sir (my Lord)
I could doe this, and that with no raſh Potion,
But with a lingring Dram,that ſhould not worke
Maliciouſly,like Poyſon : But I cannot
Beleeue this Crack to be in my dread Miſtreſſe
(So ſoueraignely being Honorable.)
I haue lou'd thee,
Leo Make that thy queſtion,and goe rot:
Do'ſt thinke I am ſo muddy, ſo vnſetled,
To appoint my ſelfe in this vexation?
Sully the puritie and whiteneſſe of my Sheetes
(Which to preſerue,is Sleepe; which being ſpotted,
Is Goades,Thornes Nettles,Tayles of Waſpes)
Giue ſcandall to the blood o'th' Prince,my Sonne,
(Who I doe thinke is mine,and loue as mine)
Without ripe mouing to't? Would I doe this?
Could man ſo blench?
Cam. I muſt beleeue you(Sir)
I doe, and will fetch off *Bohemia* for't:
Prouided,that when hee's remou'd,your Highneſſe
Will take againe your Queene,as yours at firſt,
Euen for your Sonnes ſake,and thereby for ſealing
The Iniurie of Tongues,in Courts and Kingdomes
Knowne,and ally'd to yours.
Leo. Thou do'ſt aduiſe me,
Euen ſo as I mine owne courſe haue ſet downe:
Ile giue no blemiſh to her Honor,none.
Cam. My Lord,
Goe then; and with a countenance as cleare
As Friendſhip weares at Feaſts,keepe with *Bohemia*,
And with your Queene: I am his Cup-bearer,
If from me he haue wholeſome Beueridge,
Account me not your Seruant.
Leo. This is all:
Do't,and thou haſt the one halfe of my heart;
Do't not,thou ſplitt'ſt thine owne.
Cam. Ile do't,my Lord.
Leo. I wil ſeeme friendly,as thou haſt aduis'd me. *Exit*
Cam. O miſerable Lady. But for me,
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the poyſoner
Of good *Polixenes*,and my ground to do't,
Is the obedience to a Maſter; one,
Who in Rebellion with himſelfe,will haue
All that are his, ſo too. To doe this deed,
Promotion followes: If I could find example
Of thouſand's that had ſtruck anoynted Kings,
And flouriſh'd after, Il'd not do't: But ſince
Nor Braſſe,nor Stone,nor Parchment beares not one,
Let Villanie it ſelfe forſwear't. I muſt
Forſake the Court: to do't,or no,is certaine
To me a breake-neck. Happy Starre raigne now,
Here comes *Bohemia*. *Enter Polixenes.*
Pol. This is ſtrange: Me thinkes
My fauor here begins to warpe. Not ſpeake?
Good day *Camillo*.
Cam. Hayle moſt Royall Sir.
Pol. What is the Newes i'th' Court?
Cam. None rare (my Lord.)
Pol. The King hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome Prouince,and a Region
Lou'd, as he loues himſelfe: euen now I met him
With cuſtomarie complement,when hee
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary,and falling
A Lippe of much contempt,ſpeedes from me,and
So leaues me,to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his Manners.
Cam. I dare not know (my Lord.)
Pol. How,dare not?doe not?doe you know,and dare not?
Be intelligent to me,'tis thereabouts:
For to your ſelfe,what you doe know,you muſt,
And cannot ſay,you dare not. Good *Camillo*,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a Mirror,
Which ſhewes me mine chang'd too:for I muſt be
A partie in this alteration,finding
My ſelfe thus alter'd with't.
Cam. There is a ſickneſſe
Which puts ſome of vs in diſtemper, but
I cannot name the Diſeaſe,and it is caught
Of you,that yet are well.
Pol. How caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the Baſiliſque.

I haue look'd on thouſands,who haue ſped the better
By my regard,but kill'd none ſo: *Camillo*,
As you are certainely a Gentleman,thereto
Clerke-like experienc'd,which no leſſe adornes
Our Gentry,then our Parents Noble Names,
In whoſe ſucceſſe we are gentle: I beſeech you,
If you know ought which do's behoue my knowledge,
Thereof to be inform'd,impriſon't not
In ignorant concealement.
Cam. I may not anſwere.
Pol. A Sickneſſe caught of me,and yet I well?
I muſt be anſwer'd. Do'ſt thou heare *Camillo*,
I coniure thee,by all the parts of man,
Which Honor do's acknowledge,whereof the leaſt
Is not this Suit of mine,that thou declare
What incidencie thou do'ſt gheſſe of harme
Is creeping toward me; how farre off,how neere,
Which way to be preuented,if to be:
If not, how beſt to beare it.
Cam. Sir,I will tell you,
Since I am charg'd in Honor,and by him
That I thinke Honorable: therefore marke my counſaile,
Which muſt be eu'n as ſwiftly followed,as
I meane to vtter it; or both your ſelfe,and me,
Cry loſt,and ſo good night.
Pol. On,good *Camillo*.
Cam. I am appointed him to murther you.
Pol. By whom, *Camillo*?
Cam. By the King.
Pol. For what?
Cam. He thinkes,nay with all confidence he ſweares,
As he had ſeen't,or beene an Inſtrument
To vice you to't,that you haue toucht his Queene
Forbiddenly.
Pol. Oh then,my beſt blood turne
To an infected Gelly,and my Name
Be yoak'd with his,that did betray the Beſt:
Turne then my freſheſt Reputation to
A ſauour,that may ſtrike the dulleſt Noſthrill
Where I arriue,and my approch be ſhun'd,
Nay hated too,worſe then the great'ſt Infection
That ere was heard,or read.
Cam. Sweare his thought ouer
By each particular Starre in Heauen, and
By all their Influences; you may as well
Forbid the Sea for to obey the Moone,
As (or by Oath) remoue,or (Counſaile) ſhake
The Fabrick of his Folly, whoſe foundation
Is pyl'd vpon his Faith,and will continue
The ſtanding of his Body.
Pol. How ſhould this grow?
Cam. I know not: but I am ſure 'tis ſafer to
Auoid what's growne,then queſtion how 'tis borne.
If therefore you dare truſt my honeſtie,
That lyes encloſed in this Trunke,which you
Shall beare along impawnd,away to Night,
Your Followers I will whiſper to the Buſineſſe,
And will by twoes,and threes,at ſeuerall Poſternes,
Cleare them o'th' Citie: For my ſelfe,Ile put
My fortunes to your ſeruice (which are here
By this diſcouerie loſt.) Be not vncertaine,
For by the honor of my Parents, I
Haue vttred Truth: which if you ſeeke to proue,
I dare not ſtand by; nor ſhall you be ſafer,
Then one condemnd by the Kings owne mouth:
Thereon his Execution ſworne.
Pol. I doe beleeue thee:
I ſaw his heart in's face. Giue me thy hand,
Be Pilot to me,and thy places ſhall
Still neighbour mine. My Ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two dayes agoe. This Iealouſie
Is for a precious Creature: as ſhee's rare,
Muſt it be great; and,as his Perſon's mightie,
Muſt it be violent: and,as he do's conceiue,
He is diſhonor'd by a man,which euer
Profeſs'd to him: why his Reuenges muſt
In that be made more bitter. Feare ore-ſhades me:
Good Expedition be my friend,and comfort
The gracious Queene,part of his Theame; but nothing
Of his ill-ta'ne ſuſpition. Come *Camillo*,
I will reſpect thee as a Father,if
Thou bear'ſt my life off,hence: Let vs auoid.
Cam. It is in mine authoritie to command
The Keyes of all the Poſternes: Pleaſe your Highneſſe
To take the vrgent houre. Come Sir,away. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, Ladies: Leontes,
Antigonus, Lords.

Her. Take the Boy to you: he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.
Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)
Shall I be your play-fellow?
Mam. No, Ile none of you.
Lady. Why (my ſweet Lord?)
Mam. You'le kiſſe me hard,and ſpeake to me, as if
I were a Baby ſtill. I loue you better.
2. *Lady.* And why ſo (my Lord?)
Mam. Not for becauſe
Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they ſay
Become ſome Women beſt,ſo that there be not
Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,
Or a halfe-Moone,made with a Pen.)
2. *Lady.* Who taught 'this?
Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now,
What colour are your eye-browes?
Lady. Blew (my Lord.)
Mam. Nay,that's a mock: I haue ſeene a Ladies Noſe
That ha's beene blew,but not her eye-browes.
Lady. Harke ye,
The Queene (your Mother) rounds apace: we ſhall
Preſent our ſeruices to a fine new Prince
One of theſe dayes, and then youl'd wanton with vs,
If we would haue you.
2. *Lady.* She is ſpread of late
Into a goodly Bulke (good time encounter her.)
Her. What wiſdome ſtirs amongſt you? Come Sir, now
I am for you againe: 'Pray you ſit by vs,
And tell's a Tale.
Mam. Merry,or ſad, ſhal't be?
Her. As merry as you will.
Mam. A ſad Tale's beſt for Winter:
I haue one of Sprights,and Goblins.
Her. Let's haue that (good Sir.)
Come-on, ſit downe, come-on,and doe your beſt,
To fright me with your Sprights: you're powrefull at it.

Mam. There was a man.
Her. Nay, come ſit downe: then on.
Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it ſoftly,
Yond Crickets ſhall not heare it.
Her. Come on then, and giu't me in mine eare.
Leon. Was hee met there? his Traine? *Camillo* with him?
Lord. Behind the tuft of Pines I met them, neuer
Saw I men ſcowre ſo on their way: I eyed them
Euen to their Ships.
Leo. How bleſt am I
In my iuſt Cenſure? in my true Opinion?
Alack, for leſſer knowledge, how accurs'd,
In being ſo bleſt? There may be in the Cup
A Spider ſteep'd, and one may drinke; depart,
And yet partake no venome: (for his knowledge
Is not infected) but if one preſent
Th'abhor'd Ingredient to his eye, make knowne
How he hath drunke, he cracks his gorge, his ſides
With violent Hefts: I haue drunke, and ſeene the Spider.
Camillo was his helpe in this, his Pandar:
There is a Plot againſt my Life, my Crowne;
All's true that is miſtruſted: that falſe Villaine,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He ha's diſcouer'd my Deſigne, and I
Remaine a pinch'd Thing; yea, a very Trick
For them to play at will: how came the Poſternes
So eaſily open?
Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no leſſe preuail'd, then ſo,
On your command.
Leo. I know't too well.
Giue me the Boy, I am glad you did not nurſe him:
Though he do's beare ſome ſignes of me, yet you
Haue too much blood in him.
Her. What is this? Sport?
Leo. Beare the Boy hence, he ſhall not come about her,
Away with him, and let her ſport her ſelfe
With that ſhee's big-with, for 'tis *Polixenes*
Ha's made thee ſwell thus.
Her. But I'ld ſay he had not;
And Ile be ſworne you would beleeue my ſaying,
How e're you leane to th'Nay-ward.
Leo. You (my Lords)
Looke on her, marke her well: be but about
To ſay ſhe is a goodly Lady, and
The iuſtice of your hearts will thereto adde
'Tis pitty ſhee's not honeſt: Honorable;
Prayſe her but for this her without-dore-Forme,
(Which on my faith deſerues high ſpeech) and ſtraight
The Shrug, the Hum, or Ha, (theſe Petty-brands
That Calumnie doth vſe; Oh, I am out,
That Mercy do's, for Calumnie will ſeare
Vertue it ſelfe) theſe Shrugs, theſe Hum's, and Ha's,
When you haue ſaid ſhee's goodly, come betweene,
Ere you can ſay ſhee's honeſt: But be't knowne
(From him that ha's moſt cauſe to grieue it ſhould be)
Shee's an Adultreſſe.
Her. Should a Villaine ſay ſo,
(The moſt repleniſh'd Villaine in the World)
He were as much more Villaine: you (my Lord)
Doe but miſtake.
Leo. You haue miſtooke (my Lady)
Polixenes for *Leontes*: O thou Thing,
(Which Ile not call a Creature of thy place,
Leaſt Barbariſme (making me the precedent)
Should a like Language vſe to all degrees,
And mannerly diſtinguiſhment leaue out,
Betwixt the Prince and Begger:) I haue ſaid
Shee's an Adultreſſe, I haue ſaid with whom:
More; ſhee's a Traytor, and *Camillo* is
A Federarie with her, and one that knowes
What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know her ſelfe,
But with her moſt vild Principall: that ſhee's
A Bed-ſwaruer, euen as bad as thoſe
That Vulgars giue bold'ſt Titles; I, and priuy
To this their late eſcape.
Her. No (by my life)
Priuy to none of this: how will this grieue you,
When you ſhall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus haue publiſh'd me? Gentle my Lord,
You ſcarce can right me throughly, then, to ſay
You did miſtake.
Leo. No: if I miſtake
In thoſe Foundations which I build vpon,
The Centre is not bigge enough to beare
A Schoole-Boyes Top. Away with her, to Priſon:
He who ſhall ſpeake for her, is a farre-off guiltie,
But that he ſpeakes.
Her. There's ſome ill Planet raignes:
I muſt be patient, till the Heauens looke
With an aſpect more fauorable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping (as our Sex
Commonly are) the want of which vaine dew
Perchance ſhall dry your pitties: but I haue
That honorable Griefe lodg'd here, which burnes
Worſe then Teares drowne: 'beſeech you all (my Lords)
With thoughts ſo qualified, as your Charities
Shall beſt inſtruct you, meaſure me; and ſo
The Kings will be perform'd.
Leo. Shall I be heard?
Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beſeech your Highnes
My Women may be with me, for you ſee
My plight requires it. Doe not weepe (good Fooles)
There is no cauſe: When you ſhall know your Miſtris
Ha's deſeru'd Priſon, then abound in Teares,
As I come out; this Action I now goe on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu (my Lord)
I neuer wiſh'd to ſee you ſorry, now
I truſt I ſhall: my Women come, you haue leaue.
Leo. Goe, doe our bidding: hence.
Lord. Beſeech your Highneſſe call the Queene againe.
Antig. Be certaine what you do (Sir) leaſt your Iuſtice
Proue violence, in the which three great ones ſuffer,
Your Selfe, your Queene, your Sonne.
Lord. For her (my Lord)
I dare my life lay downe, and will do't (Sir)
Pleaſe you t'accept it, that the Queene is ſpotleſſe
I'th' eyes of Heauen, and to you (I meane
In this, which you accuſe her.)
Antig. If it proue
Shee's otherwiſe, Ile keepe my Stables where
I lodge my Wife, Ile goe in couples with her:
Then when I feele, and ſee her, no farther truſt her:
For euery ynch of Woman in the World,
I, euery dram of Womans fleſh is falſe,
If ſhe be.
Leo. Hold your peaces.
Lord. Good my Lord.
Antig. It is for you we ſpeake, not for our ſelues:
You are abus'd, and by ſome putter on,
That will be damn'd for't: would I knew the Villaine,

I would Land-damne him: be ſhe honor-flaw'd,
I haue three daughters: the eldeſt is eleuen;
The ſecond, and the third, nine: and ſome fiue:
If this proue true, they'l pay for't. By mine Honor
Ile gell'd em all: fourteene they ſhall not ſee
To bring falſe generations: they are co-heyres,
And I had rather glib my ſelfe, then they
Should not produce faire iſſue.
Leo. Ceaſe, no more:
You ſmell this buſineſſe with a ſence as cold
As is a dead-mans noſe: but I do ſee't, and feel't,
As you feele doing thus: and ſee withall
The Inſtruments that feele.
Antig. If it be ſo,
We neede no graue to burie honeſty,
There's not a graine of it, the face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy-earth.
Leo. What? lacke I credit?
Lord. I had rather you did lacke then I (my Lord)
Vpon this ground: and more it would content me
To haue her Honor true, then your ſuſpition
Be blam'd for't how you might.
Leo. Why what neede we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forcefull inſtigation? Our prerogatiue
Cals not your Counſailes, but our naturall goodneſſe
Imparts this: which, if you, or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo, in skill, cannot, or will not
Relliſh a truth, like vs: informe your ſelues,
We neede no more of your aduice: the matter,
The loſſe, the gaine, the ord'ring on't,
Is all properly ours.
Antig. And I wiſh (my Liege)
You had onely in your ſilent iudgement tride it,
Without more ouerture.
Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age,
Or thou wer't borne a foole: *Camillo's* flight
Added to their Familiarity
(Which was as groſſe, as euer touch'd coniecture,
That lack'd ſight onely, nought for approbation
But onely ſeeing, all other circumſtances
Made vp to'th deed) doth puſh-on this proceeding.
Yet, for a greater confirmation
(For in an Acte of this importance, 'twere
Moſt pitteous to be wilde) I haue diſpatch'd in poſt,
To ſacred *Delphos*, to *Appollo's* Temple,
Cleomines and *Dion*, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd-ſufficiency: Now, from the Oracle
They will bring all, whoſe ſpirituall counſaile had
Shall ſtop, or ſpurre me. Haue I done well?
Lord. Well done (my Lord.)
Leo. Though I am ſatisfide, and neede no more
Then what I know, yet ſhall the Oracle
Giue reſt to th'mindes of others; ſuch as he
Whoſe ignorant credulitie, will not
Come vp to th'truth. So haue we thought it good
From our free perſon, ſhe ſhould be confinde,
Leaſt that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to performe. Come follow vs,
We are to ſpeake in publique: for this buſineſſe
Will raiſe vs all.
Antig. To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth, were knowne. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, Gaoler, Emilia.

Paul. The Keeper of the priſon, call to him:
Let him haue knowledge who I am. Good Lady,
No Court in Europe is too good for thee,
What doſt thou then in priſon? Now good Sir,
You know me, do you not?
Gao. For a worthy Lady,
And one, who much I honour.
Pau. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the Queene.
Gao. I may not (Madam)
To the contrary I haue expreſſe commandment.
Pau. Here's a-do, to locke vp honeſty & honour from
Th'acceſſe of gentle viſitors. Is't lawfull pray you
To ſee her Women? Any of them? *Emilia*?
Gao. So pleaſe you (Madam)
To put a-part theſe your attendants, I
Shall bring *Emilia* forth.
Pau. I pray now call her:
With-draw your ſelues.
Gao. And Madam,
I muſt be preſent at your Conference.
Pau. Well: be't ſo: prethee.
Heere's ſuch a-doe, to make no ſtaine, a ſtaine,
As paſſes colouring. Deare Gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady?
Emil. As well as one ſo great, and ſo forlorne
May hold together: On her frights, and greefes
(Which neuer tender Lady hath borne greater)
She is, ſomething before her time, deliuer'd.
Pau. A boy?
Emil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to liue: the Queene receiues
Much comfort in't: Sayes, my poore priſoner,
I am innocent as you,
Pau. I dare be ſworne:
Theſe dangerous, vnſafe Lunes i'th'King, beſhrew them:
He muſt be told on't, and he ſhall: the office
Becomes a woman beſt. Ile take't vpon me,
If I proue hony-mouth'd, let my tongue bliſter.
And neuer to my red-look'd Anger bee
The Trumpet any more: pray you (*Emilia*)
Commend my beſt obedience to the Queene,
If ſhe dares truſt me with her little babe,
I'le ſhew't the King, and vndertake to bee
Her Aduocate to th'lowd'ſt. We do not know
How he may ſoften at the ſight o'th'Childe:
The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſwades, when ſpeaking failes.
Emil. Moſt worthy Madam,
your honor, and your goodneſſe is ſo euident,
That your free vndertaking cannot miſſe
A thriuing yſſue: there is no Lady liuing
So meete for this great errand; pleaſe your Ladiſhip
To viſit the next roome, Ile preſenrly
Acquaint the Queene of your moſt noble offer,
Who, but to day hammered of this deſigne,
But durſt not tempt a miniſter of honour
Leaſt ſhe ſhould be deny'd.

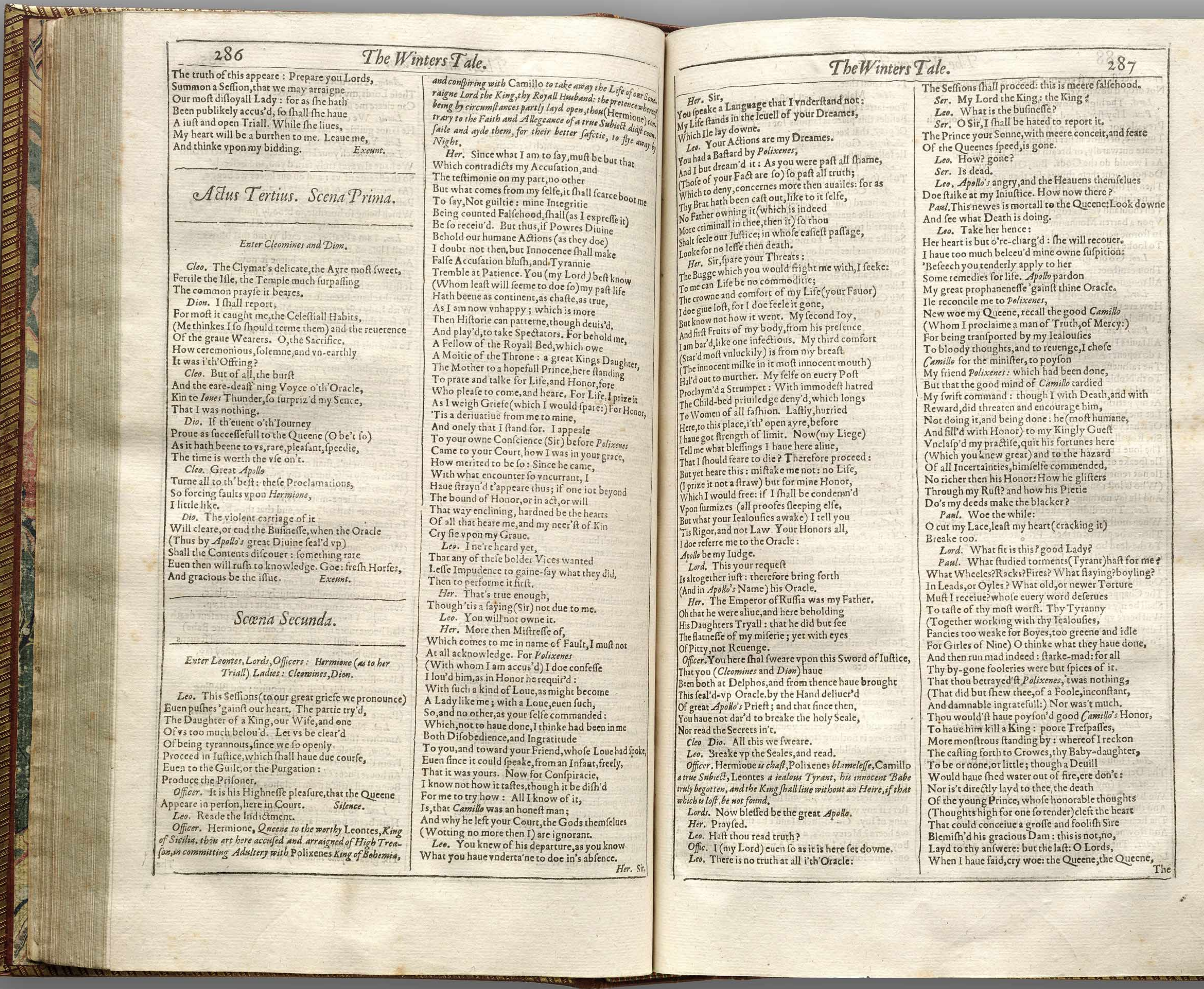
Paul. Tell her (*Emilia*)
Ile vſe that tongue I haue : If wit flow from't
As boldneſſe from my boſome, le't not be doubted
I ſhall do good,
Emil. Now be you bleſt for it.
Ile to the Queene : pleaſe you come ſomething neerer.
Gao. Madam, if't pleaſe the Queene to ſend the babe,
I know not what I ſhall incurre, to paſſe it,
Hauing no warrant.
Pau. You neede not feare it (ſir)
This Childe was priſoner to the wombe, and is
By Law and proceſſe of great Nature, thence
Free'd, and enfranchis'd, not a partie to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of
(If any be) the treſpaſſe of the Queene.
Gao. I do beleeue it.
Paul. Do not you feare : vpon mine honor, I
Will ſtand betwixt you, and danger. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Seruants, Paulina, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no reſt : It is but weakneſſe
To beare the matter thus : meere weakneſſe, if
The cauſe were not in being : part o'th cauſe,
She, th'Adultreſſe : for the harlot-King
Is quite beyond mine Arme, out of the blanke
And leuell of my braine : plot-proofe : but ſhee,
I can hooke to me : ſay that ſhe were gone,
Giuen to the fire, a moity of my reſt
Might come to me againe. Whoſe there?
Ser. My Lord.
Leo. How do's the boy?
Ser. He tooke good reſt to night : 'tis hop'd
His ſickneſſe is diſcharg'd.
Leo. To ſee his Nobleneſſe,
Conceyuing the diſhonour of his Mother.
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, tooke it deeply,
Faſten'd, and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelfe :
Threw-off his Spirit, his Appetite, his Sleepe,
And down-right languiſh'd. Leaue me ſolely : goe,
See how he fares : Fie, fie, no thought of him,
The very thought of my Reuenges that way
Recoyle vpon me : in himſelfe too mightie,
And in his parties, his Alliance; Let him be,
Vntill a time may ſerue. For preſent vengeance
Take it on her : *Camillo*, and *Polixenes*
Laugh at me : make their paſtime at my ſorrow:
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them, nor
Shall ſhe, within my powre.
Enter Paulina.
Lord. You muſt not enter.
Paul. Nay rather (good my Lords) be ſecond to me :
Feare you his tyrannous paſsion more (alas)
Then the Queenes life? A gracious innocent ſoule,
More free, then he is iealous.
Antig. That's enough.
Ser. Madam; he hath not ſlept to night, commanded
None ſhould come at him.
Pau. Not ſo hot (good Sir)
I come to bring him ſleepe. 'Tis ſuch as you
That creepe like ſhadowes by him, and do ſighe
At each his needleſſe heauings : ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinall, as true;
(Honeſt, as either;) to purge him of that humor,
That preſſes him from ſleepe.
Leo. Who noyſe there, hoe?
Pau. No noyſe (my Lord) but needfull conference,
About ſome Goſsips for your Highneſſe.
Leo. How?
Away with that audacious Lady. *Antigonus*,
I charg'd thee that ſhe ſhould not come about me,
I knew ſhe would.
Ant. I told her ſo (my Lord)
On your diſpleaſures perill, and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you.
Leo. What? canſt not rule her?
Paul. From all diſhoneſtie he can : in this
(Vnleſſe he take the courſe that you haue done)
Commit me, for committing honor, truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me:
Ant. La-you now, you heare,
When ſhe will take the raine, I let her run,
But ſhee'l not ſtumble.
Paul. Good my Liege, I come :
And I beſeech you heare me, who profeſſes
My ſelfe your loyall Seruant, your Phyſitian,
Your moſt obedient Counſailor : yet that dares
Leſſe appeare ſo, in comforting your Euilles,
Then ſuch as moſt ſeeme yours. I ſay, I come
From your good Queene.
Leo. Good Queene?
Paul. Good Queene (my Lord) good Queene,
I ſay good Queene,
And would by combate, make her good ſo, were I
A man, the worſt about you.
Leo. Force her hence.
Pau. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
Firſt hand me : on mine owne accord, Ile off,
But firſt, Ile do my errand. The good Queene
(For ſhe is good) hath brought you forth a daughter,
Heere 'tis : Commends it to your bleſsing.
Leo. Out :
A mankinde Witch? Hence with her, out o'dore :
A moſt intelligencing bawd.
Paul. Not ſo :
I am as ignorant in that, as you,
In ſo entit'ling me : and no leſſe honeſt
Then you are mad : which is enough, Ile warrant
(As this world goes) to paſſe for honeſt:
Leo. Traitors;
Will you not puſh her out? Giue her the Baſtard,
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd : vnrooſted
By thy dame *Partlet* heere. Take vp the Baſtard,
Take't vp, I ſay : giue't to thy Croane.
Paul. For euer
Vnvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'ſt vp the Princeſſe, by that forced baſeneſſe
Which he ha's put vpon't.
Leo. He dreads his Wife.
Paul. So I would you did : then 'twere paſt all doubt
Youl'd call your children, yours.
Leo. A neſt of Traitors.
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Pau. Nor I : nor any
But one that's heere : and that's himſelfe : for he,

The ſacred Honor of himſelfe, his Queenes,
His hopefull Sonnes, his Babes, betrayes to Slander,
Whoſe ſting is ſharper then the Swords; and will not
(For as the caſe now ſtands, it is a Curſe
He cannot be compell'd too't) once remoue
The Root of his Opinion, which is rotten,
As euer Oake, or Stone was ſound.
Leo. A Callat
Of boundleſſe tongue, who late hath beat her Husband,
And now bayts me : This Brat is none of mine,
It is the Iſſue of *Polixenes*,
Hence with it, and together with the Dam,
Commit them to the fire.
Paul. It is yours :
And might we lay th'old Prouerb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worſe. Behold (my Lords)
Although the Print be little, the whole Matter
And Coppy of the Father: (Eye, Noſe, Lippe,
The trick of's Frowne, his Fore-head, nay, the Valley,
The pretty dimples of his Chin, and Cheeke; his Smiles:
The very Mold, and frame of Hand, Nayle, Finger.)
And thou good Goddeſſe *Nature*, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the Mind too, 'mongſt all Colours
No Yellow in't, leaſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he do's,
Her Children, not her Husbands.
Leo. A groſſe Hagge :
And Lozell, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not ſtay her Tongue.
Antig. Hang all the Husbands
That cannot doe that Feat, you'le leaue your ſelfe
Hardly one Subiect.
Leo. Once more take her hence.
Paul. A moſt vnworthy, and vnnaturall Lord
Can doe no more.
Leo. Ile ha' thee burnt.
Paul. I care not :
It is an Heretique that makes the fire,
Not ſhe which burnes in't. Ile not call you Tyrant :
But this moſt cruell vſage of your Queene
(Not able to produce more accuſation
Then your owne weake-hindg'd Fancy) ſomthing ſauors
Of Tyrannie, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, ſcandalous to the World.
Leo. On your Allegeance,
Out of the Chamber with her. Were I a Tyrant,
Where were her life? ſhe durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.
Paul. I pray you doe not puſh me, Ile be gone.
Looke to your Babe (my Lord) 'tis yours : *Ioue* ſend her
A better guiding Spirit. What needs theſe hands?
You that are thus ſo tender o're his Follyes,
Will neuer doe him good, not one of you.
So, ſo : Farewell, we are gone. *Exit.*
Leo. Thou (Traytor) haſt ſet on thy Wife to this.
My Child? away with't? euen thou, that haſt
A heart ſo tender o're it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire.
Euen thou, and none but thou. Take it vp ſtraight:
Within this houre bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good teſtimonie) or Ile ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine : if thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my Wrath, ſay ſo;
The Baſtard-braynes with theſe my proper hands
Shall I daſh out. Goe, take it to the fire,
For thou ſett'ſt on thy Wife.
Antig. I did not, Sir :
Theſe Lords, my Noble Fellowes, if they pleaſe,
Can cleare me in't.
Lords. We can : my Royall Liege,
He is not guiltie of her comming hither.
Leo. You're lyers all.
Lord. Beſeech your Highneſſe, giue vs better credit:
We haue alwayes truly ſeru'd you, and beſeech'
So to eſteeme of vs : and on our knees we begge,
(As recompence of our deare ſeruices
Paſt, and to come) that you doe change this purpoſe,
Which being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foule Iſſue. We all kneele.
Leo. I am a Feather for each Wind that blows :
Shall I liue on, to ſee this Baſtard kneele,
And call me Father? better burne it now,
Then curſe it then. But be it : let it liue.
It ſhall not neyther. You Sir, come you hither :
You that haue beene ſo tenderly officious
With Lady *Margerie*, your Mid-wife there,
To ſaue this Baſtards life; for 'tis a Baſtard,
So ſure as this Beard's gray. What will you aduenture,
To ſaue this Brats life?
Antig. Any thing (my Lord)
That my abilitie may vndergoe,
And Nobleneſſe impoſe : at leaſt thus much;
Ile pawne the little blood which I haue left,
To ſaue the Innocent : any thing poſſible.
Leo. It ſhall be poſſible : Sweare by this Sword
Thou wilt performe my bidding.
Antig. I will (my Lord.)
Leo. Marke, and performe it : ſeeſt thou? for the faile
Of any point in't, ſhall not onely be
Death to thy ſelfe, but to thy lewd-tongu'd Wife,
(Whom for this time we pardon) We enioyne thee,
As thou art Liege-man to vs, that thou carry
This female Baſtard hence, and that thou beare it
To ſome remote and deſart place, quite out
Of our Dominions; and that there thou leaue it
(Without more mercy) to it owne protection,
And fauour of the Climate : as by ſtrange fortune
It came to vs, I doe in Iuſtice charge thee,
On thy Soules perill, and thy Bodyes torture,
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,
Where Chance may nurſe, or end it : take it vp.
Antig. I ſweare to doe this : though a preſent death
Had beene more mercifull. Come on (poore Babe)
Some powerfull Spirit inſtruct the Kytes and Rauens
To be thy Nurſes. Wolues and Beares, they ſay,
(Caſting their ſauageneſſe aſide) haue done
Like offices of Pitty. Sir, be proſperous
In more then this deed do's require; and Bleſſing
Againſt this Crueltie, fight on thy ſide
(Poore Thing, condemn'd to loſſe.) *Exit.*
Leo. No : Ile not reare
Anothers Iſſue. *Enter a Seruant.*
Seru. Pleaſe' your Highneſſe, Poſts
From thoſe you ſent to th'Oracle, are come
An houre ſince : *Cleomines* and *Dion*,
Being well arriu'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Haſting to th' Court.
Lord. So pleaſe you (Sir) their ſpeed
Hath beene beyond accompt.
Leo. Twentie three dayes
They haue beene abſent : 'tis good ſpeed : fore-tells
The great *Apollo* ſuddenly will haue



The truth of this appeare : Prepare you Lords,
Summon a Seſſion, that we may arraigne
Our moſt diſloyall Lady : for as ſhe hath
Been publikely accus'd, ſo ſhall ſhe haue
A iuſt and open Triall. While ſhe liues,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leaue me,
And thinke vpon my bidding. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleomines and Dion.

Cleo. The Clymat's delicate, the Ayre moſt ſweet,
Fertile the Iſle, the Temple much ſurpaſſing
The common prayſe it beares.
Dion. I ſhall report,
For moſt it caught me, the Celeſtiall Habits,
(Me thinkes I ſo ſhould terme them) and the reuerence
Of the graue Wearers. O, the Sacrifice,
How ceremonious, ſolemne, and vn-earthly
It was i'th'Offring?
Cleo. But of all, the burſt
And the eare-deaff'ning Voyce o'th'Oracle,
Kin to *Ioues* Thunder, ſo ſurpriz'd my Sence,
That I was nothing.
Dio. If th'euent o'th'Iourney
Proue as ſucceſſefull to the Queene (O be't ſo)
As it hath beene to vs, rare, pleaſant, ſpeedie,
The time is worth the vſe on't.
Cleo. Great *Apollo*
Turne all to th'beſt: theſe Proclamations,
So forcing faults vpon *Hermione*,
I little like.
Dio. The violent carriage of it
Will cleare, or end the Buſineſſe, when the Oracle
(Thus by *Apollo's* great Diuine ſeal'd vp)
Shall the Contents diſcouer : ſomething rare
Euen then will ruſh to knowledge. Goe: freſh Horſes,
And gracious be the iſſue. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Leontes, Lords, Officers : Hermione (as to her Triall) Ladies : Cleomines, Dion.

Leo. This Seſſions (to our great griefe we pronounce)
Euen puſhes 'gainſt our heart. The partie try'd,
The Daughter of a King, our Wife, and one
Of vs too much belou'd. Let vs be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, ſince we ſo openly
Proceed in Iuſtice, which ſhall haue due courſe,
Euen to the Guilt, or the Purgation :
Produce the Priſoner.
Officer. It is his Highneſſe pleaſure, that the Queene
Appeare in perſon, here in Court. *Silence.*
Leo. Reade the Indictment.
Officer. Hermione, *Queene to the worthy* Leontes, *King of Sicilia, thou art here accuſed and arraigned of High Treaſon, in committing Adultery with* Polixenes *King of Bohemia, and conſpiring with* Camillo *to take away the Life of our Soveraigne Lord the King, thy Royall Husband: the pretence whereof being by circumſtances partly layd open, thou* (Hermione) *contrary to the Faith and Allegeance of a true Subiect, didſt counſaile and ayde them, for their better ſafetie, to flye away by Night.*
Her. Since what I am to ſay, muſt be but that
Which contradicts my Accuſation, and
The teſtimonie on my part, no other
But what comes from my ſelfe, it ſhall ſcarce boot me
To ſay, Not guiltie : mine Integritie
Being counted Falſehood, ſhall (as I expreſſe it)
Be ſo receiu'd. But thus, if Powres Diuine
Behold our humane Actions (as they doe)
I doubt not then, but Innocence ſhall make
Falſe Accuſation bluſh, and Tyrannie
Tremble at Patience. You (my Lord) beſt know
(Whom leaſt will ſeeme to doe ſo) my paſt life
Hath beene as continent, as chaſte, as true,
As I am now vnhappy; which is more
Then Hiſtorie can patterne, though deuis'd,
And play'd, to take Spectators. For behold me,
A Fellow of the Royall Bed, which owe
A Moitie of the Throne : a great Kings Daughter,
The Mother to a hopefull Prince, here ſtanding
To prate and talke for Life, and Honor, fore
Who pleaſe to come, and heare. For Life, I prize it
As I weigh Griefe (which I would ſpare:) For Honor,
'Tis a deriuatiue from me to mine,
And onely that I ſtand for. I appeale
To your owne Conſcience (Sir) before *Polixenes*
Came to your Court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be ſo: Since he came,
With what encounter ſo vncurrant, I
Haue ſtrayn'd t'appeare thus; if one iot beyond
The bound of Honor, or in act, or will
That way enclining, hardned be the hearts
Of all that heare me, and my neer'ſt of Kin
Cry fie vpon my Graue.
Leo. I ne're heard yet,
That any of theſe bolder Vices wanted
Leſſe Impudence to gaine-ſay what they did,
Then to performe it firſt.
Her. That's true enough,
Though 'tis a ſaying (Sir) not due to me.
Leo. You will not owne it.
Her. More then Miſtreſſe of,
Which comes to me in name of Fault, I muſt not
At all acknowledge. For *Polixenes*
(With whom I am accus'd) I doe confeſſe
I lou'd him, as in Honor he requir'd:
With ſuch a kind of Loue, as might become
A Lady like me; with a Loue, euen ſuch,
So, and no other, as your ſelfe commanded:
Which, not to haue done, I thinke had been in me
Both Diſobedience, and Ingratitude
To you, and toward your Friend, whoſe Loue had ſpoke,
Euen ſince it could ſpeake, from an Infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for Conſpiracie,
I know not how it taſtes, though it be diſh'd
For me to try how: All I know of it,
Is, that *Camillo* was an honeſt man;
And why he left your Court, the Gods themſelues
(Wotting no more then I) are ignorant.
Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you haue vnderta'ne to doe in's abſence.

Her. Sir,
You ſpeake a Language that I vnderſtand not:
My Life ſtands in the leuell of your Dreames,
Which Ile lay downe.
Leo. Your Actions are my Dreames.
You had a Baſtard by *Polixenes*,
And I but dream'd it: As you were paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your Fact are ſo) ſo paſt all truth;
Which to deny, concernes more then auailes: for as
Thy Brat hath been caſt out, like to it ſelfe,
No Father owning it (which is indeed
More criminall in thee, then it) ſo thou
Shalt feele our Iuſtice; in whoſe eaſieſt paſſage,
Looke for no leſſe then death.
Her. Sir, ſpare your Threats:
The Bugge which you would fright me with, I ſeeke:
To me can Life be no commoditie;
The crowne and comfort of my Life (your Fauor)
I doe giue loſt, for I doe feele it gone,
But know not how it went. My ſecond Ioy,
And firſt Fruits of my body, from his preſence
I am bar'd, like one infectious. My third comfort
(Star'd moſt vnluckily) is from my breaſt
(The innocent milke in it moſt innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murther. My ſelfe on euery Poſt
Proclaym'd a Strumpet: With immodeſt hatred
The Child-bed priuiledge deny'd, which longs
To Women of all faſhion. Laſtly, hurried
Here, to this place, i'th' open ayre, before
I haue got ſtrength of limit. Now (my Liege)
Tell me what bleſſings I haue here aliue,
That I ſhould feare to die? Therefore proceed:
But yet heare this: miſtake me not: no Life,
(I prize it not a ſtraw) but for mine Honor,
Which I would free: if I ſhall be condemn'd
Vpon ſurmizes (all proofes ſleeping elſe,
But what your Iealouſies awake) I tell you
'Tis Rigor, and not Law. Your Honors all,
I doe referre me to the Oracle:
Apollo be my Iudge.
Lord. This your requeſt
Is altogether iuſt: therefore bring forth
(And in *Apollo's* Name) his Oracle.
Her. The Emperor of Ruſſia was my Father.
Oh that he were aliue, and here beholding
His Daughters Tryall: that he did but ſee
The flatneſſe of my miſerie; yet with eyes
Of Pitty, not Reuenge.
Officer. You here ſhal ſweare vpon this Sword of Iuſtice,
That you (*Cleomines* and *Dion*) haue
Been both at Delphos, and from thence haue brought
This ſeal'd-vp Oracle, by the Hand deliuer'd
Of great *Apollo's* Prieſt; and that ſince then,
You haue not dar'd to breake the holy Seale,
Nor read the Secrets in't.
Cleo Dio. All this we ſweare.
Leo. Breake vp the Seales, and read.
Officer. Hermione *is chaſt*, Polixenes *blameleſſe*, Camillo *a true Subiect*, Leontes *a iealous Tyrant, his innocent Babe truly begotten, and the King ſhall liue without an Heire, if that which is loſt, be not found.*
Lords. Now bleſſed be the great *Apollo*.
Her. Prayſed.
Leo. Haſt thou read truth?
Offic. I (my Lord) euen ſo as it is here ſet downe.
Leo. There is no truth at all i'th'Oracle:
The Seſſions ſhall proceed: this is meere falſehood.
Ser. My Lord the King: the King?
Leo. What is the buſineſſe?
Ser. O Sir, I ſhall be hated to report it.
The Prince your Sonne, with meere conceit, and feare
Of the Queenes ſpeed, is gone.
Leo. How? gone?
Ser. Is dead.
Leo. *Apollo's* angry, and the Heauens themſelues
Doe ſtrike at my Iniuſtice. How now there?
Paul. This newes is mortall to the Queene: Look downe
And ſee what Death is doing.
Leo. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o're-charg'd: ſhe will recouer.
I haue too much beleeu'd mine owne ſuſpition:
'Beſeech you tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. *Apollo* pardon
My great prophaneneſſe 'gainſt thine Oracle.
Ile reconcile me to *Polixenes*,
New woe my Queene, recall the good *Camillo*
(Whom I proclaime a man of Truth, of Mercy:)
For being tranſported by my Iealouſies
To bloody thoughts, and to reuenge, I choſe
Camillo for the miniſter, to poyſon
My friend *Polixenes*: which had been done,
But that the good mind of *Camillo* tardied
My ſwift command: though I with Death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he (moſt humane,
And fill'd with Honor) to my Kingly Gueſt
Vnclaſp'd my practiſe, quit his fortunes here
(Which you knew great) and to the hazard
Of all Incertainties, himſelfe commended,
No richer then his Honor: How he gliſters
Through my Ruſt? and how his Pietie
Do's my deeds make the blacker?
Paul. Woe the while:
O cut my Lace, leaſt my heart (cracking it)
Breake too.
Lord. What fit is this? good Lady?
Paul. What ſtudied torments (Tyrant) haſt for me?
What Wheeles? Racks? Fires? What flaying? boyling?
In Leads, or Oyles? What old, or newer Torture
Muſt I receiue? whoſe euery word deſerues
To taſte of thy moſt worſt. Thy Tyranny
(Together working with thy Iealouſies,
Fancies too weake for Boyes, too greene and idle
For Girles of Nine) O thinke what they haue done,
And then run mad indeed: ſtarke-mad: for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but ſpices of it.
That thou betrayed'ſt *Polixenes*, 'twas nothing,
(That did but ſhew thee, of a Foole, inconſtant,
And damnable ingratefull:) Nor was't much.
Thou would'ſt haue poyſon'd good *Camillo's* Honor,
To haue him kill a King: poore Treſpaſſes,
More monſtrous ſtanding by: whereof I reckon
The caſting forth to Crowes, thy Baby-daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a Deuill
Would haue ſhed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly layd to thee, the death
Of the young Prince, whoſe honorable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one ſo tender) cleft the heart
That could conceiue a groſſe and fooliſh Sire
Blemiſh'd his gracious Dam: this is not, no,
Layd to thy anſwere: but the laſt: O Lords,
When I haue ſaid, cry woe: the Queene, the Queene,

The ſweet'ſt, deer'ſt creature's dead: & vengeance for't
Not drop'd downe yet.

Lord. The higher powres forbid.

Pau. I ſay ſhe's dead: Ile ſwear't. If word, nor oath
Preuaile not, go and ſee: if you can bring
Tincture, or luſtre in her lip, her eye
Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile ſerue you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Do not repent theſe things, for they are heauier
Then all thy woes can ſtirre: therefore betake thee
To nothing but diſpaire. A thouſand knees,
Ten thouſand yeares together, naked, faſting,
Vpon a barren Mountaine, and ſtill Winter
In ſtorme perpetuall, could not moue the Gods
To looke that way thou wer't.

Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canſt not ſpeake too much, I haue deſeru'd
All tongues to talke their bittreſt.

Lord. Say no more;
How ere the buſineſſe goes, you haue made fault
I'th boldneſſe of your ſpeech.

Pau. I am ſorry for't;
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I haue ſhew'd too much
The raſhneſſe of a woman: he is toucht
To th'Noble heart. What's gone, and what's paſt helpe
Should be paſt greefe: Do not receiue affliction
At my petition; I beſeech you, rather
Let me be puniſh'd, that haue minded you
Of what you ſhould forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royall Sir, forgiue a fooliſh woman:
The loue I bore your Queene (Lo, foole againe)
Ile ſpeake of her no more, nor of your Children:
Ile not remember you of my owne Lord,
(Who is loſt too:) take your patience to you,
And Ile ſay nothing.

Leo. Thou didſt ſpeake but well,
When moſt the truth: which I receyue much better,
Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,
One graue ſhall be for both: Vpon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appeare (vnto
Our ſhame perpetuall) once a day, Ile viſit
The Chappell where they lye, and teares ſhed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will beare vp with this exerciſe, ſo long
I dayly vow to vſe it. Come, and leade me
To theſe ſorrowes. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Antigonus, a Marriner, Babe, Sheepeheard, and Clowne.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ſhip hath toucht vpon
The Deſarts of *Bohemia.*

Mar. I (my Lord) and feare
We haue Landed in ill time: the skies looke grimly,
And threaten preſent bluſters. In my conſcience
The heauens with that we haue in hand, are angry,
And frowne vpon's.

Ant. Their ſacred wil's be done: go get a-boord,
Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before
I call vpon thee.

Mar. Make your beſt haſte, and go not
Too-farre i'th Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather,
Beſides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keepe vpon't.

Antig. Go thou away,
Ile follow inſtantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be ſo ridde o'th buſineſſe. *Exit*

Ant. Come, poore babe;
I haue heard (but not beleeu'd) the Spirits o'th'dead
May walke againe: if ſuch thing be, thy Mother
Appear'd to me laſt night: for ne're was dreame
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one ſide, ſome another,
I neuer ſaw a veſſell of like ſorrow
So fill'd, and ſo becomming: in pure white Robes
Like very ſanctity ſhe did approach
My Cabine where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,
And (gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech) her eyes
Became two ſpouts; the furie ſpent, anon
Did this breake from her. Good *Antigonus*,
Since Fate (againſt thy better diſpoſition)
Hath made thy perſon for the Thower-out
Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia*,
There weepe, and leaue it crying: and for the babe
Is counted loſt for euer, *Perdita*
I prethee call't: For this vngentle buſineſſe
Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're ſhalt ſee
Thy Wife *Paulina* more: and ſo, with ſhriekes
She melted into Ayre. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect my ſelfe, and thought
This was ſo, and no ſlumber: Dreames, are toyes,
Yet for this once, yea ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do beleeue
Hermione hath ſuffer'd death, and that
Apollo would (this being indeede the iſſue
Of King *Polixenes*) it ſhould heere be laide
(Either for life, or death) vpon the earth
Of it's right Father. Bloſſome, ſpeed thee well,
There lye, and there thy charracter: there theſe,
Which may if Fortune pleaſe, both breed thee (pretty)
And ſtill reſt thine. The ſtorme beginnes, poore wretch,
That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd
To loſſe, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,
But my heart bleedes: and moſt accurſt am I
To be by oath enioyn'd to this. Farewell,
The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to haue
A lullabie too rough: I neuer ſaw
The heauens ſo dim, by day. A ſauage clamor?
Well may I get a-boord: This is the Chace,
I am gone for euer. *Exit purſued by a Beare.*

Shep. I would there were no age betweene ten and three and twenty, or that youth would ſleep out the reſt: for there is nothing (in the betweene) but getting wenches with childe, wronging the Auncientry, ſtealing, fighting, hearke you now: would any but theſe boylde-braines of nineteene, and two and twenty hunt this weather? They haue ſcarr'd away two of my beſt Sheepe, which I feare the Wolfe will ſooner finde then the Maiſter; if any where I haue them, 'tis by the ſea-ſide, brouzing of Iuy. Good-lucke (and't be thy will) what haue we heere? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty barne; A boy, or a Childe I wonder? (A pretty one, a verie prettie one) ſure ſome Scape; Though I am not bookiſh, yet I can reade Waiting-Gentlewoman in the ſcape: this has beene ſome ſtaire-worke, ſome Trunke-worke, ſome behinde-doore worke: they were warmer that got this, then the poore Thing is heere. Ile take it vp for pity, yet Ile tarry till my ſonne come: he hallow'd but euen now. Whoa-ho-hoa.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Hilloa, loa.

Shep. What? art ſo neere? If thou'lt ſee a thing to talke on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither: what ayl'ſt thou, man?

Clo. I haue ſeene two ſuch ſights, by Sea & by Land: but I am not to ſay it is a Sea, for it is now the skie, betwixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thruſt a bodkins point.

Shep. Why boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but ſee how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes vp the ſhore, but that's not to the point: Oh, the moſt pitteous cry of the poore ſoules, ſometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em: Now the Shippe boaring the Moone with her maine Maſt, and anon ſwallowed with yeſt and froth, as you'ld thruſt a Corke into a hogſhead. And then for the Land-ſeruice, to ſee how the Beare tore out his ſhoulder-bone, how he cride to mee for helpe, and ſaid his name was *Antigonus*, a Nobleman: But to make an end of the Ship, to ſee how the Sea flapdragon'd it: but firſt, how the poore ſoules roared, and the ſea mock'd them: and how the poore Gentleman roared, and the Beare mock'd him, both roaring lowder then the ſea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this boy?

Clo. Now, now: I haue not wink'd ſince I ſaw theſe ſights: the men are not yet cold vnder water, nor the Beare halfe din'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had bin by, to haue help'd the olde man.

Clo. I would you had beene by the ſhip ſide, to haue help'd her; there your charity would haue lack'd footing.

Shep. Heauy matters, heauy matters: but looke thee heere boy. Now bleſſe thy ſelfe: thou met'ſt with things dying, I with things new borne. Here's a ſight for thee: Looke thee, a bearing-cloath for a Squires childe: looke thee heere, take vp, take vp (Boy:) open't: ſo, let's ſee, it was told me I ſhould be rich by the Fairies. This is ſome Changeling: open't: what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a mad olde man: If the ſinnes of your youth are forgiuen you, you're well to liue. Golde, all Gold.

Shep. This is Faiery Gold boy, and 'twill proue ſo: vp with't, keepe it cloſe: home, home, the next way. We are luckie (boy) and to bee ſo ſtill requires nothing but ſecrecie. Let my ſheepe go: Come (good boy) the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your Findings, Ile go ſee if the Beare bee gone from the Gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are neuer curſt but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, Ile bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: if thou mayeſt diſcerne by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th'ſight of him.

Clowne. 'Marry will I: and you ſhall helpe to put him i'th'ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and wee'l do good deeds on't. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I that pleaſe ſome, try all: both ioy and terror
Of good, and bad: that makes, and vnfolds error,
Now take vpon me (in the name of Time)
To vſe my wings: Impute it not a crime
To me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide
Ore ſixteene yeeres, and leaue the growth vntride
Of that wide gap, ſince it is in my powre
To orethrow Law, and in one ſelfe-borne howre
To plant, and ore-whelme Cuſtome. Let me paſſe
The ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt Order was,
Or what is now receiu'd. I witneſſe to
The times that brought them in, ſo ſhall I do
To th'freſheſt things now reigning, and make ſtale
The gliſtering of this preſent, as my Tale
Now ſeemes to it: your patience this allowing,
I turne my glaſſe, and giue my Scene ſuch growing
As you had ſlept betweene: *Leontes* leauing
Th'effects of his fond iealouſies, ſo greeuing
That he ſhuts vp himſelfe. Imagine me
(Gentle Spectators) that I now may be
In faire Bohemia, and remember well,
I mentioned a ſonne o'th'Kings, which *Florizell*
I now name to you: and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeake of *Perdita*, now growne in grace
Equall with wond'ring. What of her inſues
I liſt not propheſie: but let Times newes
Be knowne when 'tis brought forth. A ſhepherds daughter
And what to her adheres, which followes after,
Is th'argument of Time: of this allow,
If euer you haue ſpent time worſe, ere now:
If neuer, yet that Time himſelfe doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly, you neuer may. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee (good *Camillo*) be no more importunate: 'tis a ſickneſſe denying thee any thing: a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteene yeeres ſince I ſaw my Countrey: though I haue (for the moſt part) bin ayred abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the penitent King (my Maſter) hath ſent for me, to whoſe feeling ſorrowes I might be ſome allay, or I oreweene to thinke ſo) which is another ſpurre to my departure.

Pol. As thou lou'ſt me (*Camillo*) wipe not out the reſt of thy ſeruices, by leauing me now: the neede I haue of thee, thine owne goodneſſe hath made: better not to haue had thee, then thus to want thee, thou hauing made me Buſineſſes, (which none (without thee) can ſufficiently manage) muſt either ſtay to execute them thy ſelfe, or take away with thee the very ſeruices thou haſt done: which if I haue not enough conſidered (as too much I cannot) to bee more thankefull to thee, ſhall bee my ſtudie, and my profite therein, the heaping friendſhippes. Of that fatall Countrey Sicillia, prethee ſpeake no more, whoſe very naming, punniſhes me with the remembrance of that penitent (as thou calſt him) and reconciled King my brother, whoſe loſſe of his moſt precious Queene & Children, are euen now to be a-freſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the Prince *Florizell* my ſon? Kings are no leſſe vnhappy, their iſſue, not being gracious, then they are in looſing them, when they haue approued their Vertues.

Cam. Sir, it is three dayes ſince I ſaw the Prince: what his happier affayres may be, are to me vnknowne: but I haue (miſsingly) noted, he is of late much retyred from Court, and is leſſe frequent to his Princely exerciſes then formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I haue conſidered ſo much (*Camillo*) and with ſome care, ſo farre, that I haue eyes vnder my ſeruice, which looke vpon his remouedneſſe: from whom I haue this Intelligence, that he is ſeldome from the houſe of a moſt homely ſhepheard: a man (they ſay) that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbors, is growne into an vnſpeakable eſtate.

Cam. I haue heard (ſir) of ſuch a man, who hath a daughter of moſt rare note: the report of her is extended more, then can be thought to begin from ſuch a cottage

Pol. That's likewiſe part of my Intelligence: but (I feare) the Angle that pluckes our ſonne thither. Thou ſhalt accompany vs to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) haue ſome queſtion with the ſhepheard; from whoſe ſimplicity, I thinke it not vneaſie to get the cauſe of my ſonnes reſort thether. 'Prethe be my preſent partner in this buſines, and lay aſide the thoughts of Sicillia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My beſt *Camillo*, we muſt diſguiſe our ſelues. *Exit*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Autolicus ſinging.

When Daffadils begin to peere,
With heigh the Doxy ouer the dale,
Why then comes in the ſweet o'the yeere,
For the red blood raigns in ẏ winters pale.

The white ſheete bleaching on the hedge,
With hey the ſweet birds, O how they ſing:
Doth ſet my pugging tooth an edge,
For a quart of Ale is a diſh for a King.

The Larke, that tirra-Lyra chaunts,
With heigh, the Thruſh and the Iay:
Are Summer ſongs for me and my Aunts
While we lye tumbling in the hay.

I haue ſeru'd Prince *Florizell*, and in my time wore three pile, but now I am out of ſeruice.

But ſhall I go mourne for that (my deere)
the pale Moone ſhines by night:
And when I wander here, and there
I then do moſt go right.
If Tinkers may haue leaue to liue,
and beare the Sow-skin Bowget,
Then my account I well may giue,
and in the Stockes auouch-it.

My Trafficke is ſheetes: when the Kite builds, looke to leſſer Linnen. My Father nam'd me *Autolicus*, who being (as I am) lytter'd vnder Mercurie, was likewiſe a ſnapper-vp of vnconſidered trifles: With Dye and drab, I purchas'd this Capariſon, and my Reuennew is the ſilly Cheate. Gallowes, and Knocke, are too powerfull on the Highway. Beating and hanging are terrors to mee: For the life to come, I ſleepe out the thought of it. A prize, a prize.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. Let me ſee, euery Leauen-weather toddes, euery tod yeeldes pound and odde ſhilling: fifteene hundred ſhorne, what comes the wooll too?

Aut. If the ſprindge hold, the Cocke's mine.

Clo. I cannot do't without Compters. Let mee ſee, what am I to buy for our Sheepe-ſhearing-Feaſt? Three pound of Sugar, fiue pound of Currence, Rice: What will this ſiſter of mine do with Rice? But my father hath made her Miſtris of the Feaſt, and ſhe layes it on. Shee hath made-me four and twenty Noſe-gayes for the ſhearers (three-man ſong-men, all, and very good ones) but they are moſt of them Meanes and Baſes; but one Puritan amongſt them, and he ſings Pſalmes to horne-pipes. I muſt haue Saffron to colour the Warden Pies, Mace: Dates, none: that's out of my note: Nutmegges, ſeuen; a Race or two of Ginger, but that I may begge: Foure pound of Prewyns, and as many of Reyſons o'th Sun.

Aut. Oh, that euer I was borne.

Clo. I'th'name of me.

Aut. Oh helpe me, helpe mee: plucke but off theſe ragges: and then, death, death.

Clo. Alacke poore ſoule, thou haſt need of more rags to lay on thee, rather then haue theſe off.

Aut. Oh ſir, the loathſomneſſe of them offend mee, more then the ſtripes I haue receiued, which are mightie ones and millions.

Clo. Alas poore man, a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am rob'd ſir, and beaten: my money, and apparrell tane from me, and theſe deteſtable things put vpon me.

Clo. What, by a horſe-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A footman (ſweet ſir) a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he ſhould be a footman, by the garments he has left with thee: If this bee a horſemans Coate, it hath ſeene very hot ſeruice. Lend me thy hand, Ile helpe thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

Aut. Oh good ſir, tenderly, oh.

Clo. Alas poore ſoule.

Aut. Oh good ſir, ſoftly, good ſir: I feare (ſir) my ſhoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? Canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, deere ſir: good ſir, ſoftly: you ha done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doeſt lacke any mony? I haue a little mony for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet ſir: no, I beſeech you ſir: I haue a Kinſman not paſt three quarters of a mile hence, vnto whome I was going: I ſhall there haue money, or anie thing I want: Offer me no money I pray you, that killes my heart.

Clow. What manner of Fellow was hee that robb'd you?

Aut. A fellow (ſir) that I haue knowne to goe about with Troll-my-dames: I knew him once a ſeruant of the Prince: I cannot tell good ſir, for which of his Vertues it was, but hee was certainely Whipt out of the Court.

Clo. His vices you would ſay: there's no vertue whipt out of the Court: they cheriſh it to make it ſtay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would ſay (Sir.) I know this man well, he hath bene ſince an Ape-bearer, then a Proceſſe-ſeruer (a Bayliffe) then hee compaſt a Motion of the Prodigall ſonne, and married a Tinkers wife, within a Mile where my Land and Liuing lyes; and (hauing flowne ouer many knauiſh profeſſions) he ſetled onely in Rogue: ſome call him *Autolicus*.

Clo. Out vpon him: Prig, for my life Prig: he haunts Wakes, Faires, and Beare-baitings.

Aut. Very true ſir: he ſir hee: that's the Rogue that put me into this apparrell.

Clo. Not a more cowardly Rogue in all *Bohemia*; If you had but look'd bigge, and ſpit at him, hee'ld haue runne.

Aut. I muſt confeſſe to you (ſir) I am no fighter: I am falſe of heart that way, & that he knew I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet ſir, much better then I was: I can ſtand, and walke: I will euen take my leaue of you, & pace ſoftly towards my Kinſmans.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good fac'd ſir, no ſweet ſir.

Clo. Then fartheewell, I muſt go buy Spices for our ſheepe-ſhearing. *Exit.*

Aut. Proſper you ſweet ſir. Your purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your Spice: Ile be with you at your ſheepe-ſhearing too: If I make not this Cheat bring out another, and the ſheerers proue ſheepe, let me be vnrold, and my name put in the booke of Vertue.

Song. *Iog-on, Iog-on, the foot-path way,*
And merrily hent the Stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tyres in a Mile-a. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Shepherd, Clowne, Polixenes, Camillo, Mopſa, Dorcas, Seruants, Autolicus.

Flo. Theſe your vnvſuall weeds, to each part of you
Do's giue a life: no Shepherdeſſe, but *Flora*
Peering in Aprils front. This your ſheepe-ſhearing,
Is as a meeting of the petty Gods,
And you the Queene on't.

Perd. Sir: my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extreames, it not becomes me:
(Oh pardon, that I name them:) your high ſelfe
The gracious marke o'th'Land, you haue obſcur'd
With a Swaines wearing: and me (poore lowly Maide)
Moſt Goddeſſe-like prank'd vp: But that our Feaſts
In euery Meſſe, haue folly; and the Feeders
Digeſt with a Cuſtome, I ſhould bluſh
To ſee you ſo attyr'd: ſworne I thinke,
To ſhew my ſelfe a glaſſe.

Flo. I bleſſe the time.
When my good Falcon, made her flight a-croſſe
Thy Fathers ground.

Perd. Now Ioue affoord you cauſe:
To me the difference forges dread (your Greatneſſe
Hath not beene vs'd to feare:) euen now I tremble
To thinke your Father, by ſome accident
Should paſſe this way, as you did: Oh the Fates,
How would he looke, to ſee his worke, ſo noble,
Vildely bound vp? What would he ſay? Or how
Should I (in theſe my borrowed Flaunts) behold
The ſterneſſe of his preſence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but iollity: the Goddes themſelues
(Humbling their Deities to loue) haue taken
The ſhapes of Beaſts vpon them. Iupiter,
Became a Bull, and bellow'd: the greene Neptune
A Ram, and bleated: and the Fire-roab'd-God
Golden Apollo, a poore humble Swaine,
As I ſeeme now. Their transformations,
Were neuer for a peece of beauty, rarer,
Nor in a way ſo chaſte: ſince my deſires
Run not before mine honor: nor my Luſts
Burne hotter then my Faith.

Perd. O but Sir,
Your reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd (as it muſt be) by th'powre of the King:
One of theſe two muſt be neceſsities,
Which then will ſpeake, that you muſt change this purpoſe,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou deer'ſt *Perdita*,
With theſe forc'd thoughts, I prethee darken not
The Mirth o'th'Feaſt: Or Ile be thine (my Faire)
Or not my Fathers. For I cannot be
Mine owne, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am moſt conſtant,
Though deſtiny ſay no. Be merry (Gentle)
Strangle ſuch thoughts as theſe, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your gueſts are comming:
Lift vp your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptiall, which
We two haue ſworne ſhall come.

Perd. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auſpicious.

Flo. See, your Gueſts approach,
Addreſſe your ſelfe to entertaine them ſprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fy (daughter) when my old wife liu'd: vpon
This day, ſhe was both Pantler, Butler, Cooke,
Both Dame and Seruant: Welcom'd all: ſeru'd all,
Would ſing her ſong, and dance her turne: now heere
At vpper end o'th Table; now, i'th middle:
On his ſhoulder, and his: her face o'fire
With labour, and the thing ſhe tooke to quench it
She would to each one ſip. You are retyred,
As if you were a feaſted one: and not
The Hoſteſſe of the meeting: Pray you bid
Theſe vnknowne friends to's welcome, for it is
A way to make vs better Friends, more knowne.
Come, quench your bluſhes, and preſent your ſelfe
That which you are, Miſtris o'th'Feaſt. Come on,
And bid vs welcome to your ſheepe-ſhearing,
As your good flocke ſhall proſper.

Perd. Sir, welcome:
It is my Fathers will, I ſhould take on mee
The Hoſteſſeſhip o'th'day: you're welcome ſir.
Giue me thoſe Flowres there (*Dorcas.*) Reuerend Sirs,
For you, there's Roſemary, and Rue, theſe keepe
Seeming, and ſauour all the Winter long:
Grace, and Remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our Shearing.

Pol. Shepherdeſſe,
(A faire one are you:) well you fit our ages
With flowres of Winter.

Perd. Sir, the yeare growing ancient,
Not yet on ſummers death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fayreſt flowres o'th ſeaſon
Are our Carnations, and ſtreak'd Gilly-vors,
(Which ſome call Natures baſtards) of that kind
Our ruſticke Gardens barren, and I care not
To get ſlips of them.

Pol. Wherefore (gentle Maiden)
Do you neglect them.

Perd. For I haue heard it ſaid,
There is an Art, which in their pideneſſe ſhares
With great creating-Nature.

Pol. Say there be:
Yet Nature is made better by no meane,
But Nature makes that Meane: ſo ouer that Art,
(Which you ſay addes to Nature) is an Art
That Nature makes: you ſee (ſweet Maid) we marry
A gentler Sien, to the wildeſt Stocke,
And make conceyue a barke of baſer kinde
By bud of Nobler race. This is an Art
Which do's mend Nature: change it rather, but
The Art it ſelfe, is Nature.

Perd. So it is.

Pol. Then make you Garden rich in Gilly'vors,
And do not call them baſtards.

Perd. Ile not put
The Dible in earth, to ſet one ſlip of them:
No more then were I painted, I would wiſh
This youth ſhould ſay 'twer well: and onely therefore
Deſire to breed by me. Here's flowres for you:
Hot Lauender, Mints, Sauory, Mariorum,
The Mary-gold, that goes to bed with'Sun,
And with him riſes, weeping: Theſe are flowres
Of middle ſummer, and I thinke they are giuen
To men of middle age. Y'are very welcome.

Cam. I ſhould leaue graſing, were I of your flocke,
And onely liue by gazing.

Perd. Out alas:
You'ld be ſo leane, that blaſts of Ianuary
Would blow you through and through. Now (my fairſt (Friend,
I would I had ſome Flowres o'th Spring, that might
Become your time of day: and yours, and yours,
That weare vpon your Virgin-branches yet
Your Maiden-heads growing: O *Proſerpina*,
For the Flowres now, that (frighted) thou let'ſt fall
From *Dyſſes* Waggon: Daffadils,
That come before the Swallow dares, and take
The windes of March with beauty: Violets (dim,
But ſweeter then the lids of *Iuno's* eyes,
Or *Cytherea's* breath) pale Prime-roſes,
That dye vnmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his ſtrength (a Maladie
Moſt incident to Maids:) bold Oxlips, and
The Crowne Imperiall: Lillies of all kinds,
(The Flowre-de-Luce being one.) O, theſe I lacke,
To make you Garlands of) and my ſweet friend,
To ſtrew him o're, and ore.

Flo. What? like a Coarſe?

Perd. No, like a banke, for Loue to lye, and play on:
Not like a Coarſe: or if: not to be buried,
But quicke, and in mine armes. Come, take your flours,
Me thinkes I play as I haue ſeene them do
In Whitſon-Paſtorals: Sure this Robe of mine
Do's change my diſpoſition:

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you ſpeake (Sweet)
I'ld haue you do it euer: When you ſing,
I'ld haue you buy, and ſell ſo: ſo giue Almes,
Pray ſo: and for the ord'ring your Affayres,
To ſing them too. When you do dance, I wiſh you
A waue o'th Sea, that you might euer do
Nothing but that: moue ſtill, ſtill ſo:
And owne no other Function. Each your doing,
(So ſingular, in each particular)
Crownes what you are doing, in the preſent deeds,
That all your Actes, are Queenes.

Perd. O *Doricles*,
Your praiſes are too large: but that your youth
And the true blood which peepes fairely through't,
Do plainly giue you out an vnſtain'd Sphepherd
With wiſedome, I might feare (my *Doricles*)
You woo'd me the falſe way.

Flo. I thinke you haue
As little skill to feare, as I haue purpoſe
To put you to't. But come, our dance I pray,
Your hand (my *Perdita*:) ſo Turtles paire
That neuer meane to part.

Perd. Ile ſweare for 'em.

Po. This is the pretieſt Low-borne Laſſe, that euer
Ran on the greene-ſord: Nothing ſhe do's, or ſeemes
But ſmackes of ſomething greater then her ſelfe,
Too Noble for this place.

Cam. He tels her ſomething
That makes her blood looke on't: Good ſooth ſhe is
The Queene of Curds and Creame.

Clo. Come on: ſtrike vp.

Dorcas *Mopſa* muſt be your Miſtris: marry Garlick to mend her kiſſing with.

Mop. Now in good time.

Clo. Not a word, a word, we ſtand vpon our manners, Come, ſtrike vp.

Heere a Daunce of Shepheards and Shephearddeſſes.

Pol. Pray good Shepheard, what faire Swaine is this,
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and boaſts himſelfe
To haue a worthy Feeding; but I haue it
Vpon his owne report, and I beleeue it:
He lookes like ſooth: he ſayes he loues my daughter,
I thinke ſo too; for neuer gaz'd the Moone
Vpon the water, as hee'l ſtand and reade
As 'twere my daughters eyes: and to be plaine,
I thinke there is not halfe a kiſſe to chooſe
Who loues another beſt.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So ſhe do's any thing, though I report it
That ſhould be ſilent: If yong *Doricles*
Do light vpon her, ſhe ſhall bring him that
Which he not dreames of. *Enter Seruant.*

Ser. O Maſter: if you did but heare the Pedler at the doore, you would neuer dance againe after a Tabor and Pipe: no, the Bag-pipe could not moue you: hee ſinges ſeuerall Tunes, faſter then you'l tell money: hee vtters them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens eares grew to his Tunes.

Clo. He could neuer come better: hee ſhall come in: I loue a ballad but euen too well, if it be dolefull matter merrily ſet downe: or a very pleaſant thing indeede, and ſung lamentably.

Ser. He hath ſongs for man, or woman, of all ſizes: No Milliner can ſo fit his cuſtomers with Gloues: he has the pretieſt Loue-ſongs for Maids, ſo without bawdrie (which is ſtrange,) with ſuch delicate burthens of Dil-do's and Fadings: Iump-her, and thump-her; and where ſome ſtretch-mouth'd Raſcall, would (as it were) meane miſcheefe, and breake a fowle gap into the Matter, hee makes the maid to anſwere, *Whoop, doe me no harme good man*: put's him off, ſlights him, with *Whoop, doe mee no harme good man.*

Pol. This is a braue fellow.

Clo. Beleeee mee, thou talkeſt of an admirable conceited fellow, has he any vnbraided Wares?

Ser. Hee hath Ribbons of all the colours i'th Raine-bow; Points, more then all the Lawyers in *Bohemia*, can learnedly handle, though they come to him by th'groſſe: Inckles, Caddyſſes, Cambrickes, Lawnes: why he ſings em ouer, as they were Gods, or Goddeſſes: you would thinke a Smocke were a ſhee-Angell, he ſo chauntes to the ſleeue-hand, and the worke about the ſquare on't.

Clo. Pre'thee bring him in, and let him approach ſinging.

Perd. Forewarne him, that he vſe no ſcurrilous words in's tunes.

Clow. You haue of theſe Pedlers, that haue more in them, then youl'd thinke (Siſter.)

Perd. I, good brother, or go about to thinke.

Enter Autolicus ſinging.

Lawne as white as driuen Snow,
Cypreſſe blacke as ere was Crow,
Gloues as ſweete as Damaske Roſes,
Maskes for faces, and for noſes:
Bugle-bracelet, Necke lace Amber,
Perfume for a Ladies Chamber:
Golden Quoifes, and Stomachers
For my Lads, to giue their deers:
Pins, and poaking-ſtickes of ſteele.
What Maids lacke from head to heele:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy Lads, or elſe your Laſſes cry: Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in loue with *Mopſa*, thou ſhouldſt take no money of me, but being enthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the bondage of certaine Ribbons and Gloues.

Mop. I was promis'd them againſt the Feaſt, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more then that, or there be lyars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'May be he has paid you more, which will ſhame you to giue him againe.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? Will they weare their plackets, where they ſhould bear their faces? Is there not milking-time? When you are going to bed? Or kill-hole? To whiſtle of theſe ſecrets, but you muſt be tittle-tatling before all our gueſts? 'Tis well they are whiſpring: clamor your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I haue done; Come you promis'd me a tawdry-lace, and a paire of ſweet Gloues.

Clo. Haue I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the way, and loſt all my money.

Aut. And indeed Sir, there are Cozeners abroad, therfore it behooues men to be wary.

Clo. Feare not thou man, thou ſhalt loſe nothing here

Aut. I hope ſo ſir, for I haue about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What haſt heere? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy ſome: I loue a ballet in print, a life, for then we are ſure they are true.

Aut. Here's one, to a very dolefull tune, how a Vſurers wife was brought to bed of twenty money baggs at a burthen, and how ſhe long'd to eate Adders heads, and Toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, thinke you?

Aut. Very true, and but a moneth old.

Dor. Bleſſe me from marrying a Vſurer.

Aut. Here's the Midwiues name to't: one Miſt. *Tale-Porter*, and fiue or ſix honeſt Wiues, that were preſent. Why ſhould I carry lyes abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now buy it.

Clo. Come-on, lay it by: and let's firſt ſee moe Ballads: Wee'l buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a Fiſh, that appeared vpon the coaſt, on wenſday the fourescore of April, fortie thouſand fadom aboue water, & ſung this ballad againſt the hard hearts of maids: it was thought ſhe was a Woman, and was turn'd into a cold fiſh, for ſhe wold not exchange fleſh with one that lou'd her: The Ballad is very pittifull, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, thinke you.

Autol. Fiue Iuſtices hands at it, and witneſſes more then my packe will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too; another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's haue ſome merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a paſſing merry one, and goes to the tune of two maids wooing a man: there's ſcarſe a Maide weſtward but ſhe ſings it: 'tis in requeſt, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both ſing it: if thou'lt beare a part, thou ſhalt heare, 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't, a month agoe.

Aut. I can beare my part, you muſt know 'tis my occupation: Haue at it with you:

Song *Get you hence, for I muſt goe*
Aut. *Where it fits not you to know.*
Dor. *Whether?*
Mop *O whether?*
Dor. *Whether?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy ſecrets tell.
Dor: *Me too: Let me go thether:*
Mop *Or thou goeſt to th'Grange, or Mill,*
Dor: *If to either thou doſt ill,*
Aut: *Neither.*
Dor: *What neither?*
Aut: *Neither:*
Dor: *Thou haſt ſworne my Loue to be,*
Mop *Thou haſt ſworne it more to mee.*
Then whether goeſt? Say whether?

Clo. Wee'l haue this ſong out anon by our ſelues: My Father, and the Gent. are in ſad talke, & wee'll not trouble them: Come bring away thy pack after me, Wenches Ile buy for you both: Pedler let's haue the firſt choice; folow me girles. *Aut*: And you ſhall pay well for 'em.

Song. *Will you buy any Tape, or Lace for your Crpe?*
My dainty Ducke, my deere-a?
Any Silke, any Thred, any Toyes for your head
Of the news't, and fins't, fins't weare-a.
Come to the Pedler, Money's a medler,
That doth vtter all mens ware-a. *Exit*

Seruant. Mayſter, there is three Carters, three Shepherds, three Neat-herds, three Swine-herds y^t haue made themſelues all men of haire, they cal themſelues Saltiers, and they haue a Dance, which the Wenches ſay is a gally-maufrey of Gambols, becauſe they are not in't : but they themſelues are o'th'minde (if it bee not too rough for ſome, that know little but bowling) it will pleaſe plentifully.

Shep. Away : Wee'l none on't ; heere has beene too much homely foolery already. I know (Sir) wee wearie you.

Pol. You wearie thoſe that refreſh vs : pray let's ſee theſe foure-threes of Heardſmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their owne report (Sir,) hath danc'd before the King : and not the worſt of the three, but iumpes twelue foote and a halfe by th'ſquire.

Shep. Leaue your prating, ſince theſe good men are pleaſ'd, let them come in : but quickly now.

Ser. Why, they ſtay at doore Sir.

Heere a Dance of twelue Satyres.

Pol. O Father, you'l know more of that heereafter:
Is it not too farre gone? 'Tis time to part them,
He's ſimple, and tels much. How now (faire ſhepheard)
Your heart is full of ſomething, that do's take
Your minde from feaſting. Sooth, when I was yong,
And handed loue, as you do ; I was wont
To load my Shee with knackes : I would haue ranſackt
The Pedlers ſilken Treaſury, and haue powr'd it
To her acceptance : you haue let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your Laſſe
Interpretation ſhould abuſe, and call this
Your lacke of loue, or bounty, you were ſtraited
For a reply at leaſt, if you make a care
Of happie holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know
She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are :
The gifts ſhe lookes from me, are packt and lockt
Vp in my heart, which I haue giuen already,
But not deliuer'd. O heare me breath my life
Before this ancient Sir, whom (it ſhould ſeeme)
Hath ſometime lou'd : I take thy hand, this hand,
As ſoft as Doues-downe, and as white as it,
Or Ethyopians tooth, or the fan'd ſnow, that's bolted
By th'Northerne blaſts, twice ore.

Pol. What followes this?
How prettily th'yong Swaine ſeemes to waſh
The hand, was faire before? I haue put you out,
But to your proteſtation : Let me heare
What you profeſſe.

Flo. Do, and be witneſſe too't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Then he, and men : the earth, the heauens, and all ;
That were I crown'd the moſt Imperiall Monarch
Thereof moſt worthy : were I the fayreſt youth
That euer made eye ſwerue, had force and knowledge
More then was euer mans, I would not prize them
Without her Loue ; for her, employ them all,
Commend them, and condemne them to her ſeruice,
Or to their owne perdition.

Pol. Fairely offer'd.

Cam. This ſhewes a ſound affection.

Shep. But my daughter,
Say you the like to him.

Per. I cannot ſpeake
So well, (nothing ſo well) no, nor meane better
By th'patterne of mine owne thoughts, I cut out
The puritie of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargaine ;
And friends vnknowne, you ſhall beare witneſſe to't :
I giue my daughter to him, and will make
Her Portion, equall his.

Flo. O, that muſt bee
I'th Vertue of your daughter : One being dead,
I ſhall haue more then you can dreame of yet,
Enough then for your wonder : but come-on,
Contract vs fore theſe Witneſſes.

Shep. Come, your hand :
And daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft Swaine a-while, beſeech you,
Haue you a Father?

Flo. I haue : but what of him?

Pol. Knowes he of this?

Flo. He neither do's, nor ſhall.

Pol. Me-thinkes a Father,
Is at the Nuptiall of his ſonne, a gueſt
That beſt becomes the Table : Pray you once more
Is not your Father growne incapeable
Of reaſonable affayres? Is he not ſtupid
With Age, and altring Rheumes? Can he ſpeake? heare?
Know man, from man? Diſpute his owne eſtate?
Lies he not bed-rid? And againe, do's nothing
But what he did, being childiſh?

Flo. No good Sir :
He has his health, and ampler ſtrength indeede
Then moſt haue of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him (if this be ſo) a wrong
Something vnfilliall : Reaſon my ſonne
Should chooſe himſelfe a wife, but as good reaſon
The Father (all whoſe ioy is nothing elſe
But faire poſterity) ſhould hold ſome counſaile
In ſuch a buſineſſe.

Flo. I yeeld all this ;
But for ſome other reaſons (my graue Sir)
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My Father of this buſineſſe.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo He ſhall not.

Pol. Prethee let him.

Flo No, he muſt not.

Shep. Let him (my ſonne) he ſhall not need to greeue
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he muſt not :
Marke our Contract.

Pol. Marke your diuorce (yong ſir)
Whom ſonne I dare not call : Thou art too baſe
To be acknowledge. Thou a Scepters heire,
That thus affects a ſheepe-hooke? Thou, old Traitor,
I am ſorry, that by hanging thee, I can
but ſhorten thy life one weeke. And thou, freſh peece
Of excellent Witchcraft, whom of force muſt know
The royall Foole thou coap'ſt with.

Shep. Oh my heart.

Pol. Ile haue thy beauty ſcratcht with briers & made
More homely then thy ſtate. For thee (fond boy)
If I may euer know thou doſt but ſigh,
That thou no more ſhalt neuer ſee this knacke (as neuer
I meane thou ſhalt) wee'l barre thee from ſucceſſion,
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our Kin,
Farre then *Deucalion* off : (marke thou my words)
Follow vs to the Court. Thou Churle, for this time
(Though full of our diſpleaſure) yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you Enchantment,

Worthy enough a Heardſman : yea him too,
That makes himſelfe (but for our Honor therein)
Vnworthy thee. If euer henceforth, thou
Theſe rurall Latches, to his entrance open,
Or hope his body more, with thy embraces,
I will deuiſe a death, as cruell for thee
As thou art tender to't. *Exit.*

Perd. Euen heere vndone :
I was not much a-fear'd : for once, or twice
I was about to ſpeake, and tell him plainely,
The ſelfe-ſame Sun, that ſhines vpon his Court,
Hides not his viſage from our Cottage, but
Lookes on alike. Wilt pleaſe you (Sir) be gone?
I told you what would come of this : Beſeech you
Of your owne ſtate take care : This dreame of mine
Being now awake, Ile Queene it no inch farther,
But milke my Ewes, and weepe.

Cam. Why how now Father,
Speake ere thou dyeſt.

Shep. I cannot ſpeake, nor thinke,
Nor dare to know, that which I know : O Sir,
You haue vndone a man of foureſcore three,
That thought to fill his graue in quiet : yea,
To dye vpon the bed my father dy'de,
To lye cloſe by his honeſt bones ; but now
Some Hangman muſt put on my ſhrowd, and lay me
Where no Prieſt ſhouels-in duſt. Oh curſed wretch,
That knew'ſt this was the Prince, and wouldſt aduenture
To mingle faith with him. Vndone, vndone :
If I might dye within this houre, I haue liu'd
To die when I deſire. *Exit.*

Flo. Why looke you ſo vpon me?
I am but ſorry, not affear'd : delaid,
But nothing altred : What I was, I am :
More ſtraining on, for plucking backe ; not following
My leaſh vnwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know my Fathers temper : at this time
He will allow no ſpeech : (which I do gheſſe
You do not purpoſe to him:) and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight, as yet I feare ;
Then till the fury of his Highneſſe ſettle
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpoſe it :
I thinke *Camillo.*

Cam. Euen he, my Lord.

Per. How often haue I told you 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid my dignity would laſt
But till 'twer knowne?

Flo. It cannot faile, but by
The violation of my faith, and then
Let Nature cruſh the ſides o'th earth together,
And marre the ſeeds within. Lift vp thy lookes :
From my ſucceſſion wipe me (Father) I
Am heyre to my affection.

Cam. Be aduis'd.

Flo. I am : and by my fancie, if my Reaſon
Will thereto be obedient : I haue reaſon :
If not, my ſences better pleas'd with madneſſe,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is deſperate (ſir.)

Flo. So call it : but it do's fulfill my vow :
I needs muſt thinke it honeſty. *Camillo,*
Not for *Bohemia*, nor the pompe that may
Be thereat gleaned : for all the Sun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombes, or the profound ſeas, hides
In vnknowne fadomes, will I breake my oath
To this my faire belou'd : Therefore, I pray you,
As you haue euer bin my Fathers honour'd friend,
When he ſhall miſſe me, as (in faith I meane not
To ſee him any more) caſt your good counſailes
Vpon his paſsion : Let my ſelfe, and Fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliuer, I am put to Sea
With her, who heere I cannot hold on ſhore :
And moſt opportune to her neede, I haue
A Veſſell rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſigne. What courſe I meane to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concerne me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your ſpirit were eaſier for aduice,
Or ſtronger for your neede.

Flo. Hearke *Perdita*,
Ile heare you by and by.

Cam. Hee's irremoueable,
Reſolu'd for flight : Now were I happy if
His going, I could frame to ſerue my turne,
Saue him from danger, do him loue and honor,
Purchaſe the ſight againe of deere Sicillia,
And that vnhappy King, my Maſter, whom
I ſo much thirſt to ſee.

Flo. Now good *Camillo*,
I am ſo fraught with curious buſineſſe, that
I leaue out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I thinke
You haue heard of my poore ſeruices, i'th loue
That I haue borne your Father?

Flo. Very nobly
Haue you deſeru'd : It is my Fathers Muſicke
To ſpeake your deeds : not little of his care
To haue them recompenc'd, as thought on.

Cam. Well (my Lord)
If you may pleaſe to thinke I loue the King,
And through him, what's neereſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelfe ; embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and ſetled proiect
May ſuffer alteration. On mine honor,
Ile point you where you ſhall haue ſuch receiuing
As ſhall become your Highneſſe, where you may
Enioy your Miſtris ; from the whom, I ſee
There's no diſiunction to be made, but by
(As heauens forefend) your ruine : Marry her,
And with my beſt endeuours, in your abſence,
Your diſcontenting Father, ſtriue to qualifie
And bring him vp to liking.

Flo. How *Camillo*
May this (almoſt a miracle) be done?
That I may call thee ſomething more then man,
And after that truſt to thee.

Cam. Haue you thought on
A place whereto you'l go?

Flo. Not any yet :
But as th'vnthought-on accident is guiltie
To what we wildely do, ſo we profeſſe
Our ſelues to be the ſlaues of chance, and flyes
Of euery winde that blowes.

Cam, Then liſt to me :
This followes, if you will not change your purpoſe
But vndergo this flight ; make for Sicillia,
And there preſent your ſelfe, and your fayre Princeſſe,
(For ſo I ſee ſhe muſt be) 'fore *Leontes* ;

She ſhall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your Bed. Me thinkes I ſee
Leontes opening his free Armes,and weeping
His Welcomes forth:asks thee there Sonne forgiueneſſe,
As 'twere i'th' Fathers perſon: kiſſes the hands
Of your freſh Princeſſe; ore and ore diuides him,
'Twixt his vnkindneſſe,and his Kindneſſe: th'one
He chides to Hell,and bids the other grow
Faſter then Thought, or Time.
Flo. Worthy *Camillo*,
What colour for my Viſitation, ſhall I
Hold vp before him?
Cam. Sent by the King your Father
To greet him,and to giue him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him,with
What you (as from your Father) ſhall deliuer,
Things knowne betwixt vs three, Ile write you downe,
The which ſhall point you forth at euery ſitting
What you muſt ſay: that he ſhall not perceiue,
But that you haue your Fathers Boſome there,
And ſpeake his very Heart.
Flo. I am bound to you:
There is ſome ſappe in this.
Cam. A Courſe more promiſing,
Then a wild dedication of your ſelues
To vnpath'd Waters,vndream'd Shores; moſt certaine,
To Miſeries enough: no hope to helpe you,
But as you ſhake off one,to take another:
Nothing ſo certaine,as your Anchors, who
Doe their beſt office,if they can but ſtay you,
Where you'le be loth to be: beſides you know,
Proſperitie's the very bond of Loue,
Whoſe freſh complexion,and whoſe heart together,
Affliction alters.
Perd. One of theſe is true:
I thinke Affliction may ſubdue the Cheeke,
But not take-in the Mind.
Cam. Yea? ſay you ſo?
There ſhall not,at your Fathers Houſe,theſe ſeuen yeeres
Be borne another ſuch.
Flo. My good *Camillo*,
She's as forward,of her Breeding,as
She is i'th' reare 'our Birth.
Cam. I cannot ſay,'tis pitty
She lacks Inſtructions,for ſhe ſeemes a Miſtreſſe
To moſt that teach.
Perd. Your pardon Sir,for this,
Ile bluſh you Thanks.
Flo. My prettieſt *Perdita*.
But O,the Thornes we ſtand vpon: (*Camillo*)
Preſeruer of my Father,now of me,
The Medicine of our Houſe: how ſhall we doe?
We are not furniſh'd like *Bohemia's* Sonne,
Nor ſhall appeare in *Sicilia*.
Cam. My Lord,
Feare none of this: I thinke you know my fortunes
Doe all lye there: it ſhall be ſo my care,
To haue you royally appointed,as if
The Scene you play,were mine. For inſtance Sir,
That you may know you ſhall not want: one word.

Enter Autolicus.

Aut. Ha,ha,what a Foole Honeſtie is? and Truſt(his ſworne brother) a very ſimple Gentleman. I haue ſold all my Tromperie: not a counterfeit Stone,not a Ribbon, Glaſſe,Pomander,Browch,Table-booke,Ballad,Knife, Tape,Gloue,Shooe-tye,Bracelet,Horne-Ring, to keepe my Pack from faſting: they throng who ſhould buy firſt, as if my Trinkets had beene hallowed,and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which meanes, I ſaw whoſe Purſe was beſt in Picture; and what I ſaw, to my good vſe,I remembred. My Clowne (who wants but ſomething to be a reaſonable man) grew ſo in loue with the Wenches Song,that hee would not ſtirre his Petty-toes, till he had both Tune and Words, which ſo drew the reſt of the Heard to me, that all their other Sences ſtucke in Eares: you might haue pinch'd a Placket, it was ſencelesse; 'twas nothing to gueld a Cod-peece of a Purſe: I would haue fill'd Keyes of that hung in Chaynes: no hearing,no feeling, but my Sirs Song, and admiring the Nothing of it. So that in this time of Lethargie,I pickd and cut moſt of their Feſtiuall Purſes: And had not the old-man come in with a Whoo-bub againſt his Daughter, and the Kings Sonne, and ſcar'd my Chowghes from the Chaffe, I had not left a Purſe aliue in the whole Army.

Cam. Nay,but my Letters by this meanes being there
So ſoone as you arriue,ſhall cleare that doubt.
Flo. And thoſe that you'le procure from King *Leontes*?
Cam. Shall ſatisfie your Father.
Perd. Happy be you:
All that you ſpeake,ſhewes faire.
Cam. Who haue we here?
Wee'le make an Inſtrument of this: omit
Nothing may giue vs aide.
Aut. If they haue ouer-heard me now: why hanging.
Cam. How now (good Fellow)
Why ſhak'ſt thou ſo? Feare not (man)
Here's no harme intended to thee.
Aut. I am a poore Fellow,Sir.

Cam. Why,be ſo ſtill: here's no body will ſteale that from thee: yet for the out-ſide of thy pouertie, we muſt make an exchange; therefore diſ-caſe thee inſtantly(thou muſt thinke there's a neceſſitie in't)and change Garments with this Gentleman: Though the penny-worth (on his ſide) be the worſt,yet hold thee,there's ſome boot.

Aut. I am a poore Fellow, Sir: (I know ye well enough.)

Cam. Nay prethee diſpatch: the Gentleman is halfe fled already.

Aut. Are you in earneſt,Sir? (I ſmell the trick on't.)

Flo. Diſpatch,I prethee.

Aut. Indeed I haue had Earneſt, but I cannot with conſcience take it.

Cam. Vnbuckle,vnbuckle.
Fortunate Miſtreſſe (let my prophecie
Come home to ye:) you muſt retire your ſelfe
Into ſome Couert; take your ſweet-hearts Hat
And pluck it ore your Browes, muffle your face,
Diſ-mantle you, and (as you can) diſliken
The truth of your owne ſeeming,that you may
(For I doe feare eyes ouer) to Ship-boord
Get vndeſcry'd.
Perd. I ſee the Play ſo lyes,
That I muſt beare a part.
Cam. No remedie:
Haue you done there?
Flo. Should I now meet my Father,
He would not call me Sonne.
Cam. Nay,you ſhall haue no Hat:
Come Lady,come: Farewell (my friend.)
Aut. Adieu, Sir.
Flo. O *Perdita*: what haue we twaine forgot?
'Pray

Pray you a word.
Cam. What I doe next,ſhall be to tell the King
Of this eſcape,and whither they are bound;
Wherein,my hope is,I ſhall ſo preuaile,
To force him after: in whoſe company
I ſhall re-view *Sicilia*; for whoſe ſight,
I haue a Womans Longing.
Flo. Fortune ſpeed vs:
Thus we ſet on (*Camillo*) to th' Sea-ſide.
Cam. The ſwifter ſpeed,the better. *Exit.*

Aut. I vnderſtand the buſineſſe,I heare it: to haue an open eare,a quick eye,and a nimble hand,is neceſſary for a Cut-purſe; a good Noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out worke for th'other Sences. I ſee this is the time that the vniuſt man doth thriue. What an exchange had this been, without boot? What a boot is here,with this exchange? Sure the Gods doe this yeere conniue at vs, and we may doe any thing extempore. The Prince himſelfe is about a peece of Iniquitie (ſtealing away from his Father,with his Clog at his heeles:) if I thought it were a peece of honeſtie to acquaint the King withall, I would not do't: I hold it the more knauerie to conceale it; and therein am I conſtant to my Profeſſion.

Enter Clowne and Shepheard.

Aſide,aſide, here is more matter for a hot braine: Euery Lanes end, euery Shop,Church,Seſſion,Hanging, yeelds a carefull man worke.

Clowne. See,ſee: what a man you are now? there is no other way, but to tell the King ſhe's a Changeling, and none of your fleſh and blood.

Shep. Nay,but heare me.

Clow. Nay; but heare me.

Shep. Goe too then.

Clow. She being none of your fleſh and blood, your fleſh and blood ha's not offended the King, and ſo your fleſh and blood is not to be puniſh'd by him. Shew thoſe things you found about her (thoſe ſecret things, all but what ſhe ha's with her:) This being done,let the Law goe whiſtle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, euery word, yea, and his Sonnes prancks too; who, I may ſay, is no honeſt man, neither to his Father,nor to me,to goe about to make me the Kings Brother in Law.

Clow. Indeed Brother in Law was the fartheſt off you could haue beene to him,and then your Blood had beene the dearer,by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wiſely (Puppies.)

Shep. Well: let vs to the King: there is that in this Farthell,will make him ſcratch his Beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this Complaint may be to the flight of my Maſter.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at' Pallace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honeſt,I am ſo ſometimes by chance: Let me pocket vp my Pedlers excrement. How now(Ruſtiques) whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' Pallace (and it like your Worſhip.)

Aut. Your Affaires there? what? with whom? the Condition of that Farthell? the place of your dwelling? your names? your ages? of what hauing? breeding,and any thing that is fitting to be knowne,diſcouer?

Clo. We are but plaine fellowes,Sir.

Aut. A Lye; you are rough,and hayrie: Let me haue no lying; it becomes none but Tradeſ-men,and they often giue vs (Souldiers) the Lye, but wee pay them for it with ſtamped Coyne,not ſtabbing Steele, therefore they doe not giue vs the Lye.

Clo. Your Worſhip had like to haue giuen vs one, if you had not taken your ſelfe with the manner.

Shep. Are you a Courtier,and't like you Sir?

Aut. Whether it lke me,or no,I am a Courtier. Seeſt thou not the ayre of the Court,in theſe enfoldings? Hath not my gate in it,the meaſure of the Court? Receiues not thy Noſe Court-Odour from me? Reflect I not on thy Baſeneſſe, Court-Contempt? Think'ſt thou, for that I inſinuate, at toaze from thee thy Buſineſſe, I am therefore no Courtier? I am Courtier *Cap-a-pe*; and one that will eyther puſh-on,or pluck-back, thy Buſineſſe there: whereupon I command thee to open thy Affaire.

Shep. My Buſineſſe,Sir,is to the King.

Aut. What Aduocate ha'ſt thou to him?

Shep. I know not (and't like you.)

Clo. Aduocate's the Court-word for a Pheazant: ſay you haue none.

Shep. None,Sir: I haue no Pheazant Cock,nor Hen.

Aut. How bleſſed are we,that are not ſimple men?
Yet Nature might haue made me as theſe are,
Therefore I will not diſdaine.

Clo. This cannot be but a great Courtier.

Shep. His Garments are rich, but he weares them not handſomely.

Clo. He ſeemes to be the more Noble,in being fantaſticall: A great man,Ile warrant; I know by the picking on's Teeth.

Aut. The Farthell there? What's i'th' Farthell? Wherefore that Box?

Shep. Sir, there lyes ſuch Secrets in this Farthell and Box,which none muſt know but the King,and which hee ſhall know within this houre,if I may come to th' ſpeech of him.

Aut. Age,thou haſt loſt thy labour.

Shep. Why Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the Pallace,he is gone aboord a new Ship,to purge Melancholy, and ayre himſelfe: for if thou bee'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know the King is full of griefe.

Shep. So 'tis ſaid (Sir:) about his Sonne, that ſhould haue marryed a Shepheards Daughter.

Aut. If that Shepheard be not in hand-faſt, let him flye; the Curſes he ſhall haue,the Tortures he ſhall feele, will breake the back of Man,the heart of Monſter.

Clo. Thinke you ſo,Sir?

Aut. Not hee alone ſhall ſuffer what Wit can make heauie,and Vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are Iermaine to him (though remou'd fiftie times) ſhall all come vnder the Hang-man: which, though it be great pitty, yet it is neceſſarie. An old Sheepe-whiſtiing Rogue, a Ram-tender,to offer to haue his Daughter come into grace? Some ſay hee ſhall be ſton'd: but that death is too ſoft for him (ſay I:) Draw our Throne into a Sheep-Coat? all deaths are too few,the ſharpeſt too eaſie.

Clo. Ha's the old-man ere a Sonne Sir(doe you heare) and't like you,Sir?

Aut. Hee ha's a Sonne: who ſhall be flayd aliue, then 'noynted ouer with Honey, ſet on the head of a Waſpes Neſt,then ſtand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recouer'd againe with Aquavite, or ſome other hot Infuſion: then,raw as he is(and in the hoteſt day Prognoſtication proclaymes) ſhall he be ſet againſt a Brick-wall, (the Sunne looking with a South-ward eye vpon him; where hee is to behold him,with Flyes blown to death.) But what talke we of theſe Traitorly-Raſcals,whoſe miſeries are to be ſmil'd at,their offences being ſo capitall?
Tell

Tell me (for you ſeeme to be honeſt plaine men) what you haue to the King: being ſomething gently conſider'd, Ile bring you where he is aboord, tender your perſons to his preſence, whiſper him in your behalfes; and if it be in man, beſides the King, to effect your Suites, here is man ſhall doe it.

Clow. He ſeemes to be of great authoritie: cloſe with him, giue him Gold; and though Authoritie be a ſtubborne Beare, yet hee is oft led by the Noſe with Gold: ſhew the in-ſide of your Purſe to the out-ſide of his hand, and no more adoe. Remember ſton'd, and flay'd aliue.

Shep. And't pleaſe you (Sir) to vndertake the Buſineſſe for vs, here is that Gold I haue: Ile make it as much more, and leaue this young man in pawne, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I haue done what I promiſed?

Shep. I Sir.

Aut. Well, giue me the Moitie: Are you a partie in this Buſineſſe?

Clow. In ſome ſort, Sir: but though my caſe be a pittifull one, I hope I ſhall not be flayd out of it.

Aut. Oh, that's the caſe of the Shepheards Sonne: hang him, hee'le be made an example.

Clow. Comfort, good comfort: We muſt to the King, and ſhew our ſtrange ſights: he muſt know 'tis none of your Daughter, nor my Siſter: wee are gone elſe. Sir, I will giue you as much as this old man do's, when the Buſineſſe is performed, and remaine (as he ſayes) your pawne till it be brought you.

Aut. I will truſt you. Walke before toward the Sea-ſide, goe on the right hand, I will but looke vpon the Hedge, and follow you.

Clow. We are bleſs'd, in this man: as I may ſay, euen bleſs'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids vs: he was prouided to doe vs good.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honeſt, I ſee *Fortune* would not ſuffer mee: ſhee drops Booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occaſion: (Gold, and a means to doe the Prince my Maſter good; which, who knowes how that may turne backe to my aduancement?) I will bring theſe two Moales, theſe blind-ones, aboord him: if he thinke it fit to ſhoare them againe, and that the Complaint they haue to the King, concernes him nothing, let him call me Rogue, for being ſo farre officious, for I am proofe againſt that Title, and what ſhame elſe belongs to't: To him will I preſent them, there may be matter in it. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Leontes, Cleomines, Dion, Paulina, Seruants: Florizel, Perdita.

Cleo. Sir, you haue done enough, and haue perform'd
A Saint-like Sorrow: No fault could you make,
Which you haue not redeem'd; indeed pay'd downe
More penitence, then done treſpas: At the laſt
Doe, as the Heauens haue done; forget your euill,
With them, forgiue your ſelfe.

Leo. Whileſt I remember
Her, and her Vertues, I cannot forget
My blemiſhes in them, and ſo ſtill thinke of
The wrong I did my ſelfe: which was ſo much,
That Heire-leſſe it hath made my Kingdome, and
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt Companion, that ere man
Bred his hopes out of, true.

Paul. Too true (my Lord:)
If one by one, you wedded all the World,
Or from the All that are, tooke ſomething good,
To make a perfect Woman; ſhe you kill'd,
Would be vnparallell'd.

Leo. I thinke ſo. Kill'd?
She I kill'd? I did ſo: but thou ſtrik'ſt me
Sorely, to ſay I did: it is as bitter
Vpon thy Tongue, as in my Thought. Now, good now,
Say ſo but ſeldome.

Cleo. Not at all, good Lady:
You might haue ſpoken a thouſand things, that would
Haue done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindneſſe better.

Paul. You are one of thoſe
Would haue him wed againe.

Dio. If you would not ſo,
You pitty not the State, nor the Remembrance
Of his moſt Soueraigne Name: Conſider little,
What Dangers, by his Highneſſe faile of Iſſue,
May drop vpon his Kingdome, and deuoure
Incertaine lookers on. What were more holy,
Then to reioyce the former Queene is well?
What holyer, then for Royalties repayre,
For preſent comfort, and for future good,
To bleſſe the Bed of Maieſtie againe
With a ſweet Fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
(Reſpecting her that's gone:) beſides the Gods
Will haue fulfill'd their ſecret purpoſes:
For ha's not the Diuine *Apollo* ſaid?
Is't not the tenor of his Oracle,
That King *Leontes* ſhall not haue an Heire,
Till his loſt Child be found? Which, that it ſhall,
Is all as monſtrous to our humane reaſon,
As my *Antigonus* to breake his Graue,
And come againe to me: who, on my life,
Did periſh with the Infant. 'Tis your councell,
My Lord ſhould to the Heauens be contrary,
Oppoſe againſt their wills. Care not for Iſſue,
The Crowne will find an Heire. Great *Alexander*
Left his to th' Worthieſt: ſo his Succeſſor
Was like to be the beſt.

Leo. Good *Paulina*,
Who haſt the memorie of *Hermione*
I know in honor: O, that euer I
Had ſquar'd me to thy councell: then, euen now,
I might haue look'd vpon my Queenes full eyes,
Haue taken Treaſure from her Lippes.

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yeelded.

Leo. Thou ſpeak'ſt truth:
No more ſuch Wiues, therefore no Wife: one worſe,
And better vs'd, would make her Sainted Spirit
Againe poſſeſſe her Corps, and on this Stage
(Where we Offendors now appeare) Soule-vext,
And begin, why to me?

Paul. Had ſhe ſuch power,
She had iuſt ſuch cauſe.

Leo. She had, and would incenſe me
To murther her I marryed.

Paul. I ſhould ſo:
Were I the Ghoſt that walk'd, Il'd bid you marke
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in't
You choſe her: then Il'd ſhrieke, that euen your eares
Should rift to heare me, and the words that follow'd,
Should be, Remember mine.

Leo. Starres, Starres,
And all eyes elſe, dead coales: feare thou no Wife;
Ile haue no Wife, *Paulina*.

Paul. Will you ſweare
Neuer to marry, but by my free leaue?

Leo. Neuer (*Paulina*) ſo be bleſs'd my Spirit.

Paul. Then good my Lords, beare witneſſe to his Oath.

Cleo. You tempt him ouer-much.

Paul. Vnleſſe another,
As like *Hermione*, as is her Picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good Madame, I haue done.

Paul. Yet if my Lord will marry: if you will, Sir;
No remedie but you will: Giue me the Office
To chuſe you a Queene: ſhe ſhall not be ſo young
As was your former, but ſhe ſhall be ſuch
As (walk'd your firſt Queenes Ghoſt) it ſhould take ioy
To ſee her in your armes.

Leo. My true *Paulina*,
We ſhall not marry, till thou bidſt vs.

Paul. That
Shall be when your firſt Queene's againe in breath:
Neuer till then.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. One that giues out himſelfe Prince *Florizell*,
Sonne of *Polixenes*, with his Princeſſe (ſhe
The faireſt I haue yet beheld) deſires acceſſe
To your high preſence.

Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his Fathers Greatneſſe: his approach
(So out of circumſtance, and ſuddaine) tells vs,
'Tis not a Viſitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What Trayne?

Ser. But few,
And thoſe but meane.

Leo. His Princeſſe (ſay you) with him?

Ser. I: the moſt peereleſſe peece of Earth, I thinke,
That ere the Sunne ſhone bright on.

Paul. Oh *Hermione*,
As euery preſent Time doth boaſt it ſelfe
Aboue a better, gone; ſo muſt thy Graue
Giue way to what's ſeene now. Sir, you your ſelfe
Haue ſaid, and writ ſo; but your writing now
Is colder then that Theame: ſhe had not beene,
Nor was not to be equall'd, thus your Verſe
Flow'd with her Beautie once; 'tis ſhrewdly ebb'd,
To ſay you haue ſeene a better.

Ser. Pardon, Madame:
The one, I haue almoſt forgot (your pardon:)
The other, when ſhe ha's obtayn'd your Eye,
Will haue your Tongue too. This is a Creature,
Would ſhe begin a Sect, might quench the zeale
Of all Profeſſors elſe; make Proſelytes
Of who ſhe but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Ser. Women will loue her, that ſhe is a Woman
More worth then any Man: Men, that ſhe is
The rareſt of all Women.

Leo. Goe *Cleomines*,
Your ſelfe (aſſiſted with your honor'd Friends)
Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis ſtrange,
He thus ſhould ſteale vpon vs. *Exit.*

Paul. Had our Prince
(Iewell of Children) ſeene this houre, he had payr'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a moneth
Betweene their births.

Leo. 'Prethee no more; ceaſe: thou know'ſt
He dyes to me againe, when talk'd-of: ſure
When I ſhall ſee this Gentleman, thy ſpeeches
Will bring me to conſider that, which may
Vnfurniſh me of Reaſon. They are come.

Enter Florizell, Perdita, Cleomines, and others.

Your Mother was moſt true to Wedlock, Prince,
For ſhe did print your Royall Father off,
Conceiuing you. Were I but twentie one,
Your Fathers Image is ſo hit in you,
(His very ayre) that I ſhould call you Brother,
As I did him, and ſpeake of ſomething wildly
By vs perform'd before. Moſt dearely welcome,
And your faire Princeſſe (Goddeſſe) oh: alas,
I loſt a couple, that 'twixt Heauen and Earth
Might thus haue ſtood, begetting wonder, as
You (gracious Couple) doe: and then I loſt
(All mine owne Folly) the Societie,
Amitie too of your braue Father, whom
(Though bearing Miſerie) I deſire my life
Once more to looke on him.

Flo. By his command
Haue I here touch'd *Sicilia*, and from him
Giue you all greetings, that a King (at friend)
Can ſend his Brother: and but Infirmitie
(Which waits vpon worne times) hath ſomething ſeiz'd
His wiſh'd Abilitie, he had himſelfe
The Lands and Waters, 'twixt your Throne and his,
Meaſur'd, to looke vpon you; whom he loues
(He bad me ſay ſo) more then all the Scepters,
And thoſe that beare them, liuing.

Leo. Oh my Brother,
(Good Gentleman) the wrongs I haue done thee, ſtirre
Afreſh within me: and theſe thy offices
(So rarely kind) are as Interpreters
Of my behind-hand ſlackneſſe. Welcome hither,
As is the Spring to th'Earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this Paragon to th' fearefull vſage
(At leaſt vngentle) of the dreadfull *Neptune*,
To greet a man, not worth her paines; much leſſe,
Th'aduenture of her perſon?

Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from *Libia*.

Leo. Where the Warlike *Smalus*,
That Noble honor'd Lord, is fear'd, and lou'd?

Flo. Moſt Royall Sir,
From thence: from him, whoſe Daughter
His Teares proclaym'd his parting with her: thence
(A proſperous South-wind friendly) we haue croſs'd,
To execute the Charge my Father gaue me,
For viſiting your Highneſſe: My beſt Traine
I haue from your *Sicilian* Shores diſmiſs'd;
Who for *Bohemia* bend, to ſignifie
Not onely my ſucceſſe in *Libia* (Sir)
But my arriuall, and my Wifes, in ſafetie
Here, where we are.

Leo. The bleſſed Gods
Purge all Infection from our Ayre, whileſt you
Doe Clymate here: you haue a holy Father,
A gracefull Gentleman, againſt whoſe perſon

(So ſacred as it is) I haue done ſinne,
For which, the Heauens (taking angry note)
Haue left me Iſſue-leſſe: and your Father's bleſs'd,
(As he from Heauen merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodneſſe. What might I haue been,
Might I a Sonne and Daughter now haue look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Moſt Noble Sir,
That which I ſhall report, will beare no credit,
Were not the proofe ſo nigh. Pleaſe you (great Sir)
Bohemia greets you from himſelfe, by me:
Deſires you to attach his Sonne, who ha's
(His Dignitie, and Dutie both caſt off)
Fled from his Father, from his Hopes, and with
A Shepheards Daughter.

Leo. Where's *Bohemia*? ſpeake:

Lord. Here, in your Citie: I now came from him.
I ſpeake amazedly, and it becomes
My meruaile, and my Meſſage. To your Court
Whiles he was haſtning (in the Chaſe, it ſeemes,
Of this faire Couple) meetes he on the way
The Father of this ſeeming Lady, and
Her Brother, hauing both their Countrey quitted,
With this young Prince.

Flo. *Camillo* ha's betray'd me;
Whoſe honor, and whoſe honeſtie till now,
Endur'd all Weathers.

Lord. Lay't ſo to his charge:
He's with the King your Father.

Leo. Who? *Camillo*?

Lord. *Camillo* (Sir:) I ſpake with him: who now
Ha's theſe poore men in queſtion. Neuer ſaw I
Wretches ſo quake: they kneele, they kiſſe the Earth;
Forſweare themſelues as often as they ſpeake:
Bohemia ſtops his eares, and threatens them
With diuers deaths, in death.

Perd. Oh my poore Father:
The Heauen ſets Spyes vpon vs, will not haue
Our Contract celebrated.

Leo. You are marryed?

Flo. We are not (Sir) nor are we like to be:
The Starres (I ſee) will kiſſe the Valleyes firſt:
The oddes for high and low's alike.

Leo. My Lord,
Is this the Daughter of a King?

Flo. She is,
When once ſhe is my Wife.

Leo. That once (I ſee) by your good Fathers ſpeed,
Will come-on very ſlowly. I am ſorry
(Moſt ſorry) you haue broken from his liking,
Where you were ty'd in dutie: and as ſorry,
Your Choiſe is not ſo rich in Worth, as Beautie,
That you might well enioy her.

Flo. Deare, looke vp:
Though *Fortune*, viſible an Enemie,
Should chaſe vs, with my Father; powre no iot
Hath ſhe to change our Loues. Beſeech you (Sir)
Remember, ſince you ow'd no more to Time
Then I doe now: with thought of ſuch Affections,
Step forth mine Aduocate: at your requeſt,
My Father will graunt precious things, as Trifles.

Leo. Would he doe ſo, I'ld beg your precious Miſtris,
Which he counts but a Trifle.

Paul. Sir (my Liege)
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a moneth
'Fore your Queene dy'd, ſhe was more worth ſuch gazes,
Then what you looke on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Euen in theſe Lookes I made. But your Petition
Is yet vn-anſwer'd: I will to your Father:
Your Honor not o're-throwne by your deſires,
I am friend to them, and you: Vpon which Errand
I now goe toward him: therefore follow me,
And marke what way I make: Come good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Autolicus, and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beſeech you (Sir) were you preſent at this Relation?

Gent. 1. I was by at the opening of the Farthell, heard the old Shepheard deliuer the manner how he found it: Whereupon (after a little amazedneſſe) we were all commanded out of the Chamber: onely this (me thought) I heard the Shepheard ſay, he found the Child.

Aut. I would moſt gladly know the iſſue of it.

Gent. 1. I make a broken deliuerie of the Buſineſſe; but the changes I perceiued in the King, and *Camillo*, were very Notes of admiration: they ſeem'd almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to teare the Caſes of their Eyes. There was ſpeech in their dumbneſſe, Language in their very geſture: they look'd as they had heard of a World ranſom'd, or one deſtroyed: a notable paſſion of Wonder appeared in them: but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay, if th'importance were Ioy, or Sorrow; but in the extremitie of the one, it muſt needs be. *Enter another Gentleman.*
Here comes a Gentleman, that happily knowes more: The Newes, *Rogero*.

Gent. 2. Nothing but Bon-fires: the Oracle is fulfill'd: the Kings Daughter is found: ſuch a deale of wonder is broken out within this houre, that Ballad-makers cannot be able to expreſſe it. *Enter another Gentleman.*
Here comes the Lady *Paulina's* Steward, hee can deliuer you more. How goes it now (Sir.) This Newes (which is call'd true) is ſo like an old Tale, that the veritie of it is in ſtrong ſuſpition: Ha's the King found his Heire?

Gent. 3. Moſt true, if euer Truth were pregnant by Circumſtance: That which you heare, you'le ſweare you ſee, there is ſuch vnitie in the proofes. The Mantle of Queene *Hermiones*: her Iewell about the Neck of it: the Letters of *Antigonus* found with it, which they know to be his Character: the Maieſtie of the Creature, in reſemblance of the Mother: the Affection of Nobleneſſe, which Nature ſhewes aboue her Breeding, and many other Euidences, proclayme her, with all certaintie, to be the Kings Daughter. Did you ſee the meeting of the two Kings?

Gent. 2. No.

Gent. 3. Then haue you loſt a Sight which was to bee ſeene, cannot bee ſpoken of. There might you haue beheld one Ioy crowne another, ſo and in ſuch manner, that it ſeem'd Sorrow wept to take leaue of them: for their Ioy waded in teares. There was caſting vp of Eyes, holding vp of Hands, with Countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be knowne by Garment, not by Fauor.

Our King being ready to leape out of himſelfe, for ioy of his found Daughter; as if that Ioy were now become a Loſſe, cryes, Oh, thy Mother, thy Mother: then askes *Bohemia* forgiueneſſe, then embraces his Sonne-in-Law: then againe worryes he his Daughter, with clipping her. Now he thanks the old Shepheard (which ſtands by, like a Weather-bitten Conduit, of many Kings Reignes.) I neuer heard of ſuch another Encounter; which lames Report to follow it, and vndo's deſcription to doe it.

Gent. 2. What, 'pray you, became of *Antigonus*, that carryed hence the Child?

Gent. 3. Like an old Tale ſtill, which will haue matter to rehearſe, though Credit be aſleepe, and not an eare open; he was torne to pieces with a Beare: This auouches the Shepheards Sonne; who ha's not onely his Innocence (which ſeemes much) to iuſtifie him, but a Hand-kerchief and Rings of his, that *Paulina* knowes.

Gent. 1. What became of his Barke, and his Followers?

Gent. 3. Wrackt the ſame inſtant of their Maſters death, and in the view of the Shepheard: ſo that all the Inſtruments which ayded to expoſe the Child, were euen then loſt, when it was found. But oh the Noble Combat, that 'twixt Ioy and Sorrow was fought in *Paulina*. Shee had one Eye declin'd for the loſſe of her Husband, another eleuated, that the Oracle was fulfill'd: Shee lifted the Princeſſe from the Earth, and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhee would pin her to her heart, that ſhee might no more be in danger of looſing.

Gent. 1. The Dignitie of this Act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes, for by ſuch was it acted.

Gent. 3. One of the prettyeſt touches of all, and that which angl'd for mine Eyes (caught the Water, though not the Fiſh) was, when at the Relation of the Queenes death (with the manner how ſhee came to't, brauely confeſs'd, and lamented by the King) how attentiueneſſe wounded his Daughter, till (from one ſigne of dolour to another) ſhee did (with an *Alas*) I would faine ſay, bleed Teares; for I am ſure, my heart wept blood. Who was moſt Marble, there changed colour: ſome ſwownded, all ſorrowed: if all the World could haue ſeen't, the Woe had beene vniuerſall.

Gent. 1. Are they returned to the Court?

Gent. 3. No: The Princeſſe hearing of her Mothers Statue (which is in the keeping of *Paulina*) a Peece many yeeres in doing, and now newly perform'd, by that rare Italian Maſter, *Iulio Romano*, who (had he himſelfe Eternitie, and could put Breath into his Worke) would beguile Nature of her Cuſtome, ſo perfectly he is her Ape: He ſo neere to *Hermione*, hath done *Hermione*, that they ſay one would ſpeake to her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer. Thither (with all greedineſſe of affection) are they gone, and there they intend to Sup.

Gent. 2. I thought ſhe had ſome great matter there in hand, for ſhee hath priuately, twice or thrice a day, euer ſince the death of *Hermione*, viſited that remoued Houſe. Shall wee thither, and with our companie peece the Reioycing?

Gent. 1. Who would be thence, that ha's the benefit of Acceſſe? euery winke of an Eye, ſome new Grace will be borne: our Abſence makes vs vnthriftie to our Knowledge. Let's along. *Exit.*

Aut. Now (had I not the daſh of my former life in me) would Preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his Sonne aboord the Prince; told him, I heard them talke of a Farthell, and I know not what: but he at that time ouer-fond of the Shepheards Daughter (ſo he then tooke her to be) who began to be much Sea-ſick, and himſelfe little better, extremitie of Weather continuing, this Myſterie remained vndiſcouer'd. But 'tis all one to me: for had I beene the finder-out of this Secret, it would not haue relliſh'd among my other diſcredits.

Enter Shepheard and Clowne.

Here come thoſe I haue done good to againſt my will, and alreadie appearing in the bloſſomes of their Fortune.

Shep. Come Boy, I am paſt moe Children: but thy Sonnes and Daughters will be all Gentlemen borne.

Clow. You are well met (Sir:) you deny'd to fight with mee this other day, becauſe I was no Gentleman borne. See you theſe Clothes? ſay you ſee them not, and thinke me ſtill no Gentleman borne: You were beſt ſay theſe Robes are not Gentlemen borne. Giue me the Lye: doe: and try whether I am not now a Gentleman borne.

Aut. I know you are now (Sir) a Gentleman borne.

Clow. I, and haue been ſo any time theſe foure houres.

Shep. And ſo haue I, Boy.

Clow. So you haue: but I was a Gentleman borne before my Father: for the Kings Sonne tooke me by the hand, and call'd mee Brother: and then the two Kings call'd my Father Brother: and then the Prince (my Brother) and the Princeſſe (my Siſter) call'd my Father, Father; and ſo wee wept: and there was the firſt Gentleman-like teares that euer we ſhed.

Shep. We may liue (Sonne) to ſhed many more.

Clow. I: or elſe 'twere hard luck, being in ſo prepoſterous eſtate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beſeech you (Sir) to pardon me all the faults I haue committed to your Worſhip, and to giue me your good report to the Prince my Maſter.

Shep. 'Prethee Sonne doe: for we muſt be gentle, now we are Gentlemen.

Clow. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. I, and it like your good Worſhip.

Clow. Giue me thy hand: I will ſweare to the Prince, thou art as honeſt a true Fellow as any is in *Bohemia*.

Shep. You may ſay it, but not ſweare it.

Clow. Not ſweare it, now I am a Gentleman? Let Boores and Francklins ſay it, Ile ſweare it.

Shep. How if it be falſe (Sonne?)

Clow. If it be ne're ſo falſe, a true Gentleman may ſweare it, in the behalfe of his Friend: And Ile ſweare to the Prince, thou art a tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunke: but I know thou art no tall Fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunke: but Ile ſweare it, and I would thou would'ſt be a tall Fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will proue ſo (Sir) to my power.

Clow. I, by any meanes proue a tall Fellow: if I do not wonder, how thou dar'ſt venture to be drunke, not being a tall Fellow, truſt me not. Harke, the Kings and the Princes (our Kindred) are going to ſee the Queenes Picture. Come, follow vs: wee'le be thy good Maſters. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizell, Perdita, Camillo,
Paulina: Hermione (like a Statue:) Lords, &c.

Leo. O graue and good *Paulina*, the great comfort
That I haue had of thee?

Paul. What (Soueraigne Sir)
I did not well, I meant well: all my Seruices
You haue pay'd home. But that you haue vouchſaf'd
(With your Crown'd Brother, and theſe your contracted
Heires of your Kingdomes) my poore Houſe to viſit;
It is a ſurplus of your Grace, which neuer
My life may laſt to anſwere.
Leo. O *Paulina*,
We honor you with trouble: but we came
To ſee the Statue of our Queene. Your Gallerie
Haue we paſs'd through, not without much content
In many ſingularities; but we ſaw not
That which my Daughter came to looke vpon,
The Statue of her Mother.
Paul. As ſhe liu'd peereleſſe,
So her dead likeneſſe I doe well beleeue
Excells what euer yet you look'd vpon,
Or hand of Man hath done: therefore I keepe it
Louely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To ſee the Life as liuely mock'd, as euer
Still Sleepe mock'd Death: behold, and ſay 'tis well.
I like your ſilence, it the more ſhewes-off
Your wonder: but yet ſpeake, firſt you (my Liege)
Comes it not ſomething neere?
Leo. Her naturall Poſture.
Chide me (deare Stone) that I may ſay indeed
Thou art *Hermione*; or rather, thou art ſhe,
In thy not chiding: for ſhe was as tender
As Infancie, and Grace. But yet (*Paulina*)
Hermione was not ſo much wrinckled, nothing
So aged as this ſeemes.
Pol. Oh, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our Caruers excellence,
Which lets goe-by ſome ſixteene yeeres, and makes her
As ſhe liu'd now.
Leo. As now ſhe might haue done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my Soule. Oh, thus ſhe ſtood,
Euen with ſuch Life of Maieſtie (warme Life,
As now it coldly ſtands) when firſt I woo'd her.
I am aſham'd: Do's not the Stone rebuke me,
For being more Stone then it? Oh Royall Peece:
There's Magick in thy Maieſtie, which ha's
My Euils coniur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring Daughter tooke the Spirits,
Standing like Stone with thee.
Perd. And giue me leaue,
And doe not ſay 'tis Superſtition, that
I kneele, and then implore her Bleſſing. Lady,
Deere Queene, that ended when I but began,
Giue me that hand of yours, to kiſſe.
Paul. O, patience:
The Statue is but newly fix'd; the Colour's
Not dry.
Cam. My Lord, your Sorrow was too ſore lay'd-on,
Which ſixteene Winters cannot blow away,
So many Summers dry: ſcarce any Ioy
Did euer ſo long liue; no Sorrow,
But kill'd it ſelfe much ſooner.
Pol. Deere my Brother,
Let him, that was the cauſe of this, haue powre
To take-off ſo much griefe from you, as he
Will peece vp in himſelfe.
Paul. Indeed my Lord,
If I had thought the ſight of my poore Image
Would thus haue wrought you (for the Stone is mine)
I'l'd not haue ſhew'd it.
Leo. Doe not draw the Curtaine.
Paul. No longer ſhall you gaze on't, leaſt your Fancie
May thinke anon, it moues.
Leo. Let be, let be:
Would I were dead, but that me thinkes alreadie.
(What was he that did make it?) See (my Lord)
Would you not deeme it breath'd? and that thoſe veines
Did verily beare blood?
Pol. 'Maſterly done:
The very Life ſeemes warme vpon her Lippe.
Leo. The fixure of her Eye ha's motion in't,
As we are mock'd with Art.
Paul. Ile draw the Curtaine:
My Lord's almoſt ſo farre tranſported, that
Hee'le thinke anon it liues.
Leo. Oh ſweet *Paulina*,
Make me to thinke ſo twentie yeeres together:
No ſetled Sences of the World can match
The pleaſure of that madneſſe. Let't alone.
Paul. I am ſorry (Sir) I haue thus farre ſtir'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.
Leo. Doe *Paulina*:
For this Affliction ha's a taſte as ſweet
As any Cordiall comfort. Still me thinkes
There is an ayre comes from her. What fine Chizzell
Could euer yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiſſe her.
Paul. Good my Lord, forbeare:
The ruddineſſe vpon her Lippe, is wet:
You'le marre it, if you kiſſe it; ſtayne your owne
With Oyly Painting: ſhall I draw the Curtaine.
Leo. No: not theſe twentie yeeres.
Perd. So long could I
Stand-by, a looker-on.
Paul. Either forbeare,
Quit preſently the Chappell, or reſolue you
For more amazement: if you can behold it,
Ile make the Statue moue indeed; deſcend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'le thinke
(Which I proteſt againſt) I am aſſiſted
By wicked Powers.
Leo. What you can make her doe,
I am content to looke on: what to ſpeake,
I am content to heare: for 'tis as eaſie
To make her ſpeake, as moue.
Paul. It is requir'd
You doe awake your Faith: then, all ſtand ſtill:
On: thoſe that thinke it is vnlawfull Buſineſſe
I am about, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed:
No foot ſhall ſtirre.
Paul. Muſick; awake her: Strike:
'Tis time: deſcend: be Stone no more: approach:
Strike all that looke vpon with meruaile: Come:
Ile fill your Graue vp: ſtirre: nay, come away:
Bequeath to Death your numneſſe: (for from him,
Deare Life redeemes you) you perceiue ſhe ſtirres:
Start not: her Actions ſhall be holy, as
You heare my Spell is lawfull: doe not ſhun her,
Vntill you ſee her dye againe; for then
You kill her double: Nay, preſent your Hand:
When ſhe was young, you woo'd her: now, in age,
Is ſhe become the Suitor?
Leo. Oh, ſhe's warme:
If this be Magick, let it be an Art

Lawfull as Eating.
Pol. She embraces him.
Cam. She hangs about his necke,
If ſhe pertaine to life, let her ſpeake too.
Pol. I, and make it manifeſt where ſhe ha's liu'd,
Or how ſtolne from the dead?
Paul. That ſhe is liuing,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old Tale: but it appeares ſhe liues,
Though yet ſhe ſpeake not. Marke a little while:
Pleaſe you to interpoſe (faire Madam) kneele,
And pray your Mothers bleſſing: turne good Lady,
Our *Perdita* is found.
Her. You Gods looke downe,
And from your ſacred Viols poure your graces
Vpon my daughters head: Tell me (mine owne)
Where haſt thou bin preſeru'd? Where liu'd? How found
Thy Fathers Court? For thou ſhalt heare that I
Knowing by *Paulina*, that the Oracle
Gaue hope thou waſt in being, haue preſeru'd
My ſelfe, to ſee the yſſue.
Paul. There's time enough for that,
Leaſt they deſire (vpon this puſh) to trouble
Your ioyes, with like Relation. Go together
You precious winners all: your exultation
Partake to euery one: I (an old Turtle)
Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough, and there
My Mate (that's neuer to be found againe)
Lament, till I am loſt.
Leo. O peace *Paulina*:
Thou ſhouldſt a husband take by my conſent,
As I by thine a Wife. This is a Match,
And made betweene's by Vowes. Thou haſt found mine,
But how, is to be queſtion'd: for I ſaw her
(As I thought) dead: and haue (in vaine) ſaid many
A prayer vpon her graue. Ile not ſeeke farre
(For him, I partly know his minde) to finde thee
An honourable husband. Come *Camillo*,
And take her by the hand: whoſe worth, and honeſty
Is richly noted: and heere iuſtified
By Vs, a paire of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? looke vpon my Brother: both your pardons,
That ere I put betweene your holy lookes
My ill ſuſpition: This your Son-in-law,
And Sonne vnto the King, whom heauens directing
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good *Paulina*,
Leade vs from hence, where we may leyſurely
Each one demand, and anſwere to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of Time, ſince firſt
We were diſſeuer'd: Haſtily lead away. *Exeunt.*

The Names of the Actors.

Leontes, King of Sicillia.
Mamillus, yong Prince of Sicillia.
Camillo.
Antigonus. } *Foure*
Cleomines. } *Lords of Sicillia.*
Dion.
Hermione, Queene to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Paulina, wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a Lady.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florizell, Prince of Bohemia.
Old Shepheard, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clowne, his Sonne.
Autolicus, a Rogue.
Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.
Other Lords, and Gentlemen, and Seruants.
Shepheards, and Shephearddeſſes.

FINIS.

The life and death of King Iohn.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter King Iohn, Queene Elinor, Pembroke, Eſſex, and Saliſbury, with the Chattylion of France.

King Iohn.
Now ſay *Chatillion*, what would *France* with vs ?
Chat. Thus (after greeting) ſpeakes the King of France,
In my behauiour to the Maieſty,
The borrowed Maieſty of *England* heere.
Elea. A ſtrange beginning : borrowed Maieſty ?
K.Iohn. Silence (good mother) heare the Embaſſie.
Chat. Philip of *France*, in right and true behalfe
Of thy deceaſed brother, *Geffreyes* ſonne,
Arthur Plantaginet, laies moſt lawfull claime
To this faire Iland, and the Territories :
To *Ireland, Poyctiers, Aniowe, Torayne, Maine*,
Deſiring thee to lay aſide the ſword
Which ſwaies vſurpingly theſe ſeuerall titles,
And put the ſame into yong *Arthurs* hand,
Thy Nephew, and right royall Soueraigne.
K.Iohn. What followes if we diſallow of this ?
Chat. The proud controle of fierce and bloudy warre,
To inforce theſe rights, ſo forcibly with-held,
K.Io. Heere haue we war for war, & bloud for bloud,
Controlement for controlement: ſo anſwer *France.*
Chat. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,
The fartheſt limit of my Embaſſie.
K.Iohn. Beare mine to him, and ſo depart in peace,
Be thou as lightning in the eies of *France* ;
For ere thou canſt report, I will be there :
The thunder of my Cannon ſhall be heard.
So hence : be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And ſullen preſage of your owne decay :
An honourable conduct let him haue,
Pembroke looke too't : farewell *Chattillion.*
Exit Chat. and Pem.
Ele. What now my ſonne, haue I not euer ſaid
How that ambitious *Conſtance* would not ceaſe
Till ſhe had kindled *France* and all the world,
Vpon the right and party of her ſonne.
This might haue beene preuented, and made whole
With very eaſie arguments of loue,
Which now the mannage of two kingdomes muſt
With fearefull bloudy iſſue arbitrate.
K.Iohn. Our ſtrong poſſeſſion, and our right for vs.
Eli. Your ſtrong poſſeſsiõ much more then your right,
Or elſe it muſt go wrong with you and me,
So much my conſcience whiſpers in your eare,
Which none but heauen, and you, and I, ſhall heare.
Enter a Sheriffe.
Eſſex. My Liege, here is the ſtrangeſt controuerſie
Come from the Country to be iudg'd by you
That ere I heard : ſhall I produce the men?
K.Iohn. Let them approach :
Our Abbies and our Priories ſhall pay
This expeditious charge · what men are you?
Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip.
Philip. Your faithfull ſubiect, I a gentleman,
Borne in *Northamptonſhire*, and eldeſt ſonne
As I ſuppoſe, to *Robert Faulconbridge*,
A Souldier by the Honor-giuing-hand
Of *Cordelion*, Knighted in the field.
K.Iohn. What art thou?
Robert. The ſon and heire to that ſame *Faulconbridge.*
K.Iohn. Is that the elder, and art thou the heyre?
You came not of one mother then it ſeemes.
Philip. Moſt certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well knowne, and as I thinke one father :
But for the certaine knowledge of that truth,
I put you o're to heauen, and to my mother ;
Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.
Eli. Out on thee rude man, ỳ doſt ſhame thy mother,
And wound her honor with this diffidence.
Phil. I Madame ? No, I haue no reaſon for it,
That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,
The which if he can proue, a pops me out,
At leaſt from faire fiue hundred pound a yeere :
Heauen guard my mothers honor, and my Land.
K.Iohn. A good blunt fellow: why being yonger born
Doth he lay claime to thine inheritance?
Phil. I know not why, except to get the land :
But once he ſlanderd me with baſtardy :
But where I be as true begot or no,
That ſtill I lay vpon my mothers head,
But that I am as well begot my Liege
(Faire fall the bones that tooke the paines for me)
Compare our faces, and be Iudge your ſelfe
If old Sir *Robert* did beget vs both,
And were our father, and this ſonne like him :
O old ſir *Robert* Father, on my knee
I giue heauen thankes I was not like to thee.
K.Iohn. Why what a mad-cap hath heauen lent vs here?
Elen. He hath a tricke of *Cordelions* face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him :
Doe you not read ſome tokens of my ſonne
In the large compoſition of this man?

K.Iohn. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And findes them perfect *Richard* : ſirra ſpeake,
What doth moue you to claime your brothers land.
Philip. Becauſe he hath a half-face like my father :
With halfe that face would he haue all my land,
A halfe-fac'd groat, fiue hundred pound a yeere?
Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liu'd,
Your brother did imploy my father much.
Phil. Well ſir, by this you cannot get my land,
Your tale muſt be how he employ'd my mother.
Rob. And once diſpatch'd him in an Embaſſie
To *Germany*, there with the Emperor
To treat of high affaires touching that time :
Th'aduantage of his abſence tooke the King,
And in the meane time ſoiourn'd at my fathers ;
Where how he did preuaile, I ſhame to ſpeake :
But truth is truth, large lengths of ſeas and ſhores
Betweene my father, and my mother lay,
As I haue heard my father ſpeake himſelfe
When this ſame luſty gentleman was got :
Vpon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and tooke it on his death
That this my mothers ſonne was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteene weekes before the courſe of time :
Then good my Liedge let me haue what is mine,
My fathers land, as was my fathers will.
K.Iohn. Sirra, your brother is Legittimate,
Your fathers wife did after wedlocke beare him :
And if ſhe did play falſe, the fault was hers,
Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wiues : tell me, how if my brother
Who as you ſay, tooke paines to get this ſonne,
Had of your father claim'd this ſonne for his,
Inſooth, good friend, your father might haue kept
This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world :
Inſooth he might : then if he were my brothers,
My brother might not claime him, nor your father
Being none of his, refuſe him : this concludes,
My mothers ſonne did get your fathers heyre,
Your fathers heyre muſt haue your fathers land.
Rob. Shal then my fathers Will be of no force,
To diſpoſſeſſe that childe which is not his.
Phil. Of no more force to diſpoſſeſſe me ſir,
Then was his will to get me, as I think.
Eli. Whether hadſt thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And like thy brother to enioy thy land :
Or the reputed ſonne of *Cordelion*,
Lord of thy preſence, and no land beſide.
Baſt. Madam, and if my brother had my ſhape
And I had his, ſir *Roberts* his like him,
And if my legs were two ſuch riding rods,
My armes, ſuch eele-skins ſtuft, my face ſo thin,
That in mine eare I durſt not ſticke a roſe,
Leſt men ſhould ſay, looke where three farthings goes,
And to his ſhape were heyre to all this land,
Would I might neuer ſtirre from off this place,
I would giue it euery foot to haue this face :
It would not be ſir nobbe in any caſe.
Elinor. I like thee well : wilt thou forſake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a Souldier, and now bound to *France*.
Baſt. Brother, take you my land, Ile take my chance;
Your face hath got fiue hundred pound a yeere,
Yet ſell your face for fiue pence and 'tis deere :
Madam, Ile follow you vnto the death.
Elinor. Nay, I would haue you go before me thither.
Baſt. Our Country manners giue our betters way.
K.Iohn. What is thy name?
Baſt. *Philip* my Liege, ſo is my name begun,
Philip, good old Sir *Roberts* wiues eldeſt ſonne.
K.Iohn. From henceforth beare his name
Whoſe forme thou beareſt :
Kneele thou downe *Philip*, but riſe more great,
Ariſe Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.
Baſt. Brother by th'mothers ſide, giue me your hand,
My father gaue me honor, yours gaue land :
Now bleſſed be the houre by night or day
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.
Ele. The very ſpirit of *Plantaginet* :
I am thy grandame *Richard*, call me ſo.
Baſt. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho;
Something about a little from the right,
In at the window, or elſe ore the hatch :
Who dares not ſtirre by day, muſt walke by night,
And haue is haue, how euer men doe catch :
Neere or farre off, well wonne is ſtill well ſhot,
And I am I, how ere I was begot.
K.Iohn. Goe, *Faulconbridge*, now haſt thou thy deſire,
A landleſſe Knight, makes thee a landed Squire :
Come Madam, and come *Richard*, we muſt ſpeed
For *France*, for *France*, for it is more then need.
Baſt. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,
For thou waſt got i'th way of honeſty.
Exeunt all but baſtard.

Baſt. A foot of Honor better then I was,
But many a many foot of Land the worſe.
Well, now can I make any *Ioane* a Lady,
Good den Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,
And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter*;
For new made honor doth forget mens names :
'Tis two reſpectiue, and too ſociable
For your conuerſion, now your traueller,
Hee and his tooth-picke at my worſhips meſſe,
And when my knightly ſtomacke is ſuffis'd,
Why then I ſucke my teeth, and catechize
My picked man of Countries : my deare ſir,
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
I ſhall beſeech you; that is queſtion now,
And then comes anſwer like an Abſey booke :
O ſir, ſayes anſwer, at your beſt command,
At your employment, at your ſeruice ſir :
No ſir, ſaies queſtion, I ſweet ſir at yours,
And ſo ere anſwer knowes what queſtion would,
Sauing in Dialogue of Complement,
And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,
The Perennean and the riuer *Poe*,
It drawes toward ſupper in concluſion ſo.
But this is worſhipfull ſociety,
And fits the mounting ſpirit like my ſelfe;
For he is but a baſtard to the time
That doth not ſmoake of obſeruation,
And ſo am I whether I ſmacke or no :
And not alone in habit and deuice,
Exterior forme, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliuer
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet poyſon for the ages tooth,
Which though I will not practice to deceiue,
Yet to auoid deceit I meane to learne;
For it ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing :
But who comes in ſuch haſte in riding robes?

What woman poſt is this? hath ſhe no husband
That will take paines to blow a horne before her?
O me, 'tis my mother : how now good Lady,
What brings you heere to Court ſo haſtily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and Iames Gurney.

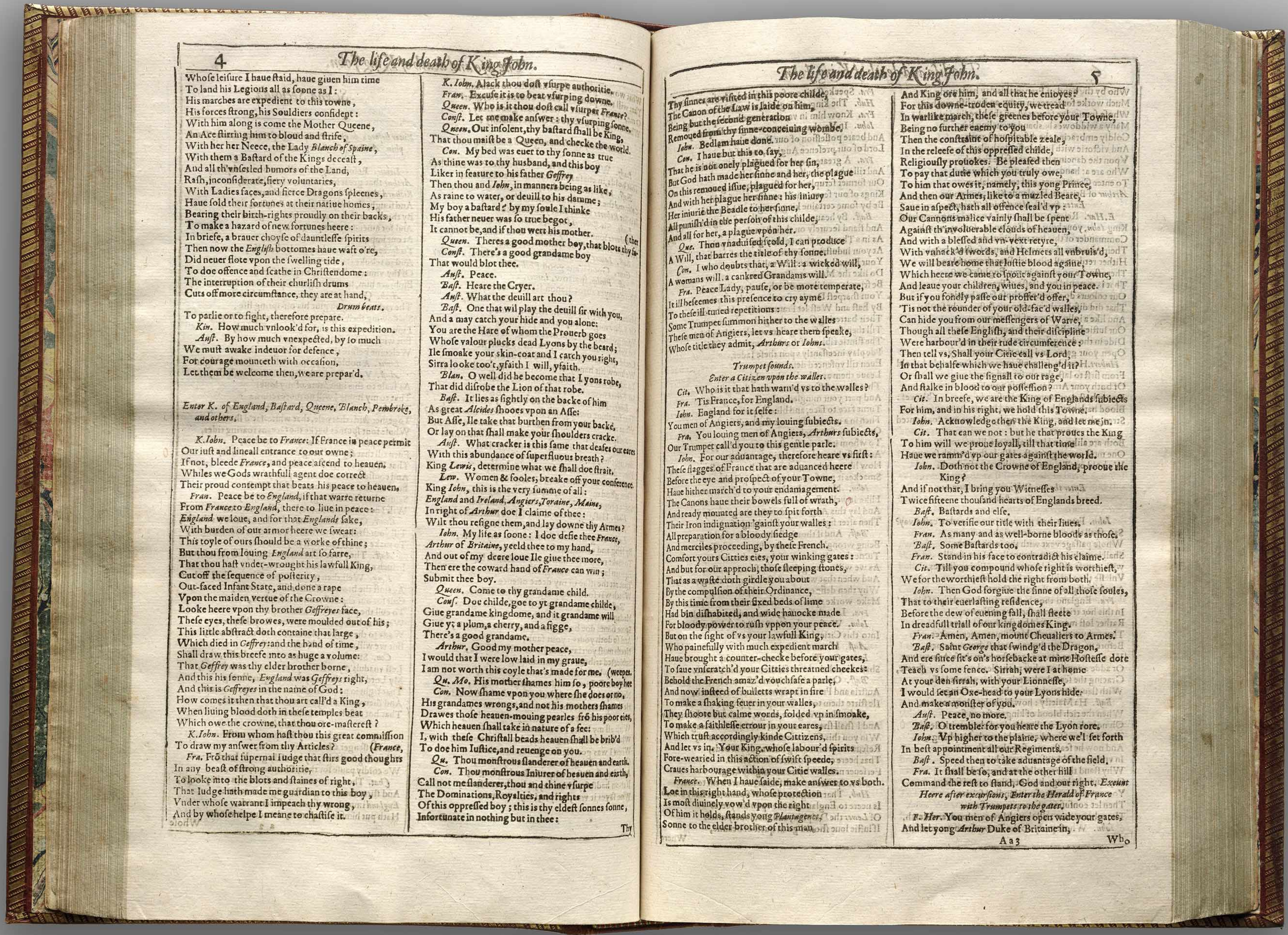
Lady. Where is that ſlaue thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chaſe mine honour vp and downe.
Baſt. My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Roberts* ſonne :
Colbrand the Gyant, that ſame mighty man,
Is it Sir *Roberts* ſonne that you ſeeke ſo?
Lady. Sir *Roberts* ſonne, I thou vnreuerend boy,
Sir *Roberts* ſonne? why ſcorn'ſt thou at ſir *Robert*?
He is Sir *Roberts* ſonne, and ſo art thou.
Baſt. *Iames Gournie*, wilt thou giue vs leaue a while?
Gour. Good leaue good *Philip*.
Baſt. *Philip*, ſparrow, *Iames*,
There's toyes abroad, anon Ile tell thee more.
Exit Iames.

Madam, I was not old Sir *Roberts* ſonne,
Sir *Robert* might haue eat his part in me
Vpon good Friday, and nere broke his faſt :
Sir *Robert* could doe well, marrie to confeſſe
Could get me ſir *Robert* could not doe it;
We know his handy-worke, therefore good mother
To whom am I beholding for theſe limmes?
Sir *Robert* neuer holpe to make this legge.
Lady. Haſt thou conſpired with thy brother too,
That for thine owne gaine ſhouldſt defend mine honor?
What meanes this ſcorne, thou moſt vntoward knaue?
Baſt. Knight, knight good mother, Baſiliſco-like :
What, I am dub'd, I haue it on my ſhoulder :
But mother, I am not Sir *Roberts* ſonne,
I haue diſclaim'd Sir *Robert* and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone;
Then good my mother, let me know my father,
Some proper man I hope, who was it mother?
Lady. Haſt thou denied thy ſelfe a *Faulconbridge*?
Baſt. As faithfully as I denie the deuill.
Lady. *King Richard Cordelion* was thy father,
By long and vehement ſuit I was ſeduc'd
To make roome for him in my husbands bed :
Heauen lay not my tranſgreſſion to my charge,
That art the iſſue of my deere offence
Which was ſo ſtrongly vrg'd paſt my defence.
Baſt. Now by this light were I to get againe,
Madam I would not wiſh a better father :
Some ſinnes doe beare their priuiledge on earth,
And ſo doth yours : your fault, was not your follie,
Needs muſt you lay your heart at his diſpoſe,
Subiected tribute to commanding loue,
Againſt whoſe furie and vnmatched force,
The awleſſe Lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keepe his Princely heart from *Richards* hand :
He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts,
May eaſily winne a womans : aye my mother,
With all my heart I thanke thee for my father :
Who liues and dares but ſay, thou didſt not well
When I was got, Ile ſend his ſoule to hell.
Come Lady I will ſhew thee to my kinne,
And they ſhall ſay, when *Richard* me begot,
If thou hadſt ſayd him nay, it had beene ſinne;
Who ſayes it was, he lyes, I ſay twas not.
Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Daulphin, Auſtria, Conſtance, Arthur.

Lewis. Before *Angiers* well met braue *Auſtria*,
Arthur that great fore-runner of thy bloud,
Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
And fought the holy Warres in *Paleſtine*,
By this braue Duke came early to his graue :
And for amends to his poſteritie,
At our importance hether is he come,
To ſpread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,
And to rebuke the vſurpation
Of thy vnnaturall Vncle, Engliſh *Iohn*,
Embrace him, loue him, giue him welcome hether.
Arth. God ſhall forgiue you *Cordelions* death
The rather, that you giue his off-ſpring life,
Shadowing their right vnder your wings of warre :
I giue you welcome with a powerleſſe hand,
But with a heart full of vnſtained loue,
Welcome before the gates of *Angiers* Duke.
Lewis. A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?
Auſt. Vpon thy cheeke lay I this zelous kiſſe,
As ſeale to this indenture of my loue :
That to my home I will no more returne
Till *Angiers*, and the right thou haſt in *France*,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore,
Whoſe foot ſpurnes backe the Oceans roaring tides,
And coopes from other lands her Ilanders,
Euen till that *England* hedg'd in with the maine,
That Water-walled Bulwarke, ſtill ſecure
And confident from forreine purpoſes,
Euen till that vtmoſt corner of the Weſt
Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy
Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.
Conſt. O take his mothers thanks, a widdows thanks,
Till your ſtrong hand ſhall helpe to giue him ſtrength,
To make a more requitall to your loue.
Auſt. The peace of heauen is theirs ỹ lift their ſwords
In ſuch a iuſt and charitable warre.
King. Well, then to worke our Cannon ſhall be bent
Againſt the browes of this reſiſting towne,
Call for our cheefeſt men of diſcipline,
To cull the plots of beſt aduantages :
Wee'll lay before this towne our Royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in *French*-mens bloud,
But we will make it ſubiect to this boy.
Con. Stay for an anſwer to your Embaſſie,
Leſt vnaduis'd you ſtaine your ſwords with bloud,
My Lord *Chattilion* may from *England* bring
That right in peace which heere we vrge in warre,
And then we ſhall repent each drop of bloud,
That hot raſh haſte ſo indirectly ſhedde.
Enter Chattilion.
King. A wonder Lady : lo vpon thy wiſh
Our Meſſenger *Chattilion* is arriu'd,
What *England* ſaies, ſay breefely gentle Lord,
We coldly pauſe for thee, *Chatilion* ſpeake,
Chat. Then turne your forces from this paltry ſiege,
And ſtirre them vp againſt a mightier taske :
England impatient of your iuſt demands,
Hath put himſelfe in Armes, the aduerſe windes



Whoſe leiſure I haue ſtaid, haue giuen him time
To land his Legions all as ſoone as I:
His marches are expedient to this towne,
His forces ſtrong, his Souldiers confident:
With him along is come the Mother Queene,
An Ace ſtirring him to bloud and ſtrife,
With her her Neece, the Lady *Blanch of Spaine*,
With them a Baſtard of the Kings deceaſt,
And all th'vnſetled humors of the Land,
Raſh, inconſiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons ſpleenes,
Haue ſold their fortunes at their natiue homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes heere:
In briefe, a brauer choyſe of dauntleſſe ſpirits
Then now the *Engliſh* bottomes haue waft o're,
Did neuer flote vpon the ſwelling tide,
To doe offence and ſcathe in Chriſtendome:
The interruption of their churliſh drums
Cuts off more circumſtance, they are at hand,
Drum beats.
To parlie or to fight, therefore prepare.
Kin. How much vnlook'd for, is this expedition.
Auſt. By how much vnexpected, by ſo much
We muſt awake indeuor for defence,
For courage mounteth with occaſion,
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter K. of England, Baſtard, Queene, Blanch, Pembroke, and others.

K.Iohn. Peace be to *France*: If France in peace permit
Our iuſt and lineall entrance to our owne;
If not, bleede *France*, and peace aſcend to heauen.
Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heauen.
Fran. Peace be to *England*, if that warre returne
From *France* to *England*, there to liue in peace:
England we loue, and for that *Englands* ſake,
With burden of our armor heere we ſweat:
This toyle of ours ſhould be a worke of thine;
But thou from louing *England* art ſo farre,
That thou haſt vnder-wrought his lawfull King,
Cut off the ſequence of poſterity,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
Vpon the maiden vertue of the Crowne:
Looke heere vpon thy brother *Geffreyes* face,
Theſe eyes, theſe browes, were moulded out of his;
This little abſtract doth containe that large,
Which died in *Geffrey*: and the hand of time,
Shall draw this breefe into as huge a volume:
That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother borne,
And this his ſonne, *England* was *Geffreys* right,
And this is *Geffreyes* in the name of God:
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When liuing blood doth in theſe temples beat
Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-maſtereſt?
K.Iohn. From whom haſt thou this great commiſſion *France*,
To draw my anſwer from thy Articles?
Fra. Frõ that ſupernal Iudge that ſtirs good thoughts
In any beaſt of ſtrong authoritie,
To looke into the blots and ſtaines of right,
That Iudge hath made me guardian to this boy,
Vnder whoſe warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whoſe helpe I meane to chaſtiſe it.

K.Iohn. Alack thou doſt vſurpe authoritie.
Fran. Excuſe it is to beat vſurping downe.
Queen. Who is it thou doſt call vſurper *France*?
Conſt. Let me make anſwer: thy vſurping ſonne.
Queen. Out inſolent, thy baſtard ſhall be King,
That thou maiſt be a Queen, and checke the world.
Con. My bed was euer to thy ſonne as true
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*
Then thou and *Iohn*, in manners being as like,
As raine to water, or deuill to his damme;
My boy a baſtard? by my ſoule I thinke
His father neuer was ſo true begot,
It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.
Queen. Theres a good mother boy, that blots thy father
Conſt. There's a good grandame boy
That would blot thee.
Auſt. Peace.
Baſt. Heare the Cryer.
Auſt. What the deuill art thou?
Baſt. One that wil play the deuill ſir with you,
And a may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the Hare of whom the Prouerb goes
Whoſe valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard;
Ile ſmoake your skin-coat and I catch you right,
Sirra looke too't, yfaith I will, yfaith.
Blan. O well did he become that Lyons robe,
That did diſrobe the Lion of that robe.
Baſt. It lies as ſightly on the backe of him
As great *Alcides* ſhooes vpon an Aſſe:
But Aſſe, Ile take that burthen from your backe,
Or lay on that ſhall make your ſhoulders cracke.
Auſt. What cracker is this ſame that deafes our eares
With this abundance of ſuperfluous breath?
King *Lewis*, determine what we ſhall doe ſtrait.
Lew. Women & fooles, breake off your conference.
King *Iohn*, this is the very ſumme of all:
England and *Ireland*, *Angiers*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,
In right of *Arthur* doe I claime of thee:
Wilt thou reſigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?
Iohn. My life as ſoone: I doe defie thee *France*,
Arthur of *Britaine*, yeeld thee to my hand,
And out of my deere loue Ile giue thee more,
Then ere the coward hand of *France* can win;
Submit thee boy.
Queen. Come to thy grandame child.
Conſ. Doe childe, goe to yt grandame childe,
Giue grandame kingdome, and it grandame will
Giue yt a plum, a cherry, and a figge,
There's a good grandame.
Arthur. Good my mother peace,
I would that I were low laid in my graue,
I am not worth this coyle that's made for me. (*weepes.*
Qu. Mo. His mother ſhames him ſo, poore boy hee
Con. Now ſhame vpon you where ſhe does or no,
His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers ſhames
Drawes thoſe heauen-mouing pearles frõ his poore eies,
Which heauen ſhall take in nature of a fee:
I, with theſe Chriſtall beads heauen ſhall be brib'd
To doe him Iuſtice, and reuenge on you.
Qu. Thou monſtrous ſlanderer of heauen and earth.
Con. Thou monſtrous Iniurer of heauen and earth,
Call not me ſlanderer, thou and thine vſurpe
The Dominations, Royalties, and rights
Of this oppreſſed boy; this is thy eldeſt ſonnes ſonne,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

Thy ſinnes are viſited in this poore childe,
The Canon of the Law is laide on him,
Being but the ſecond generation
Remoued from thy ſinne-conceiuing wombe.
Iohn. Bedlam haue done.
Con. I haue but this to ſay,
That he is not onely plagued for her ſin,
But God hath made her ſinne and her, the plague
On this remoued iſſue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her ſinne: his iniury
Her iniurie the Beadle to her ſinne,
All puniſh'd in the perſon of this childe,
And all for her, a plague vpon her.
Que. Thou vnaduiſed ſcold, I can produce
A Will, that barres the title of thy ſonne.
Con. I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
A womans will, a cankred Grandams will.
Fra. Peace Lady, pauſe, or be more temperate,
It ill beſeemes this preſence to cry ayme
To theſe ill-tuned repetitions:
Some Trumpet ſummon hither to the walles
Theſe men of Angiers, let vs heare them ſpeake,
Whoſe title they admit, *Arthurs* or *Iohns*.

Trumpet ſounds.
Enter a Citizen vpon the walles.

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd vs to the walles?
Fra. 'Tis France, for England.
Iohn. England for it ſelfe:
You men of Angiers, and my louing ſubiects.
Fra. You louing men of Angiers, *Arthurs* ſubiects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
Iohn. For our aduantage, therefore heare vs firſt:
Theſe flagges of France that are aduanced heere
Before the eye and proſpect of your Towne,
Haue hither march'd to your endamagement.
The Canons haue their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to ſpit forth
Their Iron indignation 'gainſt your walles:
All preparation for a bloody ſiedge
And merciles proceeding, by theſe French.
Comfort yours Citties eies, your winking gates:
And but for our approch, thoſe ſleeping ſtones,
That as a waſte doth girdle you about
By the compulſion of their Ordinance,
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had bin diſhabited, and wide hauocke made
For bloody power to ruſh vppon your peace.
But on the ſight of vs your lawfull King,
Who painefully with much expedient march
Haue brought a counter-checke before your gates,
To ſaue vnſcratch'd your Citties threatned cheekes:
Behold the French amaz'd vouchſafe a parle,
And now inſteed of bulletts wrapt in fire
To make a ſhaking feuer in your walles,
They ſhoote but calme words, folded vp in ſmoake,
To make a faithleſſe errour in your eares,
Which truſt accordingly kinde Cittizens,
And let vs in. Your King, whoſe labour'd ſpirits
Fore-wearied in this action of ſwift ſpeede,
Craues harbourage within your Citie walles.
France. When I haue ſaide, make anſwer to vs both.
Loe in this right hand, whoſe protection
Is moſt diuinely vow'd vpon the right
Of him it holds, ſtands yong *Plantagenet*,
Sonne to the elder brother of this man,
And King ore him, and all that he enioyes:
For this downe-troden equity, we tread
In warlike march, theſe greenes before your Towne,
Being no further enemy to you
Then the conſtraint of hoſpitable zeale,
In the releefe of this oppreſſed childe,
Religiouſly prouokes. Be pleaſed then
To pay that dutie which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,
And then our Armes, like to a muzled Beare,
Saue in aſpect, hath all offence ſeal'd vp:
Our Cannons malice vainly ſhall be ſpent
Againſt th'inuulnerable clouds of heauen,
And with a bleſſed and vn-vext retyre,
With vnhack'd ſwords, and Helmets all vnbruis'd,
We will beare home that luſtie blood againe,
Which heere we came to ſpout againſt your Towne,
And leaue your children, wiues, and you in peace.
But if you fondly paſſe our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walles,
Can hide you from our meſſengers of Warre,
Though all theſe Engliſh, and their diſcipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference:
Then tell vs, Shall your Citie call vs Lord,
In that behalfe which we haue challeng'd it?
Or ſhall we giue the ſignall to our rage,
And ſtalke in blood to our poſſeſſion?
Cit. In breefe, we are the King of Englands ſubiects
For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.
Iohn. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.
Cit. That can we not: but he that proues the King
To him will we proue loyall, till that time
Haue we ramm'd vp our gates againſt the world.
Iohn. Doth not the Crowne of England, prooue the King?
And if not that, I bring you Witneſſes
Twice fifteene thouſand hearts of Englands breed.
Baſt. Baſtards and elſe.
Iohn. To verifie our title with their liues.
Fran. As many and as well-borne bloods as thoſe.
Baſt. Some Baſtards too.
Fran. Stand in his face to contradict his claime.
Cit. Till you compound whoſe right is worthieſt,
We for the worthieſt hold the right from both.
Iohn. Then God forgiue the ſinne of all thoſe ſoules,
That to their euerlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of euening fall, ſhall fleete
In dreadfull triall of our kingdomes King.
Fran. Amen, Amen, mount Cheualiers to Armes.
Baſt. Saint *George* that ſwindg'd the Dragon,
And ere ſince ſit's on's horſebacke at mine Hoſteſſe dore
Teach vs ſome fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den ſirrah, with your Lionneſſe,
I would ſet an Oxe-head to your Lyons hide:
And make a monſter of you.
Auſt. Peace, no more.
Baſt. O tremble: for you heare the Lyon rore.
Iohn. Vp higher to the plaine, where we'l ſet forth
In beſt appointment all our Regiments.
Baſt. Speed then to take aduantage of the field.
Fra. It ſhall be ſo, and at the other hill
Command the reſt to ſtand, God and our right. *Exeunt*

Heere after excurſions, Enter the Herald of France with Trumpets to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers open wide your gates,
And let yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine in,

Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much worke for teares in many an Engliſh mother,
Whoſe ſonnes lye ſcattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widdowes husband groueling lies,
Coldly embracing the diſcoloured earth,
And victorie with little loſſe doth play
Vpon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly diſplayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaime
Arthur of Britaine, Englands King, and yours.

Enter Engliſh Herald with Trumpet.

E.Har. Reioyce you men of Angiers, ring your bels,
King *Iohn*, your king and Englands, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day,
Their Armours that march'd hence ſo ſiluer bright,
Hither returne all gilt with Frenchmens blood:
There ſtucke no plume in any Engliſh Creſt,
That is remoued by a ſtaffe of France.
Our colours do returne in thoſe ſame hands
That did diſplay them when we firſt marcht forth:
And like a iolly troope of Huntſmen come
Our luſtie Engliſh, all with purpled hands,
Dide in the dying ſlaughter of their foes,
Open your gates, and giue the Victors way.

Hubert. Heralds, from off our towres we might behold
From firſt to laſt, the on-ſet and retyre;
Of both yonr Armies, whoſe equality
By our beſt eyes cannot be cenſured: (blowes:
Blood hath bought blood, and blowes haue anſwerd
Strength matcht with ſtrength, and power confronted power,
Both are alike, and both alike we like:
One muſt proue greateſt. While they weigh ſo euen,
We hold our Towne for neither: yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers, at ſeuerall doores.

Iohn. France, haſt thou yet more blood to caſt away?
Say, ſhall the currant of our right rome on,
Whoſe paſſage vext with thy impediment,
Shall leaue his natiue channell, and ore-ſwell
with courſe diſturb'd euen thy confining ſhores,
Vnleſſe thou let his ſiluer Water, keepe
A peacefull progreſſe to the Ocean.

Fra. England thou haſt not ſau'd one drop of blood
In this hot triall more then we of France,
Rather loſt more. And by this hand I ſweare
That ſwayes the earth this Climate ouer-lookes,
Before we will lay downe our iuſt-borne Armes,
Wee'l put thee downe, 'gainſt whom theſe Armes wee
Or adde a royall number to the dead: (beare,
Gracing the ſcroule that tels of this warres loſſe,
With ſlaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Baſt. Ha Maieſty: how high thy glory towres,
When the rich blood of kings is ſet on fire:
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with ſteele,
The ſwords of ſouldiers are his teeth, his phangs,
And now he feaſts, mouſing the fleſh of men
In vndetermin'd differences of kings.
Why ſtand theſe royall fronts amazed thus:
Cry hauocke kings, backe to the ſtained field
You equall Potents, fierie kindled ſpirits,
Then let confuſion of one part confirm
The others peace: till then, blowes, blood, and death.

Iohn. Whoſe party do the Townеſmen yet admit?

Fra. Speake Citizens for England, whoſe your king.

Hub. The king of England, when we know the king.

Fra. Know him in vs, that heere hold vp his right.

Iohn. In Vs, that are our owne great Deputie,
And beare poſſeſſion of our Perſon heere,
Lord of our preſence Angiers, and of you.

Fra. A greater powre then We denies all this,
And till it be vndoubted, we do locke
Our former ſcruple in our ſtrong barr'd gates:
Kings of our feare, vntill our feares reſolu'd
Be by ſome certaine king, purg'd and depos'd.

Baſt. By heauen, theſe ſcroyles of Angiers flout you
And ſtand ſecurely on their battelments, (kings,
As in a Theater, whence they gape and point
At your induſtrious Scenes and acts of death.
Your Royall preſences be rul'd by mee,
Do like the Mutines of Ieruſalem,
Be friends a-while, and both conioyntly bend
Your ſharpeſt Deeds of malice on this Towne.
By Eaſt and Weſt let France and England mount.
Their battering Canon charged to the mouthes,
Till their ſoule-fearing clamours haue braul'd downe
The flintie ribbes of this contemptuous Citie,
I'de play inceſſantly vpon theſe Iades,
Euen till vnfenced deſolation
Leaue them as naked as the vulgar ayre:
That done, diſſeuer your vnited ſtrengths,
And part your mingled colours once againe,
Turne face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then in a moment Fortune ſhall cull forth
Out of one ſide her happy Minion,
To whom in fauour ſhe ſhall giue the day,
And kiſſe him with a glorious victory:
How like you this wilde counſell mighty States,
Smackes it not ſomething of the policie.

Iohn. Now by the sky that hangs aboue our heads,
I like it well. France, ſhall we knit our powres,
And lay this Angiers euen with the ground,
Then after fight who ſhall be king of it?

Baſt. And if thou haſt the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeuiſh Towne:
Turne thou the mouth of thy Artillerie,
As we will ours, againſt theſe ſawcie walles,
And when that we haue daſh'd them to the ground,
Why then defie each other, and pell-mell,
Make worke vpon our ſelues, for heauen or hell.

Fra. Let it be ſo: ſay, where will you aſſault?

Iohn. We from the Weſt will ſend deſtruction
Into this Cities boſome.

Auſt. I from the North.

Fran. Our Thunder from the South,
Shall raine their drift of bullets on this Towne.

Baſt. O prudent diſcipline! From North to South:
Auſtria and France ſhoot in each others mouth,
Ile ſtirre them to it: Come, away, away.

Hub. Heare vs great kings, vouchſafe awhile to ſtay
And I ſhall ſhew you peace, and faire-fac'd league:
Win you this Citie without ſtroke, or wound,
Reſcue thoſe breathing liues to dye in beds,
That heere come ſacrifices for the field.
Perſeuer not, but heare me mighty kings.

Iohn. Speake on with fauour, we are bent to heare.

Hub. That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady *Blanch*
Is neere to England, looke vpon the yeeres
Of *Lewes* the Dolphin, and that louely maid.
If luſtie loue ſhould go in queſt of beautie,

Where

Where ſhould he finde it fairer, then in *Blanch*:
If zealous loue ſhould go in ſearch of vertue,
Where ſhould he finde it purer then in *Blanch*?
If loue ambitious, ſought a match of birth,
Whoſe veines bound richer blood then Lady *Blanch*?
Such as ſhe is, in beautie, vertue, birth,
Is the yong Dolphin euery way compleat,
If not compleat of, ſay he is not ſhee,
And ſhe againe wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that ſhe is not hee:
He is the halfe part of a bleſſed man,
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch as ſhee,
And ſhe a faire diuided excellence,
Whoſe fulneſſe of perfection lyes in him.
O two ſuch ſiluer currents when they ioyne
Do glorifie the bankes that bound them in:
And two ſuch ſhores, to two ſuch ſtreames made one,
Two ſuch controlling bounds ſhall you be, kings,
To theſe two Princes, if you marrie them:
This Vnion ſhall do more then batterie can
To our faſt cloſed gates: for at this match,
With ſwifter ſpleene then powder can enforce
The mouth of paſſage ſhall we fling wide ope,
And giue you entrance: but without this match,
The ſea enraged is not halfe ſo deafe,
Lyons more confident, Mountaines and rockes
More free from motion, no not death himſelfe
In mortall furie halfe ſo peremptorie,
As we to keepe this Citie.

Baſt. Heeres a ſtay,
That ſhakes the rotten carkaſſe of old death
Out of his ragges. Here's a large mouth indeede,
That ſpits forth death, and mountaines, rockes, and ſeas,
Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
As maids of thirteene do of puppi-dogges.
What Cannoneere begot this luſtie blood,
He ſpeakes plaine Cannon fire, and ſmoake, and bounce,
He giues the baſtinado with his tongue:
Our eares are cudgel'd, not a word of his
But buffets better then a fiſt of France:
Zounds, I was neuer ſo bethumpt with words,
Since I firſt cal'd my brothers father Dad.

Old Qu. Son, liſt to this coniunction, make this match
Giue with our Neece a dowrie large enough,
For by this knot, thou ſhalt ſo ſurely tye
Thy now vnſur'd aſſurance to the Crowne,
That yon greene boy ſhall haue no Sunne to ripe
The bloome that promiſeth a mightie fruite.
I ſee a yeelding in the lookes of France:
Marke how they whiſper, vrge them while their ſoules
Are capeable of this ambition,
Leaſt zeale now melted by the windie breath
Of ſoft petitions, pittie and remorſe,
Coole and congeale againe to what it was.

Hub. Why anſwer not the double Maieſties,
This friendly treatie of our threatned Towne.

Fra. Speake England firſt, that hath bin forward firſt
To ſpeake vnto this Cittie: what ſay you?

Iohn. If that the Dolphin there thy Princely ſonne,
Can in this booke of beautie read, I loue:
Her Dowrie ſhall weigh equall with a Queene:
For *Angiers*, and faire *Toraine Maine*, *Poyctiers*,
And all that we vpon this ſide the Sea,
(Except this Cittie now by vs beſiedg'd)
F[illegible]e liable to our Crowne and Dignitie,
Shall gild her bridall bed and make her rich
In titles, honors, and promotions,
As ſhe in beautie, education, blood,
Holdes hand with any Princeſſe of the world.

Fra. What ſai'ſt thou boy? looke in the Ladies face.

Dol. I do my Lord, and in her eie I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The ſhadow of my ſelfe form'd in her eye,
Which being but the ſhadow of your ſonne,
Becomes a ſonne and makes your ſonne a ſhadow:
I do proteſt I neuer lou'd my ſelfe
Till now, infixed I beheld my ſelfe,
Drawne in the flattering table of her eie.

Whiſpers with Blanch.

Baſt. Drawne in the flattering table of her eie,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, hee doth eſpie
Himſelfe loues traytor, this is pittie now;
That hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there ſhould be
In ſuch a loue, ſo vile a Lout as he.

Blan. My vnckles will in this reſpect is mine,
If he ſee ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing he ſee's which moues his liking,
I can with eaſe tranſlate it to my will:
Or if you will, to ſpeake more properly,
I will enforce it eaſlie to my loue.
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
That all I ſee in you is worthie loue,
Then this, that nothing do I ſee in you,
Though churliſh thoughts themſelues ſhould bee your Iudge,
That I can finde, ſhould merit any hate.

Iohn. What ſaie theſe yong-ones? What ſay you my Neece?

Blan. That ſhe is bound in honor ſtill to do
What you in wiſedome ſtill vouchſafe to ſay.

Iohn. Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you loue this Ladie?

Dol. Nay aske me if I can refraine from loue,
For I doe loue her moſt vnfainedly.

Iohn. Then do I giue *Volqueſſen*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,
Poyctiers and *Aniow*, theſe fiue Prouinces
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thouſand Markes of Engliſh coyne:
Phillip of France, if thou be pleas'd withall,
Command thy ſonne and daughter to ioyne hands.

Fra. It likes vs well young Princes: cloſe your hands

Auſt. And your lippes too, for I am well aſſur'd,
That I did ſo when I was firſt aſſur'd.

Fra. Now Cittizens of Angires ope your gates,
Let in that amitie which you haue made,
For at Saint Maries Chappell preſently,
The rights of marriage ſhallbe ſolemniz'd.
Is not the Ladie *Conſtance* in this troope?
I know ſhe is not for this match made vp,
Her preſence would haue interrupted much.
Where is ſhe and her ſonne, tell me, who knowes?

Dol. She is ſad and paſsionate at your highnes Tent.

Fra. And by my faith, this league that we haue made
Will giue her ſadneſſe very little cure:
Brother of England, how may we content
This widdow Lady? In her right we came,
Which we God knowes, haue turn'd another way,
To our owne vantage.

Iohn. We will heale vp all,
For wee'l create yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine
And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faire Towne

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady *Conſtance,*
Some ſpeedy Meſſenger bid her repaire
To our ſolemnity: I truſt we ſhall,
(If not fill vp the meaſure of her will)
Yet in ſome meaſure ſatisfie her ſo,
That we ſhall ſtop her exclamation,
Go we as well as haſt will ſuffer vs,
To this vnlook'd for vnprepared pompe. *Exeunt.*

Baſt. Mad world, mad kings, mad compoſition:
Iohn to ſtop *Arthurs* Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whoſe armour Conſcience buckled on,
Whom zeale and charitie brought to the field,
As Gods owne ſouldier, rounded in the eare,
With that ſame purpoſe-changer, that ſlye diuel,
That Broker, that ſtill breakes the pate of faith,
That dayly breake-vow, he that winnes of all,
Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids,
Who hauing no externall thing to looſe,
But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maide of that.
That ſmooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commoditie,
Commoditie, the byas of the world,
The world, who of it ſelfe is peyſed well,
Made to run euen, vpon euen ground;
Till this aduantage, this vile drawing byas,
This ſway of motion, this commoditie,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent.
And this ſame byas, this Commoditie,
This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing-word,
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd,
From a reſolu'd and honourable warre,
To a moſt baſe and vile-concluded peace.
And why rayle I on this Commoditie?
But for becauſe he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I haue the power to clutch my hand,
When his faire Angels would ſalute my palme,
But for my hand, as vnattempted yet,
Like a poore begger, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a begger, I will raile,
And ſay there is no ſin but to be rich:
And being rich, my vertue then ſhall be,
To ſay there is no vice, but beggerie:
Since Kings breake faith vpon commoditie,
Gaine be my Lord, for I will worſhip thee. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus

Enter Conſtance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to ſweare a peace?
Falſe blood to falſe blood ioyn'd. Gone to be freinds?
Shall *Lewis* haue *Blaunch*, and *Blaunch* thoſe Prouinces?
It is not ſo, thou haſt miſpoke, miſheard,
Be well aduiſ'd, tell ore thy tale againe.
It cannot be, thou do'ſt but ſay 'tis ſo.
I truſt I may not truſt thee, for thy word
Is but the vaine breath of a common man:
Beleeue me, I doe not beleeue thee man,
I haue a Kings oath to the contrarie.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſicke, and capeable of feares,
Oppreſt with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
A widdow, husbandles, ſubiect to feares,
A woman naturally borne to feares;
And though thou now confeſſe thou didſt but ieſt
With my vext ſpirits, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou meane by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou looke ſo ſadly on my ſonne?
What meanes that hand vpon that breaſt of thine?
Why holdes thine eie that lamentable rhewme,
Like a proud riuer peering ore his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſignes confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeake againe, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I beleeue you thinke them falſe,
That giue you cauſe to proue my ſaying true.

Con. Oh if thou teach me to beleeue this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleefe, and life encounter ſo,
As doth the furie of two deſperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.
Lewes marry *Blaunch*? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England*, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy ſight,
This newes hath made thee a moſt vgly man.

Sal. What other harme haue I good Lady done,
But ſpoke the harme, that is by others done?

Con. Which harme within it ſelfe ſo heynous is,
As it makes harmefull all that ſpeake of it.

Ar. I do beſeech you Madam be content.

Con. If thou that bidſt me be content, wert grim
Vgly, and ſlandrous to thy Mothers wombe,
Full of vnpleaſing blots, and ſightleſſe ſtaines,
Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending markes,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I ſhould not loue thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deſerue a Crowne.
But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deere boy)
Nature and Fortune ioyn'd to make thee great.
Of Natures guifts, thou mayſt with Lillies boaſt,
And with the halfe-blowne Roſe. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee,
Sh'adulterates hourely with thine Vnckle *Iohn*,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France
To tread downe faire reſpect of Soueraigntie,
And made his Maieſtie the bawd to theirs.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king *Iohn*,
That ſtrumpet Fortune, that vſurping *Iohn*:
Tell me thou fellow, is not France forſworne?
Euvenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leaue thoſe woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to vnder-beare.

Sal. Pardon me Madam,
I may not goe without you to the kings.

Con. Thou maiſt, thou ſhalt, I will not go with thee,
I will inſtruct my ſorrowes to bee proud,
For greefe is proud, and makes his owner ſtoope,
To me and to the ſtate of my great greefe,
Let kings aſſemble: for my greefe's ſo great,
That no ſupporter but the huge firme earth
Can hold it vp: here I and ſorrowes ſit,
Heere is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Actus

Actus Tertius, Scæna prima.

Enter King Iohn, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Elianor, Philip, Auſtria, Conſtance.

Fran. 'Tis true (faire daughter) and this bleſſed day,
Euer in *France* ſhall be kept feſtiuall:
To ſolemnize this day the glorious ſunne
Stayes in his courſe, and playes the Alchymiſt,
Turning with ſplendor of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearely courſe that brings this day about,
Shall neuer ſee it, but a holy day.

Conſt. A wicked day, and not a holy day.
What hath this day deſeru'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters ſhould be ſet
Among the high tides in the Kalender?
Nay, rather turne this day out of the weeke,
This day of ſhame, oppreſſion, periury.
Or if it muſt ſtand ſtill, let wiues with childe
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Leſt that their hopes prodigiouſly be croſt:
But (on this day) let Sea-men feare no wracke,
No bargaines breake that are not this day made;
This day all things begun, come to ill end,
Yea, faith it ſelfe to hollow falſhood change.

Fra. By heauen Lady, you ſhall haue no cauſe
To curſe the faire proceedings of this day:
Haue I not pawn'd to you my Maieſty?

Conſt. You haue beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Reſembling Maieſty, which being touch'd and tride,
Proues valueleſſe: you are forſworne, forſworne,
You came in Armes to ſpill mine enemies bloud,
But now in Armes, you ſtrengthen it with yours.
The grapling vigor, and rough frowne of Warre
Is cold in amitie, and painted peace,
And our oppreſſion hath made vp this league:
Arme, arme, you heauens, againſt theſe periur'd Kings,
A widdow cries, be husband to me (heauens)
Let not the howres of this vngodly day
Weare out the daies in Peace; but ere Sun-ſet,
Set armed diſcord 'twixt theſe periur'd Kings,
Heare me, Oh, heare me.

Auſt. Lady *Conſtance*, peace.

Conſt. War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre:
O *Lymoges*, O *Auſtria*, thou doſt ſhame
That bloudy ſpoyle: thou ſlaue, thou wretch, yͧ coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villanie,
Thou euer ſtrong vpon the ſtronger ſide;
Thou Fortunes Champion, that do'ſt neuer fight
But when her humourous Ladiſhip is by
To teach thee ſafety: thou art periur'd too,
And ſooth'ſt vp greatneſſe. What a foole art thou,
A ramping foole, to brag, and ſtamp, and ſweare,
Vpon my partie: thou cold blooded ſlaue,
Haſt thou not ſpoke like thunder on my ſide?
Beene ſworne my Souldier, bidding me depend
Vpon thy ſtarres, thy fortune, and thy ſtrength,
And doſt thou now fall ouer to my foes?
Thou weare a Lyons hide, doff it for ſhame,
And hang a Calues skin on thoſe recreant limbes.

Auſ. O that a man ſhould ſpeake thoſe words to me.

Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on thoſe recreant limbs

Auſ. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo villaine for thy life.

Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Iohn. We like not this, thou doſt forget thy ſelfe.

Enter Pandulph.

Fra. Heere comes the holy Legat of the Pope.

Pan. Haile you annointed deputies of heauen;
To thee King *Iohn* my holy errand is:
I *Pandulph*, of faire *Millane* Cardinall,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate heere,
Doe in his name religiouſly demand
Why thou againſt the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully doſt ſpurne; and force perforce
Keepe *Stephen Langton* choſen Arſhbiſhop
Of *Canterbury* from that holy Sea:
This in our foreſaid holy Fathers name
Pope *Innocent*, I doe demand of thee.

Iohn. What earthie name to Interrogatories
Can taſt the free breath of a ſacred King?
Thou canſt not (Cardinall) deuiſe a name
So ſlight, vnworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an anſwere, as the Pope:
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*,
Adde thus much more, that no *Italian* Prieſt
Shall tythe or toll in our dominions:
But as we, vnder heauen, are ſupreame head,
So vnder him that great ſupremacy
Where we doe reigne, we will alone vphold
Without th'aſſiſtance of a mortall hand:
So tell the Pope, all reuerence ſet apart
To him and his vſurp'd authoritie.

Fra. Brother of *England*, you blaſpheme in this.

Iohn. Though you, and all the Kings of Chriſtendom
Are led ſo groſſely by this medling Prieſt,
Dreading the curſe that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vilde gold, droſſe, duſt,
Purchaſe corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that ſale ſels pardon from himſelfe:
Though you, and al the reſt ſo groſſely led,
This iugling witchcraft with reuennue cheriſh,
Yet I alone, alone doe me oppoſe
Againſt the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawfull power that I haue,
Thou ſhalt ſtand curſt, and excommunicate,
And bleſſed ſhall he be that doth reuolt
From his Allegeance to an heretique,
And meritorious ſhall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worſhip'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any ſecret courſe
Thy hatefull life.

Con. O lawfull let it be
That I haue roome with *Rome* to curſe a while,
Good Father Cardinall, cry thou Amen
To my keene curſes; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curſe him right.

Pan. There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curſe.

Conſ. And for mine too, when Law can do no right.
Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong:
Law cannot giue my childe his kingdome heere;
For he that holds his Kingdome, holds the Law:
Therefore ſince Law it ſelfe is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curſe?

Pand. *Philip* of *France*, on perill of a curſe,
Let goe the hand of that Arch-heretique,
And raiſe the power of *France* vpon his head,
Vnleſſe he doe ſubmit himſelfe to *Rome*.

Elea. Look'ſt thou pale *France*? do not let go thy hand.

Con. Looke to that Deuill, leſt that *France* repent,

And by diſioyning hands hell loſe a ſoule.
Auſt. King *Philip*, liſten to the Cardinall.
Baſt. And hang a Calues-skin on his recreant limbs.
Auſt. Well ruffian, I muſt pocket vp theſe wrongs,
Becauſe,
Baſt. Your breeches beſt may carry them.
Iohn. *Philip*, what ſaiſt thou to the Cardinall?
Con. What ſhould he ſay, but as the Cardinall?
Dolph. Bethinke you father, for the difference
Is purchaſe of a heauy curſe from *Rome*,
Or the light loſſe of *England*, for a friend:
Forgoe the eaſier.
Bla. That s the curſe of *Rome.*
Con. O *Lewis*, ſtand faſt, the deuill tempts thee heere
In likeneſſe of a new vntrimmed Bride.
Bla. The Lady *Conſtance* ſpeakes not from her faith,
But from her need.
Con. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which onely liues but by the death of faith,
That need, muſt needs inferre this principle,
That faith would liue againe by death of need:
O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp,
Keepe my need vp, and faith is trodden downe.
Iohn. The king is mou'd, and anſwers not to this.
Con. O be remou'd from him, and anſwere well.
Auſt. Doe ſo king *Philip*, hang no more in doubt.
Baſt. Hang nothing but a Calues skin moſt ſweet lout.
Fra. I am perplext, and know not what to ſay.
Pan. What canſt thou ſay, but wil perplex thee more?
If thou ſtand excommunicate, and curſt?
Fra. Good reuerend father, make my perſon yours,
And tell me how you would beſtow your ſelfe?
This royall hand and mine are newly knit,
And the coniunction of our inward ſoules
Married in league, coupled, and link'd together
With all religous ſtrength of ſacred vowes,
The lateſt breath that gaue the ſound of words
Was deepe-ſworne faith, peace, amity, true loue
Betweene our kingdomes and our royall ſelues,
And euen before this truce, but new before,
No longer then we well could waſh our hands,
To clap this royall bargaine vp of peace,
Heauen knowes they were beſmear'd and ouer-ſtaind
With ſlaughters pencill; where reuenge did paint
The fearefull difference of incenſed kings:
And ſhall theſe hands ſo lately purg'd of bloud?
So newly ioyn'd in loue? ſo ſtrong in both,
Vnyoke this ſeyſure, and this kinde regreete?
Play faſt and looſe with faith? ſo ieſt with heauen,
Make ſuch vnconſtant children of our ſelues
As now againe to ſnatch our palme from palme:
Vn-ſweare faith ſworne, and on the marriage bed
Of ſmiling peace to march a bloody hoaſt,
And make a ryot on the gentle brow
Of true ſincerity? O holy Sir
My reuerend father, let it not be ſo;
Out of your grace, deuiſe, ordaine, impoſe
Some gentle order, and then we ſhall be bleſt
To doe your pleaſure, and continue friends.
Pand. All forme is formeleſſe, Order orderleſſe,
Saue what is oppoſite to *Englands* loue.
Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,
Or let the Church our mother breathe her curſe,
A mothers curſe, on her reuolting ſonne:
France, thou maiſt hold a ſerpent by the tongue,
A caſed Lion by the mortall paw,
A faſting Tyger ſafer by the tooth,
Then keepe in peace that hand which thou doſt hold.
Fra. I may diſ-ioyne my hand, but not my faith.
Pand. So mak'ſt thou faith an enemy to faith,
And like a ciuill warre ſetſt oath to oath,
Thy tongue againſt thy tongue. O let thy vow
Firſt made to heauen, firſt be to heauen perform'd,
That is, to be the Champion of our Church,
What ſince thou ſworſt, is ſworne againſt thy ſelfe,
And may not be performed by thy ſelfe,
For that which thou haſt ſworne to doe amiſſe,
Is not amiſſe when it is truely done:
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moſt done not doing it:
The better Act of purpoſes miſtooke,
Is to miſtake again, though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby growes direct,
And falſhood, falſhood cures, as fire cooles fire
Within the ſcorched veines of one new burn'd:
It is religion that doth make vowes kept,
But thou haſt ſworne againſt religion:
By what thou ſwear'ſt againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt,
And mak'ſt an oath the ſuretie for thy truth,
Againſt an oath the truth, thou art vnſure
To ſweare, ſweares onely not to be forſworne,
Elſe what a mockerie ſhould it be to ſweare?
But thou doſt ſweare, onely to be forſworne,
And moſt forſworne, to keepe what thou doſt ſweare,
Therefore thy later vowes, againſt thy firſt,
Is in thy ſelfe rebellion to thy ſelfe:
And better conqueſt neuer canſt thou make,
Then arme thy conſtant and thy nobler parts
Againſt theſe giddy looſe ſuggeſtions:
Vpon which better part, our prayrs come in,
If thou vouchſafe them. But if not, then know
The perill of our curſes light on thee
So heauy, as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off
But in deſpaire, dye vnder their blacke weight.
Auſt. Rebellion, flat rebellion.
Baſt. Wil't not be?
Will not a Calues-skin ſtop that mouth of thine?
Daul. Father, to Armes.
Blanch. Vpon thy wedding day?
Againſt the blood that thou haſt married?
What, ſhall our feaſt be kept with ſlaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churliſh drums
Clamors of hell, be meaſures to our pomp?
O husband heare me: aye, alacke, how new
Is husband in my mouth? euen for that name
Which till this time my tongue did nere pronounce;
Vpon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes
Againſt mine Vncle.
Conſt. O, vpon my knee made hard with kneeling,
I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous *Daulphin*,
Alter not the doome fore-thought by heauen.
Blan. Now ſhall I ſee thy loue, what motiue may
Be ſtronger with thee, then the name of wife?
Con. That which vpholdeth him, that thee vpholds,
His Honor, Oh thine Honor, *Lewis* thine Honor.
Dolph. I muſe your Maieſty doth ſeeme ſo cold,
When ſuch profound reſpects doe pull you on?
Pand. I will denounce a curſe vpon his head.
Fra. Thou ſhalt not need. *England*, I will fall frõ thee.
Conſt. O faire returne of baniſh'd Maieſtie.
Elea. O foule reuolt of French inconſtancy.
Eng. *France*, yͧ ſhalt rue this houre within this houre.
Baſt.

Baſt. Old Time the clocke ſetter, ẏ bald ſexton Time:
Is it as he will? well then, *France* ſhall rue.
Bla. The Sun's orecaſt with bloud: faire day adieu,
Which is the ſide that I muſt goe withall?
I am with both, each Army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I hauing hold of both,
They whurle a-ſunder, and diſmember mee.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou maiſt winne:
Vncle, I needs muſt pray that thou maiſt loſe:
Father, I may not wiſh the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wiſh thy wiſhes thriue:
Who-euer wins, on that ſide ſhall I loſe:
Aſſured loſſe, before the match be plaid.
Dolph. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.
Bla. There where my fortune liues, there my life dies.
Iohn. *Coſen*, goe draw our puiſance together,
France, I am burn'd vp with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whoſe heat hath this condition;
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood and deereſt valued bloud of *France.*
Fra. Thy rage ſhall burne thee, vp, & thou ſhalt turne
To aſhes, ere our blood ſhall quench that fire:
Looke to thy ſelfe, thou art in ieopardie.
Iohn. No more then he that threats. To Arms le'ts hie.
Exeunt.

Scœna Secunda.

Allarums, Excurſions: Enter Baſtard with Auſtria's head.

Baſt. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
Some ayery Deuill houers in the skie,
And pour's downe miſchiefe. *Auſtrias* head lye there,
Enter Iohn, Arthur, Hubert.
While *Philip* breathes.
Iohn. *Hubert*, keepe this boy: *Philip* make vp,
My Mother is aſſayled in our Tent,
And tane I feare.
Baſt. My Lord I reſcued her,
Her Highneſſe is in ſafety, feare you not:
But on my Liege, for very little paines
Will bring this labor to an happy end. *Exit.*

Alarums, excurſions, Retreat. Enter Iohn, Eleanor, Arthur Baſtard, Hubert, Lords.

Iohn. So ſhall it be: your Grace ſhall ſtay behinde
So ſtrongly guarded: Coſen, looke not ſad,
Thy Grandame loues thee, and thy Vnkle will
As deere be to thee, as thy father was.
Arth. O this will make my mother die with griefe.
Iohn. Coſen away for *England*, haſte before,
And ere our comming ſee thou ſhake the bags
Of hoording Abbots, impriſoned angells
Set at libertie: the fat ribs of peace
Muſt by the hungry now be fed vpon:
Vſe our Commiſſion in his vtmoſt force.
Baſt. Bell, Booke, & Candle, ſhall not driue me back,
When gold and ſiluer becks me to come on.
I leaue your highneſſe: Grandame, I will pray
(If euer I remember to be holy)
For your faire ſafety: ſo I kiſſe your hand.
Ele. Farewell gentle Coſen.
Iohn. Coz, farewell.
Ele. Come hether little kinſman, harke, a worde.
Iohn. Come hether *Hubert*. O my gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much: within this wall of fleſh
There is a ſoule counts thee her Creditor,
And with aduantage meanes to pay thy loue:
And my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Liues in this boſome, deerely cheriſhed.
Giue me thy hand, I had a thing to ſay,
But I will fit it with ſome better tune.
By heauen *Hubert*, I am almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good reſpect I haue of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your Maieſty.
Iohn. Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet,
But thou ſhalt haue: and creepe time nere ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come, for me to doe thee good.
I had a thing to ſay, but let it goe:
The Sunne is in the heauen, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes
To giue me audience: If the mid-night bell
Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth
Sound on into the drowzie race of night:
If this ſame were a Church-yard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs:
Or if that ſurly ſpirit melancholy
Had bak'd thy bloud, and made it heauy, thicke,
Which elſe runnes tickling vp and downe the veines,
Making that idiot laughter keepe mens eyes,
And ſtraine their cheekes to idle merriment,
A paſſion hatefull to my purpoſes:
Or if that thou couldſt ſee me without eyes,
Heare me without thine eares, and make reply
Without a tongue, vſing conceit alone,
Without eyes, eares, and harmefull ſound of words:
Then, in deſpight of brooded watchfull day,
I would into thy boſome poure my thoughts:
But (ah) I will not, yet I loue thee well,
And by my troth I thinke thou lou'ſt me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me vndertake,
Though that my death were adiunct to my Act,
By heauen I would doe it.
Iohn. Doe not I know thou wouldſt?
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert* throw thine eye
On yon young boy: Ile tell thee what my friend,
He is a very ſerpent in my way,
And whereſoere this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: doſt thou vnderſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And Ile keepe him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your Maieſty.
Iohn. Death.
Hub. My Lord.
Iohn. A Graue.
Hub. He ſhall not liue.
Iohn. Enough.
I could be merry now, *Hubert*, I loue thee.
Well, Ile not ſay what I intend for thee:
Remember: Madam, Fare you well,
Ile ſend thoſe powers o're to your Maieſty.
Ele. My bleſſing goe with thee.
Iohn. For *England* Coſen, goe.
Hubert ſhall be your man, attend on you
With al true duetie: On toward *Callice*, hoa.
Exeunt.
Scene

Scæna Tertia.

Enter France, Dolphin, Pandulpho, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaring Tempeſt on the flood,
A whole Armado of conuicted ſaile
Is ſcattered and diſ-ioyn'd from fellowſhip.
Pand. Courage and comfort, all ſhall yet goe well.
Fra. What can goe well, when we haue runne ſo ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* loſt?
Arthur tane priſoner? diuers deere friends ſlaine?
And bloudy *England* into *England* gone,
Ore-bearing interruption ſpight of *France*?
Dol. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a ſpeed, with ſuch aduice diſpos'd,
Such temperate order in ſo fierce a cauſe,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?
Fra. Well could I beare that *England* had this praiſe,
So we could finde ſome patterne of our ſhame:
Enter Conſtance.
Looke who comes heere? a graue vnto a ſoule,
Holding th'eternall ſpirit againſt her will,
In the vilde priſon of afflicted breath:
I prethee Lady goe away with me.
Con. Lo; now: now ſee the iſſue of your peace.
Fra. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle *Conſtance.*
Con. No, I defie all Counſell, all redreſſe,
But that which ends all counſell, true Redreſſe:
Death, death, O amiable, louely death,
Thou odoriferous ſtench: ſound rottenneſſe,
Ariſe forth from the couch of laſting night,
Thou hate and terror to proſperitie,
And I will kiſſe thy deteſtable bones,
And put my eye-balls in thy vaultie browes,
And ring theſe fingers with thy houſhold wormes,
And ſtop this gap of breath with fulſome duſt,
And be a Carrion Monſter like thy ſelfe;
Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou ſmil'ſt,
And buſſe thee as thy wife: Miſeries Loue,
O come to me.
Fra. O faire affliction, peace.
Con. No, no, I will not, hauing breath to cry:
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a paſſion would I ſhake the world,
And rowze from ſleepe that fell Anatomy
Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce,
Which ſcornes a moderne Inuocation.
Pand. Lady, you vtter madneſſe, and not ſorrow.
Con. Thou art holy to belye me ſo,
I am not mad: this haire I teare is mine,
My name is *Conſtance*, I was *Geffreyes* wife,
Yong *Arthur* is my ſonne, and he is loſt:
I am not mad, I would to heauen I were,
For then 'tis like I ſhould forget my ſelfe:
O, if I could, what griefe ſhould I forget?
Preach ſome Philoſophy to make me mad,
And thou ſhalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinall.)
For, being not mad, but ſenſible of greefe,
My reaſonable part produces reaſon
How I may be deliuer'd of theſe woes,
And teaches mee to kill or hang my ſelfe:
If I were mad, I ſhould forget my ſonne,
Or madly thinke a babe of clowts were he;
I am not mad: too well, too well I feele
The different plague of each calamitie.
Fra. Binde vp thoſe treſſes: O what loue I note
In the faire multitude of thoſe her haires;
Where but by chance a ſiluer drop hath falne,
Euen to that drop ten thouſand wiery fiends
Doe glew themſelues in ſociable griefe,
Like true, inſeparable, faithfull loues,
Sticking together in calamitie.
Con. To *England*, if you will.
Fra. Binde vp your haires.
Con. Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cride aloud,
O, that theſe hands could ſo redeeme my ſonne,
As they haue giuen theſe hayres their libertie:
But now I enuie at their libertie,
And will againe commit them to their bonds,
Becauſe my poore childe is a priſoner.
And Father Cardinall, I haue heard you ſay
That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in heauen:
If that be true, I ſhall ſee my boy againe;
For ſince the birth of *Caine*, the firſt male-childe
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious creature borne:
But now will Canker-ſorrow eat my bud,
And chaſe the natiue beauty from his cheeke,
And he will looke as hollow as a Ghoſt,
As dim and meager as an Agues fitte,
And ſo hee'll dye: and riſing ſo againe,
When I ſhall meet him in the Court of heauen
I ſhall not know him: therefore neuer, neuer
Muſt I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.
Pand. You hold too heynous a reſpect of greefe.
Conſt. He talkes to me, that neuer had a ſonne.
Fra. You are as fond of greefe, as of your childe.
Con. Greefe fils the roome vp of my abſent childe:
Lies in his bed, walkes vp and downe with me,
Puts on his pretty lookes, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffes out his vacant garments with his forme;
Then, haue I reaſon to be fond of griefe?
Fareyouwell: had you ſuch a loſſe as I,
I could giue better comfort then you doe.
I will not keepe this forme vpon my head,
When there is ſuch diſorder in my witte:
O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my faire ſonne,
My life, my ioy, my food, my all the world:
My widow-comfort, and my ſorrowes cure. *Exit.*
Fra. I feare ſome out-rage, and Ile follow her. *Exit.*
Dol. There's nothing in this world can make me ioy,
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull eare of a drowſie man;
And bitter ſhame hath ſpoyl'd the ſweet words taſte,
That it yeelds nought but ſhame and bitterneſſe.
Pand. Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe,
Euen in the inſtant of repaire and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt: Euils that take leaue
On their departure, moſt of all ſhew euill:
What haue you loſt by loſing of this day?
Dol. All daies of glory, ioy, and happineſſe.
Pan. If you had won it, certainely you had.
No, no: when Fortune meanes to men moſt good,
Shee lookes vpon them with a threatning eye:
'Tis ſtrange to thinke how much King *Iohn* hath loſt
In this which he accounts ſo clearely wonne:

Are not you grieu'd that *Arthur* is his priſoner?
Dol. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
Pan. Your minde is all as youthfull as your blood.
Now heare me ſpeake with a propheticke ſpirit:
For euen the breath of what I meane to ſpeake,
Shall blow each duſt, each ſtraw, each little rub
Out of the path which ſhall directly lead
Thy foote to Englands Throne. And therefore marke:
Iohn hath ſeiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be,
That whiles warme life playes in that infants veines,
The miſ-plac'd-*Iohn* ſhould entertaine an houre,
One minute, nay one quiet breath of reſt.
A Scepter ſnatch'd with an vnruly hand,
Muſt be as boyſterouſly maintain'd as gain'd.
And he that ſtands vpon a ſlipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vilde hold to ſtay him vp:
That *Iohn* may ſtand, then *Arthur* needs muſt fall,
So be it, for it cannot be but ſo.
Dol. But what ſhall I gaine by yong *Arthurs* fall?
Pan. You, in the right of Lady *Blanch* your wife,
May then make all the claime that *Arthur* did.
Dol. And looſe it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.
Pan. How green you are, and freſh in this old world?
Iohn layes you plots: the times conſpire with you,
For he that ſteepes his ſafetie in true blood,
Shall finde but bloodie ſafety, and vntrue.
This Act ſo euilly borne ſhall coole the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze vp their zeale,
That none ſo ſmall aduantage ſhall ſtep forth
To checke his reigne, but they will cheriſh it.
No naturall exhalation in the skie,
No ſcope of Nature, no diſtemper'd day,
No common winde, no cuſtomed euent,
But they will plucke away his naturall cauſe,
And call them Meteors, prodigies, and ſignes,
Abbortiues, preſages, and tongues of heauen,
Plainly denouncing vengeance vpon *Iohn.*
Dol. May be he will not touch yong *Arthurs* life,
But hold himſelfe ſafe in his priſonment.
Pan. O Sir, when he ſhall heare of your approach,
If that yong *Arthur* be not gone alreadie,
Euen at that newes he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people ſhall reuolt from him,
And kiſſe the lippes of vnacquainted change,
And picke ſtrong matter of reuolt, and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers ends of *Iohn.*
Me thinkes I ſee this hurley all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you,
Then I haue nam'd. The Baſtard *Falconbridge*
Is now in England ranſacking the Church,
Offending Charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in Armes, they would be as a Call
To traine ten thouſand Engliſh to their ſide;
Or, as a little ſnow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a Mountaine. O noble Dolphine,
Go with me to the King, 'tis wonderfull,
What may be wrought out of their diſcontent,
Now that their ſoules are topfull of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the King.
Dol. Strong reaſons makes ſtrange actions: let vs go,
If you ſay I, the King will not ſay no. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. Heate me theſe Irons hot, and looke thou ſtand
Within the Arras: when I ſtrike my foot
Vpon the boſome of the ground, ruſh forth
And binde the boy, which you ſhall finde with me
Faſt to the chaire: be heedfull: hence, and watch.
Exec. I hope your warrant will beare out the deed.
Hub. Vncleanly ſcruples feare not you: looke too't.
Yong Lad come forth; I haue to ſay with you.
Enter Arthur.
Ar. Good morrow *Hubert.*
Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.
Ar. As little Prince, hauing ſo great a Title
To be more Prince, as may be: you are ſad.
Hub. Indeed I haue beene merrier.
Art. 'Mercie on me:
Me thinkes no body ſhould be ſad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Yong Gentlemen would be as ſad as night
Onely for wantonneſſe: by my Chriſtendome,
So I were out of priſon, and kept Sheepe
I ſhould be as merry as the day is long:
And ſo I would be heere, but that I doubt
My Vnckle practiſes more harme to me:
He is affraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault, that I was *Geffreyes* ſonne?
No in deede is't not: and I would to heauen
I were your ſonne, ſo you would loue me, Hubert:
Hub. If I talke to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercie, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be ſodaine, and diſpatch.
Ar. Are you ſicke Hubert? you looke pale to day,
Inſooth I would you were a little ſicke,
That I might ſit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant I loue you more then you do me.
Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſome.
Reade heere yong *Arthur.* How now fooliſh rheume?
Turning diſpitious torture out of doore?
I muſt be breefe, leaſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womaniſh teares.
Can you not reade it? Is it not faire writ?
Ar. Too fairely *Hubert*, for ſo foule effect,
Muſt you with hot Irons, burne out both mine eyes?
Hub. Yong Boy, I muſt.
Art. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Art. Haue you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my hand-kercher about your browes
(The beſt I had, a Princeſſe wrought it me)
And I did neuer aske it you againe;
And with my hand, at midnight held your head;
And like the watchfull minutes, to the houre,
Still and anon cheer'd vp the heauy time;
Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your greefe?
Or what good loue may I performe for you?
Many a poore mans ſonne would haue lyen ſtill,
And nere haue ſpoke a louing word to you:
But you, at your ſicke ſeruice had a Prince:
Nay, you may thinke my loue was craftie loue,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,

If heauen be pleas'd that you muſt vſe me ill,
Why then you muſt. Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes, that neuer did, nor neuer ſhall
So much as frowne on you.
Hub. I haue ſworne to do it:
And with hot Irons muſt I burne them out.
Ar. Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it:
The Iron of it ſelfe, though heate red hot,
Approaching neere theſe eyes, would drinke my teares,
And quench this fierie indignation,
Euen in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harme mine eye:
Are you more ſtubborne hard, then hammer'd Iron?
And if an Angell ſhould haue come to me,
And told me *Hubert* ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not haue beleeu'd him: no tongue but *Huberts.*
Hub. Come forth: Do as I bid you do.
Art. O ſaue me *Hubert*, ſaue me: my eyes are out
Euen with the fierce lookes of theſe bloody men.
Hub. Giue me the Iron I ſay, and binde him heere.
Art. Alas, what neede you be ſo boiſtrous rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone ſtill:
For heauen ſake *Hubert* let me not be bound:
Nay heare me *Hubert*, driue theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a Lambe.
I will not ſtirre, nor winch, nor ſpeake a word,
Nor looke vpon the Iron angerly:
Thruſt but theſe men away, and Ile forgiue you,
What euer torment you do put me too.
Hub. Go ſtand within: let me alone with him.
Exec. I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deede.
Art. Alas, I then haue chid away my friend,
He hath a ſterne looke, but a gentle heart:
Let him come backe, that his compaſſion may
Giue life to yours.
Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your ſelfe.
Art. Is there no remedie?
Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.
Art. O heauen: that there were but a moth in yours,
A graine, a duſt, a gnat, a wandering haire,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe:
Then feeling what ſmall things are boyſterous there,
Your vilde intent muſt needs ſeeme horrible.
Hub. Is this your promiſe? Go too, hold your toong
Art. *Hubert*, the vtterance of a brace of tongues,
Muſt needes want pleading for a paire of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue: let me not *Hubert*,
Or *Hubert*, if you will cut out my tongue,
So I may keepe mine eyes. O ſpare mine eyes,
Though to no vſe, but ſtill to looke on you.
Loe, by my troth, the Inſtrument is cold,
And would not harme me.
Hub. I can heate it, Boy.
Art. No, in good ſooth: the fire is dead with griefe,
Being create for comfort, to be vs'd
In vndeſerued extreames: See elſe your ſelfe,
There is no malice in this burning cole,
The breath of heauen, hath blowne his ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can reuiue it Boy.
Art. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, *Hubert*:
Nay, it perchance will ſparkle in your eyes:
And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things that you ſhould vſe to do me wrong
Deny their office: onely you do lacke
That mercie, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking vſes.
Hub. Well, ſee to liue: I will not touch thine eye,
For all the Treaſure that thine Vnckle owes,
Yet am I ſworne, and I did purpoſe, Boy,
With this ſame very Iron, to burne them out.
Art. O now you looke like *Hubert*. All this while
You were diſguis'd.
Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your Vnckle muſt not know but you are dead.
Ile fill theſe dogged Spies with falſe reports:
And, pretty childe, ſleepe doubtleſſe, and ſecure,
That *Hubert* for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Art. O heauen! I thanke you *Hubert*.
Hub. Silence, no more; go cloſely in with mee,
Much danger do I vndergo for thee. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Iohn, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lordes.
Iohn. Heere once againe we ſit: once againſt crown'd
And look'd vpon, I hope, with cheatefull eyes.
Pem. This once again (but that your Highnes pleas'd)
Was once ſuperfluous: you were Crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off:
The faiths of men, nere ſtained with reuolt:
Freſh expectation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for-change, or better State.
Sal. Therefore, to be poſſeſs'd with double pompe,
To guard a Title, that was rich before;
To gilde refined Gold, to paint the Lilly;
To throw a perfume on the Violet,
To ſmooth the yce, or adde another hew
Vnto the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light
To ſeeke the beauteous eye of heauen to garniſh,
Is waſtefull, and ridiculous exceſſe.
Pem. But that your Royall pleaſure muſt be done,
This acte, is as an ancient tale new told,
And, in the laſt repeating, troubleſome,
Being vrged at a time vnſeaſonable.
Sal. In this the Anticke, and well noted face
Of plaine old forme, is much diſfigured,
And like a ſhifted winde vnto a ſaile,
It makes the courſe of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles, and frights conſideration:
Makes ſound opinion ſicke, and truth ſuſpected,
For putting on ſo new a faſhion'd robe.
Pem. When Workemen ſtriue to do better then wel,
They do confound their skill in couetouſneſſe,
And oftentimes excuſing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worſe by th'excuſe:
As patches ſet vpon a little breach,
Diſcredite more in hiding of the fault,
Then did the fault before it was ſo patch'd.
Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd
We breath'd our Councell: but it pleas'd your Highnes
To ouer-beare it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all, and euery part of what we would
Doth make a ſtand, at what your Highneſſe will.

Ioh. Some reaſons of this double Corronation
I haue poſſeſt you with, and thinke them ſtrong.
And more, more ſtrong, then leſſer is my feare
I ſhall indue you with: Meane time, but aske
What you would haue reform'd, that is not well,
And well ſhall you perceiue, how willingly
I will both heare, and grant you your requeſts.
Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of theſe
To ſound the purpoſes of all their hearts,
Both for my ſelfe, and them: but chiefe of all
Your ſafety: for the which, my ſelfe and them
Bend their beſt ſtudies, heartily requeſt
Th'infranchiſement of *Arthur*, whoſe reſtraint
Doth moue the murmuring lips of diſcontent
To breake into this dangerous argument.
If what in reſt you haue, in right you hold,
Why then your feares, which (as they ſay) attend
The ſteppes of wrong, ſhould moue you to mew vp
Your tender kinſman, and to choake his dayes
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich aduantage of good exerciſe,
That the times enemies may not haue this
To grace occaſions: let it be our ſuite,
That you haue bid vs aske his libertie,
Which for our goods, we do no further aske,
Then, whereupon our weale on you depending,
Counts it your weale: he haue his liberty.
Enter Hubert.
Iohn. Let it be ſo: I do commit his youth
To your direction: *Hubert*, what newes with you?
Pem. This is the man ſhould do the bloody deed:
He ſhew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heynous fault
Liues in his eye: that cloſe aſpect of his,
Do ſhew the mood of a much troubled breſt,
And I do fearefully beleeue 'tis done,
What we ſo fear'd he had a charge to do.
Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go
Betweene his purpoſe and his conſcience,
Like Heralds 'twixt two dreadfull battailes ſet:
His paſsion is ſo ripe, it needs muſt breake.
Pem. And when it breakes, I feare will iſſue thence
The foule corruption of a ſweet childes death.
Iohn. We cannot hold mortalities ſtrong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to giue, is liuing,
The ſuite which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tels vs *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.
Sal. Indeed we fear'd his ſickneſſe was paſt cure.
Pem. Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,
Before the childe himſelfe felt he was ſicke:
This muſt be anſwer'd either heere, or hence.
Ioh. Why do you bend ſuch ſolemne browes on me?
Thinke you I beare the Sheeres of deſtiny?
Haue I commandement on the pulſe of life?
Sal. It is apparant foule-play, and 'tis ſhame
That Greatneſſe ſhould ſo groſſely offer it;
So thriue it in your game, and ſo farewell.
Pem. Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) Ile go with thee,
And finde th'inheritance of this poore childe,
His little kingdome of a forced graue.
That blood which ow'd the breadth of all this Ile,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while:
This muſt not be thus borne, this will breake out
To all our ſorrowes, and ere long I doubt. *Exeunt*
Io. They burn in indignation: I repent: *Enter Meſ.*
There is no ſure foundation ſet on blood:
No certaine life atchieu'd by others death:
A fearefull eye thou haſt. Where is that blood,
That I haue ſeene inhabite in thoſe cheekes?
So foule a skie, cleeres not without a ſtorme,
Poure downe thy weather: how goes all in France?
Meſ. From France to England, neuer ſuch a powre,
For any forraigne preparation,
Was leuied in the body of a land.
The Copie of your ſpeede is learn'd by them:
For when you ſhould be told they do prepare,
The tydings comes, that they are all arriu'd.
Ioh. Oh where hath our Intelligence bin drunke?
Where hath it ſlept? Where is my Mothers care?
That ſuch an Army could be drawne in France,
And ſhe not heare of it?
Meſ. My Liege, her eare
Is ſtopt with duſt: the firſt of Aprill di'de
Your noble mother; and as I heare, my Lord,
The Lady *Conſtance* in a frenzie di'de
Three dayes before: but this from Rumors tongue
I idely heard: if true, or falſe I know not.
Iohn. With-hold thy ſpeed, dreadfull Occaſion:
O make a league with me, 'till I haue pleas'd
My diſcontented Peeres. What? Mother dead?
How wildely then walkes my Eſtate in France?
Vnder whoſe conduct came thoſe powres of France,
That thou for truth giu'ſt out are landed heere?
Meſ. Vnder the Dolphin.
Enter Baſtard and Peter of Pomfret.
Ioh. Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill tydings: Now? What ſayes the world
To your proceedings? Do not ſeeke to ſtuffe
My head with more ill newes: for it is full.
Baſt. But if you be a-feard to heare the worſt,
Then let the worſt vn-heard, fall on your head.
Iohn. Beare with me Coſen, for I was amaz'd
Vnder the tide; but now I breath againe
Aloft the flood, and can giue audience
To any tongue, ſpeake it of what it will.
Baſt. How I haue ſped among the Clergy men,
The ſummes I haue collected ſhall expreſſe:
But as I trauail'd hither through the land,
I finde the people ſtrangely fantaſied,
Poſſeſt with rumors, full of idle dreames,
Not knowing what they feare, but full of feare.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the ſtreets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heeles:
To whom he ſung in rude harſh ſounding rimes,
That ere the next Aſcenſion day at noone,
Your Highnes ſhould deliuer vp your Crowne.
Iohn. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didſt thou ſo?
Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out ſo.
Iohn. *Hubert*, away with him: impriſon him,
And on that day at noone, whereon he ſayes
I ſhall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him be hang'd.
Deliuer him to ſafety, and returne,
For I muſt vſe thee. O my gentle Coſen,
Hear'ſt thou the newes abroad, who are arriu'd?
Baſt. The *French* (my Lord) mens mouths are ful of it:
Beſides I met Lord *Bigot*, and Lord *Salisburie*
With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,
And others more, going to ſeeke the graue
Of *Arthur*, whom they ſay is kill'd to night, on your
Iohn. Gentle kinſman, go (ſuggeſtion.
And thruſt thy ſelfe into their Companies,

I haue a way to winne their loues againe:
Bring them before me.
Baſt. I will ſeeke them out.
Iohn. Nay, but make haſte: the better foote before.
O, let me haue no ſubiect enemies,
When aduerſe Forreyners affright my Townes
With dreadfull pompe of ſtout inuaſion.
Be Mercurie, ſet feathers to thy heeles,
And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe.
Baſt. The ſpirit of the time ſhall teach me ſpeed. *Exit*
Iohn. Spoke like a ſprightfull Noble Gentleman.
Go after him: for he perhaps ſhall neede
Some Meſſenger betwixt me, and the Peeres,
And be thou hee.
Meſ. With all my heart, my Liege.
Iohn. My mother dead?

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they ſay fiue Moones were ſeene to
Foure fixed, and the fift did whirle about (night:
The other foure, in wondrous motion.
Ioh. Fiue Moones?
Hub. Old men, and Beldames, in the ſtreets
Do propheſie vpon it dangerouſly:
Yong *Arthurs* death is common in their mouths,
And when they talke of him, they ſhake their heads,
And whiſper one another in the eare.
And he that ſpeakes, doth gripe the hearers wriſt,
Whilſt he that heares, makes fearefull action
With wrinkled browes, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I ſaw a Smith ſtand with his hammer (thus)
The whilſt his Iron did on the Anuile coole,
With open mouth ſwallowing a Taylors newes,
Who with his Sheeres, and Meaſure in his hand,
Standing on ſlippers, which his nimble haſte
Had falſely thruſt vpon contrary feete,
Told of a many thouſand warlike French,
That were embattailed, and rank'd in Kent.
Another leane, vnwaſh'd Artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talkes of *Arthurs* death.
Io. Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſſe me with theſe feares?
Why vrgeſt thou ſo oft yong *Arthurs* death?
Thy hand hath murdred him: I had a mighty cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou hadſt none to kill him.
H No had (my Lord?) why, did you not prouoke me?
Iohn. It is the curſe of Kings, to be attended
By ſlaues, that take their humors for a warrant,
To breake within the bloody houſe of life,
And on the winking of Authoritie
To vnderſtand a Law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous Maieſty, when perchance it frownes
More vpon humor, then aduis'd reſpect.
Hub. Heere is your hand and Seale for what I did.
Ioh. Oh, when the laſt accompt twixt heauen & earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this hand and Seale
Witneſſe againſt vs to damnation.
How oft the ſight of meanes to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done? Had'ſt not thou beene by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and ſign'd to do a deede of ſhame,
This murther had not come into my minde.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd Aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villanie:
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthurs* death:
And thou, to be endeered to a King,
Made it no conſcience to deſtroy a Prince.
Hub. My Lord.
Ioh. Had'ſt thou but ſhooke thy head, or made a pauſe
When I ſpake darkely, what I purpoſed:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt vpon my face;
As bid me tell my tale in expreſſe words:
Deepe ſhame had ſtruck me dumbe, made me break off,
And thoſe thy feares, might haue wrought feares in me.
But, thou didſt vnderſtand me by my ſignes,
And didſt in ſignes againe parley with ſinne,
Yea, without ſtop, didſt let thy heart conſent,
And conſequently, thy rude hand to acte
The deed, which both our tongues held vilde to name.
Out of my ſight, and neuer ſee me more:
My Nobles leaue me, and my State is braued,
Euen at my gates, with rankes of forraigne powres;
Nay, in the body of this fleſhly Land,
This kingdome, this Confine of blood, and breathe
Hoſtilitie, and ciuill tumult reignes
Betweene my conſcience, and my Coſins death.
Hub. Arme you againſt your other enemies:
Ile make a peace betweene your ſoule, and you.
Yong *Arthur* is aliue: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand.
Not painted with the Crimſon ſpots of blood,
Within this boſome, neuer entred yet
The dreadfull motion of a murderous thought,
And you haue ſlander'd Nature in my forme,
Which howſoeuer rude exteriorly,
Is yet the couer of a fayrer minde,
Then to be butcher of an innocent childe.
Iohn. Doth *Arthur* liue? O haſt thee to the Peeres,
Throw this report on their incenſed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgiue the Comment that my paſſion made
Vpon thy feature, for my rage was blinde,
And foule immaginarie eyes of blood
Preſented thee more hideous then thou art.
Oh, anſwer not; but to my Cloſſet bring
The angry Lords, with all expedient haſt,
I coniure thee but ſlowly: run more faſt. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Arthur on the walles.

Ar. The Wall is high, and yet will I leape downe.
Good ground be pittifull, and hurt me not:
There's few or none do know me, if they did,
This Ship-boyes ſemblance hath diſguis'd me quite.
I am afraide, and yet Ile venture it.
If I get downe, and do not breake my limbes,
Ile finde a thouſand ſhifts to get away;
As good to dye, and go; as dye, and ſtay.
Oh me, my Vnckles ſpirit is in theſe ſtones,
Heauen take my ſoule, and England keep my bones. *Dies*

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, & Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at S. *Edmondsbury*,
It is our ſafetie, and we muſt embrace
This gentle offer of the perillous time.
Pem. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinall?
Sal. The Count *Meloone*, a Noble Lord of France,
Whoſe priuate with me of the Dolphines loue,
Is much more generall, then theſe lines import.

Big. To morrow morning let vs meete him then.
Sal. Or rather then ſet forward, for 'twill be
Two long dayes iourney (Lords) or ere we meete.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Once more to day well met, diſtemper'd Lords,
The King by me requeſts your preſence ſtraight.
Sal. The king hath diſpoſſeſt himſelfe of vs,
We will not lyne his thin-beſtained cloake
With our pure Honors: nor attend the foote
That leaues the print of blood where ere it walkes.
Returne, and tell him ſo: we know the worſt.
Baſt. What ere you thinke, good words I thinke
were beſt.
Sal. Our greefes, and not our manners reaſon now.
Baſt. But there is little reaſon in your greefe.
Therefore 'twere reaſon you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, ſir, impatience hath his priuiledge.
Baſt. 'Tis true, to hurt his maſter, no mans elſe.
Sal. This is the priſon: What is he lyes heere?
P. Oh death, made proud with pure & princely beuty,
The earth had not a hole to hide this deede.
Sal. Murther, as hating what himſelfe hath done,
Doth lay it open to vrge on reuenge.
Big. Or when he doom'd this Beautie to a graue,
Found it too precious Princely, for a graue.
Sal. Sir *Richard*, what thinke you? you haue beheld,
Or haue you read, or heard, or could you thinke?
Or do you almoſt thinke, although you ſee,
That you do ſee? Could thought, without this obiect
Forme ſuch another? This is the very top,
The heighth, the Creſt: or Creſt vnto the Creſt
Of murthers Armes: This is the bloodieſt ſhame,
The wildeſt Sauagery, the vildeſt ſtroke
That euer wall-ey'd wrath, or ſtaring rage
Preſented to the teares of ſoft remorſe.
Pem. All murthers paſt, do ſtand excus'd in this:
And this ſo ſole, and ſo vnmatcheable,
Shall giue a holineſſe, a puritie,
To the yet vnbegotten ſinne of times;
And proue a deadly blood-ſhed, but a ieſt,
Exampled by this heynous ſpectacle.
Baſt. It is a damned, and a bloody worke,
The graceleſſe action of a heauy hand,
If that it be the worke of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the worke of any hand?
We had a kinde of light, what would enſue:
It is the ſhamefull worke of *Huberts* hand,
The practice, and the purpoſe of the king:
From whoſe obedience I forbid my ſoule,
Kneeling before this ruine of ſweete life,
And breathing to his breathleſſe Excellence
The Incenſe of a Vow, a holy Vow:
Neuer to taſte the pleaſures of the world,
Neuer to be infected with delight,
Nor conuerſant with Eaſe, and Idleneſſe,
Till I haue ſet a glory to this hand,
By giuing it the worſhip of Reuenge.
Pem. Big. Our ſoules religiouſly confirme thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haſte, in ſeeking you,
Arthur doth liue, the king hath ſent for you.
Sal. Oh he is bold, and bluſhes not at death,
Auant thou hatefull villain, get thee gone. (the Law?
Hu. I am no villaine. *Sal.* Muſt I rob
Baſt. Your ſword is bright ſir, put it vp againe.
Sal. Not till I ſheath it in a murtherers skin.
Hub. Stand backe Lord Salsbury, ſtand backe I ſay:
By heauen, I thinke my ſword's as ſharpe as yours.
I would not haue you (Lord) forget your ſelfe,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Leaſt I, by marking of your rage, forget
your Worth, your Greatneſſe, and Nobility.
Big. Out dunghill: dar'ſt thou braue a Nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: But yet I dare defend
My innocent life againſt an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a Murtherer.
Hub. Do not proue me ſo:
Yet I am none. Whoſe tongue ſo ere ſpeakes falſe,
Not truely ſpeakes: who ſpeakes not truly, Lies.
Pem. Cut him to peeces.
Baſt. Keepe the peace, I ſay.
Sal. Stand by, or I ſhall gaul you *Faulconbridge.*
Baſt. Thou wer't better gaul the diuell Salsbury.
If thou but frowne on me, or ſtirre thy foote,
Or teach thy haſtie ſpleene to do me ſhame,
Ile ſtrike thee dead. Put vp thy ſword betime,
Or Ile ſo maule you, and your toſting-Iron,
That you ſhall thinke the diuell is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned *Faulconbridge*?
Second a Villaine, and a Murtherer?
Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this Prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an houre ſince I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lou'd him, and will weepe
My date of life out, for his ſweete liues loſſe.
Sal. Truſt not thoſe cunning waters of his eyes,
For villanie is not without ſuch rheume,
And he, long traded in it, makes it ſeeme
Like Riuers of remorſe and innocencie.
Away with me, all you whoſe ſoules abhorre
Th'vncleanly ſauours of a Slaughter-houſe,
For I am ſtifled with this ſmell of ſinne.
Big. Away, toward *Burie*, to the Dolphin there.
P. There tel the king, he may inquire vs out. *Ex. Lords.*
Ba. Here's a good world: knew you of this faire work?
Beyond the infinite and boundleſſe reach of mercie,
(If thou didſt this deed of death) art ÿ damn'd *Hubert.*
Hub Do but heare me ſir.
Baſt. Ha? Ile tell thee what.
Thou'rt damn'd as blacke, nay nothing is ſo blacke,
Thou art more deepe damn'd then Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet ſo vgly a fiend of hell
As thou ſhalt be, if thou didſt kill this childe.
Hub. Vpon my ſoule.
Baſt. If thou didſt but conſent
To this moſt cruell Act: do but diſpaire,
And if thou want'ſt a Cord, the ſmalleſt thred
That euer Spider twiſted from her wombe
Will ſerue to ſtrangle thee: A ruſh will be a beame
To hang thee on. Or wouldſt thou drowne thy ſelfe,
Put but a little water in a ſpoone,
And it ſhall be as all the Ocean,
Enough to ſtifle ſuch a villaine vp.
I do ſuſpect thee very greeuouſly.
Hub. If I in act, conſent, or ſinne of thought,
Be guiltie of the ſtealing that ſweete breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want paines enough to torture me:
I left him well.
Baſt. Go, beare him in thine armes:
I am amaz'd me thinkes, and looſe my way
Among the thornes, and dangers of this world.

How eaſie doſt thou take all *England* vp,
From forth this morcell of dead Royaltie?
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme
Is fled to heauen: and *England* now is left
To tug and ſcamble, and to part by th'teeth
The vn-owed intereſt of proud ſwelling State:
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Maieſty,
Doth dogged warre briſtle his angry creſt,
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now Powers from home, and diſcontents at home
Meet in one line: and vaſt confuſion waites
As doth a Rauen on a ſicke-falne beaſt,
The iminent decay of wreſted pompe.
Now happy he, whoſe cloake and center can
Hold out this tempeſt. Beare away that childe,
And follow me with ſpeed: Ile to the King:
A thouſand buſineſſes are briefe in hand,
And heauen it ſelfe doth frowne vpon the Land. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter King Iohn and Pandolph, attendants.

K. Iohn. Thus haue I yeelded vp into your hand
The Circle of my glory.
Pan. Take againe
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Soueraigne greatneſſe and authoritie.
Iohn. Now keep your holy word, go meet the *French*,
And from his holineſſe vſe all your power
To ſtop their marches 'fore we are enflam'd:
Our diſcontented Counties doe reuolt:
Our people quarrell with obedience,
Swearing Allegiance, and the loue of ſoule
To ſtranger-bloud, to forren Royalty;
This inundation of miſtempred humor,
Reſts by you onely to be qualified.
Then pauſe not: for the preſent time's ſo ſicke,
That preſent medcine muſt be miniſtred,
Or ouerthrow incureable enſues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempeſt vp,
Vpon your ſtubborne vſage of the Pope:
But ſince you are a gentle conuertite,
My tongue ſhall huſh againe this ſtorme of warre,
And make faire weather in your bluſtring land:
On this Aſcention day, remember well,
Vpon your oath of ſeruice to the Pope,
Goe I to make the *French* lay downe their Armes. *Exit.*
Iohn. Is this Aſcenſion day? did not the Prophet
Say, that before Aſcenſion day at noone,
My Crowne I ſhould giue off? euen ſo I haue:
I did ſuppoſe it ſhould be on conſtraint,
But (heau'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.
Enter Baſtard.
Baſt. All Kent hath yeelded: nothing there holds out
But Douer Caſtle: London hath receiu'd
Like a kinde Hoſt, the Dolphin and his powers.
Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone
To offer ſeruice to your enemy:
And wilde amazement hurries vp and downe
The little number of your doubtfull friends.
Iohn. Would not my Lords returne to me againe
After they heard yong *Arthur* was aliue?
Baſt. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets,
An empty Casket, where the Iewell of life
By ſome damn'd hand was rob'd, and tane away.
Iohn. That villaine *Hubert* told me he did liue.
Baſt. So on my ſoule he did, for ought he knew:
But wherefore doe you droope? why looke you ſad?
Be great in act, as you haue beene in thought:
Let not the world ſee feare and ſad diſtruſt
Gouerne the motion of a kinglye eye:
Be ſtirring as the time, be fire with fire,
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: So ſhall inferior eyes
That borrow their behauiours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntleſſe ſpirit of reſolution.
Away, and gliſter like the god of warre
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldneſſe and aſpiring confidence:
What, ſhall they ſeeke the Lion in his denne,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh let it not be ſaid: forrage, and runne
To meet diſpleaſure farther from the dores,
And grapple with him ere he come ſo nye.
Iohn. The Legat of the Pope hath beene with mee,
And I haue made a happy peace with him,
And he hath promis'd to diſmiſſe the Powers
Led by the Dolphin.
Baſt. Oh inglorious league:
Shall we vpon the footing of our land,
Send fayre-play-orders, and make comprimiſe,
Inſinuation, parley, and baſe truce
To Armes Inuaſiue? Shall a beardleſſe boy,
A cockred-ſilken wanton braue our fields,
And fleſh his ſpirit in a warre-like ſoyle,
Mocking the ayre with colours idlely ſpred,
And finde no checke? Let vs my Liege to Armes:
Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace;
Or if he doe, let it at leaſt be ſaid
They ſaw we had a purpoſe of defence.
Iohn. Haue thou the ordering of this preſent time.
Baſt. Away then with good courage: yet I know
Our Partie may well meet a prowder foe. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salisbury, Meloone, Pembroke, Bigot, Souldiers.

Dol. My Lord *Melloone*, let this be coppied out,
And keepe it ſafe for our remembrance:
Returne the preſident to theſe Lords againe,
That hauing our faire order written downe,
Both they and we, peruſing ore theſe notes
May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament,
And keepe our faithes firme and inuiolable.
Sal. Vpon our ſides it neuer ſhall be broken.
And Noble Dolphin, albeit we ſweare
A voluntary zeale, and an vn-urg'd Faith
To your proceedings: yet beleeue me Prince,
I am not glad that ſuch a ſore of Time
Should ſeeke a plaſter by contemn'd reuolt,
And heale the inueterate Canker of one wound,

By making many: Oh it grieues my ſoule,
That I muſt draw this mettle from my ſide
To be a widdow-maker: oh, and there
Where honourable reſcue, and defence
Cries out vpon the name of *Salisbury.*
But ſuch is the infection of the time,
That for the health and Phyſicke of our right,
We cannot deale but with the very hand
Of ſterne Iniuſtice, and confuſed wrong:
And is't not pitty, (oh my grieued friends)
That we, the ſonnes and children of this Iſle,
Was borne to ſee ſo ſad an houre as this,
Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger, march
Vpon her gentle boſom, and fill vp
Her Enemies rankes? I muſt withdraw, and weepe
Vpon the ſpot of this inforced cauſe,
To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
And follow vnacquainted colours heere:
What heere? O Nation that thou couldſt remoue,
That *Neptunes* Armes who clippeth thee about,
Would beare thee from the knowledge of thy ſelfe,
And cripple thee vnto a Pagan ſhore,
Where theſe two Chriſtian Armies might combine
The bloud of malice, in a vaine of league,
And not to ſpend it ſo vn-neighbourly.
Dolph. A noble temper doſt thou ſhew in this,
And great affections wraſtling in thy boſome
Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility:
Oh, what a noble combat haſt fought
Between compulſion, and a braue reſpect:
Let me wipe off this honourable dewe,
That ſiluerly doth progreſſe on thy cheekes:
My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares,
Being an ordinary Inundation:
But this effuſion of ſuch manly drops,
This ſhowre, blowne vp by tempeſt of the ſoule,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Then had I ſeene the vaultie top of heauen
Figur'd quite ore with burning Meteors.
Lift vp thy brow (renowned *Salisburie*)
And with a great heart heaue away this ſtorme:
Commend theſe waters to thoſe baby-eyes
That neuer ſaw the giant-world enrag'd,
Nor met with Fortune, other then at feaſts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of goſſipping:
Come, come; for thou ſhalt thruſt thy hand as deepe
Into the purſe of rich proſperity
As *Lewis* himſelfe: ſo (Nobles) ſhall you all,
That knit your ſinewes to the ſtrength of mine.
Enter Pandulpho.
And euen there, methinkes an Angell ſpake,
Looke where the holy Legate comes apace,
To giue vs warrant from the hand of heauen,
And on our actions ſet the name of right
With holy breath.
Pand. Haile noble Prince of *France*:
The next is this: King *Iohn* hath reconcil'd
Himſelfe to *Rome*, his ſpirit is come in,
That ſo ſtood out againſt the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and Sea of Rome:
Therefore thy threatning Colours now winde vp,
And tame the ſauage ſpirit of wilde warre,
That like a Lion foſtered vp at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmefull then in ſhewe.
Dol. Your Grace ſhall pardon me, I will not backe:
I am too high-borne to be proportied
To be a ſecondary at controll,
Or vſefull ſeruing-man, and Inſtrument
To any Soueraigne State throughout the world.
Your breath firſt kindled the dead coale of warres,
Betweene this chaſtiz'd kingdome and my ſelfe,
And brought in matter that ſhould feed this fire;
And now 'tis farre too huge to be blowne out
With that ſame weake winde, which enkindled it:
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with intereſt to this Land,
Yea, thruſt this enterprize into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me *Iohn* hath made
His peace with *Rome*? what is that peace to me?
I (by the honour of my marriage bed)
After yong *Arthur*, claime this Land for mine,
And now it is halfe conquer'd, muſt I backe,
Becauſe that *Iohn* hath made his peace with *Rome*?
Am I *Romes* ſlaue? What penny hath *Rome* borne?
What men prouided? What munition ſent
To vnder-prop this Action? Is't not I
That vnder-goe this charge? Who elſe but I,
And ſuch as to my claime are liable,
Sweat in this buſineſſe, and maintaine this warre?
Haue I not heard theſe Iſlanders ſhout out
Viue le Roy, as I haue bank'd their Townes?
Haue I not heere the beſt Cards for the game
To winne this eaſie match, plaid for a Crowne?
And ſhall I now giue ore the yeelded Set?
No, no, on my ſoule it neuer ſhall be ſaid.
Pand. You looke but on the out-ſide of this worke.
Dol. Out-ſide or in-ſide, I will not returne
Till my attempt ſo much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promiſed,
Before I drew this gallant head of warre,
And cull'd theſe fiery ſpirits from the world
To out-looke Conqueſt, and to winne renowne
Euen in the iawes of danger, and of death:
What luſty Trumpet thus doth ſummon vs?
Enter Baſtard.
Baſt. According to the faire-play of the world,
Let me haue audience: I am ſent to ſpeake:
My holy Lord of Millane, from the King
I come to learne how you haue dealt for him:
And, as you anſwer, I doe know the ſcope
And warrant limited vnto my tongue.
Pand. The *Dolphin* is too wilfull oppoſite
And will not temporize with my intreaties:
He flatly ſaies, hee'll not lay downe his Armes.
Baſt. By all the bloud that euer fury breath'd,
The youth ſaies well. Now heare our *Engliſh* King,
For thus his Royaltie doth ſpeake in me:
He is prepar'd, and reaſon to he ſhould,
This apiſh and vnmannerly approach,
This harneſ'd Maske, and vnaduiſed Reuell,
This vn-heard ſawcineſſe and boyiſh Troopes,
The King doth ſmile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfiſh warre, this Pigmy Armes
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the ſtrength, euen at your dore,
To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch,
To diue like Buckets in concealed Welles,
To crowch in litter of your ſtable plankes,
To lye like pawnes, lock'd vp in cheſts and truncks,
To hug with ſwine, to ſeeke ſweet ſafety out
In vaults and priſons, and to thrill and ſhake,

Euen at the crying of your Nations crow,
Thinking this voyce an armed Engliſhman.
Shall that victorious hand be feebled heere,
That in your Chambers gaue you chaſticement?
No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,
And like an Eagle, o're his ayerie towres,
To ſowſſe annoyance that comes neere his Neſt;
And you degenerate, you ingrate Reuolts,
you bloudy Nero's, ripping vp the wombe
Of your deere Mother-England: bluſh for ſhame:
For your owne Ladies, and pale-viſag'd Maides,
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drummes:
Their thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needl's to Lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Dol. There end thy braue, and turn thy face in peace,
We grant thou canſt out-ſcold vs: Far thee well,
We hold our time too precious to be ſpent
With ſuch a brabler.

Pan. Giue me leaue to ſpeake.

Baſt. No, I will ſpeake.

Dol. We will attend to neyther:
Strike vp the drummes, and let the tongue of warre
Pleade for our intereſt, and our being heere.

Baſt. Indeede your drums being beaten, wil cry out;
And ſo ſhall you, being beaten: Do but ſtart
An eccho with the clamor of thy drumme,
And euen at hand, a drumme is readie brac'd,
That ſhall reuerberate all, as lowd as thine.
Sound but another, and another ſhall
(As lowd as thine) rattle the Welkins eare,
And mocke the deepe mouth'd Thunder: for at hand
(Not truſting to this halting Legate heere,
Whom he hath vs'd rather for ſport, then neede)
Is warlike *Iohn*: and in his fore-head ſits
A bare-rib'd death, whoſe office is this day
To feaſt vpon whole thouſands of the French.

Dol. Strike vp our drummes, to finde this danger out.

Baſt. And thou ſhalt finde it (Dolphin) do not doubt
Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Alarums. Enter Iohn and Hubert.

Iohn. How goes the day with vs? oh tell me *Hubert.*

Hub. Badly I feare; how fares your Maieſty?

Iohn. This Feauer that hath troubled me ſo long,
Lyes heauie on me: oh, my heart is ſicke.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord: your valiant kinſman *Falconbridge*,
Deſires your Maieſtie to leaue the field,
And ſend him word by me, which way you go.

Iohn. Tell him toward *Swinſted*, to the Abbey there.

Meſ. Be of good comfort: for the great ſupply,
That was expected by the Dolphin heere,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on *Goodwin* ſands.
This newes was brought to *Richard* but euen now,
The French fight coldly, and retyre themſelues.

Iohn. Aye me, this tyrant Feauer burnes mee vp,
And will not let me welcome this good newes.
Set on toward *Swinſted*: to my Litter ſtraight,
Weakneſſe poſſeſſeth me, and I am faint. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not thinke the King ſo ſtor'd with friends.

Pem. Vp once againe: put ſpirit in the French,
If they miſcarry: we miſcarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten diuell *Falconbridge*,
In ſpight of ſpight, alone vpholds the day.

Pem. They ſay King *Iohn* ſore ſick, hath left the field.

Enter Meloon wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the Reuolts of England heere.

Sal. When we were happie, we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count *Meloone.*

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly Noble Engliſh, you are bought and ſold,
Vnthred the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home againe diſcarded faith,
Seeke out King *Iohn*, and fall before his feete:
For if the French be Lords of this loud day,
He meanes to recompence the paines you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he ſworne,
And I with him, and many moe with mee,
Vpon the Altar at S. *Edmondsbury*,
Euen on that Altar, where we ſwore to you
Deere Amity, and euerlaſting loue.

Sal. May this be poſſible? May this be true?

Mel. Haue I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, euen as a forme of waxe
Reſolueth from his figure 'gainſt the fire?
What in the world ſhould make me now deceiue,
Since I muſt looſe the vſe of all deceite?
Why ſhould I then be falſe, ſince it is true
That I muſt dye heere, and liue hence, by Truth?
I ſay againe, if *Lewis* do win the day,
He is forſworne, if ere thoſe eyes of yours
Behold another day breake in the Eaſt:
But euen this night, whoſe blacke contagious breath
Already ſmoakes about the burning Creſt
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sunne,
Euen this ill night, your breathing ſhall expire,
Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
Euen with a treacherous fine of all your liues:
If *Lewis*, by your aſsiſtance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
The loue of him, and this reſpect beſides
(For that my Grandſire was an Engliſhman)
Awakes my Conſcience to confeſſe all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence
From forth the noiſe and rumour of the Field;
Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts
In peace: and part this bodie and my ſoule
With contemplation, and deuout deſires.

Sal. We do beleeue thee, and beſhrew my ſoule,
But I do loue the fauour, and the forme
Of this moſt faire occaſion, by the which
We will vntread the ſteps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired Flood,
Leauing our rankneſſe and irregular courſe,
Stoope lowe within thoſe bounds we haue ore-look'd,
And calmely run on in obedience
Euen to our Ocean, to our great King *Iohn.*
My arme ſhall giue thee helpe to beare thee hence,

For

For I do ſee the cruell pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends, new flight,
And happie newneſſe, that intends old right. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Dolphin, and his Traine.

Dol. The Sun of heauen (me thought) was loth to ſet;
But ſtaid, and made the Weſterne Welkin bluſh,
When Engliſh meaſure backward their owne ground
In faint Retire: Oh brauely came we off,
When with a volley of our needleſſe ſhot,
After ſuch bloody toile, we bid good night,
And woon'd our tott'ring colours clearly vp,
Laſt in the field, and almoſt Lords of it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?

Dol. Heere: what newes?

Meſ. The Count *Meloone* is ſlaine: The Engliſh Lords
By his perſwaſion, are againe falne off,
And your ſupply, which you haue wiſh'd ſo long,
Are caſt away, and ſunke on *Goodwin* ſands.

Dol. Ah fowle, ſhrew'd newes. Beſhrew thy very
I did not thinke to be ſo ſad to night (hart:
As this hath made me. Who was he that ſaid
King *Iohn* did flie an houre or two before
The ſtumbling night did part our wearie powres?

Meſ. Who euer ſpoke it, it is true my Lord.

Dol. Well: keepe good quarter, & good care to night,
The day ſhall not be vp ſo ſoone as I,
To try the faire aduenture of to morrow. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Baſtard and Hubert, ſeuerally.

Hub. Whoſe there? Speake hoa, ſpeake quickely, or
I ſhoote.

Baſt. A Friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Baſt. Whether doeſt thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine affaires,
As well as thou of mine?

Baſt. *Hubert*, I thinke.

Hub. Thou haſt a perfect thought:
I will vpon all hazards well beleeue
Thou art my friend, that know'ſt my tongue ſo well:
Who art thou?

Baſt. Who thou wilt: and if thou pleaſe
Thou maiſt be-friend me ſo much, as to thinke
I come one way of the *Plantagenets*.

Hub. Vnkinde remembrance: thou, & endles night,
Haue done me ſhame: Braue Soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue,
Should ſcape the true acquaintance of mine eare.

Baſt. Come, come: ſans complement, What newes
abroad?

Hub. Why heere walke I, in the black brow of night
To finde you out.

Baſt. Breefe then: and what's the newes?

Hub. O my ſweet ſir, newes fitting to the night,
Blacke, fearefull, comfortleſſe, and horrible.

Baſt. Shew me the very wound of this ill newes,
I am no woman, Ile not ſwound at it.

Hub. The King I feare is poyſon'd by a Monke,
I left him almoſt ſpeechleſſe, and broke out
To acquaint you with this euill, that you might
The better arme you to the ſodaine time,
Then if you had at leiſure knowne of this.

Baſt. How did he take it? Who did taſte to him?

Hub. A Monke I tell you, a reſolued villaine
Whoſe Bowels ſodainly burſt out: The King
Yet ſpeakes, and peraduenture may recouer.

Baſt. Who didſt thou leaue to tend his Maieſty?

Hub. Why know you not? The Lords are all come
backe,
And brought Prince *Henry* in their companie,
At whoſe requeſt the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Maieſtie.

Baſt. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heauen,
And tempt vs not to beare aboue our power.
Ile tell thee *Hubert*, halfe my power this night
Paſsing theſe Flats, are taken by the Tide,
Theſe Lincolne-Waſhes haue deuoured them,
My ſelfe, well mounted, hardly haue eſcap'd.
Away before: Conduct me to the king,
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisburie, and Bigot.

Hen. It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd, corruptibly: and his pure braine
(Which ſome ſuppoſe the ſoules fraile dwelling houſe)
Doth by the idle Comments that it makes,
Fore-tell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highneſſe yet doth ſpeak, & holds beleefe,
That being brought into the open ayre,
It would allay the burning qualitie
Of that fell poiſon which aſſayleth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the Orchard heere:
Doth he ſtill rage?

Pem. He is more patient
Then when you left him; euen now he ſung.

Hen. Oh vanity of ſickneſſe: fierce extreames
In their continuance, will not feele themſelues.
Death hauing praide vpon the outward parts
Leaues them inuiſible, and his ſeige is now
Againſt the winde, the which he prickes and wounds
With many legions of ſtrange fantaſies,
Which in their throng, and preſſe to that laſt hold,
Counfound themſelues. 'Tis ſtrange ý death ſhold ſing:
I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,
Who chaunts a dolefull hymne to his owne death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailety ſings
His ſoule and body to their laſting reſt.

Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne
To ſet a forme vpon that indigeſt
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſſe, and ſo rude.

Iohn brought in.

Iohn. I marrie, now my ſoule hath elbow roome,

It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,
There is ſo hot a ſummer in my boſome,
That all my bowels crumble vp to duſt:
I am a ſcribled forme drawne with a pen
Vpon a Parchment, and againſt this fire
Do I ſhrinke vp.
Hen. How fares your Maieſty?
Ioh. Poyſon'd, ill fare: dead, forſooke, caſt off,
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thruſt his ycie fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdomes Riuers take their courſe
Through my burn'd boſome: nor intreat the North
To make his bleake windes kiſſe my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not aske you much,
I begge cold comfort: and you are ſo ſtraight
And ſo ingratefull, you deny me that.
Hen. Oh that there were ſome vertue in my teares,
That might releeue you.
Iohn. The ſalt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the poyſon
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,
On vnrepreeuable condemned blood.
Enter Baſtard.
Baſt. Oh, I am ſcalded with my violent motion
And ſpleene of ſpeede, to ſee your Maieſty.
Iohn. Oh Cozen, thou art come to ſet mine eye:
The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burnt,
And all the ſhrowds wherewith my life ſhould ſaile,
Are turned to one thred, one little haire:
My heart hath one poore ſtring to ſtay it by,
Which holds but till thy newes be vttered,
And then all this thou ſeeſt, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.
Baſt. The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward,
Where heauen he knowes how we ſhall anſwer him.
For in a night the beſt part of my powre,
As I vpon aduantage did remoue,
Were in the *Waſhes* all vnwarily,
Deuoured by the vnexpected flood.
Sal. You breath theſe dead newes in as dead an eare
My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus.
Hen. Euen ſo muſt I run on, and euen ſo ſtop.
What ſurety of the world, what hope, what ſtay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?
Baſt. Art thou gone ſo? I do but ſtay behinde,
To do the office for thee, of reuenge,
And then my ſoule ſhall waite on thee to heauen,
As it on earth hath bene thy ſeruant ſtill.
Now, now you Starres, that moue in your right ſpheres,
Where be your powres? Shew now your mended faiths,
And inſtantly returne with me againe.
To puſh deſtruction, and perpetuall ſhame
Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land:
Straight let vs ſeeke, or ſtraight we ſhall be ſought,
The Dolphine rages at our verie heeles.
Sal. It ſeemes you know not then ſo much as we,
The Cardinall *Pandulph* is within at reſt,
Who halfe an houre ſince came from the Dolphin,
And brings from him ſuch offers of our peace,
As we with honor and reſpect may take,
With purpoſe preſently to leaue this warre.
Baſt. He will the rather do it, when he ſees
Our ſelues well ſinew'd to our defence.
Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages hee hath diſpatch'd
To the ſea ſide, and put his cauſe and quarrell
To the diſpoſing of the Cardinall,
With whom your ſelfe, my ſelfe, and other Lords,
If you thinke meete, this afternoone will poaſt
To conſummate this buſineſſe happily.
Baſt. Let it be ſo, and you my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may beſt be ſpar'd,
Shall waite vpon your Fathers Funerall.
Hen. At Worſter muſt his bodie be interr'd,
For ſo he will'd it.
Baſt. Thither ſhall it then,
And happily may your ſweet ſelfe put on
The lineall ſtate, and glorie of the Land,
To whom with all ſubmiſsion on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithfull ſeruices
And true ſubiection euerlaſtingly.
Sal. And the like tender of our loue wee make
To reſt without a ſpot for euermore.
Hen. I haue a kinde ſoule, that would giue thankes,
And knowes not how to do it, but with teares.
Baſt. Oh let vs pay the time: but needfull woe,
Since it hath beene before hand with our greefes.
This England neuer did, nor neuer ſhall
Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,
But when it firſt did helpe to wound it ſelfe.
Now, theſe her Princes are come home againe,
Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
And we ſhall ſhocke them: Naught ſhall make vs rue,
If England to it ſelfe, do reſt but true. *Exeunt.*

The life and death of King Richard the Second.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

King Richard.
OLd *Iohn of Gaunt*, time-honoured Lancaſter,
Haſt thou according to thy oath and band
Brought hither *Henry* Herford thy bold ſon:
Heere to make good ý boiſtrous late appeale,
Which then our leyſure would not let vs heare,
Againſt the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*?
Gaunt. I haue my Liege.
King. Tell me moreouer, haſt thou ſounded him,
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good ſubiect ſhould
On ſome knowne ground of treacherie in him.
Gaunt. As neere as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparant danger ſeene in him,
Aym'd at your Highneſſe, no inueterate malice.
Kin. Then call them to our preſence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our ſelues will heare
Th'accuſer, and the accuſed, freely ſpeake;
High ſtomack'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the ſea; haſtie as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.
Bul. Many yeares of happy dayes befall
My gracious Soueraigne, my moſt louing Liege.
Mow. Each day ſtill better others happineſſe,
Vntill the heauens enuying earths good hap,
Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.
King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come,
Namely, to appeale each other of high treaſon.
Coofin of Hereford, what doſt thou obiect
Againſt the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*?
Bul. Firſt, heauen be the record to my ſpeech,
In the deuotion of a ſubiects loue,
Tendering the precious ſafetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appealant to this Princely preſence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray* do I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting well: for what I ſpeake,
My body ſhall make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine ſoule anſwer it in heauen.
Thou art a Traitor, and a Miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to liue,
Since the more faire and chriſtall is the skie,
The vglier ſeeme the cloudes that in it flye:
Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,
With a foule Traitors name ſtuffe I thy throte,
And wiſh (ſo pleaſe my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong ſpeaks, my right drawn ſword may proue
Mow. Let not my cold words heere accuſe my zeale:
'Tis not the triall of a Womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt vs twaine:
The blood is hot that muſt be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht, and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt the faire reuerence of your Highneſſe curbes mee,
From giuing reines and ſpurres to my free ſpeech,
Which elſe would poſt, vntill it had return'd
Theſe tearmes of treaſon, doubly downe his throat.
Setting aſide his high bloods royalty,
And let him be no Kinſman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I ſpit at him,
Call him a ſlanderous Coward, and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him oddes,
And meete him, were I tide to runne afoote,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Engliſhman durſt ſet his foote.
Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes moſt falſely doth he lie.
Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming heere the kindred of a King,
And lay aſide my high bloods Royalty,
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.
If guilty dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take vp mine Honors pawne, then ſtoope.
By that, and all the rites of Knight-hood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee arme to arme,
What I haue ſpoken, or thou canſt deuiſe.
Mow. I take it vp, and by that ſword I ſweare,
Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my ſhoulder,
Ile anſwer thee in any faire degree,
Or Chiualrous deſigne of knightly triall:
And when I mount, aliue may I not light,
If I be Traitor, or vniuſtly fight.
King. What doth our Coſin lay to *Mowbraies* charge?
It muſt be great that can inherite vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.
Bul. Looke what I ſaid, my life ſhall proue it true,
That *Mowbray* hath receiu'd eight thouſand Nobles,
In

In name of lendings for your Highneſſe Soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a falſe Traitor, and iniurious Villaine.
Beſides I ſay, and will in battaile proue,
Or heere, or elſewhere to the furtheſt Verge
That euer was ſuruey'd by Engliſh eye,
That all the Treaſons for theſe eighteene yeeres
Complotted, and contriued in this Land,
Fetch'd from falſe *Mowbray* their firſt head and ſpring.
Further I ſay, and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life, to make all this good.
That he did plot the Duke of Glouſters death,
Suggeſt his ſoone beleeuing aduerſaries,
And conſequently, like a Traitor Coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent ſoule through ſtreames of blood:
Which blood, like ſacrificing *Abels* cries,
(Euen from the toongleſſe cauernes of the earth)
To me for iuſtice, and rough chaſticement:
And by the glorious worth of my diſcent,
This arme ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.

King. How high a pitch his reſolution ſoares:
Thomas of Norfolke, what ſayeſt thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this ſlander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate ſo foule a lyar.

King. *Mowbray*, impartiall are our eyes and eares,
Were he my brother, nay our kingdomes heyre,
As he is but my fathers brothers ſonne;
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-neereneſſe to our ſacred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vn-ſtooping firmeneſſe of my vpright ſoule.
He is our ſubiect (*Mowbray*) ſo art thou,
Free ſpeech, and fearleſſe, I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat; thou lyeſt:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburſt I to his Highneſſe ſouldiers;
The other part reſeru'd I by conſent,
For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere Accompt,
Since laſt I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now ſwallow downe that Lye. For Glouſters death,
I ſlew him not; but (to mine owne diſgrace)
Neglected my ſworne duty in that caſe:
For you my noble Lord of *Lancaſter*,
The honourable Father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambuſh for your life,
A treſpaſſe that doth vex my greeued ſoule:
But ere I laſt receiu'd the Sacrament,
I did confeſſe it, and exactly begg'd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the reſt appeal'd,
It iſſues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A recreant, and moſt degenerate Traitor,
Which in my ſelfe I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage
Vpon this ouer-weening Traitors foote,
To proue my ſelfe a loyall Gentleman,
Euen in the beſt blood chamber'd in his boſome.
In haſt whereof, moſt heartily I pray
Your Highneſſe to aſſigne our Triall day.

King. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me:
Let's purge this choller without letting blood:
This we preſcribe, though no Phyſition,
Deepe malice makes too deepe inciſion.
Forget, forgiue, conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors ſay, This is no time to bleed.
Good Vnckle, let this end where it begun,
Wee'l calme the Duke of Norfolke; you, your ſon.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace ſhall become my age,
Throw downe (my ſonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.

King. And Norfolke, throw downe his.

Gaunt. When *Harrie* when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids I ſhould not bid agen.

King. Norfolke, throw downe, we bidde; there is
no boote.

Mow. My ſelfe I throw (dread Soueraigne) at thy foot.
My life thou ſhalt command, but not my ſhame,
The one my dutie owes, but my faire name
Deſpight of death, that liues vpon my graue
To darke diſhonours vſe, thou ſhalt not haue.
I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd heere,
Pierc'd to the ſoule with ſlanders venom'd ſpeare:
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poyſon.

King. Rage muſt be withſtood:
Giue me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.

Mo, Yea, but not change his ſpots: take but my ſhame,
And I reſigne my gage. My deere, deere Lord,
The pureſt treaſure mortall times afford
Is ſpotleſſe reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.
A Iewell in a ten times barr'd vp Cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit, in a loyall breſt.
Mine Honor is my life; both grow in one:
Take Honor from me, and my life is done.
Then (deere my Liege) mine Honor let me trie,
In that I liue; and for that will I die.

King. Cooſin, throw downe your gage,
Do you begin.

Bul. Oh heauen defend my ſoule from ſuch foule ſin.
Shall I ſeeme Creſt-falne in my fathers ſight,
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my hight
Before this out-dar'd daſtard? Ere my toong,
Shall wound mine honor with ſuch feeble wrong;
Or ſound ſo baſe a parle: my teeth ſhall teare
The ſlauiſh motiue of recanting feare,
And ſpit it bleeding in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, euen in *Mowbrayes* face.
Exit Gaunt.

King. We were not borne to ſue, but to command,
Which ſince we cannot do to make you friends,
Be readie, (as your liues ſhall anſwer it)
At Couentree, vpon S. *Lamberts* day:
There ſhall your ſwords and Lances arbitrate
The ſwelling difference of your ſetled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you ſhall ſee
Iuſtice deſigne the Victors Chiualrie.
Lord Marſhall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct theſe home Alarmes. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutcheſſe of Glouceſter.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Glouſters blood,
Doth more ſolicite me then your exclaimes,
To ſtirre againſt the Butchers of his life.
But ſince correction lyeth in thoſe hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen,
Who when they ſee the houres ripe on earth,
Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads.

Dut. Findes brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpurre?
Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?
Edwards ſeuen ſonnes (whereof thy ſelfe art one)
Were as ſeuen violles of his Sacred blood,
Or ſeuen faire branches ſpringing from one roote:
Some of thoſe ſeuen are dride by natures courſe,
Some of thoſe branches by the deſtinies cut:
But *Thomas*, my deere Lord, my life, my Glouſter,
One Violl full of *Edwards* Sacred blood,
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt Royall roote
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor ſpilt;
Is hackt downe, and his ſummer leafes all vaded
By Enuies hand, and Murders bloody Axe.
Ah *Gaunt*! His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettle, that ſelfe-mould that faſhion'd thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liu'ſt, and breath'ſt,
Yet art thou ſlaine in him: thou doſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother dye,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life.
Call it not patience (*Gaunt*) it is diſpaire,
In ſuff'ring thus thy brother to be ſlaughter'd,
Thou ſhew'ſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſterne murther how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breſts:
What ſhall I ſay, to ſafegard thine owne life,
The beſt way is to venge my Glouſters death.

Gaunt. Heauens is the quarrell: for heauens ſubſtitute
His Deputy annointed in his ſight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heauen reuenge: for I may neuer lift
An angry arme againſt his Miniſter.

Dut. Where then (alas may I) complaint my ſelfe?

Gau. To heauen, the widdowes Champion to defence

Dut. Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*.
Thou go'ſt to Couentrie, there to behold
Our Coſine Herford, and fell Mowbray fight:
O ſit my husbands wrongs on Herfords ſpeare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes breſt:
Or if misfortune miſſe the firſt carreere,
Be Mowbrayes ſinnes ſo heauy in his boſome,
That they may breake his foaming Courſers backe,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Liſts,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Coſine Herford:
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy ſometimes brothers wife
With her companion Greefe, muſt end her life.

Gau. Siſter farewell: I muſt to Couentree,
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with mee.

Dut. Yet one wotd more: Greefe boundeth where it (falls,
Not with the emptie hollownes, but weight:
I take my leaue, before I haue begun,
For ſorrow ends not, when it ſeemeth done.
Commend me to my brother *Edmund Yorke*.
Loe, this is all: nay, yet depart not ſo,
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly go,
I ſhall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good ſpeed at Plaſhie viſit mee.
Alacke, and what ſhall good old Yorke there ſee
But empty lodgings, and vnfurniſh'd walles,
Vn-peopel'd Offices, vntroden ſtones?
And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To ſeeke out ſorrow, that dwels euery where:
Deſolate, deſolate will I hence, and dye,
The laſt leaue of thee, takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Marſhall, and Aumerle.

Mar. My L. *Aumerle*, is *Harry Herford* arm'd.

Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolke, ſprightfully and bold,
Stayes but the ſummons of the Appealants Trumpet.

Au. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and ſtay
For nothing but his Maieſties approach. *Flouriſh.*

Enter King, Gaunt, Buſhy, Bagot, Greene, & others: Then Mowbray in Armor, and Harrold.

Rich. Marſhall, demand of yonder Champion
The cauſe of his arriuall heere in Armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To ſweare him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.

Mar. In Gods name, and the Kings ſay who yͧ art,
And why thou com'ſt thus knightly clad in Armes?
Againſt what man thou com'ſt, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
As ſo defend thee heauen, and thy valour.

Mow. My name is *Tho. Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolk,
Who hither comes engaged by my oath
(Which heauen defend a knight ſhould violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and his ſucceeding iſſue,
Againſt the Duke of Herford, that appeales me:
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To proue him (in defending of my ſelfe)
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harold.

Rich. Marſhall: Aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre:
And formerly according to our Law
Depoſe him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherfore comſt yͧ hither
Before King *Richard* in his Royall Liſts?
Againſt whom com'ſt thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, ſo defend thee heauen.

Bul. *Harry* of Herford, Lancaſter, and Derbie,
Am I: who ready heere do ſtand in Armes,
To proue by heauens grace, and my bodies valour,
In Liſts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,
That he's a Traitor foule, and dangerous,
To God of heauen, King *Richard*, and to me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Mar. On paine of death, no perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring hardie as to touch the Liſtes,
Except the Marſhall, and ſuch Officers
Appointed to direct theſe faire deſignes.

Bul. Lord Marſhall, let me kiſſe my Soueraigns hand,
And bow my knee before his Maieſtie:
For *Mowbray* and my ſelfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,

Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue
And louing farwell of our ſeuerall friends.
*Mar.*The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And craues to kiſſe your hand, and take his leaue.
Rich. We will deſcend, and fold him in our armes.
Coſin of Herford, as thy cauſe is iuſt,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou ſhead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.
Bull. Oh let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbrayes* ſpeare:
As confident, as is the Falcons flight
Againſt a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you,
Of you (my Noble Coſin) Lord *Aumerle*;
Not ſicke, although I haue to do with death,
But luſtie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at Engliſh Feaſts, ſo I regreete
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whoſe youthfull ſpirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold rigor lift mee vp
To reach at victory aboue my head,
Adde proofe vnto mine Armour with thy prayres,
And with thy bleſsings ſteele my Lances point,
That it may enter *Mowbrayes* waxen Coate,
And furniſh new the name of *Iohn a Gaunt*,
Euen in the luſty hauiour of his ſonne.
*Gaunt.*Heauen in thy good cauſe make thee proſp'rous
Be ſwift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.
Rouze vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and liue.
Bul. Mine innocence, and S. *George* to thriue.
Mow. How euer heauen or fortune caſt my lot,
There liues, or dies, true to Kings *Richards* Throne,
A loyall, iuſt, and vpright Gentleman:
Neuer did Captiue with a freer heart,
Caſt off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden vncontroul'd enfranchiſement,
More then my dancing ſoule doth celebrate
This Feaſt of Battell, with mine Aduerſarie.
Moſt mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth, the wiſh of happy yeares,
As gentle, and as iocond, as to ieſt,
Go I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet breſt.
Rich. Farewell, my Lord, ſecurely I eſpy
Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye:
Order the triall Marſhall, and begin.
Mar. *Harrie* of *Herford, Lancaſter*, and *Derby*,
Receiue thy Launce, and heauen defend thy right.
Bul. Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.
Mar. Go beare this Lance to *Thomas* D. of Norfolke.
1.Har. *Harry* of *Herford, Lancaſter*, and *Derbie*,
Stands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himſelfe,
On paine to be found falſe, and recreant,
To proue the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to ſet forwards to the fight.
2.Har. Here ſtandeth *Tho:Mowbray* Duke of Norfolk
On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelfe, and to approue
Henry of *Herford, Lancaſter*, and *Derby*,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him diſloyall:
Couragiouſly, and with a free deſire
Attending but the ſignall to begin. *A charge ſounded*
Mar. Sound Trumpets, and ſet forward Combatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.
Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets & their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets ſound,
While we returne theſe Dukes what we decree.
A long Flouriſh.
Draw neere and liſt
What with our Councell we haue done.
For that our kingdomes earth ſhould not be ſoyld
With that deere blood which it hath foſtered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of ciuill wounds plowgh'd vp with neighbors ſwords,
Which ſo rouz'd vp with boyſtrous vntun'd drummes,
With harſh reſounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating ſhocke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire peace,
And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood:
Therefore, we baniſh you our Territories.
You Coſin Herford, vpon paine of death,
Till twice fiue Summers haue enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our faire dominions,
But treade the ſtranger pathes of baniſhment.
Bul. Your will be done: This muſt my comfort be,
That Sun that warmes you heere, ſhall ſhine on me:
And thoſe his golden beames to you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my baniſhment.
Rich. Norfolke: for thee remaines a heauier dombe,
Which I with ſome vnwillingneſſe pronounce,
The ſlye ſlow houres ſhall not determinate
The dateleſſe limit of thy deere exile:
The hopeleſſe word, of Neuer to returne,
Breath I againſt thee, vpon paine of life.
Mow. A heauy ſentence, my moſt Soueraigne Liege,
And all vnlook'd for from your Highneſſe mouth:
A deerer merit, not ſo deepe a maime,
As to be caſt forth in the common ayre
Haue I deſerued at your Highneſſe hands.
The Language I haue learn'd theſe forty yeares
(My natiue Engliſh) now I muſt forgo,
And now my tongues vſe is to me no more,
Then an vnſtringed Vyall, or a Harpe,
Or like a cunning Inſtrument cas'd vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you haue engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly perculliſt with my teeth and lippes,
And dull, vnfeeling, barren ignorance,
Is made my Gaoler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurſe,
Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now:
What is thy ſentence then, but ſpeechleſſe death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing natiue breath?
Rich, It boots thee not to be compaſsionate,
After our ſentence, plaining comes too late.
Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light
To dwell in ſolemne ſhades of endleſſe night.
Ric. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall ſword, your baniſht hands;
Sweare by the duty that you owe to heauen
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelues)
To keepe the Oath that we adminiſter:
You neuer ſhall (ſo helpe you Truth, and Heauen)
Embrace each others loue in baniſhment,
Nor euer looke vpon each others face,

Nor euer write, regreete, or reconcile
This lowring tempeſt of your home-bred hate,
Nor euer by aduiſed purpoſe meete,
To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,
'Gainſt Vs, our State, our Subiects, or our Land.
Bull. I ſweare.
Mow. And I, to keepe all this.
Bul. Norfolke, ſo fare, as to mine enemie,
By this time (had the King permitted vs)
One of our ſoules had wandred in the ayre,
Baniſh'd this fraile ſepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this Land.
Confeſſe thy Treaſons, ere thou flye this Realme,
Since thou haſt farre to go, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty ſoule.
Mow. No *Bullingbroke*: If euer I were Traitor,
My name be blotted from the booke of Life,
And I from heauen baniſh'd, as from hence:
But what thou art, heauen, thou, and I do know,
And all too ſoone (I feare) the King ſhall rue.
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I ſtray,
Saue backe to England, all the worlds my way. *Exit.*
Rich. Vncle, euen in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy greeued heart: thy ſad aſpect,
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd yeares
Pluck'd foure away: Six frozen Winters ſpent,
Returne with welcome home, from baniſhment.
Bul. How long a time lyes in one little word:
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton ſprings
End in a word, ſuch is the breath of Kings.
Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me
He ſhortens foure yeares of my ſonnes exile:
But little vantage ſhall I reape thereby.
For ere the ſixe yeares that he hath to ſpend
Can change their Moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dride Lampe, and time-bewaſted light
Shall be extinct with age, and endleſſe night:
My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death, not let me ſee my ſonne.
Rich. Why Vncle, thou haſt many yeeres to liue.
Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canſt giue;
Shorten my dayes thou canſt with ſudden ſorow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canſt helpe time to furrow me with age,
But ſtop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.
Ric. Thy ſonne is baniſh'd vpon good aduice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gaue,
Why at our Iuſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to lowre?
Gau. Things ſweet to taſt, proue in digeſtion ſowre:
You vrg'd me as a Iudge, but I had rather
you would haue bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I look'd when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tong,
Againſt my will, to do my ſelfe this wrong.
Rich, Coſine farewell: and Vncle bid him ſo:
Six yeares we baniſh him, and he ſhall go. *Exit.*
Flouriſh.
Au. Coſine farewell: what preſence muſt not know
From where you do remaine, let paper ſhow.
Mar. My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your ſide.
*Gaunt.*Oh to what purpoſe doſt thou hord thy words,
That thou returnſt no greeting to thy friends?
Bull. I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office ſhould be prodigall,
To breath th'abundant dolour of the heart.
Gau. Thy greefe is but thy abſence for a time.
Bull. Ioy abſent, greefe is preſent for that time.
Gau. What is ſixe Winters, they are quickely gone?
Bul. To men in ioy, but greefe makes one houre ten.
Gau. Call it a trauell that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.
Bul. My heart will ſigh, when I miſcall it ſo,
Which findes it an inforced Pilgrimage.
Gau. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteppes
Eſteeme a ſoyle, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious Iewell of thy home returne.
Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the froſtie *Caucaſus*?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
by bare imagination of a Feaſt?
Or Wallow naked in December ſnow
by thinking on fantaſticke ſummers heate?
Oh no, the apprehenſion of the good
Giues but the greater feeling to the worſe:
Fell ſorrowes tooth, doth euer ranckle more
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.
*Gau.*Come, come (my ſon) Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and cauſe, I would not ſtay.
*Bul.*Then Englands ground farewell: ſweet ſoil adieu,
My Mother, and my Nurſe, which beares me yet:
Where ere I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſh'd, yet a true-borne Engliſhman.

Scœna Quarta.

Enter King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot.
Rich. We did obſerue. Coſine *Anmerle*,
How far brought you high Herford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Herford (if you call him ſo)
but to the next high way, and there I left him.
Rich. And ſay, what ſtore of parting tears were ſhed?
Aum. Faith none for me: except the Northeaſt wind
Which then grew bitterly againſt our face,
Awak'd the ſleepie rhewme, and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.
Rich. What ſaid our Coſin when you parted with him?
*Au.*Farewell: and for my hart diſdained ẏ my tongue
Should ſo prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreſsion of ſuch greefe,
That word ſeem'd buried in my ſorrowes graue.
Marry, would the word Farwell, haue lengthen'd houres,
And added yeeres to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould haue had a volume of Farwels,
but ſince it would not, he had none of me.
Rich. He is our Coſin (Coſin) but 'tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends,
Our ſelfe, and *Buſhy*: heere *Bagot* and *Greene*
Obſeru'd his Courtſhip to the common people:
How he did ſeeme to diue into their hearts,
With humble, and familiar courteſie,
What reuerence he did throw away on ſlaues;
Wooing poore Crafteſ-men, with the craft of ſoules,
And patient vnder-bearing of his Fortune,
As 'twere to baniſh their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an Oyſter-wench,

A brace of Dray-men bid God ſpeed him well,
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee,
With thankes my Countrimen, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuerſion his,
And he our ſubiects next degree in hope.
Gr. Well, he is gone, & with him go theſe thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which ſtand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage muſt be made my Liege
Ere further leyſure, yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your Highneſſe loſſe.
Ric. We will our ſelfe in perſon to this warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largeſſe, are growne ſomewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farme our royall Realme,
The Reuennew whereof ſhall furniſh vs
For our affayres in hand: if that come ſhort
Our Subſtitutes at home ſhall haue Blanke-charters:
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of Gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland preſently.

Enter Buſhy.

Buſhy, what newes?
Bu. Old *Iohn of Gaunt* is verie ſicke my Lord,
Sodainly taken, and hath ſent poſt haſte
To entreat your Maieſty to viſit him.
Ric. Where lyes he?
Bu. At Ely houſe.
Ric. Now put it (heauen) in his Phyſitians minde,
To helpe him to his graue immediately:
The lining of his coffers ſhall make Coates
To decke our ſouldiers for theſe Iriſh warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray heauen we may make haſt, and come too late. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, ſicke with Yorke.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my laſt
In wholſome counſell to his vnſtaid youth?
Yor. Vex not your ſelfe, nor ſtriue not with your breth,
For all in vaine comes counſell to his eare.
Gau. Oh but (they ſay) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deepe harmony;
Where words are ſcarſe, they are ſeldome ſpent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more,
Then they whom youth and eaſe haue taught to gloſe,
More are mens ends markt, then their liues before,
The ſetting Sun, and Muſicke is the cloſe
As the laſt taſte of ſweetes, is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long paſt;
Though *Richard* my liues counſell would not heare,
My deaths ſad tale, may yet vndeafe his eare.
Yor. No, it is ſtopt with other flatt'ring ſounds
As praiſes of his ſtate: then there are ſound
Laſciuious Meeters, to whoſe venom ſound
The open eare of youth doth alwayes liſten,
Report of faſhions in proud Italy,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardie apiſh Nation
Limpes after in baſe imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buz'd into his eares?
That all too late comes counſell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelfe will chooſe,
Tis breath thou lackſt, and that breath wilt thou looſe.
Gaunt. Me thinkes I am a Prophet new inſpir'd,
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
His raſh fierce blaze of Ryot cannot laſt,
For violent fires ſoone burne out themſelues,
Small ſhowres laſt long, but ſodaine ſtormes are ſhort,
He tyres betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choake the feeder:
Light vanity, inſatiate cormorant,
Conſuming meanes ſoone preyes vpon it ſelfe.
This royall Throne of Kings, this ſceptred Iſle,
This earth of Maieſty, this ſeate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradiſe,
This Fortreſſe built by Nature for her ſelfe,
Againſt infection, and the hand of warre;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone, ſet in the ſiluer ſea,
Which ſerues it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defenſiue to a houſe,
Againſt the enuy of leſſe happier Lands,
This bleſſed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurſe, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,
For Chriſtian ſeruice, and true Chiualrie,
As is the ſepulcher in ſtubborne *Iury*
Of the Worlds ranſome, bleſſed *Maries* Sonne.
This Land of ſuch deere ſoules, this deere-deere Land,
Deere for her reputation through the world,
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant ſea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beates backe the enuious ſiedge
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with ſhame,
With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhamefull conqueſt of it ſelfe.
Ah! would the ſcandall vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death?

Enter King, Queene, Aumerle, Buſhy, Greene,
Bagot, Ros, and Willoughby.

Yor. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.
Qu. How fares our noble Vncle Lancaſter?
Ri. What comfort man? How iſt with aged *Gaunt*?
Ga. Oh how that name befits my compoſition:
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me greefe hath kept a tedious faſt,
And who abſtaynes from meate, that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping England long time haue I watcht,
Watching breeds leanneſſe, leanneſſe is all gaunt.
The pleaſure that ſome Fathers feede vpon,
Is my ſtrict faſt, I meane my Childrens lookes,
And therein faſting, haſt thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whoſe hollow wombe inherits naught but bones.
Ric. Can ſicke men play ſo nicely with their names?
Gau. No, miſery makes ſport to mocke it ſelfe:
Since thou doſt ſeeke to kill my name in mee,

I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.
Ric. Should dying men flatter thoſe that liue?
Gau. No, no, men liuing flatter thoſe that dye.
Rich. Thou now a dying, ſayſt thou flatter'ſt me.
Gau. Oh no, thou dyeſt, though I the ſicker be.
Rich. I am in health, I breath, I ſee thee ill.
Gau. Now he that made me, knowes I ſee thee ill:
Ill in my ſelfe to ſee, and in thee, ſeeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no leſſer then the Land,
Wherein thou lyeſt in reputation ſicke,
And thou too care-leſſe patient as thou art,
Commit'ſt thy'anointed body to the cure
Of thoſe Phyſitians, that firſt wounded thee.
A thouſand flatterers ſit within thy Crowne,
Whoſe compaſſe is no bigger then thy head,
And yet incaged in ſo ſmall a Verge,
The waſte is no whit leſſer then thy Land:
Oh had thy Grandſire with a Prophets eye,
Seene how his ſonnes ſonne, ſhould deſtroy his ſonnes,
From forth thy reach he would haue laid thy ſhame,
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſt,
Which art poſſeſt now to depoſe thy ſelfe.
Why (Coſine) were thou Regent of the world,
It were a ſhame to let his Land by leaſe:
But for thy world enioying but this Land,
Is it not more then ſhame, to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of England art thou, and not King:
Thy ſtate of Law, is bondſlaue to the law,
And——
Rich. And thou, a lunaticke leane-witted foole,
Preſuming on an Agues priuiledge,
Dar'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chafing the Royall blood
With fury, from his natiue reſidence?
Now by my Seates right Royall Maieſtie,
Wer't thou not Brother to great *Edwards* ſonne,
This tongue that runs ſo roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy vnreuerent ſhoulders.
Gau. Oh ſpare me not, my brothers *Edwards* ſonne,
For that I was his Father *Edwards* ſonne:
That blood already (like the Pellican)
Thou haſt tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.
My brother Glouceſter, plaine well meaning ſoule
(Whom faire befall in heauen 'mongſt happy ſoules)
May be a preſident, and witneſſe good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling *Edwards* blood:
Ioyne with the preſent ſickneſſe that I haue,
And thy vnkindneſſe be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flowre.
Liue in thy ſhame, but dye not ſhame with thee,
Theſe words heereafter, thy tormentors bee.
Conuey me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honor haue. *Exit*
Rich. And let them dye, that age and ſullens haue,
For both haſt thou, and both become the graue.
Yor. I do beſeech your Maieſtie impute his words
To wayward ſickleneſſe, and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holds you deere
As *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, were he heere.
Rich. Right, you ſay true: as *Herfords* loue, ſo his;
As theirs, ſo mine: and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor. My Liege, olde *Gaunt* commends him to your Maieſtie.
Rich. What ſayes he?
Nor. Nay nothing, all is ſaid:
His tongue is now a ſtringleſſe inſtrument,
Words, life, and all, old Lancaſter hath ſpent.
Yor. Be Yorke the next, that muſt be bankrupt ſo,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.
Rich. The ripeſt fruit firſt fals, and ſo doth he,
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that. Now for our Iriſh warres,
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed Kernes,
Which liue like venom, where no venom elſe
But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.
And for theſe great affayres do aske ſome charge
Towards our aſsiſtance, we do ſeize to vs
The plate, coine, reuennewes, and moueables,
Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* did ſtand poſſeſt.
Yor. How long ſhall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender dutie make me ſuffer wrong?
Not *Glouſters* death, nor *Herfords* baniſhment,
Nor *Gauntes* rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore *Bullingbrooke*,
About his marriage, nor my owne diſgrace
Haue euer made me ſowre my patient cheeke,
Or bend one wrinckle on my Soueraignes face:
I am the laſt of noble *Edwards* ſonnes,
Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was firſt,
In warre was neuer Lyon rag'd more fierce:
In peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde,
Then was that yong and Princely Gentleman,
His face thou haſt, for euen ſo look'd he
Accompliſh'd with the number of thy howers:
But when he frown'd, it was againſt the French,
And not againſt his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did ſpend: and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne:
Oh *Richard*, *Yorke* is too farre gone with greefe,
Or elſe he neuer would compare betweene.
Rich. Why Vncle,
What's the matter?
Yor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you pleaſe, if not
I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
Seeke you to ſeize, and gripe into your hands
The Royalties and Rights of baniſh'd Herford?
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not Herford liue?
Was not *Gaunt* iuſt? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deſerue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well-deſeruing ſonne?
Take Herfords rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his cuſtomarie rights:
Let not to morrow then inſue to day,
Be not thy ſelfe. For how art thou a King
But by faire ſequence and ſucceſsion?
Now afore God, God forbid I ſay true,
If you do wrongfully ſeize Herfords right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Atturneyes generall, to ſue
His Liuerie, and denie his offer'd homage,
You plucke a thouſand dangers on your head,
You looſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to thoſe thoughts
Which honor and allegeance cannot thinke.
Ric. Thinke what you will: we ſeiſe into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
Yor. Ile not be by the while: My Liege farewell,

What will enſue heereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad courſes may be vnderſtood,
That their euents can neuer fall out good. *Exit.*
Rich. Go *Buſhie* to the Earle of *Wiltſhire* ſtreight,
Bid him repaire to vs to *Ely* houſe,
To ſee this buſineſſe : to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow :
And we create in abſence of our ſelfe
Our Vncle Yorke, Lord Gouernor of England :
For he is iuſt, and alwayes lou'd vs well.
Come on our Queene, to morrow muſt we part,
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort. *Flouriſh.*

Manet North. Willoughby, & Roſſ.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaſter is dead.
Roſſ. And liuing too, for now his ſonne is Duke.
Wil. Barely in title, not in reuennew.
Nor. Richly in both, if iuſtice had her right.
Roſſ. My heart is great : but it muſt break with ſilence,
Er't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.
Nor. Nay ſpeake thy mind : & let him ne'r ſpeak more
That ſpeakes thy words againe to do thee harme.
Wil. Tends that thou'dſt ſpeake to th'Du. of Hereford,
If it be ſo, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.
Roſſ. No good at all that I can do for him,
Vnleſſe you call it good to pitie him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.
Nor. Now afore heauen, 'tis ſhame ſuch wrongs are borne,
In him a royall Prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining Land ;
The King is not himſelfe, but baſely led
By Flatterers, and what they will informe
Meerely in hate 'gainſt any of vs all,
That will the King ſeuerely proſecute
'Gainſt vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.
Roſ. The Commons hath he pil'd with greeuous taxes
And quite loſt their hearts : the Nobles hath he finde
For ancient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.
Wil. And daily new exactions are deuis'd,
As blankes, beneuolences, and I wot not what :
But what o'Gods name doth become of this?
Nor. Wars hath not waſted it, for war'd he hath not.
But baſely yeelded vpon comprimize,
That which his Anceſtors atchieu'd with blowes :
More hath he ſpent in peace, then they in warres.
Roſ. The Earle of Wiltſhire hath the realme in Farme.
Wil. The Kings growne bankrupt like a broken man.
Nor. Reproach and diſſolution hangeth ouer him.
Roſ. He hath not monie for theſe Iriſh warres :
(His burthenous taxations notwithſtanding)
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd Duke.
Nor. His noble Kinſman, moſt degenerate King :
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeeke no ſhelter to auoid the ſtorme:
We ſee the winde ſit ſore vpon our ſailes,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſ. We ſee the very wracke that we muſt ſuffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now
For ſuffering ſo the cauſes of our wracke.
Nor. Not ſo : euen through the hollow eyes of death,
I ſpie life peering : but I dare not ſay
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
Wil. Nay let vs ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours
Roſ. Be confident to ſpeake Northumberland,
We three, are but thy ſelfe, and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
Nor. Then thus : I haue from Port *le Blan*
A Bay in *Britaine*, receiu'd intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, *Ramald* Lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother Archbiſhop, late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *Iohn Rainſton*,
Sir *Iohn Norberie*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, & *Francis Quoint*,
All theſe well furniſh'd by the Duke of *Britaine*,
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of warre
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly meane to touch our Northerne ſhore :
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlauiſh yoake,
Impe out our drooping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broaking pawne the blemiſh'd Crowne,
Wipe off the duſt that hides our Scepters gilt,
And make high Maieſtie looke like it ſelfe,
Away with me in poſte to *Rauenſpurgh*,
But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,
Stay, and be ſecret, and my ſelfe will go.
Roſ. To horſe, to horſe, vrge doubts to them yͤ feare.
Wil. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Queene, Buſhy, and Bagot.

Buſh. Madam, your Maieſty is too much ſad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aſide ſelfe-harming heauineſſe,
And entertaine a cheerefull diſpoſition.
Qu. To pleaſe the King, I did : to pleaſe my ſelfe
I cannot do it : yet I know no cauſe
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as greefe,
Saue bidding farewell to ſo ſweet a gueſt
As my ſweet *Richard*; yet againe me thinkes,
Some vnborne ſorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe
Is comming towards me, and my inward ſoule
With nothing trembles, at ſomething it greeues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.
Buſh. Each ſubſtance of a greefe hath twenty ſhadows
Which ſhewes like greefe it ſelfe, but is not ſo :
For ſorrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,
Diuides one thing intire, to many obiects,
Like perſpectiues, which rightly gaz'd vpon
Shew nothing but confuſion, ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh forme : ſo your ſweet Maieſtie
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Finde ſhapes of greefe, more then himſelfe to waile,
Which look'd on as it is, is naught but ſhadowes
Of what it is not : then thrice-gracious Queene,
More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not ſeene;
Or if it be, 'tis with falſe ſorrowes eie,
Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.
Qu. It may be ſo : but yet my inward ſoule
Perſwades me it is otherwiſe : how ere it be,
I cannot but be ſad : ſo heauy ſad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauy nothing faint and ſhrinke.
Buſh. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)

Qu. 'Tis nothing leſſe : conceit is ſtill deriu'd
From ſome fore-father greefe, mine is not ſo,
For nothing hath begot my ſomething greefe,
Or ſomething, hath the nothing that I greeue,
'Tis in reuerſion that I do poſſeſſe,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameleſſe woe I wot.

Enter Greene.

Gree. Heauen ſaue your Maieſty, and wel met Gentlemen:
I hope the King is not yet ſhipt for Ireland.
Qu. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? Tis better hope he is :
For his deſignes craue haſt, his haſt good hope,
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipt?
Gre. That he our hope, might haue retyr'd his power,
and driuen into diſpaire an enemies hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this Land.
The baniſh'd *Bullingbrooke* repeales himſelfe,
And with vp-lifted Armes is ſafe arriu'd
At *Rauenſpurg*.
Qu. Now God in heauen forbid.
Gr. O Madam 'tis too true : and that is worſe,
The L. Northumberland, his yong ſonne *Henrie Percie*,
The Lords of *Roſſe*, *Beaumond*, and *Willoughby*,
With all their powrefull friends are fled to him.
Buſh. Why haue you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And the reſt of the reuolted faction, Traitors?
Gre. We haue : whereupon the Earle of Worceſter
Hath broke his ſtaffe, reſign'd his Stewardſhip,
And al the houſhold ſeruants fled with him to *Bullinbrook*
Qu. So *Greene*, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And *Bullinbrooke* my ſorrowes diſmall heyre :
Now hath my ſoule brought forth her prodegie,
And I a gaſping new deliuered mother,
Haue woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow ioyn'd.
Buſh. Diſpaire not Madam.
Qu. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will diſpaire, and be at enmitie
With couzening hope; he is a Flatterer,
A Paraſite, a keeper backe of death,
Who gently would diſſolue the bands of life,
Which falſe hopes linger in extremity.

Enter Yorke

Gre. Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.
Qu. With ſignes of warre about his aged necke,
Oh full of carefull buſineſſe are his lookes :
Vncle, for heauens ſake ſpeake comfortable words :
Yor. Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but croſſes, care and greefe :
Your husband he is gone to ſaue farre off,
Whilſt others come to make him looſe at home :
Heere am I left to vnder-prop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot ſupport my ſelfe :
Now comes the ſicke houre that his ſurfet made,
Now ſhall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a ſeruant.

Ser. My Lord, your ſonne was gone before I came.
Yor. He was : why ſo : go all which way it will :
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will I feare reuolt on Herfords ſide.
Sirra, get thee to Plaſhie to my ſiſter Gloſter,
Bid her ſend me preſently a thouſand pound,
Hold, take my Ring.
Ser. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell your Lordſhip, to day I came by, and call'd there,
But I ſhall greeue you to report the reſt.
Yor. What is't knaue?
Ser. An houre before I came, the Dutcheſſe di'de.
Yor. Heau'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come ruſhing on this wofull Land at once?
I know not what to do : I would to heauen
(So my vntruth had not prouok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.
What, are there poſtes diſpatcht for Ireland?
How ſhall we do for money for theſe warres?
Come ſiſter (Cozen I would ſay) pray pardon me.
Go fellow, get thee home, prouide ſome Carts,
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you muſter men?
If I know how, or which way to order theſe affaires
Thus diſorderly thruſt into my hands,
Neuer beleeue me. Both are my kinſmen,
Th'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath
And dutie bids defend : th'other againe
Is my kinſman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom conſcience, and my kindred bids to right :
Well, ſomewhat we muſt do : Come Cozen,
Ile diſpoſe of you. Gentlemen, go muſter vp your men,
And meet me preſently at Barkley Caſtle:
I ſhould to Plaſhy too : but time will not permit,
All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at ſix and ſeuen. *Exit*
Buſh. The winde ſits faire for newes to go to Ireland,
But none returnes : For vs to leuy power
Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impoſsible.
Gr. Beſides our neereneſſe to the King in loue,
Is neere the hate of thoſe loue not the King.
Ba. And that's the wauering Commons, for their loue
Lies in their purſes, and who ſo empties them,
By ſo much fils their hearts with deadly hate.
Buſh. Wherein the king ſtands generally condemn'd
Bag. If iudgement lye in them, then ſo do we,
Becauſe we haue beene euer neere the King.
Gr. Well : I will for refuge ſtraight to Briſtoll Caſtle,
The Earle of Wiltſhire is alreadie there.
Buſh. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,
Except like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces :
Will you go along with vs?
Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maieſtie:
Farewell, if hearts preſages be not vaine,
We three here part, that neu'r ſhall meete againe.
Bu. That's as Yorke thriues to beate back *Bullinbroke*
Gr. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes
Is numbring ſands, and drinking Oceans drie,
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will flye.
Buſh. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euer.
Well, we may meete againe.
Bag. I feare me neuer. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northumberland.

Bul. How farre is it my Lord to Berkley now?
Nor. Beleeue me noble Lord,
I am a ſtranger heere in Glouſterſhire,
Theſe high wilde hilles, and rough vneeuen waies,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them weariſome:
And yet our faire diſcourſe hath beene as ſugar,

Making the hard way ſweet and delectable:
But I bethinke me, what a wearie way
From Rauenſpurgh to Cottſhold will be found,
In *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*, wanting your companie,
Which I proteſt hath very much beguild
The tedious*n*eſſe, and proceſſe of my trauell:
But theirs is ſweetned with the hope to haue
The preſent benefit that I poſſeſſe;
And hope to ioy, is little leſſe in ioy,
Then hope enioy'd: By this, the wearie Lords
Shall make their way ſeeme ſhort, as mine hath done,
By ſight of what I haue, your Noble Companie.
Bull. Of much leſſe value is my Companie,
Then your good words: but who comes here?

Enter H. Percie.

North. It is my Sonne, young *Harry Percie*,
Sent from my Brother *Worceſter*: Whence ſoeuer.
Harry, how fares your Vnckle?
Percie. I had thought, my Lord, to haue learn'd his health of you.
North. Why, is he not with the Queene?
Percie. No, my good Lord, he hath forſook the Court,
Broken his Staffe of Office, and diſperſt
The Houſehold of the King.
North. What was his reaſon?
He was not ſo reſolu'd, when we laſt ſpake together.
Percie. Becauſe your Lordſhip was proclaimed Traitor.
But hee, my Lord, is gone to Rauenſpurgh,
To offer ſeruice to the Duke of Hereford,
And ſent me ouer by Barkely, to diſcouer
What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with direction to repaire to Rauenſpurgh.
North. Haue you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy.)
Percie. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember: to my knowledge,
I neuer in my life did looke on him.
North. Then learne to know him now: this is the Duke.
Percie. My gracious Lord, I tender you my ſeruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes ſhall ripen, and confirme
To more approued ſeruice, and deſert.
Bull. I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be ſure
I count my ſelfe in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a Soule remembring my good Friends:
And as my Fortune ripens with thy Loue,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true Loues recompence,
My Heart this Couenant makes, my Hand thus ſeales it.
North. How farre is it to Barkely? and what ſtirre
Keepes good old *Yorke* there, with his Men of Warre?
Percie. There ſtands the Caſtle, by yond tuft of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard,
And in it are the Lords of *Yorke*, *Barkely*, and *Seymor*,
None elſe of Name, and noble eſtimate.

Enter Roſſe and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with ſpurring, fierie red with haſte.
Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue purſues
A baniſht Traytor; all my Treaſurie
Is yet but vnfelt thankes, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your loue, and labours recompence.
Roſſ. Your preſence makes vs rich, moſt Noble Lord.
Willo. And farre ſurmounts our labour to attaine it.
Bull. Euermore thankes, th'Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeeres,
Stands for my Bountie: but who comes here?

Enter Barkely.

North. It is my Lord of Barkely, as I gheſſe.
Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my Meſſage is to you.
Bull. My Lord, my Anſwere is to *Lancaſter*,
And I am come to ſeeke that Name in England,
And I muſt finde that Title in your Tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you ſay.
Bark. Miſtake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one Title of your Honor out.
To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the moſt glorious of this Land,
The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on
To take aduantage of the abſent time,
And fright our Natiue Peace with ſelfe-borne Armes.

Enter Yorke.

Bull. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in Perſon. My Noble Vnckle.
York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe dutie is deceiuable, and falſe.
Bull My gracious Vnckle.
York. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Vnckle me,
I am no Traytors Vnckle; and that word Grace,
In an vngracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why haue theſe baniſh'd, and forbidden Legges,
Dar'd once to touch a Duſt of Englands Ground?
But more then why, why haue they dar'd to march
So many miles vpon her peacefull Boſome,
Frighting her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre,
And oſtentation of deſpiſed Armes?
Com'ſt thou becauſe th'anoynted King is hence?
Why fooliſh Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyall Boſome lyes his power.
Were I but now the Lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when braue *Gaunt*, thy Father, and my ſelfe
Reſcued the *Black Prince*, that yong *Mars* of men,
From forth the Rankes of many thouſand French;
Oh then, how quickly ſhould this Arme of mine,
Now Priſoner to the Palſie, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy Fault.
Bull. My gracious Vnckle, let me know my Fault,
On what Condition ſtands it, and wherein?
York. Euen in Condition of the worſt degree,
In groſſe Rebellion, and deteſted Treaſon:
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come
Before th'expiration of thy time,
In brauing Armes againſt thy Soueraigne.
Bull. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd *Hereford*,
But as I come, I come for *Lancaſter*.
And Noble Vnckle, I beſeech your Grace
Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, for me thinkes in you
I ſee old *Gaunt* aliue. Oh then my Father,
Will you permit, that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wandring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away
To vpſtart Vnthrifts? Wherefore was I borne?
If that my Couſin King, be King of England,
It muſt be graunted, I am Duke of Lancaſter.
You haue a Sonne, *Aumerle*, my Noble Kinſman,
Had you firſt died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He ſhould haue found his Vnckle *Gaunt* a Father,
To rowze his Wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am denyde to ſue my Liuerie here,
And yet my Letters Patents giue me leaue:
My Fathers goods are all diſtraynd, and ſold,
And theſe, and all, are all amiſſe imployd.

What

What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,
And challenge Law: Attorneyes are deny'd me;
And therefore perſonally I lay my claime
To my Inheritance of free Diſcent.
North. The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.
Roſſ. It ſtands your Grace vpon, to doe him right.
Willo. Baſe men by his endowments are made great.
York. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I haue had feeling of my Coſens Wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to doe him right:
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his owne Caruer, and cut out his way,
To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be;
And you that doe abett him in this kind,
Cheriſh Rebellion, and are Rebels all.
North. The Noble Duke hath ſworne his comming is
But for his owne; and for the right of that,
Wee all haue ſtrongly ſworne to giue him ayd,
And let him neu'r ſee Ioy, that breakes that Oath.
York. Well, well, I ſee the iſſue of theſe Armes,
I cannot mend it, I muſt needes confeſſe,
Becauſe my power is weake, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
I would attach you all, and make you ſtoope
Vnto the Soueraigne Mercy of the King.
But ſince I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,
Vnleſſe you pleaſe to enter in the Caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this Night.
Bull. An offer Vnckle, that wee will accept:
But wee muſt winne your Grace to goe with vs
To Briſtow Caſtle, which they ſay is held
By *Buſhie*, *Bagot*, and their Complices,
The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,
Which I haue ſworne to weed, and plucke away.
York. It may be I will go with you: but yet Ile pawſe,
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:
Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,
Things paſt redreſſe, are now with me paſt care. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we haue ſtayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countreymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will diſperſe our ſelues: farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou truſtie Welchman,
The King repoſeth all his confidence in thee.
Capt. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not ſtay;
The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are wither'd,
And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heauen;
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,
And leane-look'd Prophets whiſper fearefull change;
Rich men looke ſad, and Ruffians dance and leape,
The one in feare, to looſe what they enioy,
The other to enioy by Rage, and Warre:
Theſe ſignes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countreymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd *Richard* their King is dead. *Exit.*
Sal. Ah *Richard*, with eyes of heauie mind,
I ſee thy Glory, like a ſhooting Starre,
Fall to the baſe Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne ſets weeping in the lowly Weſt,
Witneſſing Stormes to come, Woe, and Vnreſt:
Thy Friends are fled, to wait vpon thy Foes,
And croſſely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland,
Roſſe, Percie, Willoughby, with Buſhie
and Greene Priſoners.

Bull. Bring forth theſe men:
Buſhie and *Greene*, I will not vex your ſoules,
(Since preſently your ſoules muſt part your bodies)
With too much vrging your pernitious liues,
For 'twere no Charitie: yet to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will vnfold ſome cauſes of your deaths.
You haue mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,
A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you vnhappied, and disfigur'd cleane:
You haue in manner with your ſinfull houres
Made a Diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the poſſeſſion of a Royall Bed,
And ſtayn'd the beautie of a faire Queenes Cheekes,
With teares drawn frõ her eyes, with your foule wrongs.
My ſelfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,
Till you did make him miſ-interprete me,
Haue ſtoopt my neck vnder your iniuries,
And ſigh'd my Engliſh breath in forraine Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of baniſhment;
While you haue fed vpon my Seignories,
Diſ-park'd my Parkes, and fell'd my Forreſt Woods;
From mine owne Windowes torne my Houſehold Coat,
Raz'd out my Impreſſe, leauing me no ſigne,
Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,
To ſhew the World I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemnes you to the death: ſee them deliuered ouer
To execution, and the hand of death.
Buſhie. More welcome is the ſtroake of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to England.
Greene. My comfort is, that Heauen will take our ſoules,
And plague Iniuſtice with the paines of Hell.
Bull. My Lord *Northumberland*, ſee them diſpatch'd:
Vnckle, you ſay the Queene is at your Houſe,
For Heauens ſake fairely let her be entreated,
Tell her I ſend to her my kind commends;
Take ſpeciall care my Greetings be deliuer'd.
York. A Gentleman of mine I haue diſpatch'd
With Letters of your loue, to her at large.
Bull. Thankes gentle Vnckle: come Lords away,
To fight with *Glendoure*, and his Complices;
A while to worke, and after holliday.
Exeunt.

Scœna

Scena Secunda.

Drums: Flouriſh, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlile, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly Caſtle call you this at hand?
Au. Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,
After your late toſſing on the breaking Seas?
Rich. Needs muſt I like it well: I weepe for ioy
To ſtand vpon my Kingdome once againe.
Deere Earth, I doe ſalute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horſes hoofes:
As a long parted Mother with her Child,
Playes fondly with her teares, and ſmiles in meeting;
So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee my Earth,
And doe thee fauor with my Royall hands.
Feed not thy Soueraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy Sweetes, comfort his rauenous ſence:
But let thy Spiders, that ſuck vp thy Venome,
And heauie-gated Toades lye in their way,
Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,
Which with vſurping ſteps doe trample thee.
Yeeld ſtinging Nettles to mine Enemies;
And when they from thy Boſome pluck a Flower,
Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortall touch
Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes Enemies.
Mock not my ſenceleſſe Coniuration, Lords;
This Earth ſhall haue a feeling, and theſe Stones
Proue armed Souldiers, ere her Natiue King
Shall falter vnder foule Rebellious Armes.
Car. Feare not my Lord, that Power that made you King
Hath power to keepe you King, in ſpight of all.
Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remiſſe,
Whileſt *Bullingbrooke* through our ſecuritie,
Growes ſtrong and great, in ſubſtance and in friends.
Rich. Diſcomfortable Couſin, knoweſt thou not,
That when the ſearching Eye of Heauen is hid
Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,
Then Theeues and Robbers raunge abroad vnſeene,
In Murthers and in Out-rage bloody here:
But when from vnder this Terreſtriall Ball
He fires the prowd tops of the Eaſterne Pines,
And darts his Lightning through eu'ry guiltie hole,
Then Murthers, Treaſons, and deteſted ſinnes
(The Cloake of Night being pluckt from off their backs)
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelues.
So when this Theefe, this Traytor *Bullingbrooke*,
Who all this while hath reuell'd in the Night,
Shall ſee vs riſing in our Throne, the Eaſt,
His Treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of Day;
But ſelfe-affrighted, tremble at his ſinne.
Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea
Can waſh the Balme from an anoynted King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe
The Deputie elected by the Lord:
For euery man that *Bullingbrooke* hath preſt,
To lift ſhrewd Steele againſt our Golden Crowne,
Heauen for his *Richard* hath in heauenly pay
A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,
Weake men muſt fall, for Heauen ſtill guards the right.
Enter Salusbury.
Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power?
Saliſb. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Then this weake arme; diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeake of nothing but deſpaire:
One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)
Hath clouded all thy happie dayes on Earth:
Oh call backe Yeſterday, bid Time returne,
And thou ſhalt haue twelue thouſand fighting men:
To day, to day, vnhappie day too late
Orethrowes thy Ioyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State;
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, diſperſt, and fled.
Aum. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace ſo pale?
Rich. But now the blood of twentie thouſand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,
And till ſo much blood thither come againe,
Haue I not reaſon to looke pale, and dead?
All Soules that will be ſafe, flye from my ſide,
For Time hath ſet a blot vpon my pride.
Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.
Rich. I had forgot my ſelfe. Am I not King?
Awake thou ſluggard Maieſtie, thou ſleepeſt:
Is not the Kings Name fortie thouſand Names?
Arme, arme my Name: a punie ſubiect ſtrikes
At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,
Ye Fauorites of a King: are wee not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my Vnckle *Yorke*
Hath Power enough to ſerue our turne.
But who comes here? *Enter Scroope.*
Scroope. More health and happineſſe betide my Liege,
Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliuer him.
Rich. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worſt is worldly loſſe, thou canſt vnfold:
Say, Is my Kingdome loſt? why 'twas my Care:
And what loſſe is it to be rid of Care?
Striues *Bullingbrooke* to be as Great as wee?
Greater he ſhall not be: If hee ſerue God,
Wee'l ſerue him too, and be his Fellow ſo.
Reuolt our Subiects? That we cannot mend,
They breake their Faith to God, as well as vs:
Cry Woe, Deſtruction, Ruine, Loſſe, Decay,
The worſt is Death, and Death will haue his day.
Scroope. Glad am I, that your Highneſſe is ſo arm'd
To beare the tidings of Calamitie.
Like an vnſeaſonable ſtormie day,
Which make the Siluer Riuers drowne their Shores,
As if the World were all diſſolu'd to teares:
So high, aboue his Limits, ſwells the Rage
Of *Bullingbrooke*, couering your fearefull Land
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:
White Beares haue arm'd their thin and haireleſſe Scalps
Againſt thy Maieſtie, and Boyes with Womens Voyces,
Striue to ſpeake bigge, and clap their female ioints
In ſtiffe vnwieldie Armes: againſt thy Crowne
Thy very Beadſ-men learne to bend their Bowes
Of double fatall Eugh: againſt thy State
Yea Diſtaffe-Women manage ruſtie Bills:
Againſt thy Seat both young and old rebell,
And all goes worſe then I haue power to tell.
Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'ſt a Tale ſo ill.
Where is the Earle of Wiltſhire? where is *Bagot*?
What is become of *Buſhie*? where is *Greene*?

That

That they haue let the dangerous Enemie
Meaſure our Confines with ſuch peacefull ſteps?
If we preuaile, their heads ſhall pay for it.
I warrant they haue made peace with *Bullingbrooke*.
Scroope. Peace haue they made with him indeede (my Lord.)
Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogges, eaſily woon to fawne on any man,
Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that ſting my heart,
Three Iudaſſes, each one thrice worſe then *Iudas*,
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre
Vpon their ſpotted Soules for this Offence.
Scroope. Sweet Loue (I ſee) changing his propertie,
Turnes to the ſowreſt, and moſt deadly hate:
Againe vncurſe their Soules; their peace is made
With Heads, and not with Hands: thoſe whom you curſe
Haue felt the worſt of Deaths deſtroying hand,
And lye full low, grau'd in the hollow ground.
Aum. Is *Buſhie*, *Greene*, and the Earle of Wiltſhire dead?
Scroope. Yea, all of them at Briſtow loſt their heads.
Aum. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?
Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man ſpeake:
Let's talke of Graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make Duſt our Paper, and with Raynie eyes
Write Sorrow on the Boſome of the Earth.
Let's chuſe Executors, and talke of Wills:
And yet not ſo; for what can we bequeath,
Saue our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our Lands, our Liues, and all are *Bullingbrookes*,
And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,
And that ſmall Modell of the barren Earth,
Which ſerues as Paſte, and Couer to our Bones:
For Heauens ſake let vs ſit vpon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of Kings:
How ſome haue been depos'd, ſome ſlaine in warre,
Some haunted by the Ghoſts they haue depos'd,
Some poyſon'd by their Wiues, ſome ſleeping kill'd,
All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,
Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique ſits
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes,
Infuſing him with ſelfe and vaine conceit,
As if this Fleſh, which walls about our Life,
Were Braſſe impregnable: and humor'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little Pinne
Bores through his Caſtle Walls, and farwell King.
Couer your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemne Reuerence: throw away Reſpect,
Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie,
For you haue but miſtooke me all this while:
I liue with Bread like you, feele Want,
Taſte Griefe, need Friends: ſubiected thus,
How can you ſay to me, I am a King?
Carl. My Lord, wiſe men ne're waile their preſent woes,
But preſently preuent the wayes to waile:
To feare the Foe, ſince feare oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Giues in your weakeneſſe, ſtrength vnto your Foe;
Feare, and be ſlaine, no worſe can come to fight,
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death,
Where fearing, dying, payes death ſeruile breath.
Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learne to make a Body of a Limbe.
Rich. Thou chid'ſt me well: proud *Bullingbrooke* I come
To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome:
This ague fit of feare is ouer-blowne,
An eaſie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say *Scroope*, where lyes our Vnckle with his Power?
Speake ſweetly man, although thy lookes be ſowre.
Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the Skie
The ſtate and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauie Eye:
My Tongue hath but a heauier Tale to ſay:
I play the Torturer, by ſmall and ſmall
To lengthen out the worſt, that muſt be ſpoken.
Your Vnckle *Yorke* is ioyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Northerne Caſtles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes
Vpon his Faction.
Rich. Thou haſt ſaid enough.
Beſhrew thee Couſin, which didſt lead me forth
Of that ſweet way I was in, to deſpaire:
What ſay you now? What comfort haue we now?
By Heauen Ile hate him euerlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Goe to Flint Caſtle, there Ile pine away,
A King, Woes ſlaue, ſhall Kingly Woe obey:
That Power I haue, diſcharge, and let 'em goe
To eare the Land, that hath ſome hope to grow,
For I haue none. Let no man ſpeake againe
To alter this, for counſaile is but vaine.
Aum. My Liege, one word.
Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Diſcharge my followers: let them hence away,
From *Richards* Night, to *Bullingbrookes* faire Day.
Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrooke,
Yorke, Northumberland, Attendants.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are diſpers'd, and *Saliſbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With ſome few priuate friends, vpon this Coaſt.
North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord,
Richard, not farre from hence, hath hid his head.
York. It would beſeeme the Lord Northumberland,
To ſay King *Richard*: alack the heauie day,
When ſuch a ſacred King ſhould hide his head.
North. Your Grace miſtakes: onely to be briefe,
Left I his Title out.
York. The time hath beene,
Would you haue beene ſo briefe with him, he would
Haue beene ſo briefe with you, to ſhorten you,
For taking ſo the Head, your whole heads length.
Bull. Miſtake not (Vnckle) farther then you ſhould.
York. Take not (good Couſin) farther then you ſhould.
Leaſt you miſtake the Heauens are ore your head.
Bull. I know it (Vnckle) and oppoſe not my ſelfe
Againſt their will. But who comes here?
Enter Percie.
Welcome *Harry*: what, will not this Caſtle yeeld?
Per. The Caſtle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Againſt thy entrance.

Bull. Royally? Why, it containes no King?
Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King: King *Richard* lyes
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him, the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroope*, beſides a Clergie man
Of holy reuerence; who, I cannot learne.
North. Oh, belike it is the Biſhop of Carlile.
Bull. Noble Lord,
Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Caſtle,
Through Brazen Trumpet ſend the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliuer:
Henry Bullingbrooke vpon his knees doth kiſſe
King *Richards* hand, and ſends allegeance
And true faith of heart to his Royall Perſon: hither come
Euen at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,
Prouided, that my Baniſhment repeal'd,
And Lands reſtor'd againe, be freely graunted:
If not, Ile vſe th'aduantage of my Power,
And lay the Summers duſt with ſhowers of blood,
Rayn'd from the wounds of ſlaughter'd Engliſhmen;
The which, how farre off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, ſuch Crimſon Tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh greene Lap of faire King *Richards* Land,
My ſtooping dutie tenderly ſhall ſhew.
Goe ſignifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the Graſſie Carpet of this Plaine:
Let's march without the noyſe of threatning Drum,
That from this Caſtles tatter'd Battlements
Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd.
Me thinkes King *Richard* and my ſelfe ſhould meet
With no leſſe terror then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring ſmoake
At meeting teares the cloudie Cheekes of Heauen:
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;
The Rage be his, while on the Earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on, and marke King *Richard* how he lookes.

Parle without, and anſwere within: then a Flouriſh.
Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Scroop, Salisbury.

See, ſee, King *Richard* doth himſelfe appeare
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented Sunne,
From out the fierie Portall of the Eaſt,
When he perceiues the enuious Clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to ſtaine the tract
Of his bright paſſage to the Occident.
York. Yet lookes he like a King: behold his Eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Maieſtie: alack, alack, for woe,
That any harme ſhould ſtaine ſo faire a ſhew.
Rich. Wee are amaz'd, and thus long haue we ſtood
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
Becauſe we thought our ſelfe thy lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their awfull dutie to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew vs the Hand of God,
That hath diſmiſ'd vs from our Stewardſhip,
For well wee know, no Hand of Blood and Bone
Can gripe the ſacred Handle of our Scepter,
Vnleſſe he doe prophane, ſteale, or vſurpe.
And though you thinke, that all, as you haue done,
Haue torne their Soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:
Yet know, my Maſter, God Omnipotent,
Is muſtring in his Clouds, on our behalfe,
Armies of Peſtilence, and they ſhall ſtrike
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your Vaſſall Hands againſt my Head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell *Bullingbrooke*, for yond me thinkes he is,
That euery ſtride he makes vpon my Land,
Is dangerous Treaſon: He is come to ope
The purple Teſtament of bleeding Warre;
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,
Ten thouſand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew
Her Paſtors Graſſe with faithfull Engliſh Blood.
North. The King of Heauen forbid our Lord the King
Should ſo with ciuill and vnciuill Armes
Be ruſh'd vpon: Thy thrice-noble Couſin,
Harry Bullingbrooke, doth humbly kiſſe thy hand,
And by the Honorable Tombe he ſweares,
That ſtands vpon your Royall Grandſires Bones,
And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,
(Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious Head)
And by the buried Hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the Worth and Honor of himſelfe,
Compriſing all that may be ſworne, or ſaid,
His comming hither hath no further ſcope,
Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchiſement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy Royall partie graunted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to Ruſt,
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart
To faithfull ſeruice of your Maieſtie:
This ſweares he, as he is a Prince, is iuſt,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.
Rich. Northumberland, ſay thus: The King returnes,
His Noble Couſin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accompliſh'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious vtterance thou haſt,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We doe debaſe our ſelfe (Couſin) doe we not,
To looke ſo poorely, and to ſpeake ſo faire?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and ſend
Defiance to the Traytor, and ſo die?
Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpeful Swords.
Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,
That layd the Sentence of dread Baniſhment
On yond prowd man, ſhould take it off againe
With words of ſooth: Oh that I were as great
As is my Griefe, or leſſer then my Name,
Or that I could forget what I haue beene,
Or not remember what I muſt be now:
Swell'ſt thou prowd heart? Ile giue thee ſcope to beat,
Since Foes haue ſcope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes backe from *Bullingbrooke*.
Rich. What muſt the King doe now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall doe it: Muſt he be depos'd?
The King ſhall be contented: Muſt he looſe
The Name of King? o' Gods Name let it goe.
Ile giue my Iewels for a ſett of Beades,
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,
My gay Apparrell, for an Almes-mans Gowne,
My figur'd Goblets, for a Diſh of Wood,
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,

My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints,
And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,
A little little Graue, an obſcure Graue.
Or Ile be buryed in the Kings high-way,
Some way of common Trade, where Subiects feet
May howrely trample on their Soueraignes Head:
For on my heart they tread now, whileſt I liue;
And buryed once, why not vpon my Head?
Aumerle, thou weep'ſt (my tender-hearted Couſin)
Wee'le make foule Weather with deſpiſed Teares:
Our ſighes, and they, ſhall lodge the Summer Corne,
And make a Dearth in this reuolting Land.
Or ſhall we play the Wantons with our Woes,
And make ſome prettie Match, with ſhedding Teares?
As thus: to drop them ſtill vpon one place,
Till they haue fretted vs a payre of Graues,
Within the Earth: and therein lay'd, there lyes
Two Kinſmen, digg'd their Graues with weeping Eyes?
Would not this ill, doe well? Well, well, I ſee
I talke but idly, and you mock at mee.
Moſt mightie Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
What ſayes King *Bullingbrooke*? Will his Maieſtie
Giue *Richard* leaue to liue, till *Richard* die?
You make a Legge, and *Bullingbrooke* ſayes I.
North. My Lord, in the baſe Court he doth attend
To ſpeake with you, may it pleaſe you to come downe.
Rich. Downe, downe I come, like gliſt'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of vnruly Iades.
In the baſe Court? baſe Court, where Kings grow baſe,
To come at Traytors Calls, and doe them Grace.
In the baſe Court come down: down Court, down King,
For night-Owls ſhrike, where moũting Larks ſhould ſing.
Bull. What ſayes his Maieſtie?
North. Sorrow, and griefe of heart
Makes him ſpeake fondly, like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.
Bull. Stand all apart,
And ſhew faire dutie to his Maieſtie.
My gracious Lord.
Rich. Faire Couſin,
You debaſe your Princely Knee,
To make the baſe Earth prowd with kiſſing it.
Me rather had, my Heart might feele your Loue,
Then my vnpleas'd Eye ſee your Courteſie.
Vp Couſin, vp, your Heart is vp, I know,
Thus high at leaſt, although your Knee be low.
Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.
Rich. Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and all.
Bull. So farre be mine, my moſt redoubted Lord,
As my true ſeruice ſhall deſerue your loue.
Rich. Well you deſeru'd:
They well deſerue to haue,
That know the ſtrong'ſt, and ſureſt way to get.
Vnckle giue me your Hand: nay, drie your Eyes,
Teares ſhew their Loue, but want their Remedies.
Couſin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing to,
For doe we muſt, what force will haue vs doe.
Set on towards London:
Couſin, is it ſo?
Bull. Yea, my good Lord.
Rich. Then I muſt not ſay, no.

Flouriſh. Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Queene, and two Ladies.

Qu. What ſport ſhall we deuiſe here in this Garden,
To driue away the heauie thought of Care?
La. Madame, wee'le play at Bowles.
Qu. 'Twill make me thinke the World is full of Rubs,
And that my fortune runnes againſt the Byas.
La. Madame, wee'le Dance.
Qu. My Legges can keepe no meaſure in Delight,
When my poore Heart no meaſure keepes in Griefe.
Therefore no Dancing (Girle) ſome other ſport.
La. Madame, wee'le tell Tales.
Qu. Of Sorrow, or of Griefe?
La. Of eyther, Madame.
Qu. Of neyther, Girle.
For if of Ioy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of Sorrow:
Or if of Griefe, being altogether had,
It addes more Sorrow to my want of Ioy:
For what I haue, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.
La. Madame, Ile ſing.
Qu. 'Tis well that thou haſt cauſe:
But thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe me better, would'ſt thou weepe.
La. I could weepe, Madame, would it doe you good.
Qu. And I could ſing, would weeping doe me good,
And neuer borrow any Teare of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Seruants.

But ſtay, here comes the Gardiners,
Let's ſtep into the ſhadow of theſe Trees.
My wretchedneſſe, vnto a Rowe of Pinnes,
They'le talke of State: for euery one doth ſo,
Againſt a Change; Woe is fore-runne with Woe.
Gard. Goe binde thou vp yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like vnruly Children, make their Syre
Stoupe with oppreſſion of their prodigall weight:
Giue ſome ſupportance to the bending twigges.
Goe thou, and like an Executioner
Cut off the heads of too faſt growing ſprayes,
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth:
All muſt be euen, in our Gouernment.
You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away
The noyſome Weedes, that without profit ſucke
The Soyles fertilitie from wholeſome flowers.
Ser. Why ſhould we, in the compaſſe of a Pale,
Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,
Shewing as in a Modell our firme Eſtate?
When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,
Is full of Weedes, her faireſt Flowers choakt vp,
Her Fruit-trees all vnpruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd,
Her Knots diſorder'd, and her wholeſome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.
Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd Spring,
Hath now himſelfe met with the Fall of Leafe.
The Weeds that his broad-ſpreading Leaues did ſhelter,
That ſeem'd, in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by *Bullingbrooke*:
I meane, the Earle of Wiltſhire, *Buſhie*, *Greene*.

Ser. What are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And *Bullingbrooke* hath ſeiz'd the waſtefull King.
Oh, what pitty is it, that he had not ſo trim'd
And dreſt his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare,
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-trees,
Leaſt being ouer-proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it ſelfe?
Had he done ſo, to great and growing men,
They might haue liu'd to beare, and he to taſte
Their fruites of dutie. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done ſo, himſelfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waſte and idle houres, hath quite thrown downe.
Ser. What thinke you the King ſhall be depos'd?
Gar. Depreſt he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came laſt night
To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorkes,
That tell blacke tydings.
Qu. Oh I am preſt to death through want of ſpeaking:
Thou old *Adams* likeneſſe, ſet to dreſſe this Garden:
How dares thy harſh rude tongue ſound this vnpleaſing
What Eue? what Serpent hath ſuggeſted thee, (newes
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why do'ſt thou ſay, King *Richard* is depos'd,
Dar'ſt thou, thou little better thing then earth,
Diuine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'ſt thou by this ill-tydings? Speake thou wretch.
Gard. Pardon me Madam. Little ioy haue I
To breath theſe newes; yet what I ſay, is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*, their Fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himſelfe,
And ſome few Vanities, that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Beſides himſelfe, are all the Engliſh Peeres,
And with that oddes he weighes King *Richard* downe.
Poſte you to London, and you'l finde it ſo,
I ſpeake no more, then euery one doth know.
Qu. Nimble miſchance, that art ſo light of foote,
Doth not thy Embaſſage belong to me?
And am I laſt that knowes it? Oh thou think'ſt
To ſerue me laſt, that I may longeſt keepe
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt. Come Ladies goe,
To meet at London, Londons King in woe.
What was I borne to this: that my ſad looke,
Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*.
Gard'ner, for telling me this newes of woe,
I would the Plants thou graft'ſt, may neuer grow. *Exit.*
G. Poore Queen, ſo that thy State might be no worſe,
I would my skill were ſubiect to thy curſe:
Heere did ſhe drop a teare, heere in this place
Ile ſet a Banke of Rew, ſowre Herbe of Grace:
Rue, eu'n for ruth, heere ſhortly ſhall be ſeene,
In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percie, Fitz-Water, Surrey, Carlile, Abbot of Weſtminſter. Herauld, Officers, and Bagot.

Bullingbrooke. Call forth *Bagot*.
Now *Bagot*, freely ſpeake thy minde,
What thou do'ſt know of Noble Glouſters death:
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his Timeleſſe end.
Bag. Then ſet before my face, the Lord *Aumerle*.
Bul. Coſin, ſtand forth, and looke vpon that man.
Bag. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to vnſay, what it hath once deliuer'd.
In that dead time, when Glouſters death was plotted,
I heard you ſay, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the reſtfull Engliſh Court
As farre as Callis, to my Vnkles head.
Amongſt much other talke, that very time,
I heard you ſay, that you had rather refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand Crownes,
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England; adding withall,
How bleſt this Land would be, in this your Coſins death.
Aum. Princes, and Noble Lords:
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonor my faire Starres,
On equall termes to giue him chaſticement?
Either I muſt, or haue mine honor ſoyl'd
With th'Attaindor of his ſland'rous Lippes.
There is my Gage, the manuall Seale of death
That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyeſt,
And will maintaine what thou haſt ſaid, is falſe,
In thy heart blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtaine the temper of my Knightly ſword.
Bul. *Bagot* forbeare, thou ſhalt not take it vp.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence, that hath mou'd me ſo.
Fitz. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathize:
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine:
By that faire Sunne, that ſhewes me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay (and vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it)
That thou wer't cauſe of Noble Glouſters death.
If thou denieſt it, twenty times thou lyeſt,
And I will turne thy falſhood to thy hart,
Where it was forged with my Rapiers point.
Aum. Thou dar'ſt not (Coward) liue to ſee the day.
Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.
Aum. *Fitzwater* thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Per. *Aumerle*, thou lye'ſt: his Honor is as true
In this Appeale, as thou art all vniuſt:
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my Gage
To proue it on thee, to th'extreameſt point
Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'ſt.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer brandiſh more reuengefull Steele,
Ouer the glittering Helmet of my Foe.
Surrey. My Lord *Fitz-water*:
I do remember well, the very time
Aumerle, and you did talke.
Fitz. My Lord,
'Tis very true: You were in preſence then,
And you can witneſſe with me, this is true.
Surrey. As falſe, by heauen,
As Heauen it ſelfe is true.
Fitz. Surrey, thou Lyeſt.
Surrey. Diſhonourable Boy;
That Lye, ſhall lie ſo heauy on my Sword,
That it ſhall render Vengeance, and Reuenge,
Till thou the Lye-giuer, and that Lye, doe lye
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.
In proofe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,
Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'ſt.

Fitzw. How fondly do'ſt thou ſpurre a forward Horſe?
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,
I dare meete *Surrey* in a Wilderneſſe,
And ſpit vpon him, whileſt I ſay he Lyes,
And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith,
To tye thee to my ſtrong Correction.
As I intend to thriue in this new World,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true Appeale.
Beſides, I heard the baniſh'd *Norfolke* ſay,
That thou *Aumerle* didſt ſend two of thy men,
To execute the Noble Duke at Callis.
Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a Gage,
That *Norfolke* lyes: here doe I throw downe this,
If he may be repeal'd, to trie his Honor.
Bull. Theſe differences ſhall all reſt vnder Gage,
Till *Norfolke* be repeal'd: repeal'd he ſhall be;
And (though mine Enemie) reſtor'd againe
To all his Lands and Seignories: when hee's return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will enforce his Tryall.
Carl. That honorable day ſhall ne're be ſeene.
Many a time hath baniſh'd *Norfolke* fought
For Ieſu Chriſt, in glorious Chriſtian field
Streaming the Enſigne of the Chriſtian Croſſe,
Againſt black Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens:
And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retyr'd himſelfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gaue
His Body to that pleaſant Countries Earth,
And his pure Soule vnto his Captaine Chriſt,
Vnder whoſe Colours he had fought ſo long.
Bull. Why Biſhop, is *Norfolke* dead?
Carl. As ſure as I liue, my Lord.
Bull. Sweet peace conduct his ſweet Soule
To the Boſome of good old *Abraham*.
Lords Appealants your differēces ſhal all reſt vnder gage,
Till we aſſigne you to your dayes of Tryall.
Enter Yorke.
Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaſter, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing Soule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds
To the poſſeſſion of thy Royall Hand.
Aſcend his Throne, deſcending now from him,
And long liue *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.
Bull. In Gods Name, Ile aſcend the Regall Throne.
Carl. Mary, Heauen forbid.
Worſt in this Royall Preſence may I ſpeake,
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeake the truth.
Would God, that any in this Noble Preſence
Were enough Noble, to be vpright Iudge
Of Noble *Richard*: then true Nobleneſſe would
Learne him forbearance from ſo foule a Wrong.
What Subiect can giue Sentence on his King?
And who ſits here, that is not *Richards* Subiect?
Theeues are not iudg'd, but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be ſeene in them:
And ſhall the figure of Gods Maieſtie,
His Captaine, Steward, Deputie elect,
Anoynted, Crown'd, planted many yeeres,
Be iudg'd by ſubiect, and inferior breathe,
And he himſelfe not preſent? Oh, forbid it, God,
That in a Chriſtian Climate, Soules refin'de
Should ſhew ſo heynous, black, obſcene a deed.
I ſpeake to Subiects, and a Subiect ſpeakes,
Stirr'd vp by Heauen, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,
Is a foule Traytor to prowd *Herefords* King.
And if you Crowne him, let me prophecie,
The blood of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground,
And future Ages groane for his foule Act.
Peace ſhall goe ſleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres
Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound.
Diſorder, Horror, Feare, and Mutinie
Shall here inhabite, and this Land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead mens Sculls.
Oh, if you reare this Houſe, againſt this Houſe
It will the wofulleſt Diuiſion proue,
That euer fell vpon this curſed Earth.
Preuent it, reſiſt it, and let it not be ſo,
Leaſt Child, Childs Children cry againſt you, Woe.
North. Well haue you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,
Of Capitall Treaſon we arreſt you here.
My Lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge,
To keepe him ſafely, till his day of Tryall.
May it pleaſe you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?
Bull. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may ſurrender: ſo we ſhall proceede
Without ſuſpition.
Yorke. I will be his Conduct. *Exit.*
Bull. Lords, you that here are vnder our Arreſt,
Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Anſwer:
Little are we beholding to your Loue,
And little look'd for at your helping Hands.

Enter Richard and Yorke.
Rich. Alack, why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I haue ſhooke off the Regall thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet haue learn'd
To inſinuate, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knee.
Giue Sorrow leaue a while, to tuture me
To this ſubmiſſion. Yet I well remember
The fauors of theſe men: were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, All hayle to me?
So *Iudas* did to Chriſt: but he in twelue,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelue thouſand, none.
God ſaue the King: will no man ſay, Amen?
Am I both Prieſt, and Clarke? well then, Amen.
God ſaue the King, although I be not hee:
And yet Amen, if Heauen doe thinke him mee.
To doe what ſeruice, am I ſent for hither?
Yorke. To doe that office of thine owne good will,
Which tyred Maieſtie did make thee offer:
The Reſignation of thy State and Crowne
To *Henry Bullingbrooke*.
Rich. Giue me the Crown. Here Couſin, ſeize ẏ Crown:
Here Couſin, on this ſide my Hand, on that ſide thine.
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier euer dancing in the ayre,
The other downe, vnſeene, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,
Drinking my Griefes, whil'ſt you mount vp on high.
Bull. I thought you had been willing to reſigne.
Rich. My Crowne I am, but ſtill my Griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depoſe,
But not my Griefes; ſtill am I King of thoſe.
Bull. Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crowne.
Rich. Your Cares ſet vp, do not pluck my Cares downe.
My Care, is loſſe of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:
The Cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,
They 'tend the Crowne, yet ſtill with me they ſtay:
Bull. Are you contented to reſigne the Crowne?

Rich. I,no; no,I: for I muſt nothing bee:
Therefore no,no, for I reſigne to thee.
Now, marke me how I will vndoe my ſelfe.
I giue this heauie Weight from off my Head,
And this vnwieldie Scepter from my Hand,
The pride of Kingly ſway from out my Heart.
With mine owne Teares I waſh away my Balme,
With mine owne Hands I giue away my Crowne,
With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State,
With mine owne Breath releaſe all dutious Oathes;
All Pompe and Maieſtie I doe forſweare:
My Manors,Rents,Reuenues,I forgoe;
My Acts,Decrees,and Statutes I denie:
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to mee,
God keepe all Vowes vnbroke are made to thee.
Make me,that nothing haue,with nothing grieu'd,
And thou with all pleas'd,that haſt all atchieu'd.
Long may'ſt thou liue in *Richards* Seat to ſit,
And ſoone lye *Richard* in an Earthie Pit.
God ſaue King *Henry*,vn-King'd *Richard* ſayes,
And ſend him many yeeres of Sunne-ſhine dayes.
What more remaines?
North. No more: but that you reade
Theſe Accuſations, and theſe grieuous Crymes,
Committed by your Perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the State,and Profit of this Land:
That by confeſſing them,the Soules of men
May deeme,that you are worthily depos'd.
Rich. Muſt I doe ſo? and muſt I rauell out
My weau'd-vp follyes? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy Offences were vpon Record,
Would it not ſhame thee,in ſo faire a troupe,
To reade a Lecture of them? If thou would'ſt,
There ſhould'ſt thou finde one heynous Article,
Contayning the depoſing of a King,
And cracking the ſtrong Warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a Blot,damn'd in the Booke of Heauen.
Nay,all of you,that ſtand and looke vpon me,
Whil'ſt that my wretchedneſſe doth bait my ſelfe,
Though ſome of you,with *Pilate*,waſh your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie: yet you *Pilates*
Haue here deliuer'd me to my ſowre Croſſe,
And Water cannot waſh away your ſinne.
North. My Lord diſpatch,reade o're theſe Articles.
Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Teares,I cannot ſee:
And yet ſalt-Water blindes them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of Traytors here.
Nay,if I turne mine Eyes vpon my ſelfe,
I finde my ſelfe a Traytor with the reſt:
For I haue giuen here my Soules conſent,
T'vndeck the pompous Body of a King;
Made Glory baſe; a Soueraigntie,a Slaue;
Prowd Maieſtie,a Subiect; State,a Peſant.
North. My Lord.
Rich. No Lord of thine,thou haught-inſulting man;
No,nor no mans Lord: I haue no Name,no Title;
No,not that Name was giuen me at the Font,
But 'tis vſurpt: alack the heauie day,
That I haue worne ſo many Winters out,
And know not now,what Name to call my ſelfe.
Oh,that I were a Mockerie,King of Snow,
Standing before the Sunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my ſelfe away in Water-drops.
Good King,great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be Sterling yet in England,
Let it command a Mirror hither ſtraight,
That it may ſhew me what a Face I haue,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Maieſtie.
Bull. Goe ſome of you,and fetch a Looking-Glaſſe.
North. Read o're this Paper,while ỹ Glaſſe doth come.
Rich. Fiend,thou torments me,ere I come to Hell.
Bull. Vrge it no more,my Lord *Northumberland.*
North. The Commons will not then be ſatisfy'd.
Rich. They ſhall be ſatisfy'd: Ile reade enough,
When I doe ſee the very Booke indeede,
Where all my ſinnes are writ,and that's my ſelfe.
Enter one with a Glaſſe.
Giue me that Glaſſe,and therein will I reade.
No deeper wrinckles yet? hath Sorrow ſtrucke
So many Blowes vpon this Face of mine,
And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flatt'ring Glaſſe,
Like to my followers in proſperitie,
Thou do'ſt beguile me. Was this Face,the Face
That euery day,vnder his Houſe-hold Roofe,
Did keepe ten thouſand men? Was this the Face,
That like the Sunne,did make beholders winke?
Is this the Face,which fac'd ſo many follyes,
That was at laſt out-fac'd by *Bullingbrooke*?
A brittle Glory ſhineth in this Face,
As brittle as the Glory,is the Face,
For there it is, crackt in an hundred ſhiuers.
Marke ſilent King,the Morall of this ſport,
How ſoone my Sorrow hath deſtroy'd my Face.
Bull. The ſhadow of your Sorrow hath deſtroy'd
The ſhadow of your Face.
Rich. Say that againe.
The ſhadow of my Sorrow: ha,let's ſee,
'Tis very true, my Griefe lyes all within,
And theſe externall manner of Laments,
Are meerely ſhadowes,to the vnſeene Griefe,
That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd Soule.
There lyes the ſubſtance: and I thanke thee King
For thy great bountie,that not onely giu'ſt
Me cauſe to wayle, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe. Ile begge one Boone,
And then be gone,and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtaine it?
Bull. Name it,faire Couſin.
Rich. Faire Couſin? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a King,my flatterers
Were then but ſubiects; being now a ſubiect,
I haue a King here to my flatterer:
Being ſo great,I haue no neede to begge.
Bull. Yet aske.
Rich. And ſhall I haue?
Bull. You ſhall.
Rich. Then giue me leaue to goe.
Bull. Whither?
Rich. Whither you will,ſo I were from your ſights.
Bull. Goe ſome of you,conuey him to the Tower.
Rich. Oh good: conuey: Conueyers are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.
Bull. On Wedneſday next,we ſolemnly ſet downe
Our Coronation: Lords,prepare your ſelues. *Exeunt.*
Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld.
Carl. The Woes to come,the Children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as ſharpe to them as Thorne.
Aum. You holy Clergie-men, is there no Plot
To rid the Realme of this pernicious Blot.
Abbot. Before I freely ſpeake my minde herein,
You ſhall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents,but alſo to effect

What euer I ſhall happen to deuiſe.
I ſee your Browes are full of Diſcontent,
Your Heart of Sorrow,and your Eyes of Teares.
Come home with me to Supper,Ile lay a Plot
Shall ſhew vs all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene,and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To *Iulius Caſars* ill-erected Tower:
To whoſe flint Boſome,my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Priſoner,by prowd *Bullingbrooke.*
Here let vs reſt,if this rebellious Earth
Haue any reſting for her true Kings Queene.
Enter Richard, and Guard.
But ſoft,but ſee, or rather doe not ſee,
My faire Roſe wither: yet looke vp; behold,
That you in pittie may diſſolue to dew,
And waſh him freſh againe with true-loue Teares.
Ah thou,the Modell where old Troy did ſtand,
Thou Mappe of Honor,thou King *Richards* Tombe,
And not King *Richard:* thou moſt beauteous Inne,
Why ſhould hard-fauor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-houſe Gueſt.
Rich. Ioyne not with griefe,faire Woman, do not ſo,
To make my end too ſudden: learne good Soule,
To thinke our former State a happie Dreame,
From which awak'd,the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this. I am ſworne Brother (Sweet)
To grim Neceſſitie; and hee and I
Will keepe a League till Death. High thee to France,
And Cloyſter thee in ſome Religious Houſe:
Our holy liues muſt winne a new Worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houres here haue ſtricken downe.
Qu. What,is my *Richard* both in ſhape and minde
Transform'd,and weaken'd? Hath *Bullingbrooke*
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath he beene in thy Heart?
The Lyon dying,thruſteth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth,if nothing elſe,with rage
To be o're-powr'd: and wilt thou,Pupill-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kiſſe the Rodde,
And fawne on Rage with baſe Humilitie,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beaſts?
Rich. A King of Beaſts indeed: if aught but Beaſts,
I had beene ſtill a happy King of Men.
Good (ſometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:
Thinke I am dead,and that euen here thou tak'ſt,
As from my Death-bed,my laſt liuing leaue.
In Winters tedious Nights ſit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales
Of wofull Ages,long agoe betide:
And ere thou bid good-night,to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their Beds:
For why? the ſenceleſſe Brands will ſympathize
The heauie accent of thy mouing Tongue,
And in compaſſion,weepe the fire out:
And ſome will mourne in aſhes,ſome coale-black,
For the depoſing of a rightfull King.
Enter Northumberland.
North. My Lord,the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is chang'd.
You muſt to Pomfret,not vnto the Tower.
And Madame,there is order ta'ne for you:
With all ſwift ſpeed,you muſt away to France.
Rich. *Northumberland*,thou Ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* aſcends my Throne,
The time ſhall not be many houres of age,
More then it is,ere foule ſinne, gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption: thou ſhalt thinke,
Though he diuide the Realme,and giue thee halfe,
It is too little,helping him to all:
He ſhall thinke, that thou which know'ſt the way
To plant vnrightfull Kings,wilt know againe,
Being ne're ſo little vrg'd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the vſurped Throne.
The Loue of wicked friends conuerts to Feare;
That Feare,to Hate; and Hate turnes one,or both,
To worthie Danger,and deſerued Death.
North. My guilt be on my Head,and there an end:
Take leaue,and part,for you muſt part forthwith.
Rich. Doubly diuorc'd? (bad men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage; 'twixt my Crowne,and me,
And then betwixt me,and my marryed Wife.
Let me vn-kiſſe the Oath 'twixt thee,and me;
And yet not ſo,for with a Kiſſe 'twas made.
Part vs,*Northumberland:* I,towards the North,
Where ſhiuering Cold and Sickneſſe pines the Clyme:
My Queene to France: from whence,ſet forth in pompe,
She came adorned hither like ſweet May;
Sent back like Hollowmas,or ſhort'ſt of day.
Qu. And muſt we be diuided? muſt we part?
Rich. I,hand from hand (my Loue) and heart frõ heart.
Qu. Baniſh vs both,and ſend the King with me.
North. That were ſome Loue,but little Pollicy.
Qu. Then whither he goes,thither let me goe.
Rich. So two together weeping,make one Woe.
Weepe thou for me in France; I,for thee heere:
Better farre off, then neere,be ne're the neere.
Goe,count thy Way with Sighes; I,mine with Groanes.
Qu. So longeſt Way ſhall haue the longeſt Moanes.
Rich. Twice for one ſtep Ile groane,ỹ Way being ſhort,
And peece the Way out with a heauie heart.
Come,come,in wooing Sorrow let's be briefe,
Since wedding it,there is ſuch length in Griefe:
One Kiſſe ſhall ſtop our mouthes, and dumbely part;
Thus giue I mine,and thus take I thy heart.
Qu. Giue me mine owne againe: 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe,and kill thy heart.
So,now I haue mine owne againe,be gone,
That I may ſtriue to kill it with a groane.
Rich. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the reſt,let Sorrow ſay. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Yorke,and his Ducheſſe.

Duch. My Lord,you told me you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you breake the ſtory off,
Of our two Couſins comming into London.
Yorke. Where did I leaue?
Duch. At that ſad ſtoppe,my Lord,
Where rude miſ-gouern'd hands, from Windowes tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on King *Richards* head.

Yorke. Then, as I ſaid, the Duke, great *Bullingbrooke*,
Mounted vpon a hot and fierie Steed,
Which his aſpiring Rider ſeem'd to know,
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe:
While all tongues cride, God ſaue thee *Bullingbrooke*.
You would haue thought the very windowes ſpake,
So many greedy lookes of yong and old,
Through Caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Vpon his viſage: and that all the walles,
With painted Imagery had ſaid at once,
Ieſu preſerue thee, welcom *Bullingbrooke*.
Whil'ſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke,
Beſpake them thus: I thanke you Countrimen:
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſt along.
Dutch. Alas poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilſt?
Yorke. As in a Theater, the eyes of men
After a well grac'd Actor leaues the Stage,
Are idlely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Euen ſo, or with much more contempt, mens eyes
Did ſcowle on *Richard*: no man cride, God ſaue him:
No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But duſt was throwne vpon his Sacred head,
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhooke off,
His face ſtill combating with teares and ſmiles
(The badges of his greefe and patience)
That had not God (for ſome ſtrong purpoſe) ſteel'd
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce haue melted,
And Barbariſme it ſelfe haue pittied him.
But heauen hath a hand in theſe euents,
To whoſe high will we bound our calme contents.
To *Bullingbrooke*, are we ſworne Subiects now,
Whoſe State, and Honor, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Heere comes my ſonne *Aumerle*.
Yor. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is loſt, for being *Richards* Friend.
And Madam, you muſt call him *Rutland* now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And laſting fealtie to the new-made King.
Dut. Welcome my ſonne: who are the Violets now,
That ſtrew the greene lap of the new-come Spring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God knowes, I had as liefe be none, as one.
Yorke. Well, beare you well in this new-ſpring of time
Leaſt you be cropt before you come to prime,
What newes from Oxford? Hold thoſe Iuſts & Triumphs?
Aum. For ought I know my Lord, they do.
Yorke. You will be there I know.
Aum. If God preuent not, I purpoſe ſo.
Yor. What Seale is that that hangs without thy boſom?
Yea, look'ſt thou pale? Let me ſee the Writing.
Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.
Yorke. No matter then who ſees it,
I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee the Writing.
Aum. I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of ſmall conſequence,
Which for ſome reaſons I would not haue ſeene.
Yorke. Which for ſome reaſons ſir, I meane to ſee:
I feare, I feare.
Dut. What ſhould you feare?
'Tis nothing but ſome bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparrell, againſt the Triumph.
Yorke. Bound to himſelfe? What doth he with a Bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole.
Boy, let me ſee the Writing.
Aum. I do beſeech you pardon me, I may not ſhew it.
Yor. I will be ſatisfied: let me ſee it I ſay. *Snatches it*
Treaſon, foule Treaſon, Villaine, Traitor, Slaue.
Dut. What's the matter, my Lord?
Yorke. Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horſe.
Heauen for his mercy: what treachery is heere?
Dut. Why, what is't my Lord?
Yorke. Giue me my boots, I ſay: Saddle my horſe:
Now by my Honor, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the Villaine.
Dut. What is the matter?
Yorke. Peace fooliſh Woman.
Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?
Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life muſt anſwer.
Dut. Thy life anſwer?

Enter Seruant with Boots.

Yor. Bring me my Boots, I will vnto the King.
Dut. Strike him *Aumerle*. Poore boy, yͧ art amaz'd,
Hence Villaine, neuer more come in my ſight.
Yor. Giue me my Boots, I ſay.
Dut. Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the Treſpaſſe of thine owne?
Haue we more Sonnes? Or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire Sonne from mine Age,
And rob me of a happy Mothers name?
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne?
Yor. Thou fond mad woman:
Wilt thou conceale this darke Conſpiracy?
A dozen of them heere haue tane the Sacrament,
And interchangeably ſet downe their hands
To kill the King at Oxford.
Dut. He ſhall be none:
Wee'l keepe him heere: then what is that to him?
Yor. Away fond woman: were hee twenty times my
Son, I would appeach him.
Dut. Hadſt thou groan'd for him as I haue done,
Thou wouldeſt be more pittifull:
But now I know thy minde; thou do'ſt ſuſpect
That I haue bene diſloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a Baſtard, not thy Sonne:
Sweet Yorke, ſweet husband, be not of that minde:
He is as like thee, as a man may bee,
Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,
And yet I loue him.
Yorke. Make way, vnruly Woman. *Exit*
Dut. After *Aumerle*. Mount thee vpon his horſe,
Spurre poſt, and get before him to the King,
And begge thy pardon, ere he do accuſe thee,
Ile not be long behind: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as Yorke:
And neuer will I riſe vp from the ground,
Till *Bullingbrooke* haue pardon'd thee: Away be gone. *Exit*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Percie, and other Lords.

Bul. Can no man tell of my vnthriftie Sonne?
'Tis full three monthes ſince I did ſee him laſt.
If any plague hang ouer vs, 'tis he,
I would to heauen (my Lords) he might be found:
Enquire at London, 'mongſt the Tauernes there:
For

For there (they ſay) he dayly doth frequent,
With vnreſtrained looſe Companions,
Euen ſuch (they ſay) as ſtand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our Watch, and beate our paſſengers,
Which he, yong wanton, and effeminate Boy
Takes on the point of Honor, to ſupport
So diſſolute a crew.
Per. My Lord, ſome two dayes ſince I ſaw the Prince,
And told him of theſe Triumphes held at Oxford.
Bul. And what ſaid the Gallant?
Per. His anſwer was: he would vnto the Stewes,
And from the common'ſt creature plucke a Gloue
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnhorſe the luſtieſt Challenger.
Bul. As diſſolute as deſp'rate, yet through both,
I ſee ſome ſparkes of better hope: which elder dayes
May happily bring forth. But who comes heere?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?
Bul. What meanes our Coſin, that hee ſtares
And lookes ſo wildely?
Aum. God ſaue your Grace. I do beſeech your Maieſty
To haue ſome conference with your Grace alone.
Bul. Withdraw your ſelues, and leaue vs here alone:
What is the matter with our Coſin now?
Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my roofe within my mouth,
Vnleſſe a Pardon, ere I riſe, or ſpeake.
Bul. Intended, or committed was this fault?
If on the firſt, how heynous ere it bee,
To win thy after loue, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then giue me leaue, that I may turne the key,
That no man enter, till my tale be done.
Bul. Haue thy deſire. *Yorke within.*
Yor. My Liege beware, looke to thy ſelfe,
Thou haſt a Traitor in thy preſence there.
Bul. Villaine, Ile make thee ſafe.
Aum. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou haſt no cauſe
to feare.
Yorke. Open the doore, ſecure foole-hardy King:
Shall I for loue ſpeake treaſon to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open.

Enter Yorke.

Bul. What is the matter (Vnkle) ſpeak, recouer breath,
Tell vs how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it.
Yor. Peruſe this writing heere, and thou ſhalt know
The reaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.
Aum. Remember as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt:
I do repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.
Yor. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did ſet it downe.
I tore it from the Traitors boſome, King.
Feare, and not Loue, begets his penitence;
Forget to pitty him, leaſt thy pitty proue
A Serpent, that will ſting thee to the heart.
Bul. Oh heinous, ſtrong, and bold Conſpiracie,
O loyall Father of a treacherous Sonne:
Thou ſheere, immaculate, and ſiluer fountaine,
From whence this ſtreame, through muddy paſſages
Hath had his current, and defil'd himſelfe.
Thy ouerflow of good, conuerts to bad,
And thy abundant goodneſſe ſhall excuſe
This deadly blot, in thy digreſſing ſonne.
Yorke. So ſhall my Vertue be his Vices bawd,
And he ſhall ſpend mine Honour, with his Shame;
As thriftleſſe Sonnes, their ſcraping Fathers Gold.
Mine honor liues, when his diſhonor dies,
Or my ſham'd life, in his diſhonor lies:
Thou kill'ſt me in his life, giuing him breath,
The Traitor liues, the true man's put to death.

Dutcheſſe within.

Dut. What hoa (my Liege) for heauens ſake let me in.
Bul. What ſhrill-voic'd Suppliant, makes this eager cry?
Dut. A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.
Speake with me, pitty me, open the dore,
A Begger begs, that neuer begg'd before.
Bul. Our Scene is alter'd from a ſerious thing,
And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King.
My dangerous Coſin, let your Mother in,
I know ſhe's come, to pray for your foule ſin.
Yorke. If thou do pardon, whoſoeuer pray,
More ſinnes for this forgiueneſſe, proſper may.
This feſter'd ioynt cut off, the reſt reſts ſound,
This let alone, will all the reſt confound.

Enter Dutcheſſe.

Dut. O King, beleeue not this hard-hearted man,
Loue, louing not it ſelfe, none other can.
Yor. Thou franticke woman, what doſt yͧ make here,
Shall thy old dugges, once more a Traitor reare?
Dut. Sweet Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.
Bul. Riſe vp good Aunt.
Dut. Not yet, I thee beſeech.
For euer will I kneele vpon my knees,
And neuer ſee day, that the happy ſees,
Till thou giue ioy: vntill thou bid me ioy,
By pardoning Rutland, my tranſgreſſing Boy.
Aum. Vnto my mothers prayres, I bend my knee.
Yorke. Againſt them both, my true ioynts bended be.
Dut. Pleades he in earneſt? Looke vpon his Face,
His eyes do drop no teares: his prayres are in ieſt:
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breſt.
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,
We pray with heart, and ſoule, and all beſide:
His weary ioynts would gladly riſe, I know,
Our knees ſhall kneele, till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of falſe hypocriſie,
Ours of true zeale, and deepe integritie:
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue
That mercy, which true prayers ought to haue.
Bul. Good Aunt ſtand vp.
Dut. Nay, do not ſay ſtand vp.
But Pardon firſt, and afterwards ſtand vp.
And if I were thy Nurſe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeach.
I neuer long'd to heare a word till now:
Say Pardon (King,) let pitty teach thee how.
The word is ſhort: but not ſo ſhort as ſweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's ſo meet.
Yorke. Speake it in French (King) ſay *Pardon'ne moy*.
Dut. Doſt thou teach pardon, Pardon to deſtroy?
Ah my ſowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That ſet's the word it ſelfe, againſt the word.
Speake Pardon, as 'tis currant in our Land,
The chopping French we do not vnderſtand.
Thine eye begins to ſpeake, ſet thy tongue there,
Or in thy pitteous heart, plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how our plaints and prayres do pearce,
Pitty may moue thee, Pardon to rehearſe.
Bul. Good Aunt, ſtand vp.
Dut. I do not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all the ſuite I haue in hand.
Bul.

Bul. I pardon him, as heauen ſhall pardon mee.
Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:
Yet am I ſicke for feare: Speake it againe,
Twice ſaying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.
Bul. I pardon him with all my hart.
Dut. A God on earth thou art.
Bul. But for our truſty brother-in-Law, the Abbot,
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dogge them at the heeles:
Good Vnckle helpe to order ſeuerall powres
To Oxford, or where ere theſe Traitors are:
They ſhall not liue within this world I ſweare,
But I will haue them, if I once know where.
Vnckle farewell, and Coſin adieu:
Your mother well hath praid, and proue you true.
Dut. Come my old ſon, I pray heauen make thee new. *Exeunt.*

Enter Exton and Seruants.

Ext. Didſt thou not marke the King what words hee ſpake?
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare:
Was it not ſo?
Ser. Thoſe were his very words.
Ex. Haue I no Friend? (quoth he:) he ſpake it twice,
And vrg'd it twice together, did he not?
Ser. He did.
Ex. And ſpeaking it, he wiſtly look'd on me,
As who ſhould ſay, I would thou wer't the man
That would diuorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pomfret: Come, let's goe;
I am the Kings Friend, and will rid his Foe. *Exit.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I haue bin ſtudying, how to compare
This Priſon where I liue, vnto the World:
And for becauſe the world is populous,
And heere is not a Creature, but my ſelfe,
I cannot do it: yet Ile hammer't out.
My Braine, Ile proue the Female to my Soule,
My Soule, the Father: and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill breeding Thoughts;
And theſe ſame Thoughts, people this Little World
In humors, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better ſort,
As thoughts of things Diuine, are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the Faith it ſelfe
Againſt the Faith: as thus: Come litle ones: & then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell
To thred the poſterne of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Vnlikely wonders; how theſe vaine weake nailes
May teare a paſſage through the Flinty ribbes
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon walles:
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themſelues,
That they are not the firſt of Fortunes ſlaues,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt. Like ſilly Beggars,
Who ſitting in the Stockes, refuge their ſhame
That many haue, and others muſt ſit there;
And in this Thought, they finde a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
Of ſuch as haue before indur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Priſon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King;
Then Treaſon makes me wiſh my ſelfe a Beggar,
And ſo I am. Then cruſhing penurie,
Perſwades me, I was better when a King:
Then am I king'd againe: and by and by,
Thinke that I am vn-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And ſtraight am nothing. But what ere I am, *Muſick*
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Muſicke do I heare?
Ha, ha? keepe time: How ſowre ſweet Muſicke is,
When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Muſicke of mens liues:
And heere haue I the daintineſſe of eare,
To heare time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring:
But for the Concord of my State and Time,
Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke.
I waſted Time, and now doth Time waſte me:
For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke;
My Thoughts, are minutes; and with Sighes they iarre,
Their watches on vnto mine eyes, the outward Watch,
Whereto my finger, like a Dialls point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from teares.
Now ſir, the ſound that tels what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, that ſtrike vpon my heart,
Which is the bell: ſo Sighes, and Teares, and Grones,
Shew Minutes, Houres, and Times: but my Time
Runs poaſting on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud ioy,
While I ſtand fooling heere, his iacke o'th'Clocke.
This Muſicke mads me, let it ſound no more,
For though it haue holpe madmen to their wits,
In me it ſeemes, it will make wiſe-men mad:
Yet bleſſing on his heart that giues it me;
For 'tis a ſigne of loue, and loue to *Richard*,
Is a ſtrange Brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groome.

Groo. Haile Royall Prince.
Rich. Thankes Noble Peere,
The cheapeſt of vs, is ten groates too deere.
What art thou? And how com'ſt thou hither?
Where no man euer comes, but that ſad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune liue?
Groo. I was a poore Groome of thy Stable (King)
When thou wer't King: who trauelling towards Yorke,
With much adoo, at length haue gotten leaue
To looke vpon my (ſometimes Royall) maſters face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London ſtreets, that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbary,
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid,
That horſe, that I ſo carefully haue dreſt.
Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend,
How went he vnder him?
Groo. So proudly, as if he had diſdain'd the ground.
Rich. So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe;
That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? Would he not fall downe
(Since Pride muſt haue a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vſurpe his backe?
Forgiueneſſe horſe: Why do I raile on thee,
Since thou created to be aw'd by man
Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horſe,

And yet I beare a burthen like an Aſſe,
Spur-gall'd, and tyr'd by iauncing *Bullingbrooke*.

Enter Keeper with a Diſh.

Keep. Fellow, giue place, heere is no longer ſtay.
Rich. If thou loue me, 'tis time thou wer't away.
Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart ſhall ſay. *Exit.*
Keep. My Lord, wil't pleaſe you to fall too?
Rich. Taſte of it firſt, as thou wer't wont to doo.
Keep. My Lord I dare not: Sir *Pierce* of Exton,
Who lately came from th'King, commands the contrary.
Rich. The diuell take *Henrie* of Lancaſter, and thee;
Patience is ſtale, and I am weary of it.
Keep. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Enter Exton and Seruants.

Ri. How now? what meanes Death in this rude aſſalt?
Villaine, thine owne hand yeelds thy deaths inſtrument,
Go thou and fill another roome in hell.

Exton ſtrikes him downe.

That hand ſhall burne in neuer-quenching fire,
That ſtaggers thus my perſon. *Exton*, thy fierce hand,
Hath with the Kings blood, ſtain'd the Kings own land.
Mount, mount my ſoule, thy ſeate is vp on high,
Whil'ſt my groſſe fleſh ſinkes downward, heere to dye.
Exton. As full of Valor, as of Royall blood,
Both haue I ſpilt: Oh would the deed were good.
For now the diuell, that told me I did well,
Sayes, that this deede is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the liuing King Ile beare,
Take hence the reſt, and giue them buriall heere. *Exit.*

Scœna Quinta.

Flouriſh. Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with other Lords & attendants.

Bul. Kinde Vnkle Yorke, the lateſt newes we heare,
Is that the Rebels haue conſum'd with fire
Our Towne of Ciceter in Glouceſterſhire,
But whether they be tane or ſlaine, we heare not.

Enter Northumberland.

Welcome my Lord: What is the newes?
Nor. Firſt to thy Sacred State, wiſh I all happineſſe:
The next newes is, I haue to London ſent
The heads of *Salsbury, Spencer, Blunt*, and *Kent*:
The manner of their taking may appeare
At large diſcourſed in this paper heere.
Bul. We thank thee gentle *Percy* for thy paines,
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter Fitz-waters.

Fitz. My Lord, I haue from Oxford ſent to London,
The heads of *Broccas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*,
Two of the dangerous conſorted Traitors,
That ſought at Oxford, thy dire ouerthrow.
Bul. Thy paines *Fitzwaters* ſhall not be forgot,
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter Percy and Carlile.

Per. The grand Conſpirator, Abbot of Weſtminſter,
With clog of Conſcience, and ſowre Melancholly,
Hath yeelded vp his body to the graue:
But heere is *Carlile*, liuing to abide
Thy Kingly doome, and ſentence of his pride.
Bul. *Carlile*, this is your doome:
Chooſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reuerend roome
More then thou haſt, and with it ioy thy life:
So as thou liu'ſt in peace, dye free from ſtrife:
For though mine enemy, thou haſt euer beene,
High ſparkes of Honor in thee haue I ſeene.

Enter Exton with a Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I preſent
Thy buried feare. Heerein all breathleſſe lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.
Bul. *Exton*, I thanke thee not, for thou haſt wrought
A deede of Slaughter, with thy fatall hand,
Vpon my head, and all this famous Land.
Ex. From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.
Bul. They loue not poyſon, that do poyſon neede,
Nor do I thee: though I did wiſh him dead,
I hate the Murtherer, loue him murthered.
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor Princely fauour.
With *Caine* go wander through the ſhade of night,
And neuer ſhew thy head by day, nor light.
Lords, I proteſt my ſoule is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come mourne with me, for that I do lament,
And put on ſullen Blacke incontinent:
Ile make a voyage to the Holy-land,
To waſh this blood off from my guilty hand.
March ſadly after, grace my mourning heere,
In weeping after this vntimely Beere. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Firſt Part of Henry the Fourth,
with the Life and Death of HENRY
Sirnamed HOT-SPVRRE.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, with others.

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Finde we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breath ſhortwinded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in Stronds a-farre remote:
No more the thirſty entrance of this Soile,
Shall daube her lippes with her owne childrens blood:
No more ſhall trenching Warre channell her fields,
Nor bruiſe her Flowrets with the Armed hoofes
Of hoſtile paces. Thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heauen,
All of one Nature, of one Subſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke,
And furious cloze of ciuill Butchery,
Shall now in mutuall well-beſeeming rankes
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Againſt Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his Maſter. Therefore Friends,
As farre as to the Sepulcher of Chriſt,
Whoſe Souldier now vnder whoſe bleſſed Croſſe
We are impreſſed and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of Engliſh ſhall we leuie,
Whoſe armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe,
To chace theſe Pagans in thoſe holy Fields,
Ouer whoſe Acres walk'd thoſe bleſſed feete
Which fourteene hundred yeares ago were nail'd
For our aduantage on the bitter Croſſe.
But this our purpoſe is a tweluemonth old,
And bootleſſe 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare
Of you my gentle Couſin Weſtmerland,
What yeſternight our Councell did decree,
In forwarding this deere expedience.
Weſt. My Liege: This haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the Charge ſet downe
But yeſternight: when all athwart there came
A Poſt from Wales, loaden with heauy Newes;
Whoſe worſt was, That the Noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of Herefordſhire to fight
Againſt the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welſhman taken,
And a thouſand of his people butchered:
Vpon whoſe dead corpes there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly, ſhameleſſe transformation,
By thoſe Welſhwomen done, as may not be
(Without much ſhame) re-told or ſpoken of.
King. It ſeemes then, that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our buſineſſe for the Holy land.
Weſt. This matcht with other like, my gracious Lord,
Farre more vneuen and vnwelcome Newes
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotſpurre* there,
Young *Harry Percy*, and braue *Archibald*,
That euer-valiant and approoued Scot,
At *Holmeden* met, where they did ſpend
A ſad and bloody houre:
As by diſcharge of their Artillerie,
And ſhape of likely-hood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take horſe,
Vncertaine of the iſſue any way.
King. Heere is a deere and true induſtrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horſe,
Strain'd with the variation of each ſoyle,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought vs ſmooth and welcomes newes,
The Earle of *Dowglas* is diſcomfited,
Ten thouſand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir *Walter* ſee
On *Holmedons* Plaines. Of Priſoners, *Hotſpurre* tooke
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldeſt ſonne
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earle of *Atholl*,
Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an honourable ſpoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha Coſin, is it not? Infaith it is.
Weſt. A Conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.
King. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, & mak'ſt me ſin,
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the Father of ſo bleſt a Sonne:
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue;
Among'ſt a Groue, the very ſtraighteſt Plant,
Who is ſweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:
Whil'ſt I by looking on the praiſe of him,
See Ryot and Diſhonor ſtaine the brow
Of my yong *Harry*. O that it could be prou'd,
That ſome Night-tripping-Faiery, had exchang'd
In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*:

Then

Then would I haue his *Harry*, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you Coze
Of this young *Percies* pride? The Priſoners
Which he in this aduenture hath ſurpriz'd,
To his owne vſe he keepes, and ſends me word
I ſhall haue none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.
Weſt. This is his Vnckles teaching. This is Worceſter
Maleuolent to you in all Aſpects:
Which makes him prune himſelfe, and briſtle vp
The creſt of Youth againſt your Dignity.
King. But I haue ſent for him to anſwer this:
And for this cauſe a-while we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to Ieruſalem.
Coſin, on Wedneſday next, our Councell we will hold
At Windſor, and ſo informe the Lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to vs againe,
For more is to be ſaid, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.
Weſt. I will my Liege. *Exeunt*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir Iohn Falſtaffe, and Pointz.

Fal. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it Lad?

Prince Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of olde Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after Supper, and ſleeping vpon Benches in the afternoone, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldeſt truly know. What a diuell haſt thou to do with the time of the day? vnleſſe houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons, and clockes the tongues of Bawdes, and dialls the ſignes of Leaping-houſes, and the bleſſed Sunne himſelfe a faire hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffata; I ſee no reaſon, why thou ſhouldeſt bee ſo ſuperfluous, to demaund the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come neere me now *Hal*, for we that take Purſes, go by the Moone and ſeuen Starres, and not by Phœbus hee, that wand'ring Knight ſo faire. And I prythee ſweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God ſaue thy Grace, Maieſty I ſhould ſay, for Grace thou wilte haue none.

Prin What, none?

Fal. No, not ſo much as will ſerue to be Prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prin. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal Marry then, ſweet Wagge, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the Nights bodie, bee call'd Theeues of the Dayes beautie. Let vs be *Dianaes* Forreſters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone; and let men ſay, we be men of good Gouernment, being gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble and chaſt miſtris the Moone, vnder whoſe countenance we ſteale.

Prin. Thou ſay'ſt well, and it holds well too: for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doeth ebbe and flow like the Sea, beeing gouerned as the Sea is, by the Moone: as for proofe. Now a Purſe of Gold moſt reſolutely ſnatch'd on Monday night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday Morning; got with ſwearing, Lay by: and ſpent with crying, Bring in: now, in as low an ebbe as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

Fal. Thou ſay'ſt true Lad: and is not my Hoſteſſe of the Tauerne a moſt ſweet Wench?

Prin. As is the hony, my old Lad of the Caſtle: and is not a Buffe Ierkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now? how now mad Wagge? What in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe with a Buffe-Ierkin?

Prin. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hoſteſſe of the Tauerne?

Fal. Well, thou haſt call'd her to a reck'ning many a time and oft.

Prin. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou haſt paid al there.

Prin. Yea and elſewhere, ſo farre as my Coine would ſtretch, and where it would not, I haue vs'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and ſo vs'd it, that were it heere apparant, that thou art Heire apparant. But I prythee ſweet Wag, ſhall there be Gallowes ſtanding in England when thou art King? and reſolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ruſtie curbe of old Father Anticke the Law? Doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.

Prin. No, thou ſhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! Ile be a braue Iudge.

Prin. Thou iudgeſt falſe already. I meane, thou ſhalt haue the hanging of the Theeues, and ſo become a rare Hangman.

Fal. Well *Hal*, well: and in ſome ſort it iumpes with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prin. For obtaining of ſuites?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of ſuites, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Beare.

Prin. Or an old Lyon, or a Louers Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnſhire Bagpipe.

Prin. What ſay'ſt thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly of Moore-Ditch?

Fal. Thou haſt the moſt vnſauoury ſmiles, and art indeed the moſt comparatiue raſcalleſt ſweet yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names were to be bought: an olde Lord of the Councell rated me the other day in the ſtreet about you ſir; but I mark'd him not, and yet hee talk'd very wiſely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

Prin. Thou didſt well: for no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeede able to corrupt a Saint. Thou haſt done much harme vnto me *Hall*, God forgiue thee for it. Before I knew thee *Hal*, I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man ſhold ſpeake truly) little better then one of the wicked. I muſt giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: and I do not, I am a Villaine. Ile be damn'd for neuer a Kings ſonne in Chriſtendome.

Prin. Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow, Iacke?

Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, Ile make one: and I doe not, call me Villaine, and baffle me.

Prin. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee: From Praying, to Purſe-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, 'tis my Vocation *Hal*: 'Tis no ſin for a man to labour in his Vocation.

Pointz. Now ſhall wee know if Gads hill haue ſet a Watch. O, if men were to be ſaued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the moſt omnipotent Villaine, that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow *Ned*.

Pointz.

Poines. Good morrow ſweet *Hal.* What ſaies Monſieur Remorſe ? What ſayes Sir Iohn Sacke and Sugar : Iacke ? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy Soule, that thou ſoldeſt him on Good-Friday laſt, for a Cup of Madera, and a cold Capons legge ?

Prin. Sir Iohn ſtands to his word, the diuel ſhall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a Breaker of Prouerbs: *He will giue the diuell his due.*

Poin. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prin. Elſe he had damn'd for cozening the diuell.

Poy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to London with fat Purſes. I haue vizards for you all ; you haue horſes for your ſelues : Gads-hill lyes to night in Rocheſter, I haue beſpoke Supper to morrow in Eaſtcheape ; we may doe it as ſecure as ſleepe: if you will go, I will ſtuffe your Purſes full of Crownes : if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Fal. *Hal,* wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a Theefe? Not I.

Fal. There's neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cam'ſt not of the blood-royall, if thou dar'ſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prin. Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well ſaid.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Fal. Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poyn. Sir *Iohn,* I prythee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe ſuch reaſons for this aduenture, that he ſhall go.

Fal. Well, maiſt thou haue the Spirit of perſwaſion ; and he the eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt, may moue ; and what he heares may be beleeued, that the true Prince, may (for recreation ſake) proue a falſe theefe ; for the poore abuſes of the time, want countenance. Farwell, you ſhall finde me in Eaſtcheape.

Prin. Farwell the latter Spring. Farewell Alhollown Summer.

Poy. Now, my good ſweet Hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a ieſt to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. *Falſtaffe, Haruey, Roſſill,* and *Gads-hill,* ſhall robbe thoſe men that wee haue already way-layde, your ſelfe and I, wil not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my ſhoulders.

Prin. But how ſhal we part with them in ſetting forth?

Poyn. Why, we wil ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherin it is at our pleaſure to faile ; and then will they aduenture vppon the exploit themſelues, which they ſhall haue no ſooner atchieued, but wee'l ſet vpon them.

Prin. I, but tis like that they will know vs by our horſes, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our ſelues.

Poy. Tut our horſes they ſhall not ſee, Ile tye them in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leaue them : and ſirrah, I haue Caſes of Buckram for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Poin. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred Cowards as euer turn'd backe: and for the third if he fight longer then he ſees reaſon, Ile forſwear Armes. The vertue of this Ieſt will be, the incomprehenſible lyes that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper: how thirty at leaſt he fought with, what Wardes, what blowes, what extremities he endured; and in the reproofe of this, lyes the ieſt.

Prin. Well, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs all things neceſſary, and meete me to morrow night in Eaſtcheape, there Ile ſup. Farewell.

Poyn. Farewell, my Lord. *Exit Pointz.*

Prin. I know you all, and will a-while vphold
The vnyoak'd humor of your idleneſſe :
Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious cloudes
To ſmother vp his Beauty from the world,
That when he pleaſe againe to be himſelfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foule and vgly miſts
Of vapours, that did ſeeme to ſtrangle him.
If all the yeare were playing holidaies,
To ſport, would be as tedious as to worke ;
But when they ſeldome come, they wiſht-for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents.
So when this looſe behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promiſed ;
By how much better then my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie mens hopes,
And like bright Mettall on a ſullen ground :
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no ſoyle to ſet it off.
Ile ſo offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke leaſt I will.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpurre, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate,
Vnapt to ſtirre at theſe indignities,
And you haue found me ; for accordingly,
You tread vpon my patience : But be ſure,
I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition
Which hath beene ſmooth as Oyle, ſoft as yong Downe,
And therefore loſt that Title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoule ne're payes, but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe (my Soueraigne Liege) little deſerues
The ſcourge of greatneſſe to be vſed on it,
And that ſame greatneſſe too, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make ſo portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worceſter get thee gone : for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye.
O ſir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory,
And Maieſtie might neuer yet endure
The moody Frontier of a ſeruant brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs. When we need
Your vſe and counſell, we ſhall ſend for you.
You were about to ſpeake.

North. Yea, my good Lord.
Thoſe Priſoners in your Highneſſe demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* heere at *Holmedon* tooke,
Were (as he ſayes) not with ſuch ſtrength denied
As was deliuered to your Maieſty :
Who either through enuy, or miſpriſion,
Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne.

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Priſoners.
But, I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extreame Toyle,
Breathleſſe, and Faint, leaning vpon my Sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly dreſt;
Freſh as a Bride-groome, and his Chin new reapt,
Shew'd like a ſtubble Land at Harueſt home.
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumbe, he held
A Pouncet-box : which euer and anon
He gaue his Noſe, and took't away againe :
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in Snuffe. And ſtill he ſmil'd and talk'd :
And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them vntaught Knaues, Vnmannerly,
To bring a ſlouenly vnhandſome Coarſe
Betwixt the Winde, and his Nobility.
With many Holiday and Lady tearme
He queſtion'd me : Among the reſt, demanded
My Priſoners, in your Maieſties behalfe.
I then, all-ſmarting, with my wounds being cold,
(To be ſo peſtered with a Popingay)
Out of my Greefe, and my Impatience,
Anſwer'd (neglectingly) I know not what,
He ſhould, or ſhould not : For he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briske, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talke ſo like a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds: God ſaue the marke ;
And telling me, the Soueraign'ſt thing on earth
Was Parmacity, for an inward bruiſe :
And that it was great pitty, ſo it was,
That villanous Salt-peter ſhould be digg'd
Out of the Bowels of the harmleſſe Earth,
Which many a good Tall Fellow had deſtroy'd
So Cowardly. And but for theſe vile Gunnes,
He would himſelfe haue beene a Souldier.
This bald, vnioynted Chat of his (my Lord)
Made me to anſwer indirectly (as I ſaid.)
And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an Accuſation,
Betwixt my Loue, and your high Maieſty.

Blunt. The circumſtance conſidered, good my Lord,
What euer *Harry Percie* then had ſaid,
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably dye, and neuer riſe
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he vnſay it now.

King. Why yet doth deny his Priſoners,
But with Prouiſo and Exception,
That we at our owne charge, ſhall ranſome ſtraight
His Brother-in-Law, the fooliſh *Mortimer,*
Who (in my ſoule) hath wilfully betraid
The liues of thoſe, that he did leade to Fight,
Againſt the great Magitian, damn'd *Glendower* :
Whoſe daughter (as we heare) the Earle of March
Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then,
Be emptied, to redeeme a Traitor home ?
Shall we buy Treaſon ? and indent with Feares,
When they haue loſt and forfeyted themſelues.
No : on the barren Mountaine let him ſterue :
For I ſhall neuer hold that man my Friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aske me for one peny coſt
To ranſome home reuolted *Mortimer.*

Hot. Reuolted *Mortimer?*
He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of Warre : to proue that true,
Needs no more but one tongue. For all thoſe Wounds,
Thoſe mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle Seuernes ſiedgie banke,
In ſingle Oppoſition hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower* :
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink
Vpon agreement, of ſwift Seuernes flood ;
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,
Ran fearefully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his criſpe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-ſtained with theſe Valiant Combatants.
Neuer did baſe and rotten Policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds ;
Nor neuer could the Noble *Mortimer*
Receiue ſo many, and all willingly :
Then let him not be ſland'red with Reuolt.

King. Thou do'ſt bely him *Percy,* thou doſt bely him;
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower* :
I tell thee, he durſt as well haue met the diuell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd? But Sirrah, henceforth
Let me not heare you ſpeake of *Mortimer.*
Send me your Priſoners with the ſpeedieſt meanes,
Or you ſhall heare in ſuch a kinde from me
As will diſpleaſe ye. My Lord *Northumberland,*
We Licenſe your departure with your ſonne,
Send vs your Priſoners, or you'l heare of it. *Exit King.*

Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them
I will not ſend them. I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo : for I will eaſe my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.

Nor. What? drunke with choller? ſtay & pauſe awhile,
Heere comes your Vnckle. *Enter Worceſter.*

Hot. Speake of *Mortimer?*
Yes, I will ſpeake of him, and let my ſoule
Want mercy, if I do not ioyne with him.
In his behalfe, Ile empty all theſe Veines,
And ſhed my deere blood drop by drop i'th duſt,
But I will lift the downfall *Mortimer*
As high i'th Ayre, as this Vnthankfull King,
As this Ingrate and Cankred *Bullingbrooke.*

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad

Wor. Who ſtrooke this heate vp after I was gone ?

Hot. He will (forſooth) haue all my Priſoners :
And when I vrg'd the ranſom once againe
Of my Wiues Brother, then his cheeke look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer.*

Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?

Nor. He was: I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the vnhappy King
(Whoſe wrongs in vs God pardon) did ſet forth
Vpon his Iriſh Expedition :
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd, and ſhortly murthered.

Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Liue ſcandaliz'd, and fouly ſpoken of.

Hot. But ſoft I pray you; did King *Richard* then
Proclaime my brother *Mortimer*,
Heyre to the Crowne?
Nor. He did, my ſelfe did heare it.
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Couſin King,
That wiſh'd him on the barren Mountaines ſtaru'd.
But ſhall it be, that you that ſet the Crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his ſake, wore the deteſted blot
Of murtherous ſubornation? Shall it be,
That you a world of curſes vndergoe,
Being the Agents, or baſe ſecond meanes,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
O pardon, if that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range vnder this ſubtill King.
Shall it for ſhame, be ſpoken in theſe dayes,
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an vniuſt behalfe
(As Both of you, God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe *Richard*, that ſweet louely Roſe,
And plant this Thorne, this Canker *Bullingbrooke*?
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhooke off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye vnderwent?
No: yet time ſerues, wherein you may redeeme
Your baniſh'd Honors, and reſtore your ſelues
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.
Reuenge the geering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwer all the Debt he owes vnto you,
Euen with the bloody Payment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay———
Wor. Peace Couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will vnclaspe a Secret booke,
And to your quicke conceyuing Diſcontents,
Ile reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenturous Spirit,
As to o're-walke a Current, roaring loud
On the vnſtedfaſt footing of a Speare.
Hot. If he fall in, good night, or ſinke or ſwimme:
Send danger from the Eaſt vnto the Weſt,
So Honor croſſe it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The blood more ſtirres
To rowze a Lyon, then to ſtart a Hare.
Nor. Imagination of ſome great exploit,
Driues him beyond the bounds of Patience.
Hot. By heauen, me thinkes it were an eaſie leap,
To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where Fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned Honor by the Lockes:
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without Co-riuall, all her Dignities:
But out vpon this halfe-fac'd Fellowſhip.
Wor. He apprehends a World of Figures here,
But not the forme of what he ſhould attend:
Good Couſin giue me audience for a-while,
And liſt to me.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Thoſe ſame Noble Scottes
That are your Priſoners.
Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By heauen, he ſhall not haue a Scot of them:
No, if a Scot would ſaue his Soule, he ſhall not.
Ile keepe them, by this Hand.
Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no eare vnto my purpoſes.
Thoſe Priſoners you ſhall keepe.
Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He ſaid, he would not ranſome *Mortimer*:
Forbad my tongue to ſpeake of *Mortimer*.
But I will finde him when he lyes aſleepe,
And in his eare, Ile holla *Mortimer*.
Nay, Ile haue a Starling ſhall be taught to ſpeake
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger ſtill in motion.
Wor. Heare you Couſin: a word.
Hot. All ſtudies heere I ſolemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*,
And that ſame Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales.
But that I thinke his Father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance,
I would haue poyſon'd him with a pot of Ale.
Wor. Farewell Kinſman: Ile talke to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.
Nor. Why what a Waſpe-tongu'd & impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this Womans mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?
Hot. Why look you, I am whipt & ſcourg'd with rods,
Netled, and ſtung with Piſmires, when I heare
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbrooke*.
In *Richards* time: What de'ye call the place?
A plague vpon't, it is in Glouſterſhire:
'Twas, where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept,
His Vncle Yorke, where I firſt bow'd my knee
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke*:
When you and he came backe from Rauenſpurgh.
Nor. At Barkley Caſtle.
Hot. You ſay true:
Why what a caudie deale of curteſie,
This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me,
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kinde Couſin:
O, the Diuell take ſuch Couzeners, God forgiue me,
Good Vncle tell your tale, for I haue done.
Wor. Nay, if you haue not, too't againe,
Wee'l ſtay your leyſure.
Hot. I haue done inſooth.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh Priſoners.
Deliuer them vp without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the *Dowglas* ſonne your onely meane
For powres in Scotland: which for diuers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd
Will eaſily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Sonne in Scotland being thus impl y'd,
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creepe
Of that ſame noble Prelate, well belou'd,
The Archbiſhop.
Hot. Of Yorke, is't not?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His Brothers death at *Briſtow*, the Lord *Scroope*.
I ſpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet downe,
And onely ſtayes but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it:
Vpon my life, it will do wond'rous well.
Nor. Before the game's a-foot, thou ſtill let'ſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chooſe but be a Noble plot,

And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, Ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hot. Infaith it is exceedingly well aym'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reaſon bids vs ſpeed,
To ſaue our heads, by raiſing of a Head:
For, beare our ſelues as euen as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke, we thinke our ſelues vnſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already, how he doth beginne
To make vs ſtrengers to his lookes of loue.
Hot. He does, he does; wee'l be reueng'd on him.
Wor. Couſin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters ſhall direct your courſe
When time is ripe, which will be ſodainly:
Ile ſteale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Dowglas*, and our powres at once,
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne ſtrong armes,
Which now we hold at much vncertainty.
Nor. Farewell good Brother, we ſhall thriue, I truſt.
Hot. Vncle, adieu: O let the houres be ſhort,
Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our ſport. *exit*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1.Car. Heigh-ho, an't be not foure by the day, Ile be hang'd. *Charles waine* is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horſe not packt. What Oſtler?

Oſt. Anon, anon.

1.Car. I prethee Tom, beate Cuts Saddle, put a few Flockes in the point: the poore Iade is wrung in the withers, out of all ceſſe.

Enter another Carrier.

2.Car. Peaſe and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog, and this is the next way to giue poore Iades the Bottes: This houſe is turned vpſide downe ſince *Robin* the Oſtler dyed.

1.Car. Poore fellow neuer ioy'd ſince the price of oats roſe, it was the death of him.

2. Car. I thinke this is the moſt villanous houſe in al London rode for Fleas: I am ſtung like a Tench.

1.Car. Like a Tench? There is ne're a King in Chriſtendome, could be better bit, then I haue beene ſince the firſt Cocke.

2.Car. Why, you will allow vs ne're a Iourden, and then we leake in your Chimney: and your Chamber-lye breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1.Car. What Oſtler, come away, and be hangd: come away.

2.Car. I haue a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be deliuered as farre as Charing-croſſe.

1.Car. The Turkies in my Pannier are quite ſtarued. What Oſtler? A plague on thee, haſt thou neuer an eye in thy head? Can'ſt not heare? And t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Villaine. Come and be hang'd, haſt no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to ſee my Gelding in the ſtable.

1.Car. Nay ſoft I pray ye, I know a trick worth two of that.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2.Car. I, when, canſt tell? Lend mee thy Lanthorne (quoth-a) marry Ile ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Gad. Sirra Carrier: What time do you mean to come to London?

2.Car. Time enough to goe to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour *Mugges*, wee'll call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge. *Exeunt*

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purſe.

Gad. That's euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: For thou varieſt no more from picking of Purſes, then giuing direction, doth from labouring. Thou lay'ſt the plot, how.

Cham. Good morrow Maſter *Gads-Hill*, it holds currant that I told you yeſternight. There's a Franklin in the wilde of Kent, hath brought three hundred Markes with him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at Supper; a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too (God knowes what) they are vp already, and call for Egges and Butter. They will away preſently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meete not with S. Nicholas Clarks, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it: I prythee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worſhipſt S. Nicholas as truly as a man of falſhood may.

Gad. What talkeſt thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, Ile make a fat payre of Gallowes. For, if I hang, old Sir *Iohn* hangs with mee, and thou know'ſt hee's no Starueling. Tut, there are other Troians that yͧ dream'ſt not of, the which (for ſport ſake) are content to doe the Profeſſion ſome grace; that would (if matters ſhould bee look'd into) for their owne Credit ſake, make all Whole. I am ioyned with no Foot-land-Rakers, no Long-ſtaffe ſix-penny ſtrikers, none of theſe mad Muſtachio-purple-hu'd-Maltwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquilitie; Bourgomaſters, and great Oneyers, ſuch as can holde in, ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner then ſpeake; and ſpeake ſooner then drinke, and drinke ſooner then pray: and yet I lye, for they pray continually vnto their Saint the Commonwealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but prey on her: for they ride vp & downe on her, and make hir their Boots.

Cham. What, the Commonwealth their Bootes? Will ſhe hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, ſhe will; Iuſtice hath liquor'd her. We ſteale as in a Caſtle, cockſure: we haue the receit of Fernſeede, we walke inuiſible.

Cham. Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then to the Fernſeed, for your walking inuiſible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand.
Thou ſhalt haue a ſhare in our purpoſe,
As I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let mee haue it, as you are a falſe Theefe.

Gad. Goe too: *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the Oſtler bring the Gelding out of the ſtable. Farewell, ye muddy Knaue. *Exeunt*.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto.

Poines. Come ſhelter, ſhelter, I haue remoued *Falſtafs* Horſe, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

Prin. Stand cloſe.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Fal. Poines, Poines, and be hang'd *Poines.*

Prin. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Raſcall, what a brawling doſt thou keepe.

Fal. What *Poines. Hal?*

Prin. He is walk'd vp to the top of the hill, Ile go ſeek him.

Fal. I am accurſt to rob in that Theefe company: that Raſcall hath remoued my Horſe, and tied him I know not where. If I trauell but foure foot by the ſquire further a foote, I ſhall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I ſcape hanging for killing that Rogue, I haue forſworne his company hourely any time this two and twenty yeare, & yet I am bewitcht with the Rogues company. If the Raſcall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hang'd; it could not be elſe: I haue drunke Medicines. *Poines, Hal,* a Plague vpon you both. *Bardolph, Peto*: Ile ſtarue ere I rob a foote further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to drinke, to turne True-man, and to leaue theſe Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of vneuen ground, is threeſcore & ten miles afoot with me: and the ſtony-hearted Villaines knowe it well enough. A plague vpon't, when Theeues cannot be true one to another. *They Whiſtle.*
Whew: a plague light vpon you all. Giue my Horſe you Rogues: giue me my Horſe, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Fal. Haue you any Leauers to lift me vp again being downe? Ile not beare mine owne fleſh ſo far afoot again, for all the coine in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou ly'ſt, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Fal. I prethee good Prince *Hal,* help me to my horſe, good Kings ſonne.

Prin. Out you Rogue, ſhall I be your Oſtler?

Fal. Go hang thy ſelfe in thine owne heire-apparant-Garters: If I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sacke be my poyſon: when a ieſt is ſo forward, & a foote too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I do againſt my will.

Poin. O 'tis our Setter, I know his voyce: *Bardolfe,* what newes?

Bar. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your Vizards, there's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fal. You lie you rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tauern.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

Prin. You foure ſhall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned* and I, will walke lower; if they ſcape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob vs?

Prin. What, a Coward Sir *Iohn* Paunch?

Fal. Indeed I am not *Iohn of Gaunt* your Grandfather; but yet no Coward, *Hal.*

Prin. Wee'l leaue that to the proofe.

Poin. Sirra Iacke, thy horſe ſtands behinde the hedg, when thou need'ſt him, there thou ſhalt finde him. Farewell, and ſtand faſt.

Fal. Now cannot I ſtrike him, if I ſhould be hang'd.

Prin. Ned, where are our diſguiſes?

Poin. Heere hard by: Stand cloſe.

Fal. Now my Maſters, happy man be his dole, ſay I: euery man to his buſineſſe.

Enter Trauellers.

Tra. Come Neighbor: the boy ſhall leade our Horſes downe the hill: Wee'l walke a-foot a while, and eaſe our Legges.

Theeues. Stay.

Tra. Ieſu bleſſe vs.

Fal. Strike: down with them, cut the villains throats; a whorſon Caterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaues, they hate vs youth; downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are you vndone? No ye Fat Chuffes, I would your ſtore were heere. On Bacons, on, what ye knaues? Yong men muſt liue, you are Grand Iurers, are ye? Wee'l iure ye ifaith.

Heere they rob them, and binde them. Enter the Prince and Poines.

Prin. The Theeues haue bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Theeues, and go merily to London, it would be argument for a Weeke, Laughter for a Moneth, and a good ieſt for euer.

Poynes. Stand cloſe, I heare them comming.

Enter Theeues againe.

Fal. Come my Maſters, let vs ſhare, and then to horſſe before day: and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arrand Cowards, there's no equity ſtirring. There's no moe valour in that Poynes, than in a wilde Ducke.

Prin. Your money.

Poin. Villaines.

As they are ſharing, the Prince *and* Poynes *ſet vpon them. They all run away, leauing the booty behind them.*

Prince. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to Horſe: The Theeues are ſcattred, and poſſeſt with fear ſo strongly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow for an Officer. Away good *Ned, Falſtaffe* ſweates to death, and Lards the leane earth as he walkes along: wer't not for laughing, I ſhould pitty him.

Poin. How the Rogue roar'd. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Hotſpurre ſolus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could bee well contented to be there, in reſpect of the loue I beare your houſe.

He could be contented: Why is he not then? in reſpect of the loue he beares our houſe. He ſhewes in this, he loues his owne Barne better then he loues our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more. *The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous.* Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Colde, to ſleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. *The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous, the Friends you haue named vncertaine, the Time it ſelfe vnſorted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize of ſo great an Oppoſition.* Say you ſo, ſay you ſo: I ſay vnto you againe, you are a ſhallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lacke-braine is this? I proteſt, our plot is as good a plot as euer was laid; our Friend true and conſtant: A good Plotte, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Froſty-ſpirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall courſe of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Raſcall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vnckle, and my Selfe, Lord *Edmund Mortimer,* my Lord of *Yorke,* and *Owen Glendour?* Is there not beſides, the *Dowglas*? Haue I not all their letters, to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Moneth? and are they not ſome of them ſet forward already? What a Pagan Raſcall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you ſhall ſee now in very ſincerity of Feare and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my ſelfe, and go to buffets, for mouing ſuch a diſh of skim'd Milk with ſo honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will ſet forwards to night.

Enter his Lady.

How now Kate, I muſt leaue you within theſe two hours.

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight bin
A baniſh'd woman from my *Harries* bed?
Tell me (ſweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomacke, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleepe?
Why doſt thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?
And ſtart ſo often when thou ſitt'ſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blood in thy cheekes?
And giuen my Treaſures and my rights of thee,
To thicke-ey'd muſing, and curſt melancholly?
In my faint-ſlumbers, I by thee haue watcht,
And heard thee murmore tales of Iron Warres:
Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry courage to the field. And thou haſt talk'd
Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents,
Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets,
Of Baſiliskes, of Canon, Culuerin,
Of Priſoners ranſome, and of Souldiers ſlaine,
And all the current of a headdy fight.
Thy ſpirit within thee hath beene ſo at Warre,
And thus hath ſo beſtirr'd thee in thy ſleepe,
That beds of ſweate hath ſtood vpon thy Brow,
Like bubbles in a late-diſturbed Streame;
And in thy face ſtrange motions haue appear'd,
Such as we ſee when men reſtraine their breath
On ſome great ſodaine haſt. O what portents are theſe?
Some heauie buſineſſe hath my Lord in hand,
And I muſt know it: elſe he loues me not.

Hot. What ho; Is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agone.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought thoſe horſes frō the Sheriffe?

Ser. One horſe, my Lord, he brought euen now.

Hot. What Horſe? A Roane, a crop eare, is it not.

Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roane ſhall be my Throne. Well, I will backe him ſtraight. *Eſperance,* bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Parke.

La. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What ſay'ſt thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horſe (my Loue) my horſe.

La. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazell hath not ſuch a deale of Spleene, as you are toſt with. In ſooth Ile know your buſineſſe *Harry,* that I will. I feare my Brother *Mortimer* doth ſtirre about his Title, and hath ſent for you to line his enterprize. But if you go——

Hot. So farre a foot, I ſhall be weary, Loue.

La. Come, come, you Paraquito, anſwer me directly vnto this queſtion, that I ſhall aske. Indeede Ile breake thy little finger *Harry,* if thou wilt not tel me true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler: Loue, I loue thee not,
I care not for thee *Kate*: this is no world
To play with Mammets, and to tilt with lips.
We muſt haue bloodie Noſes, and crack'd Crownes,
And paſſe them currant too. Gods me, my horſe.
What ſay'ſt thou *Kate*? what wold'ſt thou haue with me?

La. Do ye not loue me? Do ye not indeed?
Well, do not then. For ſince you loue me not,
I will not loue my ſelfe. Do you not loue me?
Nay, tell me if thou ſpeak'ſt in ieſt, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſebacke, I will ſweare
I loue thee infinitely. But hearke you *Kate,*
I muſt not haue you henceforth, queſtion me,
Whether I go: nor reaſon whereabout.
Whether I muſt, I muſt: and to conclude,
This Euening muſt I leaue thee, gentle *Kate.*
I know you wiſe, but yet no further wiſe
Then *Harry Percies* wife. Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman: and for ſecrecie,
No Lady cloſer. For I will beleeue
Thou wilt not vtter what thou do'ſt not know,
And ſo farre wilt I truſt thee, gentle Kate.

La. How ſo farre?

Hot. Not an inch further. But harke you *Kate,*
Whither I go, thither ſhall you go too:
To day will I ſet forth, to morrow you.
Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It muſt of force. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prin. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poines. Where haſt bene *Hall*?

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongſt 3. or fourescore Hogſheads. I haue ſounded the verie baſe ſtring of humility. Sirra, I am ſworn brother to a leaſh of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as *Tom, Dicke,* and *Francis.* They take it already vpon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Curteſie: telling me flatly I am no proud Iack like *Falſtaffe,* but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am King of England, I ſhall command al the good Laddes in Eaſt-cheape. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; and when you breath in your watering, then they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou haſt loſt much honor, that thou wer't not with me in this action: but ſweet *Ned*, to ſweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this peniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker, one that neuer ſpake other Engliſh in his life, then *Eight ſhillings and ſix pence*, and, *You are welcome*: with this ſhril addition, *Anon, Anon ſir, Score a Pint of Baſtard in the Halfe Moone*, or ſo. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falſtaffe* come, I prythee doe thou ſtand in ſome by-roome, while I queſtion my puny Drawer, to what end hee gaue me the Sugar, and do neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, Anon: ſtep aſide, and Ile ſhew thee a Preſident.

Poines. *Francis*.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Poin. *Francis*.

Enter Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon ſir; looke downe into the Pomgarnet, *Ralfe*.

Prince. Come hither *Francis*.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. How long haſt thou to ſerue, Francis?

Fran. Forſooth fiue yeares, and as much as to——

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. Fiue yeares: Berlady a long Leaſe for the clinking of Pewter. But Francis, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, & ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord ſir, Ile be ſworne vpon all the Books in England, I could finde in my heart.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. How old art thou, *Francis*?

Fran. Let me ſee, about Michaelmas next I ſhalbe——

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon ſir, pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

Prin. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gaueſt me, 'twas a penyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord ſir, I would it had bene two.

Prin. I will giue thee for it a thouſand pound: Aske me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt haue it.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on thurſday: or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Chriſtall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke ſtocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spaniſh pouch.

Fran. O Lord ſir, who do you meane?

Prin. Why then your browne Baſtard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Canuas doublet will ſulley. In Barbary ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Fran. What ſir?

Poin. Francis.

Prin. Away you Rogue, doſt thou heare them call?

Heere they both call him, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, ſtand'ſt thou ſtill, and hear'ſt ſuch a calling? Looke to the Gueſts within: My Lord, olde Sir *Iohn* with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: ſhall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore. *Poines*.

Enter Poines.

Poin. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. Sirra, *Falſtaffe* and the reſt of the Theeues, are at the doore, ſhall we be merry?

Poin. As merrie as Crickets my Lad. But harke yee, What cunning match haue you made with this ieſt of the Drawer? Come, what's the iſſue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue ſhewed themſelues humors, ſince the old dayes of goodman *Adam*, to the pupill age of this preſent twelue a clock at midnight. What's a clocke Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. That euer this Fellow ſhould haue fewer words then a Parret, and yet the ſonne of a Woman. His induſtry is vp-ſtaires and down-ſtaires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percies* mind, the Hotſpurre of the North, he that killes me ſome ſixe or ſeauen dozen of Scots at a Breakfaſt, waſhes his hands, and ſaies to his wife; Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my ſweet *Harry* ſayes ſhe, how many haſt thou kill'd to day? Giue my Roane horſe a drench (ſayes hee) and anſweres, ſome fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falſtaffe*, Ile play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawne ſhall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rino*, ſayes the drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Poin. Welcome Iacke, where haſt thou beene?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards I ſay, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Giue me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I leade this life long, Ile ſowe nether ſtockes, and mend them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a Cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vertue extant?

Prin. Didſt thou neuer ſee Titan kiſſe a diſh of Butter, pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the ſweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didſt, then behold that compound.

Fal. You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke too: there is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man; yet a Coward is worſe then a Cup of Sack with lime. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old Iacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten Herring: there liues not three good men vnhang'd in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I ſay. I would I were a Weauer, I could ſing all manner of ſongs. A plague of all Cowards, I ſay ſtill.

Prin. How now Woolſacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Sonne? If I do not beate thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wilde-geeſe, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

Prin. Why you horſon round man? what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? Anſwer me to that, and *Poines* there?

Prin. Ye fatch paunch, and yee call mee Coward, Ile ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward? Ile ſee thee damn'd ere I call the Coward: but I would giue a thouſand pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your backe: Call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon ſuch backing: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day.

Prince. O Villaine, thy Lippes are ſcarce wip'd, ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt.

Falſt. All's one for that. *He drinkes.* A plague of all Cowards ſtill, ſay I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Falſt. What's the matter? here be foure of vs, haue ta'ne a thouſand pound this Morning.

Prince. Where is it, *Iack*? where is it?

Falſt. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Falſt. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue ſcaped by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the Doublet, foure through the Hoſe, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum*. I neuer dealt better ſince I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards: let them ſpeake; if they ſpeake more or leſſe then truth, they are villaines, and the ſonnes of darkneſſe.

Prince. Speake ſirs, how was it?

Gad. We foure ſet vpon ſome dozen.

Falſt. Sixteene, at leaſt, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falſt. You Rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew elſe, an Ebrew Iew.

Gad. As we were ſharing, ſome ſixe or ſeuen freſh men ſet vpon vs.

Falſt. And vnbound the reſt, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought yee with them all?

Falſt. All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radiſh: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde *Iack*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Poin. Pray Heauen, you haue not murthered ſome of them.

Falſt. Nay, that's paſt praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them: Two I am ſure I haue payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lye, ſpit in my face, call me Horſe: thou knoweſt my olde word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buckrom let driue at me.

Prince. What, foure? thou ſayd'ſt but two, euen now.

Falſt. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he ſaid foure.

Falſt. Theſe foure came all a-front, and mainely thruſt at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their ſeuen points in my Targuet, thus.

Prince. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Falſt. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falſt. Seuen, by theſe Hilts, or I am a Villaine elſe.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we ſhall haue more anon.

Falſt. Doeſt thou heare me, *Hal*?

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *Iack*.

Falſt. Doe ſo, for it is worth the liſtning too: theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more alreadie.

Falſt. Their Points being broken.

Poin. Downe fell his Hoſe.

Falſt. Began to giue me ground: but I followed me cloſe, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I pay'd.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne out of two?

Falſt. But as the Deuill would haue it, three miſ-begotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let driue at me; for it was ſo darke, *Hal*, that thou could'ſt not ſee thy Hand.

Prin. Theſe Lyes are like the Father that begets them, groſſe as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brayn'd Guts, thou Knotty-pated Foole, thou Horſon obſcene greaſie Tallow Catch.

Falſt. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

Prin. Why, how could'ſt thou know theſe men in Kendall Greene, when it was ſo darke, thou could'ſt not ſee thy Hand? Come, tell vs your reaſon: what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Poin. Come, your reaſon *Iack*, your reaſon.

Falſt. What, vpon compulſion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſion? If Reaſons were as plentie as Black-berries, I would giue no man a Reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this ſinne. This ſanguine Coward, this Bed-preſſer, this Horſ-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Fleſh.

Falſt. Away you Starueling, you Elfe-skin, you dried Neats tongue, Bulles-piſſell, you ſtocke-fiſh: O for breth to vtter. What is like thee? You Tailors yard, you ſheath you Bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Prin. Well, breath a-while, and then to't againe: and when thou haſt tyr'd thy ſelfe in baſe compariſons, heare me ſpeake but thus.

Poin. Marke Iacke.

Prin. We two, ſaw you foure ſet on foure and bound them, and were Maſters of their Wealth: mark now how a plaine Tale ſhall put you downe. Then did we two, ſet on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and haue it: yea, and can ſhew it you in the Houſe. And *Falſtaffe*, you caried your Guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, and roared for mercy, and ſtill ranne and roar'd, as euer I heard Bull-Calfe. What a Slaue art thou, to hacke thy ſword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was in fight. What trick? what deuice? what ſtarting hole canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant ſhame?

Poines. Come, let's heare Iacke: What tricke haſt thou now?

Fal. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Maſters, was it for me to kill the Heire apparant? Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as *Hercules*: but beware Inſtinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Inſtinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on Inſtinct: I ſhall thinke the better of my ſelfe, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you haue the Mony. Hoſteſſe, clap to the doores: watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Harts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall we haue a Play extempory.

Prin. Content, and the argument ſhall be, thy runing away.

Fal. A, no more of that *Hall*, and thou loueſt me.

Enter Hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. My Lord, the Prince?

Prin. How now my Lady the Hoſteſſe, what ſay'ſt thou to me?

Hoſteſſe. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at doore would ſpeake with you: hee ſayes, hee comes from your Father.

Prin. Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and ſend him backe againe to my Mother.

Falſt. What manner of man is hee?

Hoſteſſe. An old man.

Falſt. What doth Grauitie out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I giue him his anſwere?

Prin. Prethee doe *Iacke.*

Falſt. 'Faith, and Ile ſend him packing. *Exit.*

Prince. Now Sirs: you fought faire; ſo did you *Peto,* ſo did you *Bardol:* you are Lyons too, you ranne away vpon inſtinct: you will not touch the true Prince; no, fie.

Bard. 'Faith, I ranne when I ſaw others runne.

Prin. Tell mee now in earneſt, how came *Falſtaffes* Sword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid, hee would ſweare truth out of England, but hee would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to doe the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our Noſes with Spear-graſſe, to make them bleed, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeuen yeeres before, I bluſht to heare his monſtrous deuices.

Prin. O Villaine, thou ſtoleſt a Cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres agoe, and wert taken with the manner, and euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore: thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranſt away; what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, doe you ſee theſe Meteors? doe you behold theſe Exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bard. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Liuers, and cold Purſes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Heere comes leane *Iacke,* heere comes bare-bone. How now my ſweet Creature of Bombaſt, how long is't agoe, *Iacke,* ſince thou ſaw'ſt thine owne Knee?

Falſt. My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeeres (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waſte, I could haue crept into any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a Bladder. There's villanous Newes abroad: heere was Sir *Iohn Braby* from your Father; you muſt goe to the Court in the Morning. The ſame mad fellow of the North, *Percy;* and hee of Wales, that gaue *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and ſwore the Deuill his true Liege-man vpon the Croſſe of a Welch-hooke; what a plague call you him?

Poin. O, *Glendower.*

Falſt. *Owen, Owen;* the ſame, and his Sonne in Law *Mortimer,* and old *Northumberland,* and the ſprightly Scot of Scots, *Dowglas,* that runnes a Horſe-backe vp a Hill perpendicular.

Prin. Hee that rides at high ſpeede, and with a Piſtoll kills a Sparrow flying.

Falſt. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the Sparrow.

Falſt. Well, that Raſcall hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

Prin. Why, what a Raſcall art thou then, to prayſe him ſo for running?

Falſt. A Horſe-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot hee will not budge a foot.

Prin. Yes *Iacke,* vpon inſtinct.

Falſt. I grant ye, vpon inſtinct: Well, hee is there too, and one *Mordake,* and a thouſand blew-Cappes more. *Worceſter* is ſtolne away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now as cheape as ſtinking Mackrell.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffetting hold, wee ſhall buy Maiden-heads as they buy Hob-nayles, by the Hundreds.

Falſt. By the Maſſe Lad, thou ſay'ſt true, it is like wee ſhall haue good trading that way. But tell me *Hal,* art not thou horrible afear'd? thou being Heire apparant, could the World picke thee out three ſuch Enemyes againe, as that Fiend *Dowglas,* that Spirit *Percy,* and that Deuill *Glendower?* Art not thou horrible afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit: I lacke ſome of thy inſtinct.

Falſt. Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow, when thou commeſt to thy Father: if thou doe loue me, practiſe an anſwere.

Prin. Doe thou ſtand for my Father, and examine mee vpon the particulars of my Life.

Falſt. Shall I? content: This Chayre ſhall bee my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhion my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a Ioyn'd-Stoole, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

Falſt. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou be moued. Giue me a Cup of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept, for I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I will doe it in King *Cambyſes* vaine.

Prin. Well, heere is my Legge.

Falſt. And heere is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide Nobilitie.

Hoſteſſe. This is excellent ſport, yfaith.

Falſt. Weepe not, ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Hoſteſſe. O the Father, how hee holdes his countenance?

Falſt. For Gods ſake Lords, conuey my truſtfull Queen,
For teares doe ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Hoſteſſe. O rare, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry Players, as euer I ſee.

Falſt. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-braine. *Harry,* I doe not onely maruell where thou ſpendeſt thy time; but alſo, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camomile, the more it is troden, the faſter it growes; yet Youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares. Thou art my Sonne: I haue partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefely, a villanous tricke of thine Eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether Lippe, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to mee, heere lyeth the point: why, being Sonne to me, art thou ſo poynted at? Shall the bleſſed Sonne of Heauen proue a Micher, and eate Black-berryes? a queſtion not to bee askt. Shall the Sonne of England proue a Theefe, and take Purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, *Harry,* which thou haſt often heard of, and it is knowne to many

many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch (as ancient Writers doe report) doth defile; ſo doth the companie thou keepeſt: for *Harry,* now I doe not ſpeake to thee in Drinke, but in Teares; not in Pleaſure, but in Paſſion; not in Words onely, but in Woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy companie, but I know not his Name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Maieſtie?

Falſt. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a chearefull Looke, a pleaſing Eye, and a moſt noble Carriage, and as I thinke, his age ſome fiftie, or (byrlady) inclining to threeſcore; and now I remember mee, his Name is *Falſtaffe:* if that man ſhould be lewdly giuen, hee deceiues mee; for *Harry,* I ſee Vertue in his Lookes. If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is Vertue in that *Falſtaffe:* him keepe with, the reſt baniſh. And tell mee now, thou naughtie Varlet, tell mee, where haſt thou beene this moneth?

Prin. Do'ſt thou ſpeake like a King? doe thou ſtand for mee, and Ile play my Father.

Falſt. Depoſe me: if thou do'ſt it halfe ſo grauely, ſo maieſtically, both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a Rabbet-ſucker, or a Poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, heere I am ſet.

Falſt. And heere I ſtand: iudge my Maſters.

Prin. Now *Harry,* whence come you?

Falſt. My Noble Lord, from Eaſt-cheape.

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

Falſt. Yfaith, my Lord, they are falſe: Nay, Ile tickle ye for a young Prince.

Prin. Swearest thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth ne're looke on me: thou art violently carryed away from Grace: there is a Deuill haunts thee, in the likeneſſe of a fat old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion: Why do'ſt thou conuerſe with that Trunke of Humors, that Boulting-Hutch of Beaſtlineſſe, that ſwolne Parcell of Dropſies, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that ſtuft Cloake-bagge of Guts, that roſted Manning Tree Oxe with the Pudding in his Belly, that reuerend Vice, that grey Iniquitie, that Father Ruffian, that Vanitie in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to taſte Sacke, and drinke it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carue a Capon, and eat it? wherein Cunning, but in Craft? wherein Craftie, but in Villanie? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falſt. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abhominable mis-leader of Youth, *Falſtaffe,* that old white-bearded Sathan.

Falſt. My Lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou do'ſt.

Falſt. But to ſay, I know more harme in him then in my ſelfe, were to ſay more then I know. That hee is olde (the more the pittie) his white hayres doe witneſſe it: but that hee is (ſauing your reuerence) a Whore-maſter, that I vtterly deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fault, Heauen helpe the Wicked: if to be olde and merry, be a ſinne, then many an olde Hoſte that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane Kine are to be loued. No, my good Lord, baniſh *Peto,* baniſh *Bardolph,* baniſh *Poines:* but for ſweete *Iacke Falſtaffe,* kinde *Iacke Falſtaffe,* true *Iacke Falſtaffe,* valiant *Iacke Falſtaffe,* and therefore more valiant, being as hee is olde *Iack Falſtaffe,* baniſh not him thy *Harryes* companie, baniſh not him thy *Harryes* companie; baniſh plumpe *Iacke,* and baniſh all the World.

Prince. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a moſt moſt monſtrous Watch, is at the doore.

Falſt. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to ſay in the behalfe of that *Falſtaffe.*

Enter the Hoſteſſe.

Hoſteſſe. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Falſt. Heigh, heigh, the Deuill rides vpon a Fiddleſticke: what's the matter?

Hoſteſſe. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the doore: they are come to ſearch the Houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Falſt. Do'ſt thou heare *Hal,* neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit: thou art eſſentially made, without ſeeming ſo.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without inſtinct.

Falſt. I deny your *Maior:* if you will deny the Sherife, ſo: if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I ſhall as ſoone be ſtrangled with a Halter, as another.

Prince. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the reſt walke vp aboue. Now my Maſters, for a true Face and good Conſcience.

Falſt. Both which I haue had: but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me. *Exit.*

Prince. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prince. Now Maſter Sherife, what is your will with mee?

She. Firſt pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certaine men vnto this houſe.

Prince. What men?

She. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groſſe fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I doe aſſure you, is not heere,
For I my ſelfe at this time haue imploy'd him:
And Sherife, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow Dinner time,
Send him to anſwere thee, or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withall:
And ſo let me entreat you, leaue the houſe.

She. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen
Haue in this Robberie loſt three hundred Markes.

Prince. It may be ſo: if he haue robb'd theſe men,
He ſhall be anſwerable: and ſo farewell.

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prince. I thinke it is good Morrow, is it not?

She. Indeede, my Lord, I thinke it be two a Clocke. *Exit.*

Prince. This oyly Raſcall is knowne as well as Poules: goe call him forth.

Peto. *Falſtaffe?* faſt aſleepe behinde the Arras, and ſnorting like a Horſe.

Prince. Harke, how hard he fetches breath: ſearch his Pockets.

He ſearcheth his Pockets, and findeth certaine Papers.

Prince. What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

Prince. Let's ſee, what be they? reade them.

Peto. Item,a Capon. ii.s.ii.d.
Item,Sawce. iiii.d.
Item,Sacke,two Gallons. v.s.viii.d.
Item Anchoues and Sacke after Supper. ii.s.vi.d.
Item Bread. ob.

Prince. O monſtrous, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this intollerable deale of Sacke? What there is elſe,keepe cloſe,wee'le reade it at more aduantage: there let him ſleepe till day. Ile to the Court in the Morning: Wee muſt all to the Warres,and thy place ſhall be honorable. Ile procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a Match of Twelue-ſcore. The Money ſhall be pay'd backe againe with aduantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning: and ſo good morrow *Peto.*

Peto. Good morrow,good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Hotſpurre, Worceſter, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. Theſe promiſes are faire,the parties ſure,
And our induction full of proſperous hope.

Hotſp. Lord *Mortimer*, and Couſin *Glendower*,
Will you ſit downe?
And Vnckle *Worceſter*; a plague vpon it,
I haue forgot the Mappe.

Glend. No,here it is:
Sit Couſin *Percy*,ſit good Couſin *Hotſpurre*:
For by that Name,as oft as *Lancaſter* doth ſpeake of you,
His Cheekes looke pale,and with a riſing ſigh,
He wiſheth you in Heauen.

Hotſp. And you in Hell,as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower* ſpoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Natiuitie,
The front of Heauen was full of fierie ſhapes,
Of burning Creſſets: and at my Birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hotſp. Why ſo it would haue done at the ſame ſeaſon, if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your ſelfe had neuer beene borne.

Glend. I ſay the Earth did ſhake when I was borne.

Hotſp. And I ſay the Earth was not of my minde,
If you ſuppoſe,as fearing you,it ſhooke.

Glend. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hotſp. Oh, then the Earth ſhooke
To ſee the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Natiuitie.
Diſeaſed Nature oftentimes breakes forth
In ſtrange eruptions; and the teeming Earth
Is with a kinde of Collick pincht and vext,
By the impriſoning of vnruly Winde
Within her Wombe: which for enlargement ſtriuing,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth,and tombles downe
Steeples,and moſſe-growne Towers. At your Birth,
Our Grandam Earth,hauing this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhooke.

Glend. Couſin: of many men
I doe not beare theſe Croſſings: Giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth
The front of Heauen was full of fierie ſhapes,
The Goates ranne from the Mountaines,and the Heards
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted fields:
Theſe ſignes haue markt me extraordinarie,
And all the courſes of my Life doe ſhew,
I am not in the Roll of common men.
Where is the Liuing,clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of England,Scotland,and Wales,
Which calls me Pupill,or hath read to me?
And bring him out,that is but Womans Sonne,
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hotſp. I thinke there's no man ſpeakes better Welſh:
Ile to Dinner.

Mort. Peace Couſin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vaſtie Deepe.

Hotſp. Why ſo can I,or ſo can any man:
But will they come,when you doe call for them?

Glend. Why,I can teach thee,Couſin,to command the Deuill.

Hotſp. And I can teach thee,Couſin,to ſhame the Deuil,
By telling truth. *Tell truth,and ſhame the Deuill.*
If thou haue power to rayſe him,bring him hither,
And Ile be ſworne,I haue power to ſhame him hence.
Oh,while you liue, tell truth,and ſhame the Deuill.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable Chat.

Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head
Againſt my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wye,
And ſandy-bottom'd Seuerne,haue I hent him
Bootleſſe home,and Weather-beaten backe.

Hotſp. Home without Bootes,
And in foule Weather too,
How ſcapes he Agues in the Deuils name?

Glend. Come,heere's the Mappe:
Shall wee diuide our Right,
According to our three-fold order ta'ne?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath diuided it
Into three Limits,very equally:
England, from Trent,and Seuerne.hitherto,
By South and Eaſt,is to my part aſſign'd:
All Weſtward,Wales, beyond the Seuerne ſhore,
And all the fertile Land within that bound,
To *Owen Glendower*: And deare Couze,to you
The remnant Northward,lying off from Trent.
And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne:
Which being ſealed enterchangeably,
(A Buſineſſe that this Night may execute)
To morrow,Couſin *Percy*,you and I,
And my good Lord of Worceſter,will ſet forth,
To meete your Father,and the Scottiſh Power,
As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.
My Father *Glendower* is not readie yet,
Nor ſhall wee neede his helpe theſe foureteene dayes:
Within that ſpace,you may haue drawne together
Your Tenants,Friends,and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glend. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you,Lords:
And in my Conduct ſhall your Ladies come,
From whom you now muſt ſteale,and take no leaue,
For there will be a World of Water ſhed,

Vpon

Vpon the parting of your Wiues and you.

Hotſp. Me thinks my Moity,North from Burton here,
In quantitie equals not one of yours:
See,how this Riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the beſt of all my Land,
A huge halfe Moone,a monſtrous Cantle out.
Ile haue the Currant in this place damn'd vp,
And here the ſmug and Siluer Trent ſhall runne,
In a new Channell, faire and euenly:
It ſhall not winde with ſuch a deepe indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a Bottome here.

Glend. Not winde? it ſhall,it muſt,you ſee it doth.

Mort. Yea,but marke how he beares his courſe,
And runnes me vp,with like aduantage on the other ſide,
Gelding the oppoſed Continent as much,
As on the other ſide it takes from you.

Worc. Yea,but a little Charge will trench him here,
And on this North ſide winne this Cape of Land,
And then he runnes ſtraight and euen.

Hotſp. Ile haue it ſo,a little Charge will doe it.

Glend. Ile not haue it alter'd.

Hotſp. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you ſhall not.

Hotſp. Who ſhall ſay me nay?

Glend. Why,that will I.

Hotſp. Let me not vnderſtand you then, ſpeake it in Welſh.

Glend. I can ſpeake Engliſh,Lord,as well as you:
For I was trayn'd vp in the Engliſh Court;
Where,being but young,I framed to the Harpe
Many an Engliſh Dittie,louely well,
And gaue the Tongue a helpefull Ornament;
A Vertue that was neuer ſeene in you.

Hotſp. Marry,and I am glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a Kitten,and cry mew,
Then one of theſe ſame Meeter Ballad-mongers:
I had rather heare a Brazen Candleſtick turn'd,
Or a dry Wheele grate on the Axle-tree,
And that would ſet my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing ſo much,as mincing Poetrie;
'Tis like the forc't gate of a ſhuffling Nagge.

Glend. Come,you ſhall haue Trent turn'd.

Hotſp. I doe not care: Ile giue thrice ſo much Land
To any well-deſeruing friend;
But in the way of Bargaine,marke ye me,
Ile cauill on the ninth part of a hayre.
Are the Indentures drawne? ſhall we be gone?

Glend. The Moone ſhines faire,
You may away by Night:
Ile haſte the Writer; and withall,
Breake with your Wiues,of your departure hence:
I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde,
So much ſhe doteth on her *Mortimer.* *Exit.*

Mort. Fie, Couſin *Percy*, how you croſſe my Father.

Hotſp. I cannot chuſe: ſometime he angers me,
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a finne-leſſe Fiſh,
A clip-wing'd Griffin,and a moulten Rauen,
A couching Lyon,and a ramping Cat,
And ſuch a deale of skimble-skamble Stuffe,
As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
He held me laſt Night,at leaſt,nine howres,
In reckning vp the ſeuerall Deuils Names,
That were his Lacqueyes:
I cry'd hum, and well, goe too,
But mark'd him not a word. O,he is as tedious
As a tyred Horſe, a rayling Wife,
Worſe then a ſmoakie Houſe. I had rather liue
With Cheeſe and Garlick in a Windmill farre,
Then feede on Cates,and haue him talke to me,
In any Summer-Houſe in Chriſtendome.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read,and profited,
In ſtrange Concealements:
Valiant as a Lyon,and wondrous affable,
And as bountifull,as Mynes of India.
Shall I tell you,Couſin,
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbes himſelfe,euen of his naturall ſcope,
When you doe croſſe his humor:'faith he does.
I warrant you,that man is not aliue,
Might ſo haue tempted him,as you haue done,
Without the taſte of danger,and reproofe:
But doe not vſe it oft,let me entreat you.

Worc. In faith,my Lord,you are too wilfull blame,
And ſince your comming hither,haue done enough,
To put him quite beſides his patience.
You muſt needes learne, Lord,to amend this fault:
Though ſometimes it ſhew Greatneſſe,Courage,Blood,
And that's the deareſt grace it renders you;
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh Rage,
Defect of Manners,want of Gouernment,
Pride,Haughtineſſe,Opinion,and Diſdaine:
The leaſt of which,haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth mens hearts,and leaues behinde a ſtayne
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hotſp. Well, I am ſchool'd:
Good-manners be your ſpeede;
Heere come your Wiues,and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly ſpight,that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeake no Engliſh,I no Welſh.

Glend. My Daughter weepes,ſhee'le not part with you,
Shee'le be a Souldier too,ſhee'le to the Warres.

Mort. Good Father tell her,that ſhe and my Aunt *Percy*
Shall follow in your Conduct ſpeedily.

Glendower ſpeakes to her in Welſh, and ſhe anſweres him in the ſame.

Glend. Shee is deſperate heere:
A peeuiſh ſelfe-will'd Harlotry,
One that no perſwaſion can doe good vpon.

The Lady ſpeakes in Welſh.

Mort. I vnderſtand thy Lookes: that pretty Welſh
Which thou powr'ſt down from theſe ſwelling Heauens,
I am too perfect in: and but for ſhame,
In ſuch a parley ſhould I anſwere thee.

The Lady againe in Welſh.

Mort. I vnderſtand thy Kiſſes,and thou mine,
And that's a feeling diſputation:
But I will neuer be a Truant, Loue,
Till I haue learn'd thy Language: for thy tongue

Makes Welſh as ſweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre,
With rauiſhing Diuiſion to her Lute.
Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhe runne madde.

The Lady ſpeakes againe in Welſh.

Mort. O, I am Ignorance it ſelfe in this.
Glend. She bids you,
On the wanton Ruſhes lay you downe,
And reſt your gentle Head vpon her Lappe,
And ſhe will ſing the Song that pleaſeth you,
And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of Sleepe,
Charming your blood with pleaſing heauineſſe;
Making ſuch difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
The houre before the Heauenly Harneis'd Teeme
Begins his Golden Progreſſe in the Eaſt.
Mort. With all my heart Ile ſit, and heare her ſing:
By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawne.
Glend. Doe ſo:
And thoſe Muſitians that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the Ayre a thouſand Leagues from thence;
And ſtraight they ſhall be here: ſit, and attend.
Hotſp. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my Head in thy Lappe.
Lady. Goe, ye giddy-Gooſe.

The Muſicke playes.

Hotſp. Now I perceiue the Deuill vnderſtands Welſh,
And 'tis no maruell he is ſo humorous:
Byrlady hee's a good Muſitian.
Lady. Then would you be nothing but Muſicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humors:
Lye ſtill ye Theefe, and heare the Lady ſing in Welſh.
Hotſp. I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in Iriſh.
Lady. Would'ſt haue thy Head broken?
Hotſp. No.
Lady. Then be ſtill.
Hotſp. Neyther, 'tis a Womans fault.
Lady. Now God helpe thee.
Hotſp. To the Welſh Ladies Bed.
Lady. What's that?
Hotſp. Peace, ſhee ſings.

Heere the Lady ſings a Welſh Song.

Hotſp. Come, Ile haue your Song too.
Lady. Not mine, in good ſooth.
Hotſp. Not yours, in good ſooth?
You ſweare like a Comfit-makers Wife:
Not you, in good ſooth; and, as true as I liue;
And, as God ſhall mend me; and, as ſure as day:
And giueſt ſuch Sarcenet ſuretie for thy Oathes,
As if thou neuer walk'ſt further then Finsbury.
Sweare me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath: and leaue in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of Pepper Ginger-bread,
To Veluet-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.
Come, ſing.
Lady. I will not ſing.
Hotſp. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Red-breſt teacher: and the Indentures be drawne, Ile away within theſe two howres: and ſo come in, when yee will.
Exit.
Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as ſlow,
As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.
By this our Booke is drawne: wee'le but ſeale,
And then to Horſe immediately.
Mort. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, giue vs leaue:
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Muſt haue ſome priuate conference:
But be neere at hand,
For wee ſhall preſently haue neede of you.
Exeunt Lords.
I know not whether Heauen will haue it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſeruice I haue done;
That in his ſecret Doome, out of my Blood,
Hee'le breede Reuengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou do'ſt in thy paſſages of Life,
Make me beleeue, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heauen
To puniſh my Miſtreadings. Tell me elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poore, ſuch bare, ſuch lewd, ſuch meane attempts,
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſocietie,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too,
Accompanie the greatneſſe of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?
Prince. So pleaſe your Maieſty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuſe,
As well as I am doubtleſſe I can purge
My ſelfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet ſuch extenuation let me begge,
As in reproofe of many Tales deuis'd,
Which oft the Eare of Greatneſſe needes muſt heare,
By ſmiling Pick-thankes, and baſe Newes-mongers;
I may for ſome things true, wherein my youth
Hath faultie wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.
King. Heauen pardon thee:
Yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors.
Thy place in Councell thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy younger Brother is ſupply'de;
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soule of euery man
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall.
Had I ſo lauiſh of my preſence beene,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheape to vulgar Company;
Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeleſſe baniſhment,
A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.
By being ſeldome ſeene, I could not ſtirre,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at,

That men would tell their Children, This is hee:
Others would ſay; Where, Which is *Bullingbrooke*.
And then I ſtole all Courteſie from Heauen,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch Humilitie,
That I did plucke Allegeance from mens hearts,
Lowd Showts and Salutations from their mouthes,
Euen in the preſence of the Crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my Perſon freſh and new,
My Preſence like a Robe Pontificall,
Ne're ſeene, but wondred at: and ſo my State,
Seldome but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a Feaſt,
And wonne by rareneſſe ſuch Solemnitie.
The skipping King hee ambled vp and downe,
With ſhallow Ieſters, and raſh Bauin Wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his State,
Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Fooles,
Had his great Name prophaned with their Scornes,
And gaue his Countenance, againſt his Name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of euery Beardleſſe vaine Comparatiue;
Grew a Companion to the common Streetes,
Enfeoff'd himſelfe to Popularitie:
That being dayly ſwallowed by mens Eyes,
They ſurfeted with Honey, and began to loathe
The taſte of Sweetneſſe, whereof a little
More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occaſion to be ſeene,
He was but as the Cuckow is in Iune,
Heard, not regarded: ſeene but with ſuch Eyes,
As ſicke and blunted with Communitie,
Affoord no extraordinarie Gaze,
Such as is bent on Sunne-like Maieſtie,
When it ſhines ſeldome in admiring Eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids downe,
Slept in his Face, and rendred ſuch aſpect
As Cloudie men vſe to doe to their aduerſaries,
Being with his preſence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very Line, *Harry*, ſtandeſt thou:
For thou haſt loſt thy Princely Priuiledge,
With vile participation. Not an Eye
But is awearie of thy common ſight,
Saue mine, which hath deſir'd to ſee thee more:
Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,
Make blinde it ſelfe with fooliſh tenderneſſe.
Prince. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my ſelfe.
King. For all the World,
As thou art to this houre, was *Richard* then,
When I from France ſet foot at Rauenſpurgh;
And euen as I was then, is *Percy* now:
Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,
He hath more worthy intereſt to the State
Then thou, the ſhadow of Succeſſion;
For of no Right, nor colour like to Right.
He doth fill fields with Harneis in the Realme,
Turnes head againſt the Lyons armed Iawes;
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,
Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Biſhops on
To bloody Battailes, and to bruſing Armes.
What neuer-dying Honor hath he got,
Againſt renowned *Dowglas*? whoſe high Deedes,
Whoſe hot Incurſions, and great Name in Armes,
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Maioritie,
And Militarie Title Capitall.
Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Chriſt,
Thrice hath the *Hotſpur Mars*, in ſwathing Clothes,
This Infant Warrior, in his Enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, ta'ne him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe Defiance vp,
And ſhake the peace and ſafetie of our Throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy, Northumberland*,
The Arch-biſhops Grace of Yorke, *Dowglas, Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt vs, and are vp.
But wherefore doe I tell theſe Newes to thee?
Why, *Harry*, doe I tell thee of my Foes,
Which art my neer'ſt and deareſt Enemie?
Thou, that art like enough, through vaſſall Feare,
Baſe Inclination, and the ſtart of Spleene,
To fight againſt me vnder *Percies* pay,
To dogge his heeles, and curtſie at his frownes,
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.
Prince. Doe not thinke ſo, you ſhall not finde it ſo:
And Heauen forgiue them, that ſo much haue ſway'd
Your Maieſties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head,
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,
When I will weare a Garment all of Blood,
And ſtaine my fauours in a bloody Maske:
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcowre my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when ere it lights,
That this ſame Child of Honor and Renowne,
This gallant *Hotſpur*, this all-prayſed Knight,
And your vnthought-of *Harry* chance to meet:
For euery Honor ſitting on his Helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My ſhames redoubled. For the time will come,
That I ſhall make this Northerne Youth exchange
His glorious Deedes for my Indignities:
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
To engroſſe vp glorious Deedes on my behalfe:
And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render euery Glory vp,
Yea, euen the ſleighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will teare the Reckoning from his Heart.
This, in the Name of Heauen, I promiſe here:
The which, if I performe, and doe ſuruiue,
I doe beſeech your Maieſtie, may ſalue
The long-growne Wounds of my intemperature:
If not, the end of Life cancells all Bands,
And I will dye a hundred thouſand Deaths,
Ere breake the ſmalleſt parcell of this Vow.
King. A hundred thouſand Rebels dye in this:
Thou ſhalt haue Charge, and ſoueraigne truſt herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now good *Blunt*? thy Lookes are full of ſpeed.
Blunt. So hath the Buſineſſe that I come to ſpeake of.
Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath ſent word,
That *Dowglas* and the Engliſh Rebels met
The eleuenth of this moneth, at Shrewsbury:
A mightie and a fearefull Head they are,
(If Promiſes be kept on euery hand)
As euer offered foule play in a State.
King. The Earle of Weſtmerland ſet forth to day:
With him my ſonne, Lord *Iohn* of Lancaſter,
For this aduertiſement is fiue dayes old.
On Wedneſday next, *Harry* thou ſhalt ſet forward:
On Thurſday, wee our ſelues will march.
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and *Harry*, you ſhall march

Through Glocesterſhire: by which account,
Our Buſineſſe valued ſome twelue dayes hence,
Our generall Forces at Bridgenorth ſhall meete.
Our Hands are full of Buſineſſe: let's away,
Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardolph.

Falſt. *Bardolph*, am I not falne away vilely, ſince this laſt action? doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skinne hangs about me like an olde Ladies looſe Gowne: I am withered like an olde Apple *Iohn*. Well, Ile repent, and that ſuddenly, while I am in ſome liking: I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall haue no ſtrength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the in-ſide of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-Corne, a Brewers Horſe, the in-ſide of a Church. Company, villanous Company hath beene the ſpoyle of me.

Bard. Sir *Iohn*, you are ſo fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Falſt. Why there is it: Come, ſing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuouſly giuen, as a Gentleman need to be; vertuous enough, ſwore little, dic'd not aboue ſeuen times a weeke, went to a Bawdy-houſe not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, payd Money that I borrowed, three or foure times; liued well, and in good compaſſe: and now I liue out of all order, out of compaſſe.

Bard. Why, you are ſo fat, Sir *Iohn*, that you muſt needes bee out of all compaſſe; out of all reaſonable compaſſe, Sir *Iohn*.

Falſt. Doe thou amend thy Face, and Ile amend thy Life: Thou art our Admirall, thou beareſt the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Noſe of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe.

Bard. Why, Sir *Iohn*, my Face does you no harme.

Falſt. No, Ile be ſworne: I make as good vſe of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a *Memento Mori.* I neuer ſee thy Face, but I thinke vpon Hell fire, and *Diues* that liued in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would ſweare by thy Face; my Oath ſhould bee, *By this Fire:* But thou art altogether giuen ouer; and wert indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of vtter Darkeneſſe. When thou ran'ſt vp Gads-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horſe, if I did not thinke that thou hadſt beene an *Ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchaſe in Money. O, thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an euerlaſting Bone-fire-Light: thou haſt ſaued me a thouſand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sack that thou haſt drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the deareſt Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, Heauen reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly.

Falſt. So ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hoſteſſe.

How now, Dame *Partlet* the Hen, haue you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

Hoſteſſe. Why Sir *Iohn*, what doe you thinke, Sir *Iohn*? doe you thinke I keepe Theeues in my Houſe? I haue ſearch'd, I haue enquired, ſo haz my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Seruant by Seruant: the tight of a hayre was neuer loſt in my houſe before.

Falſt. Ye lye Hoſteſſe: *Bardolph* was ſhau'd, and loſt many a hayre; and Ile be ſworne my Pocket was pick'd: goe to, you are a Woman, goe.

Hoſteſſe. Who I? I defie thee: I was neuer call'd ſo in mine owne houſe before.

Falſt. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hoſteſſe. No, Sir *Iohn*, you doe not know me, Sir *Iohn*: I know you, Sir *Iohn*: you owe me Money, Sir *Iohn*, and now you picke a quarrell, to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe.

Falſt. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue giuen them away to Bakers Wiues, and they haue made Boulters of them.

Hoſteſſe. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight ſhillings an Ell: You owe Money here beſides, Sir *Iohn*, for your Dyet, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you, foure and twentie pounds.

Falſt. Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſteſſe. Hee? alas hee is poore, hee hath nothing.

Falſt. How? Poore? Looke vpon his Face: What call you Rich? Let them coyne his Noſe, let them coyne his Cheekes, Ile not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Younker of me? Shall I not take mine eaſe in mine Inne, but I ſhall haue my Pocket pick'd? I haue loſt a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth fortie Marke.

Hoſteſſe. I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Falſt. How? the Prince is a Iacke, a Sneake-Cuppe: and if hee were heere, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if hee would ſay ſo.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falſtaffe meets
him, playing on his Truncheon
like a Fife.

Falſt. How now Lad? is the Winde in that Doore? Muſt we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate faſhion.

Hoſteſſe. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

Prince. What ſay'ſt thou, Miſtreſſe *Quickly*? How does thy Husband? I loue him well, hee is an honeſt man.

Hoſteſſe. Good, my Lord, heare mee.

Falſt. Prethee let her alone, and liſt to mee.

Prince. What ſay'ſt thou, *Iacke*?

Falſt. The other Night I fell aſleepe heere behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pickt: this Houſe is turn'd Bawdy-houſe, they picke Pockets.

Prince. What didſt thou loſe, *Iacke*?

Falſt. Wilt thou beleeue me, *Hal*? Three or foure Bonds of fortie pound apeece, and a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers.

Prince. A Trifle, ſome eight-penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my Lord; and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo: and (my Lord) hee ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man as hee is, and ſaid, hee would cudgell you.

Prince. What hee did not?

Hoſt. There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me elſe.

Falſt. There's no more faith in thee then a ſtu'de Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for Wooman-hood, Maid-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing: go.

Hoſt. Say, what thing? what thing?

Falſt. What thing? why a thing to thanke heauen on.

Hoſt. I am no thing to thanke heauen on, I wold thou ſhouldſt know it: I am an honeſt mans wife: and ſetting thy Knighthood aſide, thou art a knaue to call me ſo.

Falſt. Setting thy woman-hood aſide, thou art a beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knaue thou?

Fal. What beaſt? Why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, ſir *Iohn*? Why an Otter?

Fal. Why? She's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hoſt. Thou art vniuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou, or anie man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prince. Thou ſay'ſt true Hoſteſſe, and he ſlanders thee moſt groſſely.

Hoſt. So he doth you, my Lord, and ſayde this other day, You ought him a thouſand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thouſand pound?

Falſt. A thouſand pound *Hal*? A Million. Thy loue is worth a Million: thou ow'ſt me thy loue.

Hoſt. Nay my Lord, he call'd you Iacke, and ſaid hee would cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph*?

Bar. Indeed Sir *Iohn*, you ſaid ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſaid my Ring was Copper.

Prince. I ſay 'tis Copper. Dar'ſt thou bee as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why *Hal*? thou know'ſt, as thou art but a man, I dare: but, as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons Whelpe.

Prince. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himſelfe is to bee feared as the Lyon: Do'ſt thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay if I do, let my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it ſhould, how would thy guttes fall about thy knees. But ſirra: There's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honeſty, in this boſome of thine: it is all fill'd vppe with Guttes and Midriffe. Charge an honeſt Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horſon impudent imboſt Raſcall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tauerne Reckonings, *Memorandums* of Bawdie-houſes, and one poore peny-worth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with anie other iniuries but theſe, I am a Villaine: And yet you will ſtand to it, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not aſham'd?

Fal. Do'ſt thou heare *Hal*? Thou know'ſt in the ſtate of Innocency, *Adam* fell: and what ſhould poore *Iacke Falſtaffe* do, in the dayes of Villany? Thou ſeeſt, I haue more fleſh then another man, and therefore more frailty. You confeſſe then you pickt my Pocket?

Prin. It appeares ſo by the Story.

Fal. Hoſteſſe, I forgiue thee:
Go make ready Breakfaſt, loue thy Husband,
Looke to thy Seruants, and cheriſh thy Gueſts:
Thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon:
Thou ſeeſt, I am pacified ſtill.
Nay, I prethee be gone. *Exit Hoſteſſe.*
Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the Robbery, Lad? How is that anſwered?

Prin. O my ſweet Beefe:
I muſt ſtill be good Angell to thee.
The Monie is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double Labour.

Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou do'ſt, and do it with vnwaſh'd hands too.

Bard. Do my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee *Iacke*, a Charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had beene of Horſe. Where ſhal I finde one that can ſteale well? O, for a fine theefe of two and twentie, or thereabout: I am heynouſly vnprouided. Wel God be thanked for theſe Rebels, they offend none but the Vertuous. I laud them, I praiſe them.

Prin. *Bardolph.*

Bar. My Lord.

Prin. Go beare this Letter to Lord *Iohn* of Lancaſter
To my Brother *Iohn*. This to my Lord of Weſtmerland,
Go *Peto*, to horſe: for thou, and I,
Haue thirtie miles to ride yet ere dinner time.
Iacke, meet me to morrow in the Temple Hall
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There ſhalt thou know thy Charge, and there receiue
Money and Order for their Furniture.
The Land is burning, *Percie* ſtands on hye,
And either they, or we muſt lower lye.

Fal. Rare words! braue world.
Hoſteſſe, my breakfaſt, come:
Oh, I could wiſh this Tauerne were my drumme.
Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Harrie Hotſpurre, Worceſter,
and Dowglas.

Hot. Well ſaid, my Noble Scot, if ſpeaking truth
In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglas* haue,
As not a Souldiour of this ſeaſons ſtampe,
Should go ſo generall currant through the world.
By heauen I cannot flatter: I defie
The Tongues of Soothers. But a Brauer place
In my hearts loue, hath no man then your Selfe.
Nay, taske me to my word: approue me Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of Honor:
No man ſo potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will Beard him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Hot. Do ſo, and 'tis well. What Letters haſt there?
I can but thanke you.

Meſſ. Theſe Letters come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him?
Why comes he not himſelfe?

Meſ. He cannot come, my Lord,
He is greeuous ſicke.

Hot. How? haz he the leyſure to be ſicke now,
In ſuch a iuſtling time? Who leades his power?
Vnder whoſe Gouernment come they along?

Meſſ. His Letters beares his minde,not I his minde.
Wor. I prethee tell me,doth he keepe his Bed?
Meſſ. He did,my Lord,foure dayes ere I ſet forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Phyſician.
Wor. I would the ſtate of time had firſt beene whole,
Ere he by ſickneſſe had beene viſited:
His health was neuer better worth then now.
*Hotſp.*Sicke now? droope now? this ſicknes doth infect
The very Life-blood of our Enterpriſe,
'Tis catching hither,euen to our Campe.
He writes me here,that inward ſickneſſe,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoone be drawne: nor did he thinke it meet,
To lay ſo dangerous and deare a truſt
On any Soule remou'd,but on his owne.
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertiſement,
That with our ſmall coniunction we ſhould on,
To ſee how Fortune is diſpos'd to vs:
For,as he writes,there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the King is certainely poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes. What ſay you to it?
Wor. Your Fathers ſickneſſe is a mayme to vs.
Hotſp. A perillous Gaſh,a very Limme lopt off:
And yet,in faith,it is not his preſent want
Seemes more then we ſhall finde it.
Were it good,to ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates
All at one Caſt? To ſet ſo rich a mayne
On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre,
It were not good: for therein ſhould we reade
The very Bottome,and the Soule of Hope,
The very Liſt,the very vtmoſt Bound
Of all our fortunes.
Dowg. Faith,and ſo wee ſhould,
Where now remaines a ſweet reuerſion.
We may boldly ſpend,vpon the hope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retyrement liues in this.
Hotſp. A Randeuous,a Home to flye vnto,
If that the Deuill and Miſchance looke bigge
Vpon the Maydenhead of our Affaires.
Wor. But yet I would your Father had beene here:
The Qualitie and Heire of our Attempt
Brookes no diuiſion: It will be thought
By ſome,that know not why he is away,
That wiſedome,loyaltie,and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings,kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke,how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tyde of fearefull Faction,
And breede a kinde of queſtion in our cauſe:
For well you know,wee of the offring ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all ſight-holes,euery loope,from whence
The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs:
This abſence of your Father drawes a Curtaine,
That ſhewes the ignorant a kinde of feare,
Before not dreamt of.
Hotſp. You ſtrayne too farre.
I rather of his abſence make this vſe:
It lends a Luſtre,and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men muſt thinke,
If we without his helpe,can make a Head
To puſh againſt the Kingdome; with his helpe,
We ſhall o're-turne it topſie-turuy downe:
Yet all goes well,yet all our ioynts are whole.
Dowg. As heart can thinke:
There is not ſuch a word ſpoke of in Scotland,
At this Dreame of Feare.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hotſp. My Couſin *Vernon*,welcome by my Soule.
Vern. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome,Lord.
The Earle of Weſtmerland,ſeuen thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hither-wards,with Prince *Iohn*.
Hotſp. No harme: what more?
Vern. And further, I haue learn'd,
The King himſelfe in perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hither-wards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mightie preparation.
Hotſp. He ſhall be welcome too.
Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed Mad-Cap,Prince of Wales,
And his Cumrades,that daft the World aſide,
And bid it paſſe?
Vern. All furniſht,all in Armes,
All plum'd like Eſtridges,that with the Winde
Bayted like Eagles,hauing lately bath'd,
Glittering in Golden Coates,like Images,
As full of ſpirit as the Moneth of May,
And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-ſummer,
Wanton as youthfull Goates,wilde as young Bulls.
I ſaw young *Harry* with his Beuer on,
His Cuſhes on his thighes,gallantly arm'd,
Riſe from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his Seat,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,
To turne and winde a fierie *Pegaſus*,
And witch the World with Noble Horſemanſhip.
Hotſp. No more,no more,
Worſe then the Sunne in March:
This prayſe doth nouriſh Agues: let them come,
They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of ſmoakie Warre,
All hot,and bleeding,will wee offer them:
The mayled *Mars* ſhall on his Altar ſit
Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire,
To heare this rich reprizall is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours. Come,let me take my Horſe,
Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,
Againſt the boſome of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to *Harry*,ſhall not Horſe to Horſe
Meete,and ne're part,till one drop downe a Coarſe?
Oh,that *Glendower* were come.
Ver. There is more newes:
I learned in Worceſter,as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this foureteene dayes.
Dowg. That's the worſt Tidings that I heare of yet.
Wor. I by my faith,that beares a froſty ſound.
Hotſp. What may the Kings whole Battaile reach vnto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Forty let it be,
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powres of vs,may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come,let vs take a muſter ſpeedily:
Doomeſday is neere; dye all,dye merrily.
Dow. Talke not of dying,I am out of feare
Of death,or deaths hand,for this one halfe yeare.
Exeunt Omnes.

Scena

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardolph.

Falſt. *Bardolph*,get thee before to Couentry, fill me a Bottle of Sack,our Souldiers ſhall march through: wee'le to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.

Bard. Will you giue me Money,Captaine?

Falſt. Lay out,lay out.

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Falſt. And if it doe, take it for thy labour: and if it make twentie, take them all, Ile anſwere the Coynage. Bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meete me at the Townes end.

Bard. I will Captaine: farewell. *Exit.*

Falſt. If I be not aſham'd of my Souldiers, I am a ſowc't-Gurnet: I haue miſ-vs'd the Kings Preſſe damnably. I haue got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds. I preſſe me none but good Houſe-holders, Yeomens Sonnes: enquire me out contracted Batchelers, ſuch as had beene ask'd twice on the Banes: ſuch a Commoditie of warme ſlaues, as had as lieue heare the Deuill, as a Drumme; ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe then a ſtruck-Foole, or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I preſt me none but ſuch Toſtes and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellyes no bigger then Pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices: And now, my whole Charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth, where the Gluttons Dogges licked his Sores; and ſuch, as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but diſ-carded vniuſt Seruingmen, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers, reuolted Tapſters and Oſtlers, Trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme World, and long Peace, tenne times more dis-honorable ragged, then an old-fac'd Ancient; and ſuch haue I to fill vp the roomes of them that haue bought out their ſeruices: that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draffe and Huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and preſt the dead bodyes. No eye hath ſeene ſuch skar-Crowes: Ile not march through Couentry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyues on; for indeede, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt together, and throwne ouer the ſhoulders like a Heralds Coat, without ſleeues: and the Shirt, to ſay the truth, ſtolne from my Hoſt of S. Albones, or the Red-Noſe Inne-keeper of Dauintry. But that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on euery Hedge.

Enter the Prince,and the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Prince. How now blowne *Iack*? how now Quilt?

Falſt. What *Hal*? How now mad Wag, what a Deuill do'ſt thou in Warwickſhire? My good Lord of Weſtmerland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already beene at Shrewsbury.

Weſt. 'Faith, Sir *Iohn*, 'tis more then time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there alreadie. The King, I can tell you, lookes for vs all: we muſt away all to Night.

Falſt. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteale Creame.

Prince. I thinke to ſteale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath alreadie made thee Butter: but tell me, *Iack*, whoſe fellowes are theſe that come after?

Falſt. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prince. I did neuer ſee ſuch pittifull Raſcals.

Falſt. Tut, tut, good enough to toſſe: foode for Powder, foode for Powder: they'le fill a Pit, as well as better: tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weſtm. I, but Sir *Iohn*, me thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Falſt. Faith, for their pouertie, I know not where they had that; and for their bareneſſe, I am ſure they neuer learn'd that of me.

Prince. No, Ile be ſworne, vnleſſe you call three fingers on the Ribbes bare. But ſirra, make haſte, *Percy* is already in the field.

Falſt. What, is the King encamp'd?

Weſtm. Hee is, Sir *Iohn*, I feare wee ſhall ſtay too long.

Falſt. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Gueſt.
Exeunt.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hotſp. Wee'le fight with him to Night.
Worc. It may not be.
Dowg. You giue him then aduantage.
Vern. Not a whit.
Hotſp. Why ſay you ſo? lookes he not for ſupply?
Vern. So doe wee.
Hotſp. His is certaine,ours is doubtfull.
Worc. Good Couſin be aduis'd,ſtirre not to night.
Vern. Doe not,my Lord.
Dowg. You doe not counſaile well:
You ſpeake it out of feare,and cold heart.
Vern. Doe me no ſlander,*Dowglas*: by my Life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my Life,
If well-reſpected Honor bid me on,
I hold as little counſaile with weake feare,
As you,my Lord,or any Scot that this day liues.
Let it be ſeene to morrow in the Battell,
Which of vs feares.
Dowg. Yea,or to night.
Vern. Content.
Hotſp. To night,ſay I.
Vern. Come,come,it may not be.
I wonder much,being mē of ſuch great leading as you are
That you fore-ſee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horſe
Of my Couſin *Vernons* are not yet come vp,
Your Vnckle *Worceſters* Horſe came but to day,
And now their pride and mettall is aſleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a Horſe is halfe the halfe of himſelfe.
Hotſp. So are the Horſes of the Enemie
In generall iourney bated,and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

f 3 *Wor.* The

Worc. The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For Gods ſake, Couſin, ſtay till all come in.

The Trumpet ſounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.
Hotſp. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt*:
And would to God you were of our determination.
Some of vs loue you well: and euen thoſe ſome
Enuie your great deſeruings, and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our qualitie,
But ſtand againſt vs like an Enemie.
Blunt. And Heauen defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You ſtand againſt anoynted Maieſtie.
But to my Charge.
The King hath ſent to know
The nature of your Griefes, and whereupon
You coniure from the Breſt of Ciuill Peace,
Such bold Hoſtilitie, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious Crueltie. If that the King
Haue any way your good Deſerts forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your Griefes, and with all ſpeed
You ſhall haue your deſires, with intereſt;
And Pardon abſolute for your ſelfe, and theſe,
Herein mis-led, by your ſuggeſtion.
Hotſp. The King is kinde:
And well wee know, the King
Knowes at what time to promiſe, when to pay.
My Father, my Vnckle, and my ſelfe,
Did giue him that ſame Royaltie he weares:
And when he was not ſixe and twentie ſtrong,
Sicke in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low,
A poore vnminded Out-law, ſneaking home,
My Father gaue him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſweare, and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaſter,
To ſue his Liuerie, and begge his Peace,
With teares of Innocencie, and tearmes of Zeale;
My Father, in kinde heart and pitty mou'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,
The more and leſſe came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, ſtood in Lanes,
Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,
Gaue him their Heires, as Pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes.
He preſently, as Greatneſſe knowes it ſelfe,
Steps me a little higher then his Vow
Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked ſhore at Rauenſpurgh:
And now (forſooth) takes on him to reforme
Some certaine Edicts, and ſome ſtrait Decrees,
That lay too heauie on the Common-wealth;
Cryes out vpon abuſes, ſeemes to weepe
Ouer his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face,
This ſeeming Brow of Iuſtice, did he winne
The hearts of all that hee did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Fauorites, that the abſent King
In deputation left behinde him heere,
When hee was perſonall in the Iriſh Warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.
Hotſp. Then to the point.
In ſhort time after, hee depos'd the King.
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his Life:
And in the neck of that, task't the whole State.
To make that worſe, ſuffer'd his Kinſman *March*,
Who is, if euery Owner were plac'd,
Indeede his King, to be engag'd in Wales,
There, without Ranſome, to lye forfeited:
Diſgrac'd me in my happie Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Vnckle from the Councell-Boord,
In rage diſmiſs'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong,
And in concluſion, droue vs to ſeeke out
This Head of ſafetie; and withall, to prie
Into his Title: the which wee finde
Too indirect, for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I returne this anſwer to the King?
Hotſp. Not ſo, Sir *Walter*.
Wee'le with-draw a while:
Goe to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some ſuretie for a ſafe returne againe,
And in the Morning early ſhall my Vnckle
Bring him our purpoſe: and ſo farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Loue.
Hotſp. And't may be, ſo wee ſhall.
Blunt. Pray Heauen you doe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Biſhop of Yorke, and Sir Michell.

Arch. Hie, good Sir *Michell*, beare this ſealed Briefe
With winged haſte to the Lord Marſhall,
This to my Couſin *Scroope*, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they doe import,
You would make haſte.
Sir Mich. My good Lord, I gueſſe their tenor.
Arch. Like enough you doe.
To morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly giuen to vnderſtand,
The King, with mightie and quick-rayſed Power,
Meetes with Lord *Harry*: and I feare, Sir *Michell*,
What with the ſickneſſe of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe Power was in the firſt proportion;
And what with *Owen Glendowers* abſence thence,
Who with them was rated firmely too,
And comes not in, ouer-rul'd by Prophecies,
I feare the Power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an inſtant tryall with the King.
Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is *Dowglas*, and Lord *Mortimer*.
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir Mic. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of Worceſter,
And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And

Arch. And ſo there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The ſpeciall head of all the Land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord *Iohn* of Lancaſter,
The Noble Weſtmerland, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many moe Corriuals, and deare men
Of eſtimation, and command in Armes.
Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he ſhall be well oppos'd
Arch. I hope no leſſe? Yet needfull 'tis to feare,
And to preuent the worſt, Sir *Michell* ſpeed;
For if Lord *Percy* thriue not, ere the King
Diſmiſſe his power, he meanes to viſit vs:
For he hath heard of our Confederacie,
And, 'tis but Wiſedome to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſt, I muſt go write againe
To other Friends: and ſo farewell, Sir *Michell*. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falſtaffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
Aboue yon busky hill: the day lookes pale
At his diſtemperature.
Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the Trumpet to his purpoſes,
And by his hollow whiſtling in the Leaues,
Fortels a Tempeſt, and a bluſt'ring day.
King. Then with the loſers let it ſympathize,
For nothing can ſeeme foule to thoſe that win.
The Trumpet ſounds.

Enter Worceſter.

King. How now my Lord of Worſter? 'Tis not well
That you and I ſhould meet vpon ſuch tearmes,
As now we meet. You haue deceiu'd our truſt,
And made vs doffe our eaſie Robes of Peace,
To cruſh our old limbes in vngentle Steele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to it? Will you againe vnknit
This churliſh knot of all-abhorred Warre?
And moue in that obedient Orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhall'd Meteor,
A prodigie of Feare, and a Portent
Of broached Miſcheefe, to the vnborne Times?
Wor. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the Lagge-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I do proteſt,
I haue not ſought the day of this diſlike.
King. You haue not ſought it: how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your Maieſty, to turne your lookes
Of Fauour, from my Selfe, and all our Houſe;
And yet I muſt remember you my Lord,
We were the firſt, and deareſt of your Friends:
For you, my ſtaffe of Office did I breake
In *Richards* time, and poaſted day and night
To meete you on the way, and kiſſe your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate, as I;
It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You ſwore to vs,
And you did ſweare that Oath at Doncaſter,
That you did nothing of purpoſe 'gainſt the State,
Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
The ſeate of *Gaunt*, Dukedome of Lancaſter,
To this, we ſware our aide: But in ſhort ſpace,
It rain'd downe Fortune ſhowring on your head,
And ſuch a floud of Greatneſſe fell on you,
What with our helpe, what with the abſent King,
What with the iniuries of wanton time,
The ſeeming ſufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious Windes that held the King
So long in the vnlucky Iriſh Warres,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this ſwarme of faire aduantages,
You tooke occaſion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the generall ſway into your hand,
Forgot your Oath to vs at Doncaſter,
And being fed by vs, you vs'd vs ſo,
As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes Bird,
Vſeth the Sparrow, did oppreſſe our Neſt,
Grew by our Feeding, to ſo great a bulke,
That euen our Loue durſt not come neere your ſight
For feare of ſwallowing: But with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for ſafety ſake, to flye
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent Head,
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch meanes
As you your ſelfe, haue forg'd againſt your ſelfe,
By vnkinde vſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworne to vs in yonger enterprize.
Kin. Theſe things indeede you haue articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market Croſſes, read in Churches,
To face the Garment of Rebellion
With ſome fine colour, that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle Changelings, and poore Diſcontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly Innouation:
And neuer yet did Inſurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cauſe:
Nor moody Beggars, ſtaruing for a time
Of pell-mell hauocke, and confuſion.
Prin. In both our Armies, there is many a ſoule
Shall pay full dearely for this encounter,
If once they ioyne in triall. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth ioyne with all the world
In praiſe of *Henry Percie*: By my Hopes,
This preſent enterprize ſet off his head,
I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
More actiue, valiant, or more valiant yong,
More daring, or more bold, is now aliue,
To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds.
For my part, I may ſpeake it to my ſhame,
I haue a Truant beene to Chiualry,
And ſo I heare, he doth account me too;
Yet this before my Fathers Maieſty,
I am content that he ſhall take the oddes
Of his great name and eſtimation,
And will, to ſaue the blood on either ſide,
Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.
King. And Prince of Wales, ſo dare we venter thee,
Albeit, conſiderations infinite

Do make againſt it: No good Worſter, no,
We loue our people well; euen thoſe we loue
That are miſled vpon your Couſins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace:
Both he, and they, and you; yea, euery man
Shall be my Friend againe, and Ile be his.
So tell your Couſin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,
And they ſhall do their Office. So bee gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it aduiſedly.
Exit Worceſter.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life,
The *Dowglas* and the *Hotſpurre* both together,
Are confident againſt the world in Armes.

King. Hence therefore, euery Leader to his charge,
For on their anſwer will we ſet on them;
And God befriend vs, as our cauſe is iuſt. *Exeunt.*

Manet Prince and Falſtaffe.

Fal. *Hal*, if thou ſee me downe in the battell,
And beſtride me, ſo; 'tis a point of friendſhip.

Prin. Nothing but a Coloſſus can do thee that frendſhip
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why, thou ow'ſt heauen a death.

Falſt. 'Tis not due yet: I would bee loath to pay him before his day. What neede I bee ſo forward with him, that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honor prickes me on. But how if Honour pricke me off when I come on? How then? Can Honour ſet too a legge? No: or an arme? No: Or take away the greefe of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in Surgerie, then? No. What is Honour? A word. What is that word Honour? Ayre: A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'de a Wedneſday. Doth he feele it? No. Doth hee heare it? No. Is it inſenſible then? yea, to the dead. But wil it not liue with the liuing? No. Why? Detraction wil not ſuffer it, therfore Ile none of it. Honour is a meere Scutcheon, and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worceſter, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew muſt not know, Sir *Richard*,
The liberall kinde offer of the King.

Ver. 'T were beſt he did.

Wor. Then we are all vndone.
It is not poſſible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will ſuſpect vs ſtill, and finde a time
To puniſh this offence in others faults:
Suppoſition, all our liues, ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes;
For Treaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
Who ne're ſo tame, ſo cheriſht, and lock'd vp,
Will haue a wilde tricke of his Anceſtors:
Looke how he can, or ſad or merrily,
Interpretation will miſquote our lookes,
And we ſhall feede like Oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the nearer death.
My Nephewes treſpaſſe may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of Ptiuiledge,
A haire-brain'd *Hotſpurre*, gouern'd by a Spleene:
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,
We as the Spring of all, ſhall pay for all:
Therefore good Couſin, let not *Harry* know
In any caſe, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliuer what you will, Ile ſay 'tis ſo.
Heere comes your Coſin.

Enter Hotſpurre.

Hot. My Vnkle is return'd,
Deliuer vp my Lord of Weſtmerland.
Vnkle, what newes?

Wor. The King will bid you battell preſently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*: Go you and tell him ſo.

Dow. Marry and ſhall, and verie willingly.
Exit Dowglas.

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you begge any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our greeuances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that he is forſworne,
He cals vs Rebels, Traitors, and will ſcourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I haue thrown
A braue defiance in King *Henries* teeth:
And Weſtmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot chooſe but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales ſtept forth before the king,
And Nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell mee,
How ſhew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my Soule: I neuer in my life
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modeſtly,
Vnleſſe a Brother ſhould a Brother dare
To gentle exerciſe, and proofe of Armes.
He gaue you all the Duties of a Man,
Trimm'd vp your praiſes with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deſeruings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his praiſe,
By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe, valew'd with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a bluſhing cital of himſelfe,
And chid his Trewant youth with ſuch a Grace,
As if he maſtred there a double ſpirit
Of teaching, and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe. But let me tell the World,
If he out-liue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe ſo ſweet a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his Wantonneſſe.

Hot. Couſin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his Follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince ſo wilde at Liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he ſhall ſhrinke vnder my curteſie.
Arme, arme with ſpeed. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends,
Better conſider what you haue to do,
That I that haue not well the gift of Tongue,
Can

Can lift your blood vp with perſwaſion.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, heere are Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot reade them now.
O Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort;
To ſpend that ſhortneſſe baſely, were too long.
If life did ride vpon a Dials point,
Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to treade on Kings:
If dye; braue death, when Princes dye with vs.
Now for our Conſciences, the Armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iuſt.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord prepare, the King comes on apace.

Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking: Onely this,
Let each man do his beſt. And heere I draw a Sword,
Whoſe worthy temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood that I can meete withall,
In the aduenture of this perillous day.
Now Eſperance *Percy*, and ſet on:
Sound all the lofty Inſtruments of Warre,
And by that Muſicke, let vs all imbrace:
For heauen to earth, ſome of vs neuer ſhall,
A ſecond time do ſuch a curteſie.

They embrace, the Trumpets ſound, the King entereth with his power, alarum vnto the battell. Then enter Dowglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blu. What is thy name, that in battel thus ŷ croſſeſt me?
What honor doſt thou ſeeke vpon my head?

Dow. Know then my name is *Dowglas*,
And I do haunt thee in the battell thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought
Thy likeneſſe: for inſted of thee King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, ſo ſhall it thee,
Vnleſſe thou yeeld thee as a Priſoner.

Blu. I was not borne to yeeld, thou haughty Scot,
And thou ſhalt finde a King that will reuenge
Lords Staffords death.

Fight, Blunt is ſlaine, then enters Hotſpur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadſt thou fought at Holmedon thus
I neuer had triumphed o're a Scot.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathles lies the king

Hot. Where?

Dow. Heere.

Hot. This *Dowglas*? No, I know this face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furniſh'd like the King himſelfe.

Dow. Ah foole: go with thy ſoule whether it goes,
A borrowed Title haſt thou bought too deere.
Why didſt thou tell me, that thou wer't a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coats.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
Ile murder all his Wardrobe peece by peece,
Vntill I meet the King.

Hot. Vp, and away,
Our Souldiers ſtand full fairely for the day. *Exeunt*

Alarum, and enter Falſtaffe ſolus.

Fal. Though I could ſcape ſhot-free at London, I fear the ſhot heere: here's no ſcoring, but vpon the pate. Soft who are you? Sir *Walter Blunt*, there's Honour for you: here's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauy too; heauen keepe Lead out of mee, I neede no more weight then mine owne Bowelles. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my 150. left aliue, and they for the Townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere?

Enter the Prince.

Pri. What, ſtand'ſt thou idle here? Lend me thy ſword,
Many a Nobleman lies ſtarke and ſtiffe
Vnder the hooues of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are vnreueng'd. Prethy lend me thy ſword

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breath awhile: Turke *Gregory* neuer did ſuch deeds in Armes, as I haue done this day. I haue paid *Percy*, I haue made him ſure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee:
I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Falſt. Nay *Hal*, if *Percy* bee aliue, thou getſt not my Sword; but take my Piſtoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me: What, is it in the Caſe?

Fal. I *Hal*, 'tis hot: There's that will Sacke a City.

The Prince drawes out a Bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What, is it a time to ieſt and dally now. *Exit.*

Throwes it at him.

Fal. If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him: if he do come in my way, ſo: if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as Sir *Walter* hath: Giue mee life, which if I can ſaue, ſo: if not, honour comes vnlook'd for, and ther's an end. *Exit*

Scena Tertia.

Alarum, excurſions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Earle of Weſtmerland.

King. I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much: Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*, go you with him.

P. Ioh. Not I, my Lord, vnleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beſeech your Maieſty make vp,
Leaſt you retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do ſo:
My Lord of Weſtmerland leade him to his Tent.

Weſt. Come my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent.

Prin. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe;
And heauen forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould driue
The Prince of Wales from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtain'd Nobility lyes troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in maſſacres.

Ioh. We breath too long: Come coſin Weſtmerland,
Our duty this way lies, for heauens ſake come.

Prin. By heauen thou haſt deceiu'd me Lancaſter,
I did not thinke thee Lord of ſuch a ſpirit:
Before, I lou'd thee as a Brother, *Iohn*;
But now, I do reſpect thee as my Soule.

King. I ſaw him hold Lord *Percy* at the point,
With luſtier maintenance then I did looke for
Of ſuch an vngrowne Warriour.

Prin. O this Boy, lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Another King? They grow like Hydra's heads:
I am the *Dowglas*, fatall to all thoſe
That weare thoſe colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'ſt the perſon of a King?

King. The King himſelfe: who *Dowglas* grieues at hart
So

So many of his ſhadowes thou haſt met,
And not the very King. I haue two Boyes
Seeke *Percy* and thy ſelfe about the Field:
But ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee: ſo defend thy ſelfe.

Dow. I feare thou art another counterfeit:
And yet infaith thou bear'ſt thee like a King:
But mine I am ſure thou art, whoere thou be,
And thus I win thee. *They fight, the K. being in danger,*

Enter Prince.

Prin. Hold vp they head vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe: the Spirits
Of valiant *Sherly, Stafford, Blunt,* are in my Armes;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who neuer promiſeth, but he meanes to pay.

They Fight, Dowglas flyeth.

Cheerely My Lord: how fare's your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawſey* hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath *Clifton*: Ile to *Clifton* ſtraight.

King. Stay, and breath awhile.
Thou haſt redeem'd thy loſt opinion,
And ſhew'd thou mak'ſt ſome tender of my life
In this faire reſcue thou haſt brought to mee.

Prin. O heauen, they did me too much iniury,
That euer ſaid I hearkned to your death.
If it were ſo, I might haue let alone
The inſulting hand of *Dowglas* ouer you,
Which would haue bene as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poyſonous Potions in the world,
And ſau'd the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.

K. Make vp to *Clifton,* Ile to Sir *Nicholas Gauſey.* *Exit*

Enter Hotſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth.*

Prin. Thou ſpeak'ſt as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is *Harrie Percie.*

Prin. Why then I ſee a very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not *Percy,*
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double reigne,
Of *Harry Percy,* and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor ſhall it *Harry,* for the houre is come
To end the one of vs; and would to heauen,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all the budding Honors on thy Creſt,
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. *Fight.*

Enter Falſtaffe.

Fal. Well ſaid *Hal,* to it *Hal.* Nay you ſhall finde no Boyes play heere, I can tell you.

Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falſtaffe, who fals down as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percie.

Hot. Oh *Harry,* thou haſt rob'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the loſſe of brittle life,
Then thoſe proud Titles thou haſt wonne of me,
They wound my thoghts worſe, then the ſword my fleſh:
But thought's the ſlaue of Life, and Life, Times foole;
And Time, that takes ſuruey of all the world,
Muſt haue a ſtop. O, I could Propheſie,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue: No *Percy,* thou art duſt
And food for——

Prin. For Wormes, braue *Percy.* Farewell great heart:
Ill-weau'd Ambition, how much art thou ſhrunke?
When that this bodie did containe a ſpirit,
A Kingdome for it was too ſmall a bound:
But now two paces of the vileſt Earth
Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,
Beares not aliue ſo ſtout a Gentleman.
If thou wer't ſenſible of curteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhew of Zeale.
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my ſelfe
For doing theſe fayre Rites of Tenderneſſe.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to heauen,
Thy ignomy ſleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.
What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this fleſh
Keepe in a little life? Poore Iacke, farewell:
I could haue better ſpar'd a better man.
O, I ſhould haue a heauy miſſe of thee,
If I were much in loue with Vanity.
Death hath not ſtrucke ſo fat a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd will I ſee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood, by Noble *Pereie* lye. *Exit.*

Falſtaffe riſeth vp.

Falſt. Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell mee to day, Ile giue you leaue to powder me, and eat me too to morow. 'Twas time to counterfet, or that hotte Termagant Scot, had paid me ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit; to dye, is to be a counterfeit, for hee is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeede. The better part of Valour, is Diſcretion; in the which better part, I haue ſaued my life. I am affraide of this Gun-powder *Percy* though he be dead. How if hee ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? I am afraid hee would proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him ſure: yea, and Ile ſweare I kill'd him. Why may not hee riſe as well as I: Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-bodie ſees me. Therefore ſirra, with a new wound in your thigh come you along me. *Takes Hotſpurre on his backe.*

Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaſter.

Prin. Come Brother *Iohn,* full brauely haſt thou fleſht thy Maiden ſword.

Iohn. But ſoft, who haue we heere?
Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathleſſe, and bleeding on the ground: Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantaſie that playes vpon our eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeake, we will not truſt our eyes
Without our eares. Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Fal. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but if I be not *Iacke Falſtaffe,* then am I a Iacke: There is *Percy,* if your Father will do me any Honor, ſo: if not, let him kill the next *Percie* himſelfe. I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can aſſure you.

Prin. Why, *Percy* I kill'd my ſelfe, and ſaw thee dead.

Fal. Did'ſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to Lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of Breath, and ſo was he, but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long houre by Shrewsburie clocke. If I may bee beleeued, ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward Valour, beare the ſinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take't on my death I gaue him this wound in the Thigh: if the man vvere aliue, and would deny it, I would make him eate a peece of my ſword.

Iohn. This is the ſtrangeſt Tale that e're I heard.

Prin. This is the ſtrangeſt Fellow, Brother *Iohn.*

Come

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:
For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,
Ile gil'd it with the happieſt tearmes I haue.

A Retreat is ſounded.

The Trumpets ſound Retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the higheſt of the field,
To ſee what Friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt*

Fal. Ile follow as they ſay, for Reward. Hee that rewards me, heauen reward him. If I do grow great again, Ile grow leſſe? For Ile purge, and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a Nobleman ſhould do. *Exit*

Scæna Quarta.

The Trumpets ſound.
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, with Worceſter & Vernon Priſoners.

King. Thus euer did Rebellion finde Rebuke.
Ill-ſpirited Worceſter, did we not ſend Grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turne our offers contrary?
Miſuſe the tenor of thy Kinſmans truſt?
Three Knights vpon our party ſlaine to day,
A Noble Earle, and many a creature elſe,
Had beene aliue this houre,
If like a Chriſtian thou had'ſt truly borne
Betwixt out Armies, true Intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my ſafety vrg'd me to,
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it fals on mee.

King. Beare Worceſter to death, and *Vernon* too:
Other Offenders we will pauſe vpon.

Exit Worceſter and Vernon.

How goes the Field?

Prin. The Noble Scot Lord *Dowglas,* when hee ſaw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The Noble *Percy* ſlaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the reſt;
And falling from a hill, he was ſo bruiz'd
That the purſuers tooke him. At my Tent
The *Dowglas* is, and I beſeech your Grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.

King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then Brother *Iohn* of Lancaſter,
To you this honourable bounty ſhall belong:
Go to the *Dowglas,* and deliuer him
Vp to his pleaſure, ranſomleſſe and free:
His Valour ſhewne vpon our Creſts to day,
Hath taught vs how to cheriſh ſuch high deeds,
Euen in the boſome of our Aduerſaries.

King. Then this remaines: that we diuide our Power.
You Sonne *Iohn,* and my Couſin Weſtmerland
Towards Yorke ſhall bend you, with your deereſt ſpeed
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate *Scroope,*
Who (as we heare) are buſily in Armes.
My Selfe, and you Sonne *Harry* will towards Wales,
To fight with *Glendower,* and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this Land ſhall loſe his way,
Meeting the Checke of ſuch another day:
And ſince this Buſineſſe ſo faire is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Second Part of Henry the Fourth,
Containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fift.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

INDVCTION.

Enter Rumour.

OPen your Eares: For which of you will ſtop
The vent of Hearing, when loud *Rumor* ſpeakes?
I, from the Orient, to the drooping Weſt
(Making the winde my Poſt-horſe) ſtill vnfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,
The which, in euery Language, I pronounce,
Stuffing the Eares of them with falſe Reports:
I ſpeake of Peace, while couert Enmitie
(Vnder the ſmile of Safety) wounds the World:
And who but *Rumour*, who but onely I
Make fearfull Muſters, and prepar'd Defence,
Whil'ſt the bigge yeare, ſwolne with ſome other griefes,
Is thought with childe, by the ſterne Tyrant, Warre,
And no ſuch matter? *Rumour*, is a Pipe
Blowne by Surmiſes, Ielouſies, Coniectures;
And of ſo eaſie, and ſo plaine a ſtop,
That the blunt Monſter, with vncounted heads,
The ſtill diſcordant, wauering Multitude,
Can play vpon it. But what neede I thus
My well-knowne Body to Anathomize
Among my houſhold? Why is *Rumour* heere?
I run before King *Harries* victory,
Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie
Hath beaten downe yong *Hotſpurre*, and his Troopes,
Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion,
Euen with the Rebels blood. But what meane I
To ſpeake ſo true at firſt? My Office is
To noyſe abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Vnder the Wrath of Noble *Hotſpurres* Sword:
And that the King, before the *Dowglas* Rage
Stoop'd his Annointed head, as low as death.
This haue I rumour'd through the peaſant-Townes,
Betweene the Royall Field of Shrewsburie,
And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,
Where *Hotſpurres* Father, old Northumberland,
Lyes crafty ſicke. The Poſtes come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other newes
Then they haue learn'd of Me. From *Rumours* Tongues,
They bring ſmooth-Comforts-falſe, worſe then True-wrongs. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L.Bar. Who keepes the Gate heere hoa?
Where is the Earle?
Por. What ſhall I ſay you are?
Bar. Tell thou the Earle
That the Lord *Bardolfe* doth attend him heere.
Por. His Lordſhip is walk'd forth into the Orchard,
Pleaſe it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,
And he himſelfe will anſwer.

Enter Northumberland.

L.Bar. Heere comes the Earle.
Nor. What newes Lord *Bardolfe*? Eu'ry minute now
Should be the Father of ſome Stratagem;
The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horſe
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke looſe,
And beares downe all before him.
L.Bar. Noble Earle,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.
Nor. Good, and heauen will.
L.Bar. As good as heart can wiſh:
The King is almoſt wounded to the death:
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,
Prince *Harrie* ſlaine out-right: and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Dowglas*. Yong Prince *Iohn*,
And Weſtmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field.
And *Harrie Monmouth's* Brawne (the Hulke Sir *Iohn*)
Is priſoner to your Sonne. O, ſuch a Day,
(So fought, ſo follow'd, and ſo fairely wonne)
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times
Since *Cæſars* Fortunes.
Nor. How is this deriu'd?
Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?
L.Bar. I ſpake with one (my L.) that came frō thence,
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me theſe newes for true.
Nor. Heere comes my Seruant *Trauers*, whom I ſent
On Tueſday laſt, to liſten after Newes.

Enter Trauers.

L.Bar. My Lord, I ouer-rod him on the way,
And he is furniſh'd with no certainties,
More then he (haply) may retaile from me.
Nor. Now *Trauers*, what good tidings comes frō you?

Tra. My Lord, Sir *Iohn Vmfreuill* turn'd me backe
With ioyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)
Out-rod me. After him, came ſpurring head
A Gentleman (almoſt fore-ſpent with ſpeed)
That ſtopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horſe.
He ask'd the way to Cheſter: And of him
I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury:
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,
And that yong *Harry Percies* Spurre was cold.
With that he gaue his able Horſe the head,
And bending forwards ſtrooke his able heeles
Againſt the panting ſides of his poore Iade
Vp to the Rowell head, and ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running, to deuoure the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.
North. Ha? Againe:
Said he yong *Harrie Percyes* Spurre was cold?
(Of *Hot-Spurre*, cold-Spurre?) that Rebellion,
Had met ill lucke?
L.Bar. My Lord: Ile tell you what,
If my yong Lord your Sonne, haue not the day,
Vpon mine Honor, for a ſilken point
Ile giue my Barony. Neuer talke of it.
Nor. Why ſhould the Gentleman that rode by *Trauers*
Giue then ſuch inſtances of Loſſe?
L.Bar. Who, he?
He was ſome hielding Fellow, that had ſtolne
The Horſe he rode-on: and vpon my life
Speake at aduenture. Looke, here comes more Newes.

Enter Morton.

Nor. Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leafe,
Fore-tels the Nature of a Tragicke Volume:
So lookes the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
Hath left a witneſt Vſurpation.
Say *Morton*, did'ſt thou come from Shrewsbury?
Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)
Where hatefull death put on his vglieſt Maske
To fright our party.
North. How doth my Sonne, and Brother?
Thou trembl'ſt; and the whiteneſſe in thy Cheeke
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.
Euen ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſſe,
So dull, ſo dead in looke, ſo woe-be-gone,
Drew *Priams* Curtaine, in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.
But *Priam* found the Fire, ere he his Tongue:
And I, my *Percies* death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This, thou would'ſt ſay: Your Sonne did thus, and thus:
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble *Dowglas*,
Stopping my greedy eare, with their bold deeds.
But in the end (to ſtop mine Eare indeed)
Thou haſt a Sigh, to blow away this Praiſe,
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.
Mor. *Dowglas* is liuing, and your Brother, yet:
But for my Lord, your Sonne.
North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue Suſpition hath:
He that but feares the thing, he would not know,
Hath by Inſtinct, knowledge from others Eyes,
That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet ſpeake (*Morton*)
Tell thou thy Earle, his Diuination Lies,
And I will take it, as a ſweet Diſgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me ſuch wrong.
Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gainſaid:
Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.
North. Yet for all this, ſay not that *Percies* dead.
I ſee a ſtrange Confeſſion in thine Eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it Feare, or Sinne,
To ſpeake a truth. If he be ſlaine, ſay ſo:
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth ſinne that doth belye the dead:
Not he, which ſayes the dead is not aliue:
Yet the firſt bringer of vnwelcome Newes
Hath but a looſing Office: and his Tongue,
Sounds euer after as a ſullen Bell
Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.
L.Bar. I cannot thinke (my Lord) your ſon is dead.
Mor. I am ſorry, I ſhould force you to beleeue
That, which I would to heauen, I had not ſeene.
But theſe mine eyes, ſaw him in bloody ſtate,
Rend'ring faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd)
To *Henrie Monmouth*, whoſe ſwift wrath beate downe
The neuer-daunted *Percie* to the earth,
From whence (with life) he neuer more ſprung vp.
In few; his death (whoſe ſpirit lent a fire,
Euen to the dulleſt Peazant in his Campe)
Being bruited once, tooke fire and heate away
From the beſt temper'd Courage in his Troopes.
For from his Mettle, was his Party ſteel'd;
Which once, in him abated, all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelues, like dull and heauy Lead:
And as the Thing, that's heauy in it ſelfe,
Vpon enforcement, flyes with greateſt ſpeede,
So did our Men, heauy in *Hotſpurres* loſſe,
Lend to this weight, ſuch lightneſſe with their Feare,
That Arrowes fled not ſwifter toward their ayme,
Then did our Soldiers (ayming at their ſafety)
Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worceſter
Too ſoone ta'ne priſoner: and that furious Scot,
(The bloody *Dowglas*) whoſe well-labouring ſword
Had three times ſlaine th'appearance of the King,
Gan vaile his ſtomacke, and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turn'd their backes: and in his flight,
Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The ſumme of all,
Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath ſent out
A ſpeedy power, to encounter you my Lord,
Vnder the Conduct of yong Lancaſter
And Weſtmerland. This is the Newes at full.
North. For this, I ſhall haue time enough to mourne.
In Poyſon, there is Phyſicke: and this newes
(Hauing beene well) that would haue made me ſicke,
Being ſicke, haue in ſome meaſure, made me well.
And as the Wretch, whoſe Feauer-weakned ioynts,
Like ſtrengthleſſe Hindges, buckle vnder life,
Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire
Out of his keepers armes: Euen ſo, my Limbes
(Weak'ned with greefe) being now inrag'd with greefe,
Are thrice themſelues. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,
A ſcalie Gauntlet now, with ioynts of Steele
Muſt gloue this hand. And hence thou ſickly Quoiſe,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which Princes, fleſh'd with Conqueſt, ayme to hit.
Now binde my Browes with Iron, and approach
The ragged'ſt houre, that Time and Spight dare bring
To frowne vpon th'enrag'd Northumberland.
Let Heauen kiſſe Earth: now let not Natures hand
Keepe the wilde Flood confin'd: Let Order dye,
And let the world no longer be a ſtage
To feede Contention in a ling'ring Act:
But let one ſpirit of the Firſt-borne *Caine*

Reigne in all boſomes, that each heart being ſet
On bloody Courſes, the rude Scene may end,
And darkneſſe be the burier of the dead. (Honor.
L.Bar. Sweet Earle, diuorce not wiſedom from your
Mor. The liues of all your louing Complices
Leane-on your health, the which if you giue o're
To ſtormy Paſſion, muſt perforce decay.
You caſt th'euent of Warre (my Noble Lord)
And ſumm'd the accompt of Chance, before you ſaid
Let vs make head: It was your preſurmize,
That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.
You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o're:
You were aduis'd his fleſh was capeable
Of Wounds, and Scarres; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where moſt trade of danger rang'd,
Yet did you ſay go forth: and none of this
(Though ſtrongly apprehended) could reſtraine
The ſtiffe-borne Action: What hath then befalne?
Or what hath this bold enterprize bring forth,
More then that Being, which was like to be?
L.Bar. We all that are engaged to this loſſe,
Knew that we ventur'd on ſuch dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,
Choak'd the reſpect of likely perill fear'd,
And ſince we are o're-ſet, venture againe.
Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods,
Mor. 'Tis more then time: And (my moſt Noble Lord)
I heare for certaine, and do ſpeake the truth:
The gentle Arch-biſhop of Yorke is vp
With well appointed Powres: he is a man
Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.
My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Corpes,
But ſhadowes, and the ſhewes of men to fight.
For that ſame word (Rebellion) did diuide
The action of their bodies, from their ſoules,
And they did fight with queaſineſſe, conſtrain'd
As men drinke Potions; that their Weapons only
Seem'd on our ſide: but for their Spirits and Soules,
This word (Rebellion) it had froze them vp,
As Fiſh are in a Pond. But now the Biſhop
Turnes Inſurrection to Religion,
Suppos'd ſincere, and holy in his Thoughts:
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:
And doth enlarge his Riſing, with the blood
Of faire King *Richard*, ſcrap'd from Pomfret ſtones,
Deriues from heauen, his Quarrell, and his Cauſe:
Tels them, he doth beſtride a bleeding Land,
Gaſping for life, vnder great *Bullingbrooke*,
And more, and leſſe, do flocke to follow him.
North. I knew of this before. But to ſpeake truth,
This preſent greefe had wip'd it from my minde.
Go in with me, and councell euery man
The apteſt way for ſafety, and reuenge:
Get Poſts, and Letters, and make Friends with ſpeed,
Neuer ſo few, nor neuer yet more need. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe, and Page.

Fal. Sirra, you giant, what ſaies the Doct. to my water?

Pag. He ſaid ſir, the water it ſelfe was a good healthy water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might haue more diſeaſes then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all ſorts take a pride to gird at mee: the braine of this fooliſh compounded Clay-man, is not able to inuent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I inuent, or is inuented on me. I am not onely witty in my ſelfe, but the cauſe that wit is in other men. I doe heere walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Seruice for any other reaſon, then to ſet mee off, why then I haue no iudgement. Thou horſon Mandrake, thou art fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I was neuer mann'd with an Agot till now: but I will ſette you neyther in Gold, nor Siluer, but in vilde apparell, and ſend you backe againe to your Maſter, for a Iewell. The *Iuuenall* (the Prince your Maſter) whoſe Chin is not yet fledg'd, I will ſooner haue a beard grow in the Palme of my hand, then he ſhall get one on his cheeke: yet he will not ſticke to ſay, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heauen may finiſh it when he will, it is not a haire amiſſe yet: he may keepe it ſtill at a Face-Royall, for a Barber ſhall neuer earne ſix pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man euer ſince his Father was a Batchellour. He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almoſt out of mine, I can aſſure him. What ſaid M. *Dombledon*, about the Satten for my ſhort Cloake, and Slops?

Pag. He ſaid ſir, you ſhould procure him better Aſſurance, then *Bardolfe*: he wold not take his Bond & yours, he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his Tongue be hotter, a horſon *Achitophel*; a Raſcally-yea-forſooth-knaue, to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then ſtand vpon Security? The horſon ſmooth-pates doe now weare nothing but high ſhoes, and bunches of Keyes at their girdles: and if a man is through with them in honeſt Taking-vp, then they muſt ſtand vpon Securitie: I had as liefe they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to ſtoppe it with Security. I look'd hee ſhould haue ſent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true Knight) and he ſends me Security. Well, he may ſleep in Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance: and the lightneſſe of his Wife ſhines through it, and yet cannot he ſee, though he haue his owne Lanthorne to light him. Where's *Bardolfe*?

Pag. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worſhip a horſe.

Fal. I bought him in Paules, and hee'l buy mee a horſe in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiu'd.

Enter Chiefe Iuſtice, and Seruant.

Pag. Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for ſtriking him, about *Bardolfe*.

Fal. Wait cloſe, I will not ſee him.

Ch.Iuſt. What's he that goes there?

Ser. *Falſtaffe*, and't pleaſe your Lordſhip.

Iuſt. He that was in queſtion for the Robbery?

Ser. He my Lord, but he hath ſince done good ſeruice at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) is now going with ſome Charge, to the Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*.

Iuſt. What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.

Ser. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*.

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

Pag. You muſt ſpeake lowder, my Maſter is deafe.

Iuſt. I am ſure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go plucke him by the Elbow, I muſt ſpeake with him.

Ser. Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. What? a yong knaue and beg? Is there not wars? Is there not imployment? Doth not the K. lack ſubiects? Do not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a ſhame to be

on any ſide but one, it is worſe ſhame to begge, then to be on the worſt ſide, were it worſe then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You miſtake me Sir.

Fal. Why ſir? Did I ſay you were an honeſt man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Souldierſhip aſide, I had lyed in my throat, if I had ſaid ſo.

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then ſet your Knighthood and your Souldier-ſhip aſide, and giue mee leaue to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you ſay I am any other then an honeſt man.

Fal. I giue thee leaue to tell me ſo? I lay a-ſide that which growes to me? If thou get'ſt any leaue of me, hang me: if thou tak'ſt leaue, thou wer't better be hang'd: you Hunt-counter, hence: Auant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would ſpeake with you.

Iuſt. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord: giue your Lordſhip good time of the day. I am glad to ſee your Lordſhip abroad: I heard ſay your Lordſhip was ſicke. I hope your Lordſhip goes abroad by aduiſe. Your Lordſhip (though not clean paſt your youth) hath yet ſome ſmack of age in you: ſome relliſh of the ſaltneſſe of Time, and I moſt humbly beſeech your Lordſhip, to haue a reuerend care of your health.

Iuſt. Sir *Iohn*, I ſent you before your Expedition, to Shrewsburie.

Fal. If it pleaſe your Lordſhip, I heare his Maieſtie is return'd with ſome diſcomfort from Wales.

Iuſt. I talke not of his Maieſty: you would not come when I ſent for you?

Fal. And I heare moreouer, his Highneſſe is falne into this ſame whorſon Apoplexie. (you.
Iuſt. Well, heauen mend him. I pray let me ſpeak with

Fal. This Apoplexie is (as I take it) a kind of Lethargie, a ſleeping of the blood, a horſon Tingling.

Iuſt. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath it originall from much greefe; from ſtudy and perturbation of the braine. I haue read the cauſe of his effects in *Galen*. It is a kinde of deafeneſſe.

Iuſt. I thinke you are falne into the diſeaſe: For you heare not what I ſay to you.

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well: rather an't pleaſe you) it is the diſeaſe of not Liſtning, the malady of not Marking, that I am troubled withall.

Iuſt. To puniſh you by the heeles, would amend the attention of your eares, & I care not if I be your Phyſitian

Fal. I am as poore as *Iob*, my Lord; but not ſo Patient: your Lordſhip may miniſter the Potion of impriſonment to me, in reſpect of Pouertie: but how I ſhould bee your Patient, to follow your preſcriptions, the wiſe may make ſome dram of a ſcruple, or indeede, a ſcruple it ſelfe.

Iuſt. I ſent for you (when there were matters againſt you for your life) to come ſpeake with me.

Fal. As I was then aduiſed by my learned Councel, in the lawes of this Land-ſeruice, I did not come.

Iuſt. Wel, the truth is (ſir *Iohn*) you liue in great infamy

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cãnot liue in leſſe.

Iuſt. Your Meanes is very ſlender, and your waſt great.

Fal. I would it were otherwiſe: I would my Meanes were greater, and my waſte ſlenderer.

Iuſt. You haue miſled the youthfull Prince.

Fal. The yong Prince hath miſled mee. I am the Fellow with the great belly, and he my Dogge.

Iuſt. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound: your daies ſeruice at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded ouer your Nights exploit on Gads-hill. You may thanke the vnquiet time, for your quiet o're-poſting that Action.

Fal. My Lord? (Wolfe.
Iuſt. But ſince all is wel, keep it ſo: wake not a ſleeping

Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to ſmell a Fox.

Iu. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out

Fal. A Waſſell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did ſay of wax, my growth would approue the truth.

Iuſt. There is not a white haire on your face, but ſhold haue his effect of grauity.

Fal. His effect of grauy, grauy, grauy.

Iuſt You follow the yong Prince vp and downe, like his euill Angell.

Fal. Not ſo (my Lord) your ill Angell is light: but I hope, he that lookes vpon mee, will take mee without, weighing: and yet, in ſome reſpects I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Vertue is of ſo little regard in theſe Coſtor-mongers, that true valor is turn'd Beare-heard. Pregnancie is made a Tapſter, and hath his quicke wit waſted in giuing Recknings: all the other gifts appertinent to man (as the malice of this Age ſhapes them) are not woorth a Gooſeberry. You that are old, conſider not the capacities of vs that are yong: you meaſure the heat of our Liuers, with the bitternes of your gals: & we that are in the vaward of our youth, I muſt confeſſe, are wagges too.

Iuſt. Do you ſet downe your name in the ſcrowle of youth, that are written downe old, with all the Charracters of age? Haue you not a moiſt eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheeke? a white beard? a decreaſing leg? an increſing belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde ſhort? your wit ſingle? and euery part about you blaſted with Antiquity? and wil you cal your ſelfe yong? Fy, fy, fy, ſir *Iohn*.

Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & ſomthing a round belly. For my voice, I haue loſt it with hallowing and ſinging of Anthemes. To approue my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudgement and vnderſtanding: and he that will caper with mee for a thouſand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & haue at him. For the boxe of th'eare that the Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a ſenſible Lord. I haue checkt him for it, and the yong Lion repents: Marry not in aſhes and ſacke-cloath, but in new Silke, and old Sacke.

Iuſt. Wel, heauen ſend the Prince a better companion.

Fal. Heauen ſend the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.

Iuſt. Well, the King hath ſeuer'd you and Prince *Harry*, I heare you are going with Lord *Iohn* of Lancaſter, againſt the Archbiſhop, and the Earle of Northumberland

Fal. Yes, I thanke your pretty ſweet wit for it: but looke you pray, (all you that kiſſe my Ladie Peace, at home) that our Armies ioyn not in a hot day: for if I take but two ſhirts out with me, and I meane not to ſweat extraordinarily: if it bee a hot day, if I brandiſh any thing but my Bottle, would I might neuer ſpit white againe: There is not a daungerous Action can peepe out his head, but I am thruſt vpon it. Well, I cannot laſt euer.

Iuſt. Well, be honeſt, be honeſt, and heauen bleſſe your Expedition.

[illegible] Will your Lordſhip lend mee a thouſand pound, to [illegible] me forth?

[illegible] Not a peny, not a peny: you are too impatient to beare croſſes. Fare you well. Commend mee to my Coſin Weſtmerland.

Fal. If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man can no more ſeparate Age and Couetouſneſſe, then he can part yong limbes and letchery: but the Gowt galles the one,and the pox pinches the other; and ſo both the Degrees preuent my curſes. Boy?

Page. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purſe?

Page. Seuen groats,and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy againſt this Conſumption of the purſe. Borrowing onely lingers,and lingers it out, but the diſeaſe is incureable. Go beare this letter to my Lord of Lancaſter, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Weſtmerland, and this to old Miſtris *Vrſula,* whome I haue weekly ſworne to marry, ſince I perceiu'd the firſt white haire on my chin. About it: you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe: for the one or th'other playes the rogue with my great toe: It is no matter, if I do halt,I haue the warres for my colour,and my Penſion ſhall ſeeme the more reaſonable. A good wit will make vſe of any thing: I will turne diſeaſes to commodity. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbiſhop, Haſtings, Mowbray, and
Lord Bardolfe.

Ar. Thus haue you heard our cauſes,& kno our Means:
And my moſt noble Friends, I pray you all
Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes,
And firſt(Lord Marſhall)what ſay you to it?

Mow. I well allow the occaſion of our Armes,
But gladly would be better ſatisfied,
How (in our Meanes) we ſhould aduance our ſelues
To looke with forhead bold and big enough
Vpon the Power and puiſance of the King.

Haſt. Our preſent Muſters grow vpon the File
To fiue and twenty thouſand men of choice:
And our Supplies, liue largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whoſe boſome burnes
With an incenſed Fire of Iniuries.

L.Bar. The queſtion then(Lord *Haſtings*)ſtandeth thus
Whether our preſent fiue and twenty thouſand
May hold-vp-head,without Northumberland:

Haſt. With him,we may.

L.Bar. I marry,there's the point:
But if without him we be thought to feeble,
My iudgement is,we ſhould not ſtep too farre
Till we had his Aſsiſtance by the hand.
For in a Theame ſo bloody fac'd,as this,
Coniecture, Expectation,and Surmiſe
Of Aydes incertaine,ſhould not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true Lord *Bardolfe*,for indeed
It was yong *Hotſpurres* caſe, at Shrewsbury.

L.Bar. It was(my Lord)who lin'd himſelf with hope,
Eating the ayre, on promiſe of Supply,
Flatt'ring himſelfe with Proiect of a power,
Much ſmaller, then the ſmalleſt of his Thoughts,
And ſo with great imagination
(Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death,
And (winking) leap'd into deſtruction.

Haſt. But (by your leaue)it neuer yet did hurt
To lay downe likely-hoods,and formes of hope.

L.Bar. Yes, if this preſent quality of warre,
Indeed the inſtant action: a cauſe on foot,
Liues ſo in hope: As in an early Spring,
We ſee th'appearing buds,which to proue fruite,
Hope giues not ſo much warrant, as Diſpaire
That Froſts will bite them. When we meane to build,
We firſt ſuruey the Plot,then draw the Modell,
And when we ſee the figure of the houſe,
Then muſt we rate the coſt of the Erection,
Which if we finde out-weighes Ability,
What do we then, but draw a-new the Modell
In fewer offices? Or at leaſt, deſiſt
To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke,
(Which is (almoſt) to plucke a Kingdome downe,
And ſet another vp)ſhould we ſuruey
The plot of Situation,and the Modell;
Conſent vpon a ſure Foundation:
Queſtion Surueyors, know our owne eſtate,
How able ſuch a Worke to vndergo,
To weigh againſt his Oppoſite? Or elſe,
We fortifie in Paper,and in Figures,
Vſing the Names of men, inſtead of men:
Like one,that drawes the Modell of a houſe
Beyond his power to builde it; who(halfe through)
Giues o're, and leaues his part-created Coſt
A naked ſubiect to the Weeping Clouds,
And waſte,for churliſh Winters tyranny.

Haſt. Grant that our hopes(yet likely of faire byrth)
Should be ſtill-borne, and that we now poſſeſt
The vtmoſt man of expectation;
I thinke we are a Body ſtrong enough
(Euen as we are) to equall with the King.

L.Bar. What is the King but fiue & twenty thouſand?

Haſt. To vs no more: nay not ſo much Lord *Bardolf,*
For his diuiſions (as the Times do braul)
Are in three Heads: one Power againſt the French,
And one againſt *Glendower:* Perforce a third
Muſt take vp vs: So is the vnfirme King
In three diuided: and his Coffers ſound
With hollow Pouerty,and Emptineſſe.

Ar. That he ſhould draw his ſeuerall ſtrengths togither
And come againſt vs in full puiſſance
Need not be dreaded.

Haſt. If he ſhould do ſo,
He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French,and Welch
Baying him at the heeles: neuer feare that.

L.Bar. Who is it like ſhould lead his Forces hither?

Haſt. The Duke of Lancaſter,and Weſtmerland:
Againſt the Welſh himſelfe, and *Harrie Monmouth.*
But who is ſubſtituted 'gainſt the French,
I haue no certaine notice.

Arch. Let vs on:
And publiſh the occaſion of our Armes.
The Common-wealth is ſicke of their owne Choice,
Their ouer-greedy loue hath ſurfetted:
An habitation giddy, and vnſure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond Many, with what loud applauſe
Did'ſt thou beate heauen with bleſſing *Bullingbrooke,*
Before he was,what thou would'ſt haue him be?
And being now trimm'd in thine owne deſires,
Thou (beaſtly Feeder)art ſo full of him,
That thou prouok'ſt thy ſelfe to caſt him vp.
So,ſo,(thou common Dogge) did'ſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton-boſome of the Royall *Richard,*
And now thou would'ſt eate thy dead vomit vp,
And howl'ſt to finde it. What truſt is in theſe Times?
They,that when *Richard* liu'd,would haue him dye,
Are now become enamour'd on his graue.
Thou that threw'ſt duſt vpon his goodly head
When through proud London he came ſighing on,
After th'admired heeles of *Bullingbrooke,*
Cri'ſt now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King agine,
And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd)
"*Paſt, and to Come, ſeemes beſt; things Preſent, worſt.*

Mow. Shall we go draw our numbers,and ſet on?

Haſt. We are Times ſubiects,and Time bids, be gon.

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Hoſteſſe, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.

Hosteſſe. Mr. *Fang*,haue you entred the Action?

Fang. It is enter'd.

Hosteſſe. Wher's your Yeoman? Is it a luſty yeoman? Will he ſtand to it?

Fang. Sirrah, where's *Snare?*

Hosteſſe. I,I,good M. *Snare*..

Snare. Heere,heere.

Fang. *Snare,*we muſt Arreſt Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe.*

Hoſt. I good M. *Snare,*I haue enter'd him,and all.

Sn. It may chance coſt ſome of vs our liues:he wil ſtab

Hoſteſſe. Alas the day: take heed of him: he ſtabd me in mine owne houſe, and that moſt beaſtly: he cares not what miſcheefe he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will foyne like any diuell, he will ſpare neither man, woman, nor childe.

Fang. If I can cloſe with him,I care not for his thruſt.

Hosteſſe. No,nor I neither: Ile be at your elbow.

Fang. If I but fiſt him once:if he come but within my Vice.

Hoſt. I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an infinitiue thing vpon my ſcore. Good M. *Fang* hold him ſure:good M. *Snare* let him not ſcape, he comes continuantly to Py-Corner(ſauing your manhoods)to buy a ſaddle, and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in Lombardſtreet,to M. *Smoothes* the Silkman. I pra'ye,ſince my Exion is enter'd,and my Caſe ſo openly known to the world,let him be brought in to his anſwer: A 100. Marke is a long one,for a poore lone woman to beare: & I haue borne,and borne,and borne, and haue bin fub'doff, and fub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a ſhame to be thought on. There is no honeſty in ſuch dealing, vnles a woman ſhould be made an Aſſe and a Beaſt, to beare euery Knaues wrong. *Enter Falſtaffe and Bardolfe.* Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmeſey-Noſe *Bardolfe* with him. Do your Offices,do your offices: M. *Fang,* & M. *Snare,*do me,do me,do me your Offices.

Fal. How now? whoſe Mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir *Iohn,*I arreſt you,at the ſuit of Miſt. *Quickly.*

Falſt. Away Varlets,draw *Bardolfe*: Cut me off the Villaines head: throw the Queane in the Channel.

Hoſt. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou baſtardly rogue. Murder,murder, O thou Hony-ſuckle villaine,wilt thou kill Gods officers,and the Kings? O thou hony-ſeed Rogue,thou art a honyſeed,a Man-queller,and a woman-queller.

Falſt. Keep them off,*Bardolfe.* *Fang.* A reſcu,a reſcu.

Hoſt. Good people bring a reſcu. Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? Do,do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempſeed.

Page. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fuſtillirian: Ile tucke your Cataſtrophe. *Enter. Ch. Iuſtice.*

Iuſt. What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, hoa.

Hoſt. Good my Lord be good to mee. I beſeech you ſtand to me.

Ch.Iuſt. How now ſir *Iohn?* What are you brauling here?
Doth this become your place,your time,and buſineſſe?
You ſhould haue bene well on your way to Yorke.
Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang'ſt vpon him?

Hoſt. Oh my moſt worſhipfull Lord,and't pleaſe your Grace,I am a poore widdow of Eaſtcheap, and he is arreſted at my ſuit.

Ch. Iuſt. For what ſumme?

Hoſt. It is more then for ſome(my Lord)it is for all: all I haue,he hath eaten me out of houſe and home; hee hath put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his: but I will haue ſome of it out againe, or I will ride thee o'Nights, like the Mare.

Falſt. I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I haue any vantage of ground,to get vp.

Ch:Iuſt. How comes this,Sir *Iohn?* Fy, what a man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of exclamation? Are you not aſham'd to inforce a poore Widdowe to ſo rough a courſe,to come by her owne?

Falſt. What is the groſſe ſumme that I owe thee?

Hoſt. Marry (if thou wer't an honeſt man)thy ſelfe,& the mony too. Thou didſt ſweare to mee vpon a parcell gilt Goblet,ſitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table,by a ſea-cole fire,on Wedneſday in Whitſon week, when the Prince broke thy head for lik'ning him to a ſinging man of Windſor; Thou didſt ſweare to me then(as I was waſhing thy wound)to marry me,and make mee my Lady thy wife. Canſt yͧ deny it? Did not goodwife *Keech* the Butchers wife come in then,and cal me goſſip *Quickly?* comming in to borrow a meſſe of Vinegar: telling vs, ſhe had a good diſh of Prawnes: whereby yͧ didſt deſire to eat ſome: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound? And didſt not thou (when ſhe was gone downe ſtaires)deſire me to be no more familiar with ſuch poore people,ſaying,that ere long they ſhould call me Madam? And did'ſt yͧ not kiſſe me,and bid mee fetch thee 30.s? I put thee now to thy Book-oath,deny it if thou canſt?

Fal. My Lord,this is a poore mad ſoule: and ſhe ſayes vp & downe the town,that her eldeſt ſon is like you. She hath bin in good caſe,& the truth is, pouerty hath diſtracted her: but for theſe fooliſh Officers, I beſeech you, I may haue redreſſe againſt them.

Iuſt. Sir *Iohn,*ſir *Iohn,*I am well acquainted with your maner of wrenching the true cauſe,the falſe way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come with ſuch (more then impudent)ſawcines from you, can thruſt me from a leuell conſideration,I know you ha' practis'd vpon the eaſie-yeelding ſpirit of this woman.

Hoſt. Yes in troth my Lord.

Iuſt. Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and vnpay the villany you haue done her: the one you may do with ſterling mony,& the other with currant repentance.

Fal. My Lord, I will not vndergo this ſneape without reply. You call honorable Boldnes,impudent Sawcineſſe: If a man wil curt'ſie,and ſay nothing,he is vertuous: No, my Lord(your humble duty remẽbred)I will not be your ſutor. I ſay to you,I deſire deliu'rance from theſe Officers being vpon haſty employment in the Kings Affaires.

Iuſt. You ſpeake,as hauing power to do wrong: But anſwer in the effect of your Reputation, and ſatisfie the poore woman.

Falſt. Come hither Hoſteſſe. *Enter M. Gower*

Ch. Iuſt. Now Maſter *Gower;* What newes?

Gow. The King(my Lord) and *Henrie* Prince of Wales
Are neere at hand: The reſt the Paper telles.

Falſt. As I am a Gentleman.

Hoſt. Nay,you ſaid ſo before.

Fal. As I am a Gentleman. Come,no more words of it

Hoſt. By this Heauenly ground I tread on, I muſt be faine to pawne both my Plate,and the Tapiſtry of my dyning Chambers.

Fal. Glaſſes,glaſſes, is the onely drinking : and for thy walles a pretty ſlight Drollery, or the Storie of the Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Waterworke, is worth a thouſand of theſe Bed-hangings, and theſe Fly-bitten Tapiſtries. Let it be tenne pound (if thou canſt.) Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better Wench in England. Go, waſh thy face, and draw thy Action : Come, thou muſt not bee in this humour with me, come, I know thou was't ſet on to this.

Hoſt. Prethee (Sir *Iohn*)let it be but twenty Nobles, I loath to pawne my Plate,in good earneſt la.

Fal. Let it alone, Ile make other ſhift : you'l be a fool ſtill.

Hoſt. Well, you ſhall haue it although I pawne my Gowne. I hope you'l come to Supper: You'l pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I liue? Go with her,with her : hooke-on, hooke-on.

Hoſt. Will you haue *Doll Teare-ſheet* meet you at ſupper?

Fal. No more words. Let's haue her.

Ch.Iuſt. I haue heard bitter newes.

Fal What's the newes (my good Lord?)

Ch.Iu. Where lay the King laſt night?

Meſ. At Baſingſtoke my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord)all's well. What is the newes my Lord?

Ch.Iuſt. Come all his Forces backe?

Meſ. No: Fifteene hundred Foot,fiue hundred Horſe
Are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaſter,
Againſt Northumberland,and the Archbiſhop.

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales,my noble L?

Ch.Iuſt. You ſhall haue Letters of me preſently.
Come,go along with me, good M. *Gowre.*

Fal. My Lord.

Ch.Iuſt. What's the matter?

Fal. Maſter *Gowre,* ſhall I entreate you with mee to dinner?

Gow. I muſt waite vpon my good Lord heere.
I thanke you,good Sir *Iohn.*

Ch.Iuſt. Sir *Iohn,*you loyter heere too long being you are to take Souldiers vp, in Countries as you go.

Fal. Will you ſup with me,Maſter *Gowre?*

Ch.Iuſt. What fooliſh Maſter taught you theſe manners, Sir *Iohn*?

Fal. Maſter *Gower*, if they become mee not, hee was a Foole that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap,and ſo part faire.

Ch.Iuſt. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Foole. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Pointz, Bardolfe,
and Page.

Prin. Truſt me, I am exceeding weary.

Poin. Is it come to that? I had thought wearines durſt not haue attach'd one of ſo high blood.

Prin. It doth me: though it diſcolours the complexion of my Greatneſſe to acknowledge it. Doth it not ſhew vildely in me, to deſire ſmall Beere?

Poin. Why, a Prince ſhould not be ſo looſely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weake a Compoſition.

Prince. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got : for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Creature, Small Beere. But indeede theſe humble conſiderations make me out of loue with my Greatneſſe. What a diſgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many paire of Silk ſtockings ÿ haſt? (Viz.theſe,and thoſe that were thy peach-colour'd ones:) Or to beare the Inuentorie of thy ſhirts, as one for ſuperfluity, and one other,for vſe. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou kept'ſt not Racket there, as thou haſt not done a great while,becauſe the reſt of thy Low Countries,haue made a ſhift to eate vp thy Holland.

Poin. How ill it followes, after you haue labour'd ſo hard,you ſhould talke ſo idlely? Tell me how many good yong Princes would do ſo, their Fathers lying ſo ſicke, as yours is?

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, *Pointz*?

Poin. Yes : and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It ſhall ſerue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Poin. Go to : I ſtand the puſh of your one thing, that you'l tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I ſhould be ſad now my Father is ſicke : albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleaſes me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be ſad,and ſad indeed too.

Poin Very hardly,vpon ſuch a ſubiect.

Prin. Thou think'ſt me as farre in the Diuels Booke, as thou,and *Falſtaffe*, for obduracie and perſiſtencie. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is ſo ſicke : and keeping ſuch vild company as thou art, hath in reaſon taken from me, all oſtentation of ſorrow.

Poin. The reaſon?

Prin. What would'ſt thou think of me,if I ſhold weep?

Poin. I would thinke thee a moſt Princely hypocrite.

Prin. It would be euery mans thought : and thou art a bleſſed Fellow,to thinke as euery man thinkes : neuer a mans thought in the world, keepes the Rode-way better then thine : euery man would thinke me an Hypocrite indeede. And what accites your moſt worſhipful thought to thinke ſo?

Poin. Why,becauſe you haue beene ſo lewde, and ſo much ingraffed to *Falſtaffe.*

Prin. And to thee.

Pointz. Nay, I am well ſpoken of, I can heare it with mine owne eares:the worſt that they can ſay of me is,that I am a ſecond Brother, and that I am a proper Fellowe of my hands : and thoſe two things I confeſſe I canot helpe. Looke,looke,here comes *Bardolfe.*

Prince. And the Boy that I gaue *Falſtaffe,* he had him from me Chriſtian,and ſee if the fat villain haue not transform'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. Saue your Grace.

Prin. And yours,moſt Noble *Bardolfe.*

Poin. Come you pernitious Aſſe,you baſhfull Foole, muſt you be bluſhing? Wherefore bluſh you now? what a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it ſuch a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me euen now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could diſcerne no part of his face from the window : at laſt I ſpy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wiues new Petticoat, & peeped through.

Prin. Hath not the boy profited?

Bar. Away,you horſon vpright Rabbet,away.

Page. Away,you raſcally *Altheas* dreame,away.

Prin. Inſtruct vs Boy : what dreame, Boy?

Page. Marry (my Lord) *Althea* dream'd, ſhe was deliuer'd of a Firebrand,and therefore I call him hir dream.

Prince. A Crownes-worth of good Interpretation : There it is, Boy.

Poin. O that this good Bloſſome could bee kept from Cankers : Well,there is ſix pence to preſerue thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallowes ſhall be wrong'd.

Prince. And how doth thy Maſter, *Bardolph*?

Bar. Well,my good Lord : he heard of your Graces comming to Towne. There's a Letter for you.

Poin. Deliuer'd with good reſpect: And how doth the Martlemas, your Maſter?

Bard. In bodily health Sir.

Poin. Marry, the immortall part needes a Phyſitian : but that moues not him : though that bee ſicke, it dyes not.

Prince. I do allow this Wen to bee as familiar with me,as my dogge : and he holds his place, for looke you he writes.

Poin.Letter. *Iohn Falſtaffe Knight* : (Euery man muſt know that,as oft as hee hath occaſion to name himſelfe:) Euen like thoſe that are kinne to the King, for they neuer pricke their finger ,but they ſay,there is ſom of the kings blood ſpilt. How comes that (ſayes he) that takes vpon him not to conceiue? the anſwer is as ready as a borrowed cap : I am the Kings poore Coſin, Sir.

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to vs,but they wil fetch it from *Iaphet.* But to the Letter: —*Sir Iohn Falſtaffe, Knight, to the Sonne of the King, neereſt his Father, Harrie Prince of Wales, greeting.*

Poin. Why this is a Certificate.

Prin. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romaines in breuitie.

Poin. Sure he meanes breuity in breath: ſhort-winded.

I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leaue thee. Bee not too familiar with Pointz, *for hee miſuſes thy Fauours ſo much, that he ſweares thou art to marrie his Siſter* Nell. *Repent at idle times as thou mayſt, and ſo farewell.*

Thine, by yea and no : which is as much as to ſay, as thou
vſeſt him. Iacke Falſtaffe *with my Familiars:*
Iohn *with my Brothers and Siſter: & Sir*
Iohn, *with all Europe.*

My Lord, I will ſteepe this Letter in Sack, and make him eate it.

Prin. That's to make him eate twenty of his Words. But do you vſe me thus *Ned*? Muſt I marry your Siſter?

Poin. May the Wench haue no worſe Fortune. But I neuer ſaid ſo.

Prin. Well, thus we play the Fooles with the time, & the ſpirits of the wiſe, ſit in the clouds, and mocke vs : Is your Maſter heere in London?

Bard. Yes my Lord.

Prin. Where ſuppes he? Doth the old Bore, feede in the old Franke?

Bard. At the old place my Lord, in Eaſt-cheape.

Prin. What Company?

Page. Epheſians my Lord,of the old Church.

Prin. Sup any women with him?

Page. None my Lord, but old Miſtris *Quickly*, and M. *Doll Teare-ſheet.*

Prin. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinſwoman of my Maſters.

Prin. Euen ſuch Kin, as the Pariſh Heyfors are to the Towne-Bull?
Shall we ſteale vpon them (*Ned*) at Supper?

Poin. I am your ſhadow, my Lord, Ile follow you.

Prin. Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your Maſter that I am yet in Towne.
There's for your ſilence.

Bar. I haue no tongue, ſir.

Page. And for mine Sir, I will gouerne it.

Prin. Fare ye well: go.
This *Doll Teare-ſheet* ſhould be ſome Rode.

Poin. I warrant you, as common as the way betweene S. Albans, and London.

Prin. How might we ſee *Falſtaffe* beſtow himſelfe to night, in his true colours, and not our ſelues be ſeene?

Poin. Put on two Leather Ierkins, and Aprons, and waite vpon him at his Table, like Drawers.

Prin. From a God, to a Bull? A heauie declenſion : It was Ioues caſe. From a Prince, to a Prentice, a low transformation, that ſhall be mine: for in euery thing, the purpoſe muſt weigh with the folly. Follow me *Ned.* *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Northumberland, his Ladie, and Harrie
Percies Ladie.

North. I prethee louing Wife, and gentle Daughter,
Giue an euen way vnto my rough Affaires:
Put not you on the viſage of the Times,
And be like them to Percie, troubleſome.

Wife. I haue giuen ouer, I will ſpeak no more,
Do what you will : your Wiſedome, be your guide.

North. Alas (ſweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne,
And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

La. Oh yet, for heauens ſake, go not to theſe Warrs;
The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,
When you were more endeer'd to it, then now,
When your owne Percy, when my heart-deere *Harry*,
Threw many a Northward looke, to ſee his Father
Bring vp his Powres : but he did long in vaine.
Who then perſwaded you to ſtay at home?
There were two Honors loſt; Yours, and your Sonnes.
For Yours, may heauenly glory brighten it :
For His, it ſtucke vpon him, as the Sunne
In the gray vault of Heauen : and by his Light
Did all the Cheualrie of England moue
To do braue Acts. He was (indeed) the Glaſſe
Wherein the Noble-Youth did dreſſe themſelues.
He had no Legges, that practic'd not his Gate :
And ſpeaking thicke (which Nature made his blemiſh)
Became the Accents of the Valiant.
For thoſe that could ſpeake low, and tardily,
Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abuſe,
To ſeeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,
In Diet, in Affections of delight,
In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,

He was the Marke,and Glaſſe, Coppy,and Booke,
That faſhion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leaue
(Second to none) vn-ſeconded by you,
To looke vpon the hideous God of Warre,
In diſ-aduantage,to abide a field,
Where nothing but the ſound of *Hotſpurs* Name
Did ſeeme defenſible: ſo you left him.
Neuer,O neuer doe his Ghoſt the wrong,
To hold your Honor more preciſe and nice
With others,then with him. Let them alone:
The Marſhall and the Arch-biſhop are ſtrong.
Had my ſweet *Harry* had but halfe their Numbers,
To day might I (hanging on *Hotſpurs* Necke)
Haue talk'd of *Monmouth's* Graue.

North. Beſhrew your heart,
(Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient Ouer-ſights.
But I muſt goe,and meet with Danger there,
Or it will ſeeke me in another place,
And finde me worſe prouided.

Wife. O flye to Scotland,
Till that the Nobles,and the armed Commons,
Haue of their Puiſſance made a little taſte.

Lady. If they get ground,and vantage of the King,
Then ioyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,
To make Strength ſtronger. But,for all our loues,
Firſt let them trye themſelues. So did your Sonne,
He was ſo ſuffer'd; ſo came I a Widow:
And neuer ſhall haue length of Life enough,
To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow,and ſprowt,as high as Heauen,
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

*North.*Come,come,go in with me:'tis with my Minde
As with the Tyde,ſwell'd vp vnto his height,
That makes a ſtill-ſtand,running neyther way.
Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-biſhop,
But many thouſand Reaſons hold me backe.
I will reſolue for Scotland: there am I,
Till Time and Vantage craue my company. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.

1. *Drawer.* What haſt thou brought there? Apple-Iohns? Thou know'ſt Sir *Iohn* cannot endure an Apple-Iohn.

2. *Draw.* Thou ſay'ſt true: the Prince once ſet a Diſh of Apple-Iohns before him, and told him there were fiue more Sir *Iohns*: and,putting off his Hat,ſaid,I will now take my leaue of theſe ſixe drie, round, old-wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath forgot that.

1. *Draw.* Why then couer, and ſet them downe: and ſee if thou canſt finde out *Sneakes* Noyſe; Miſtris *Teare-ſheet* would faine haue ſome Muſique.

2. *Draw.* Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Maſter *Points*,anon: and they will put on two of our Ierkins, and Aprons, and Sir *Iohn* muſt not know of it: *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1. *Draw.* Then here will be old *Vtis*: it will be an excellent ſtratagem.

2. *Draw.* Ile ſee if I can finde out *Sneake.* *Exit.*

Enter Hoſteſſe, and Dol.

Hoſt. Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperalitie: your Pulſidge beates as extraordinarily, as heart would deſire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Roſe: But you haue drunke too much Canaries, and that's a maruellous ſearching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can ſay what's this. How doe you now?

Dol. Better then I was: Hem.

Hoſt. Why that was well ſaid: A good heart's worth Gold. Looke,here comes Sir *Iohn.*

Enter Falſtaffe.

Falſt. When Arthur firſt in Court--(emptie the Iordan) *and was a worthy King*: How now Miſtris *Dol*?

Hoſt. Sick of a Calme: yea,good-ſooth.

Falſt. So is all her Sect: if they be once in a Calme, they are ſick.

Dol. You muddie Raſcall,is that all the comfort you giue me?

Falſt. You make fat Raſcalls, Miſtris *Dol.*

Dol. I make them? Gluttonie and Diſeaſes make them, I make them not.

Falſt. If the Cooke make the Gluttonie,you helpe to make the Diſeaſes (*Dol*) we catch of you (*Dol*) we catch of you: Grant that,my poore Vertue, grant that.

Dol. I marry,our Chaynes,and our Iewels.

Falſt. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to ſerue brauely,is to come halting off: you know,to come off the Breach,with his Pike bent brauely, and to Surgerie brauely; to venture vpon the charg'd-Chambers brauely.

Hoſt. Why this is the olde faſhion: you two neuer meete,but you fall to ſome diſcord: you are both (in good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Toſtes, you cannot one beare with anothers Confirmities. What the good-yere? One muſt beare, and that muſt bee you: you are the weaker Veſſell; as they ſay, the emptier Veſſell.

Dol. Can a weake emptie Veſſell beare ſuch a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture of Burdeux-Stuffe in him: you haue not ſeene a Hulke better ſtufft in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee *Iacke*: Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I ſhall euer ſee thee againe, or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient *Piſtoll* is below, and would ſpeake with you.

Dol. Hang him, ſwaggering Raſcall, let him not come hither: it is the foule-mouth'dſt Rogue in England.

Hoſt. If hee ſwagger, let him not come here: I muſt liue amongſt my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very beſt: ſhut the doore, there comes no Swaggerers heere: I haue not liu'd all this while, to haue ſwaggering now: ſhut the doore, I pray you.

Falſt. Do'ſt thou heare, Hoſteſſe?

Hoſt.'Pray you pacifie your ſelfe(Sir *Iohn*)there comes no Swaggerers heere.

*Falſt.*Do'ſt

Falſt. Do'ſt thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

Hoſt. Tilly-fally(Sir *Iohn*)neuer tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before Maſter *Tiſick* the Deputie, the other day: and as hee ſaid to me, it was no longer agoe then Wedneſday laſt: Neighbour *Quickly* (ſayes hee;) Maſter *Dombe*,our Miniſter,was by then: Neighbour *Quickly* (ſayes hee) receiue thoſe that are Ciuill; for (ſayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now hee ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon: for(ſayes hee) you are an honeſt Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heede what Gueſts you receiue: Receiue(ſayes hee) no ſwaggering Companions.There comes none heere. You would bleſſe you to heare what hee ſaid. No, Ile no Swaggerers.

Falſt. Hee's no Swaggerer(Hoſteſſe:)a tame Cheater, hee: you may ſtroake him as gently, as a Puppie Grey-hound: hee will not ſwagger with a Barbarie Henne, if her feathers turne backe in any ſhew of reſiſtance. Call him vp (Drawer.)

Hoſt. Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honeſt man my houſe; nor no Cheater: but I doe not loue ſwaggering; I am the worſe when one ſayes, ſwagger: Feele Maſters,how I ſhake: looke you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you doe, Hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. Doe I? yea,in very truth doe I,if it were an Aſpen Leafe: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

Enter Piſtol, and Bardolph and his Boy.

Piſt. 'Saue you, Sir *Iohn.*

Falſt. Welcome Ancient *Piſtol.* Here(*Piſtol*)I charge you with a Cup of Sacke: doe you diſcharge vpon mine Hoſteſſe.

Piſt. I will diſcharge vpon her (Sir *Iohn*) with two Bullets.

Falſt. She is Piſtoll-proofe (Sir) you ſhall hardly offend her.

Hoſt. Come, Ile drinke no Proofes,nor no Bullets: I will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans pleaſure, I.

Piſt. Then to you (Miſtris *Dorothie*) I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I ſcorne you (ſcuruie Companion) what? you poore, baſe, raſcally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-Mate: away you mouldie Rogue,away; I am meat for your Maſter.

Piſt. I know you, Miſtris *Dorothie.*

Dol. Away you Cut-purſe Raſcall, you filthy Bung, away: By this Wine, Ile thruſt my Knife in your mouldie Chappes, if you play the ſawcie Cuttle with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Raſcall, you Basket-hilt ſtale Iugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your ſhoulder? much.

Piſt. I will murther your Ruffe, for this.

Hoſt. No,good Captaine *Piſtol*: not heere, ſweete Captaine.

Dol. Captaine? thou abhominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not aſham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minde, they would truncheon you out, for taking their Names vpon you, before you haue earn'd them. You a Captaine? you ſlaue, for what? for tearing a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-houſe? Hee a Captaine? hang him Rogue, hee liues vpon mouldie ſtew'd-Pruines, and dry'de Cakes. A Captaine? Theſe Villaines will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had neede looke to it.

Bard. 'Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

Falſt. Hearke thee hither, Miſtris *Dol.*

Piſt. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall *Bardolph*, I could teare her: Ile be reueng'd on her.

Page. 'Pray thee goe downe.

Piſt. Ile ſee her damn'd firſt: to *Pluto's* damn'd Lake, to the Infernall Deepe, where *Erebus* and Tortures vilde alſo. Hold Hooke and Line, ſay I: Downe: downe Dogges, downe Fates: haue wee not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. Good Captaine *Peeſel* be quiet, it is very late: I beſeeke you now, aggrauate your Choler.

Piſt. Theſe be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack-Horſes, and hollow-pamper'd Iades of Aſia, which cannot goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with *Cæſar*, and with Caniballs, and Troian Greekes? nay, rather damne them with King *Cerberus*, and let the Welkin roare: ſhall wee fall foule for Toyes?

Hoſt. By my troth Captaine, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawle anon.

Piſt. Die men, like Dogges; giue Crownes like Pinnes: Haue we not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. On my word(Captaine)there's none ſuch here. What the good-yere, doe you thinke I would denye her? I pray be quiet.

Piſt. Then feed, and be fat (my faire *Calipolis.*) Come, giue me ſome Sack, *Si fortune me tormente, ſperato me contente.* Feare wee broad-ſides? No, let the Fiend giue fire: Giue me ſome Sack: and Sweet-heart lye thou there: Come wee to full Points here, and are *et cetera's* nothing?

Fal. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſt. Sweet Knight, I kiſſe thy Neaffe: what? wee haue ſeene the ſeuen Starres.

Dol. Thruſt him downe ſtayres, I cannot endure ſuch a Fuſtian Raſcall.

Piſt. Thruſt him downe ſtayres? know we not Galloway Nagges?

Fal. Quoit him downe (*Bardolph*) like a ſhoue-groat ſhilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but ſpeake nothing, hee ſhall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe ſtayres.

Piſt. What? ſhall wee haue Inciſion? ſhall wee embrew? then Death rocke me aſleepe, abridge my dolefull dayes: why then let grieuous, gaſtly, gaping Wounds, vntwin'd the Siſters three: Come *Atropos*, I ſay.

Hoſt. Here's good ſtuffe toward.

Fal. Giue me my Rapier, Boy.

Dol. I prethee *Iack*, I prethee doe not draw.

Fal. Get you downe ſtayres.

Hoſt. Here's a goodly tumult: Ile forſweare keeping houſe, before Ile be in theſe tirrits, and frights. So: Murther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Weapons, put vp your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee *Iack* be quiet, the Raſcall is gone: ah, you whorſon little valiant Villaine, you.

Hoſt. Are you not hurt i'th'Groyne? me thought hee made a ſhrewd Thruſt at your Belly.

Fal. Haue you turn'd him out of doores?

Bard. Yes Sir: the Raſcall's drunke: you haue hurt him (Sir) in the ſhoulder.

Fal. A Raſcall to braue me.

Dol. Ah, you ſweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape, how thou ſweat'ſt? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you whorſon Chops: Ah Rogue, I loue thee: Thou art as valorous as *Hector* of Troy, worth fiue of *Agamemnon*, and tenne times better then the nine Worthies: ah Villaine.

Fal. A raſcally Slaue, I will toſſe the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dol. Doe, if thou dar'ſt for thy heart: if thou doo'ſt, Ile canuas thee betweene a paire of Sheetes.

Enter Muſique.

Page. The Muſique is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, *Dol.* A Raſcall, bragging Slaue: the Rogue fled from me like Quick-ſiluer.

Dol. And thou followd'ſt him like a Church: thou whorſon little tydie Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting on dayes, and foyning on nights, and begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?

Enter the Prince and Poines diſguis'd.

Fal. Peace (good *Dol*) doe not ſpeake like a Deaths-head: doe not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of?

Fal. A good ſhallow young fellow: hee would haue made a good Pantler, hee would haue chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They ſay *Poines* hath a good Wit.

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboone, his Wit is as thicke as Tewksburie Muſtard: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince loue him ſo then?

Fal. Becauſe their Legges are both of a bigneſſe: and hee playes at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell, and drinkes off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wilde-Mare with the Boyes, and iumpes vpon Ioyn'd-ſtooles, and ſweares with a good grace, and weares his Boot very ſmooth, like vnto the Signe of the Legge; and breedes no bate with telling of diſcreete ſtories: and ſuch other Gamboll Faculties hee hath, that ſhew a weake Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himſelfe is ſuch another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their *Haber-de-pois*.

Prince. Would not this Naue of a Wheele haue his Eares cut off?

Poin. Let vs beat him before his Whore.

Prince. Looke, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poin. Is it not ſtrange, that Deſire ſhould ſo many yeeres out-liue performance?

Fal. Kiſſe me *Dol.*

Prince. *Saturne* and *Venus* this yeere in Coniunction? What ſayes the Almanack to that?

Poin. And looke whether the fierie *Trigon*, his Man, be not liſping to his Maſters old Tables, his Note-Booke, his Councell-keeper?

Fal. Thou do'ſt giue me flatt'ring Buſſes.

Dol. Nay truely, I kiſſe thee with a moſt conſtant heart.

Fal. I am olde, I am olde.

Dol. I loue thee better, then I loue ere a ſcuruie young Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuffe wilt thou haue a Kirtle of? I ſhall receiue Money on Thurſday: thou ſhalt haue a Cappe to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late, wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wilt ſet me a weeping, if thou ſay'ſt ſo: proue that euer I dreſſe my ſelfe handſome, till thy returne: well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, *Francis.*

Prin. Poin. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha? a Baſtard Sonne of the Kings? And art not thou *Poines*, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of ſinfull Continents, what a Life do'ſt thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

Prince. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Eares.

Hoſt. Oh, the Lord preſerue thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heauen bleſſe that ſweete Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorſon mad Compound of Maieſtie: by this light Fleſh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.

Dol. How? you fat Foole, I ſcorne you.

Poin. My Lord, hee will driue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a merryment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whorſon Candle-myne you, how vildly did you ſpeake of me euen now, before this honeſt, vertuous, ciuill Gentlewoman?

Hoſt. 'Bleſſing on your good heart, and ſo ſhee is by my troth.

Fal. Didſt thou heare me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and ſpoke it on purpoſe, to trie my patience.

Fal. No, no, no: not ſo: I did not thinke, thou waſt within hearing.

Prince. I ſhall driue you then to confeſſe the wilfull abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuſe (*Hall*) on mine Honor, no abuſe.

Prince. Not to diſprayſe me? and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuſe (*Hal.*)

Poin. No abuſe?

Fal. No abuſe (*Ned*) in the World: honeſt *Ned* none. I diſprays'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in loue with him: In which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subiect, and thy Father is to giue me thankes for it. No abuſe (*Hal:*) none (*Ned*) none; no Boyes, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Feare, and entire Cowardiſe, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to cloſe with vs? Is ſhee of the Wicked? Is thine Hoſteſſe heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honeſt *Bardolph* (whoſe Zeale burnes in his Noſe) of the Wicked?

Poin. Anſwere thou dead Elme, anſwere.

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe *Bardolph* irrecouerable, and his Face is *Lucifers* Priuy-Kitchin, where hee doth nothing but roſt Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill outbids him too.

Prince. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, ſhee is in Hell alreadie, and burnes poore Soules: for the other, I owe her Money; and whether ſhee bee damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoſt. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I thinke thou art not: I thinke thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indictment vpon thee, for ſuffering fleſh to bee eaten in thy houſe, contrary to the Law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Hoſt. All Victuallers doe ſo: What is a Ioynt of Mutton, or two, in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What ſayes your Grace?

Falſt. His Grace ſayes that, which his fleſh rebells againſt.

Hoſt. Who knocks ſo lowd at doore? Looke to the doore there, *Francis*?

Enter Peto.

Prince. *Peto*, how now? what newes?

Peto. The King, your Father, is at Weſtminſter,
And there are twentie weake and wearied Poſtes,
Come from the North: and as I came along,
I met, and ouer-tooke a dozen Captaines,
Bare-headed, ſweating, knocking at the Tauernes,
And asking euery one for Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe.*

Prince. By Heauen (*Poines*) I feele me much to blame,
So idly to prophane the precious time,
When Tempeſt of Commotion, like the South,
Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads.
Giue me my Sword, and Cloake:
Falſtaffe, good night. *Exit.*

Falſt. Now comes in the ſweeteſt Morſell of the night, and wee muſt hence, and leaue it vnpickt. More knocking at the doore? How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You muſt away to Court, Sir, preſently,
A dozen Captaines ſtay at doore for you.

Falſt. Pay the Muſitians, Sirrha: farewell Hoſteſſe, farewell *Dol.* You ſee (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are ſought after: the vndeſeruer may ſleepe, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches: if I be not ſent away poſte, I will ſee you againe, ere I goe.

Dol. I cannot ſpeake: if my heart bee not readie to burſt--- Well (ſweete *Iacke*) haue a care of thy ſelfe.

Falſt. Farewell, farewell. *Exit.*

Hoſt. Well, fare thee well: I haue knowne thee theſe twentie nine yeeres, come Peſcod-time: but an honeſter, and truer-hearted man---- Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Miſtris *Teare-ſheet.*

Hoſt. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Miſtris *Teare-ſheet* come to my Maſter.

Hoſt. Oh runne *Dol*, runne: runne, good *Dol.*

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Goe, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick:
But ere they come, bid them ore-reade theſe Letters,
And well conſider of them: make good ſpeed. *Exit.*
How many thouſand of my pooreſt Subiects
Are at this howre aſleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,
Natures ſoft Nurſe, how haue I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe,
And ſteepe my Sences in Forgetfulneſſe?
Why rather (Sleepe) lyeſt thou in ſmoakie Cribs,
Vpon vneaſie Pallads ſtretching thee,
And huiſht with buſſing Night, flyes to thy ſlumber,
Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?
Vnder the Canopies of coſtly State,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt Melodie?
O thou dull God, why lyeſt thou with the vilde,
In loathſome Beds, and leau'ſt the Kingly Couch,
A Watch-caſe, or a common Larum-Bell?
Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Maſt,
Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,
In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
And in the viſitation of the Windes,
Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaff'ning Clamors in the ſlipp'ry Clouds,
That with the hurley, Death it ſelfe awakes?
Canſt thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repoſe
To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre ſo rude:
And in the calmeſt, and moſt ſtilleſt Night,
With all appliances, and meanes to boote,
Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,
Vneaſie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

Enter Warwicke and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrowes to your Maieſtie.

King. Is it good-morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis One a Clock, and paſt.

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords:)
Haue you read o're the Letters that I ſent you?

War. We haue (my Liege.)

King. Then you perceiue the Body of our Kingdome,
How foule it is: what ranke Diſeaſes grow,
And with what danger, neere the Heart of it?

War. It is but as a Body, yet diſtemper'd,
Which to his former ſtrength may be reſtor'd,
With good aduice, and little Medicine:
My Lord *Northumberland* will ſoone be cool'd.

King. Oh Heauen, that one might read the Book of Fate,
And ſee the reuolution of the Times
Make Mountaines leuell, and the Continent
(Wearie of ſolide firmeneſſe) melt it ſelfe
Into the Sea: and other Times, to ſee
The beachie Girdle of the Ocean
Too wide for *Neptunes* hippes; how Chances mocks
And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration
With diuers Liquors. 'Tis not tenne yeeres gone,
Since *Richard*, and *Northumberland*, great friends,
Did feaſt together; and in two yeeres after,
Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres ſince,
This *Percie* was the man, neereſt my Soule,
Who, like a Brother, toyl'd in my Affaires,
And layd his Loue and Life vnder my foot:
Yea, for my ſake, euen to the eyes of *Richard*
Gaue him defiance. But which of you was by
(You Couſin *Nevil*, as I may remember)
When *Richard*, with his Eye, brim-full of Teares,
(Then check'd, and rated by *Northumberland*)
Did ſpeake theſe words (now prou'd a Prophecie:)
Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the which

My Couſin *Bullingbrooke* aſcends my Throne:
(Though then, Heauen knowes, I had no ſuch intent,
But that neceſſitie ſo bow'd the State,
That I and Greatneſſe were compell'd to kiſſe:)
The Time ſhall come (thus did hee follow it)
The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,
Shall breake into Corruption: ſo went on,
Fore-telling this ſame Times Condition,
And the diuiſion of our Amitie.

War. There is a Hiſtorie in all mens Liues,
Figuring the nature of the Times deceas'd:
The which obſeru'd, a man may prophecie
With a neere ayme, of the maine chance of things,
As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes
And weake beginnings lye entreaſured:
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;
And by the neceſſarie forme of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect gueſſe,
That great *Northumberland*, then falſe to him,
Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falſeneſſe,
Which ſhould not finde a ground to roote vpon,
Vnleſſe on you.

King. Are theſe things then Neceſſities?
Then let vs meete them like Neceſſities;
And that ſame word, euen now cryes out on vs:
They ſay, the Biſhop and *Northumberland*
Are fiftie thouſand ſtrong.

War. It cannot be (my Lord:)
Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Eccho,
The numbers of the feared. Pleaſe it your Grace
To goe to bed, vpon my Life (my Lord)
The Pow'rs that you alreadie haue ſent forth,
Shall bring this Prize in very eaſily.
To comfort you the more, I haue receiu'd
A certaine inſtance, that *Glendour* is dead.
Your Maieſtie hath beene this fort-night ill,
And theſe vnſeaſon'd howres perforce muſt adde
Vnto your Sickneſſe.

King. I will take your counſaile:
And were theſe inward Warres once out of hand,
Wee would (deare Lords) vnto the Holy-Land.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Shallow and Silence: with Mouldie, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bull-calfe.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: giue mee your Hand, Sir; giue mee your Hand, Sir: an early ſtirrer, by the Rood. And how doth my good Couſin *Silence*?

Sil. Good-morrow, good Couſin *Shallow*.

Shal. And how doth my Couſin, your Bed-fellow? and your faireſt Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter *Ellen*?

Sil. Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Couſin *Shallow*.)

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare ſay my Couſin *William* is become a good Scholler? hee is at Oxford ſtill, is hee not?

Sil. Indeede Sir, to my coſt.

Shal. Hee muſt then to the Innes of Court ſhortly: I was once of *Clements* Inne; where (I thinke) they will talke of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd luſtie *Shallow* then (Couſin.)

Shal. I was call'd any thing: and I would haue done any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *Iohn Doit* of Staffordſhire, and blacke *George Bare*, and *Francis Pick-bone*, and *Will Squele* a Cot-ſal-man, you had not foure ſuch Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of Court againe: And I may ſay to you, wee knew where the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the beſt of them all at commandement. Then was *Iacke Falſtaffe* (now Sir *Iohn*) a Boy, and Page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolke.

Sil. This Sir *Iohn* (Couſin) that comes hither anon about Souldiers?

Shal. The ſame Sir *Iohn*, the very ſame: I ſaw him breake *Scoggan's* Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was a Crack, not thus high: and the very ſame day did I fight with one *Sampſon Stock-fiſh*, a Fruiterer, behinde Greyes-Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I haue ſpent! and to ſee how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?

Sil. Wee ſhall all follow (Couſin.)

Shal. Certaine: 'tis certaine: very ſure, very ſure: Death is certaine to all, all ſhall dye. How a good Yoke of Bullocks at Stamford Fayre?

Sil. Truly Couſin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certaine. Is old *Double* of your Towne liuing yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead? See, ſee: hee drew a good Bow: and dead? hee ſhot a fine ſhoote. *Iohn* of Gaunt loued him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead? hee would haue clapt in the Clowt at Twelue-ſcore, and carryed you a fore-hand Shaft at foureteene, and foureteene and a halfe, that it would haue done a mans heart good to ſee. How a ſcore of Ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a ſcore of good Ewes may be worth tenne pounds.

Shal. And is olde *Double* dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Heere come two of Sir *Iohn Falſtaffes* Men (as I thinke.)

Shal. Good-morrow, honeſt Gentlemen.

Bard. I beſeech you, which is Iuſtice *Shallow*?

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow* (Sir) a poore Eſquire of this Countie, and one of the Kings Iuſtices of the Peace: What is your good pleaſure with me?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you: my Captaine, Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*: a tall Gentleman, and a moſt gallant Leader.

Shal. Hee greetes me well: (Sir) I knew him a good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight? may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommodated, then with a Wife.

Shal. It is well ſaid, Sir; and it is well ſaid, indeede, too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede is it: good phraſes are ſurely, and euery where very commendable. Accommodated, it comes of *Accommodo*: very good, a good Phraſe.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I haue heard the word. Phraſe call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phraſe: but I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is (as they ſay) accommodated: or, when a man is, being

whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Shal. It is very iuſt: Looke, heere comes good Sir *Iohn*. Giue me your hand, giue me your Worſhips good hand: Truſt me, you looke well: and beare your yeares very well. Welcome, good Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. I am glad to ſee you well, good M. *Robert Shallow*: Maſter *Sure-card* as I thinke?

Shal. No ſir *Iohn*, it is my Coſin *Silence*: in Commiſſion with mee.

Fal. Good M. *Silence*, it well befits you ſhould be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worſhip is welcome.

Fal Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) haue you prouided me heere halfe a dozen of ſufficient men?

Shal. Marry haue we ſir: Will you ſit?

Fal. Let me ſee them, I beſeech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee: ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo: yea marry Sir. *Raphe Mouldie*: let them appeare as I call: let them do ſo, let them do ſo: Let mee ſee, Where is *Mouldie*?

Moul. Heere, if it pleaſe you.

Shal. What thinke you (Sir *Iohn*) a good limb'd fellow: yong, ſtrong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldie*?

Moul. Yea, if it pleaſe you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert vs'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, moſt excellent. Things that are mouldie, lacke vſe: very ſingular good. Well ſaide Sir *Iohn*, very well ſaid.

Fal. Pricke him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could haue let me alone: my old Dame will be vndone now, for one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe out, then I.

Fal. Go too: peace *Mouldie*, you ſhall goe. *Mouldie*, it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent?

Shallow. Peace, fellow, peace; ſtand aſide: Know you where you are? For the other ſir *Iohn*: Let me ſee: *Simon Shadow*.

Fal. I marry, let me haue him to ſit vnder: he's like to be a cold ſouldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow*?

Shad. Heere ſir.

Fal. *Shadow*, whoſe ſonne art thou?

Shad. My Mothers ſonne, Sir.

Falſt. Thy Mothers ſonne: like enough, and thy Fathers ſhadow: ſo the ſonne of the Female, is the ſhadow of the Male: it is often ſo indeede, but not of the Fathers ſubſtance.

Shal. Do you like him, ſir *Iohn*?

Falſt. *Shadow* will ſerue for Summer: pricke him: For wee haue a number of ſhadowes to fill vppe the Muſter-Booke.

Shal. *Thomas Wart*?

Falſt. Where's he?

Wart. Heere ſir.

Falſt. Is thy name *Wart*?

Wart. Yea ſir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I pricke him downe, Sir *Iohn*?

Falſt. It were ſuperfluous: for his apparrel is built vpon his backe, and the whole frame ſtands vpon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it ſir: you can doe it: I commend you well. *Francis Feeble*.

Feeble. Heere ſir.

Shal. What Trade art thou *Feeble*?

Feeble. A Womans Taylor ſir.

Shal. Shall I pricke him, ſir?

Fal. You may:
But if he had beene a mans Taylor, he would haue prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Battaile, as thou haſt done in a Womans petticote?

Feeble. I will doe my good will ſir, you can haue no more.

Falſt. Well ſaid, good Womans Tailour: Well ſayde Couragious *Feeble*: thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrathfull Doue, or moſt magnanimous Mouſe. Pricke the womans Taylour well Maſter *Shallow*, deepe Maiſter *Shallow*.

Feeble. I would *Wart* might haue gone ſir.

Fal. I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that yͧ might'ſt mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to a priuate ſouldier, that is the Leader of ſo many thouſands. Let that ſuffice, moſt Forcible *Feeble*.

Feeble. It ſhall ſuffice.

Falſt. I am bound to thee, reuerend *Feeble*. Who is the next?

Shal. *Peter Bulcalfe* of the Greene.

Falſt. Yea marry, let vs ſee *Bulcalfe*.

Bul. Heere ſir.

Fal. Truſt me, a likely Fellow. Come, pricke me *Bulcalfe* till he roare againe.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captaine.

Fal. What? do'ſt thou roare before th'art prickt.

Bul. Oh ſir, I am a diſeaſed man.

Fal. What diſeaſe haſt thou?

Bul. A whorſon cold ſir, a cough ſir, which I caught with Ringing in the Kings affayres, vpon his Coronation day, ſir.

Fal. Come, thou ſhalt go to the Warres in a Gowne: we will haue away thy Cold, and I will take ſuch order, that thy friends ſhall ring for thee. Is heere all?

Shal. There is two more called then your number: you muſt haue but foure heere ſir, and ſo I pray you go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to ſee you in good troth, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. O ſir *Iohn*, doe you remember ſince wee lay all night in the Winde-mill, in S Georges Field.

Falſtaffe. No more of that good Maſter *Shallow*: No more of that.

Shal. Ha? it was a merry night. And is *Iane Nightworke* aliue?

Fal. She liues, M. *Shallow*.

Shal. She neuer could away with me.

Fal. Neuer, neuer: ſhe would alwayes ſay ſhee could not abide M. *Shallow*.

Shal. I could anger her to the heart: ſhee was then a *Bona-Roba*. Doth ſhe hold her owne well.

Fal. Old, old, M. *Shallow*.

Shal. Nay, ſhe muſt be old, ſhe cannot chooſe but be old: certaine ſhee's old: and had *Robin Night-worke*, by old *Night-worke*, before I came to *Clements* Inne.

Sil. That's fiftie fiue yeeres agoe.

Shal. Hah, Couſin *Silence*, that thou hadſt ſeene that, that this Knight and I haue ſeene: hah, Sir *Iohn*, ſaid I well?

Falſt. Wee haue heard the Chymes at mid-night, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. That wee haue, that wee haue; in faith, Sir *Iohn*, wee haue: our watch-word was, Hem-Boyes. Come, let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner: Oh the dayes that wee haue ſeene. Come, come.

Bul. Good Maſter Corporate *Bardolph*, ſtand my friend, and heere is foure *Harry* tenne ſhillings in French Crownes for you: in very truth, ſir, I had as lief be hang'd ſir, as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, ſir, I do not care; but rather, becauſe I am vnwilling, and for mine owne part, haue a deſire to ſtay with my friends: elſe, ſir, I did not care, for mine owne part, ſo much.

Bard. Go-too: ſtand aſide.

Mould. And good Maſter Corporall Captaine, for my old Dames ſake, ſtand my friend: ſhee hath no body to doe any thing about her, when I am gone: and ſhe is old, and cannot helpe her ſelfe: you ſhall haue fortie, ſir.

Bard. Go-too: ſtand aſide.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once: wee owe a death. I will neuer beare a baſe minde: if it be my deſtinie, ſo: if it be not, ſo: no man is too good to ſerue his Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this yeere, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well ſaid, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. Nay, I will beare no baſe minde.

Falſt. Come ſir, which men ſhall I haue?

Shal. Foure of which you pleaſe.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I haue three pound, to free *Mouldie* and *Bull-calfe*.

Falſt. Go-too: well.

Shal. Come, ſir *Iohn*, which foure will you haue?

Falſt. Doe you chuſe for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldie, Bull-calfe, Feeble,* and *Shadow*.

Falſt. *Mouldie*, and *Bull-calfe*: for you *Mouldie*, ſtay at home, till you are paſt ſeruice: and for your part, *Bull-calfe*, grow till you come vnto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *Iohn*, Sir *Iohn*, doe not your ſelfe wrong, they are your likelyeſt men, and I would haue you ſeru'd with the beſt.

Falſt. Will you tell me (Maſter *Shallow*) how to chuſe a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the ſtature, bulke, and bigge aſſemblance of a man? giue mee the ſpirit (Maſter *Shallow*.) Where's *Wart*? you ſee what a ragged appearance it is: hee ſhall charge you, and diſcharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer: come off, and on, ſwifter then hee that gibbets on the Brewers Bucket. And this ſame halfe-fac'd fellow, *Shadow*, giue me this man: hee preſents no marke to the Enemie, the foe-man may with as great ayme leuell at the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retrait, how ſwiftly will this *Feeble*, the Womans Taylor, runne off. O, giue me the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones. Put me a Calyuer into *Warts* hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold *Wart*, Trauerſe: thus, thus, thus.

Falſt. Come, manage me your Calyuer: ſo: very well, go-too, very good, exceeding good. O, giue me alwayes a little, leane, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well ſaid *Wart*, thou art a good Scab: hold, there is a Teſter for thee.

Shal. Hee is not his Crafts-maſter, hee doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay at *Clements* Inne, I was then Sir *Dagonet* in *Arthurs* Show: there was a little quiuer fellow, and hee would manage you his Peece thus: and hee would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would hee ſay, Bownce would hee ſay, and away againe would hee goe, and againe would he come: I ſhall neuer ſee ſuch a fellow.

Falſt. Theſe fellowes will doe well, Maſter *Shallow*. Farewell Maſter *Silence*, I will not vſe many wordes with you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thanke you: I muſt a dozen mile to night. *Bardolph*, giue the Souldiers Coates.

Shal. Sir *Iohn*, Heauen bleſſe you, and proſper your Affaires, and ſend vs Peace. As you returne, viſit my houſe. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peraduenture I will with you to the Court.

Falſt. I would you would, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Go-too: I haue ſpoke at a word. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Falſt. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On *Bardolph*, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off theſe Iuſtices: I doe ſee the bottome of Iuſtice *Shallow*. How ſubiect wee old men are to this vice of Lying? This ſame ſtaru'd Iuſtice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildeneſſe of his Youth, and the Feates hee hath done about Turnball-ſtreet, and euery third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at *Clements* Inne, like a man made after Supper, of a Cheeſe-paring. When hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked Radiſh, with a Head fantaſtically caru'd vpon it with a Knife. Hee was ſo forlorne, that his Dimenſions (to any thicke ſight) were inuincible. Hee was the very *Genius* of Famine: hee came euer in the rere-ward of the Faſhion: And now is this Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talkes as familiarly of *Iohn* of Gaunt, as if hee had beene ſworne Brother to him: and Ile be ſworne hee neuer ſaw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burſt his Head, for crowding among the Marſhals men. I ſaw it, and told *Iohn* of Gaunt, hee beat his owne Name, for you might haue truſs'd him and all his Apparrell into an Eele-skinne: the Caſe of a Treble Hoeboy was a Manſion for him: a Court: and now hath hee Land, and Beeues. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I returne: and it ſhall goe hard, but I will make him a Philoſophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I ſee no reaſon, in the Law of Nature, but I may ſnap at him. Let time ſhape, and there an end. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Arch-biſhop, Mowbray, Haſtings, Weſtmerland, Coleuile.

Biſh. What is this Forreſt call'd?

Haſt. 'Tis Gualtree Forreſt, and't ſhall pleaſe your Grace.

Biſh. Here ſtand (my Lords) and ſend diſcouerers forth,
To know the numbers of our Enemies.

Haſt. Wee haue ſent forth alreadie.
Biſh. 'Tis well done.
My Friends, and Brethren (in theſe great Affaires)
I muſt acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd
New-dated Letters from *Northumberland*:
Their cold intent, tenure, and ſubſtance thus.
Here doth hee wiſh his Perſon, with ſuch Powers
As might hold ſortance with his Qualitie,
The which hee could not leuie: whereupon
Hee is retyr'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in heartie prayers,
That your Attempts may ouer-liue the hazard,
And fearefull meeting of their Oppoſite.
Mow. Thus do the hopes we haue in him, touch ground,
And daſh themſelues to pieces.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Haſt. Now? what newes?
Meſſ. Weſt of this Forreſt, ſcarcely off a mile,
In goodly forme, comes on the Enemie:
And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number
Vpon, or neere, the rate of thirtie thouſand.
Mow. The iuſt proportion that we gaue them out.
Let vs ſway-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Biſh. What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here?
Mow. I thinke it is my Lord of Weſtmerland.
Weſt. Health, and faire greeting from our Generall,
The Prince, Lord *Iohn*, and Duke of Lancaſter.
Biſh. Say on (my Lord of Weſtmerland) in peace:
What doth concerne your comming?
Weſt. Then (my Lord)
Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefe addreſſe
The ſubſtance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
Came like it ſelfe, in baſe and abiect Routs,
Led on by bloodie Youth, guarded with Rage,
And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggerie:
I ſay, if damn'd Commotion ſo appeare,
In his true, natiue, and moſt proper ſhape,
You (Reuerend Father, and theſe Noble Lords)
Had not beene here, to dreſſe the ougly forme
Of baſe, and bloodie Inſurrection,
With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-biſhop,
Whoſe Sea is by a Ciuill Peace maintain'd,
Whoſe Beard, the Siluer Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
Whoſe Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,
Whoſe white Inueſtments figure Innocence,
The Doue, and very bleſſed Spirit of Peace.
Wherefore doe you ſo ill tranſlate your ſelfe,
Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares ſuch grace,
Into the harſh and boyſtrous Tongue of Warre?
Turning your Bookes to Graues, your Inke to Blood,
Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue diuine
To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.
Biſh. Wherefore doe I this? ſo the Queſtion ſtands.
Briefely to this end: Wee are all diſeas'd,
And with our ſurfetting, and wanton howres,
Haue brought our ſelues into a burning Feuer,
And wee muſt bleede for it: of which Diſeaſe,
Our late King *Richard* (being infected) dy'd.
But (my moſt Noble Lord of Weſtmerland)
I take not on me here as a Phyſician,
Nor doe I, as an Enemie to Peace,
Troope in the Throngs of Militarie men:
But rather ſhew a while like fearefull Warre,
To dyet ranke Mindes, ſicke of happineſſe,
And purge th'obſtructions, which begin to ſtop
Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainely.
I haue in equall ballance iuſtly weigh'd,
What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we ſuffer,
And finde our Griefes heauier then our Offences.
Wee ſee which way the ſtreame of Time doth runne,
And are enforc'd from our moſt quiet there,
By the rough Torrent of Occaſion,
And haue the ſummarie of all our Griefes
(When time ſhall ſerue) to ſhew in Articles;
Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King,
And might, by no Suit, gayne our Audience:
When wee are wrong'd, and would vnfold our Griefes,
Wee are deny'd acceſſe vnto his Perſon,
Euen by thoſe men, that moſt haue done vs wrong.
The dangers of the dayes but newly gone,
Whoſe memorie is written on the Earth
With yet appearing blood; and the examples
Of euery Minutes inſtance (preſent now)
Hath put vs in theſe ill-beſeeming Armes:
Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to eſtabliſh here a Peace indeede,
Concurring both in Name and Qualitie.
Weſt. When euer yet was your Appeale deny'd?
Wherein haue you beene galled by the King?
What Peere hath beene ſuborn'd, to grate on you,
That you ſhould ſeale this lawleſſe bloody Booke
Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seale diuine?
Biſh. My Brother generall, the Common-wealth,
I make my Quarrell, in particular.
Weſt. There is no neede of any ſuch redreſſe:
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mow. Why not to him in part, and to vs all,
That feele the bruizes of the dayes before,
And ſuffer the Condition of theſe Times
To lay a heauie and vnequall Hand vpon our Honors?
Weſt. O my good Lord *Mowbray*,
Conſtrue the Times to their Neceſſities,
And you ſhall ſay (indeede) it is the Time,
And not the King, that doth you iniuries.
Yet for your part, it not appeares to me,
Either from the King, or in the preſent Time,
That you ſhould haue an ynch of any ground
To build a Griefe on: were you not reſtor'd
To all the Duke of Norfolkes Seignories,
Your Noble, and right well-remembred Fathers?
Mow. What thing, in Honor, had my Father loſt,
That need to be reuiu'd, and breath'd in me?
The King that lou'd him, as the State ſtood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to baniſh him:
And then, that *Henry Bullingbrooke* and hee
Being mounted, and both rowſed in their Seates,
Their neighing Courſers daring of the Spurre,
Their armed Staues in charge, their Beauers downe,
Their eyes of fire, ſparkling through ſights of Steele,
And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together:
Then, then, when there was nothing could haue ſtay'd
My Father from the Breaſt of *Bullingbrooke*;
O, when the King did throw his Warder downe,
(His owne Life hung vpon the Staffe hee threw)
Then threw hee downe himſelfe, and all their Liues,
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
Haue ſince miſ-carryed vnder *Bullingbrooke*.

Weſt. You ſpeak (Lord *Mowbray*) now you know not what.
The Earle of Hereford was reputed then
In England the moſt valiant Gentleman.
Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then haue ſmil'd?
But if your Father had beene Victor there,
Hee ne're had borne it out of Couentry.
For all the Countrey, in a generall voyce,
Cry'd hate vpon him: and all their prayers, and loue,
Were ſet on *Herford*, whom they doted on,
And bleſs'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King.
But this is meere digreſſion from my purpoſe.
Here come I from our Princely Generall,
To know your Griefes; to tell you, from his Grace,
That hee will giue you Audience: and wherein
It ſhall appeare, that your demands are iuſt,
You ſhall enioy them, euery thing ſet off,
That might ſo much as thinke you Enemies.

Mow. But hee hath forc'd vs to compell this Offer,
And it proceedes from Pollicy, not Loue.

Weſt. *Mowbray*, you ouer-weene to take it ſo:
This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare.
For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes,
Vpon mine Honor, all too confident
To giue admittance to a thought of feare.
Our Battaile is more full of Names then yours,
Our Men more perfect in the vſe of Armes,
Our Armor all as ſtrong, our Cauſe the beſt;
Then Reaſon will, our hearts ſhould be as good.
Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd.

Mow. Well, by my will, wee ſhall admit no Parley.

Weſt. That argues but the ſhame of your offence:
A rotten Caſe abides no handling.

Haſt. Hath the Prince *Iohn* a full Commiſſion,
In very ample vertue of his Father,
To heare, and abſolutely to determine
Of what Conditions wee ſhall ſtand vpon?

Weſt. That is intended in the Generals Name:
I muſe you make ſo ſlight a Queſtion.

Biſh. Then take (my Lord of Weſtmerland) this Schedule,
For this containes our generall Grieuances:
Each ſeuerall Article herein redreſs'd,
All members of our Cauſe, both here, and hence,
That are inſinewed to this Action,
Acquitted by a true ſubſtantiall forme,
And preſent execution of our wills,
To vs, and to our purpoſes confin'd,
Wee come within our awfull Banks againe,
And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace.

Weſt. This will I ſhew the Generall. Pleaſe you Lords,
In ſight of both our Battailes, wee may meete
At either end in peace: which Heauen ſo frame,
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
Which muſt decide it.

Biſh. My Lord, wee will doe ſo.

Mow. There is a thing within my Boſome tells me,
That no Conditions of our Peace can ſtand.

Haſt. Feare you not, that if wee can make our Peace
Vpon ſuch large termes, and ſo abſolute,
As our Conditions ſhall conſiſt vpon,
Our Peace ſhall ſtand as firme as Rockie Mountaines.

Mow. I, but our valuation ſhall be ſuch,
That euery ſlight, and falſe-deriued Cauſe,
Yea, euery idle, nice, and wanton Reaſon,
Shall, to the King, taſte of this Action:
That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Loue,
Wee ſhall be winnowed with ſo rough a winde,
That euen our Corne ſhall ſeeme as light as Chaffe,
And good from bad finde no partition.

Biſh. No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is wearie
Of daintie, and ſuch picking Grieuances:
For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
Reuiues two greater in the Heires of Life.
And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane,
And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memorie,
That may repeat, and Hiſtorie his loſſe,
To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes,
Hee cannot ſo preciſely weede this Land,
As his miſ-doubts preſent occaſion:
His foes are ſo en-rooted with his friends,
That plucking to vnfixe an Enemie,
Hee doth vnfaſten ſo, and ſhake a friend.
So that this Land, like an offenſiue wife,
That hath enrag'd him on, to offer ſtrokes,
As he is ſtriking, holds his Infant vp,
And hangs reſolu'd Correction in the Arme,
That was vprear'd to execution.

Haſt. Beſides, the King hath waſted all his Rods,
On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke
The very Inſtruments of Chaſticement:
So that his power, like to a Fangleſſe Lion
May offer, but not hold.

Biſh. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be aſſur'd (my good Lord Marſhal)
If we do now make our attonement well,
Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe vnited)
Grow ſtronger, for the breaking.

Mow. Be it ſo:
Heere is return'd my Lord of Weſtmerland.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Weſt. The Prince is here at hand: pleaſeth your Lordſhip
To meet his Grace, iuſt diſtance 'tweene our Armies?

Mow. Your Grace of Yorke, in heauen's name then forward.

Biſh. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.

Enter Prince Iohn.

Iohn. You are wel encountred here (my coſin *Mowbray*)
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbiſhop,
And ſo to you Lord *Haſtings*, and to all.
My Lord of Yorke, it better ſhew'd with you,
When that your Flocke (aſſembled by the Bell)
Encircled you, to heare with reuerence
Your expoſition on the holy Text,
Then now to ſee you heere an Iron man
Chearing a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme,
Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death:
That man that ſits within a Monarches heart,
And ripens in the Sunne-ſhine of his fauor,
Would hee abuſe the Countenance of the King,
Alack, what Miſchiefes might hee ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch Greatneſſe? With you, Lord Biſhop,
It is euen ſo. Who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heauen?
To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament;
To vs, th'imagine Voyce of Heauen it ſelfe;
The very Opener, and Intelligencer,
Betweene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heauen;
And our dull workings. O, who ſhall beleeue,
But you miſ-vſe the reuerence of your Place,
Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen,
As a falſe Fauorite doth his Princes Name,
In deedes diſ-honorable? You haue taken vp,

Vnder the counterfeited Zeale of Heauen,
The Subiects of Heauens Subſtitute, my Father,
And both againſt the Peace of Heauen, and him,
Haue here vp-ſwarmed them.

Biſh. Good my Lord of Lancaſter,
I am not here againſt your Fathers Peace:
But (as I told my Lord of Weſtmerland)
The Time (miſ-order'd) doth in common ſence
Crowd vs, and cruſh vs, to this monſtrous Forme,
To hold our ſafetie vp. I ſent your Grace
The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe,
The which hath been with ſcorne ſhou'd from the Court:
Whereon this *Hydra*-Sonne of Warre is borne,
Whoſe dangerous eyes may well be charm'd aſleepe,
With graunt of our moſt iuſt and right deſires;
And true Obedience, of this Madneſſe cur'd,
Stoope tamely to the foot of Maieſtie.

Mow. If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes,
To the laſt man.

Haſt. And though wee here fall downe,
Wee haue Supplyes, to ſecond our Attempt:
If they miſ-carry, theirs ſhall ſecond them.
And ſo, ſucceſſe of Miſchiefe ſhall be borne,
And Heire from Heire ſhall hold this Quarrell vp,
Whiles England ſhall haue generation.

Iohn. You are too ſhallow (*Haſtings*)
Much too ſhallow,
To ſound the bottome of the after-Times.

Weſt. Pleaſeth your Grace, to anſwere them directly,
How farre-forth you doe like their Articles.

Iohn. I like them all, and doe allow them well:
And ſweare here, by the honor of my blood,
My Fathers purpoſes haue beene miſtooke,
And ſome, about him, haue too lauiſhly
Wreſted his meaning, and Authoritie.
My Lord, theſe Griefes ſhall be with ſpeed redreſt:
Vpon my Life, they ſhall. If this may pleaſe you,
Diſcharge your Powers vnto their ſeuerall Counties,
As wee will ours: and here, betweene the Armies,
Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may beare thoſe Tokens home,
Of our reſtored Loue, and Amitie.

Biſh. I take your Princely word, for theſe redreſſes.

Iohn. I giue it you, and will maintaine my word:
And thereupon I drinke vnto your Grace.

Haſt. Goe Captaine, and deliuer to the Armie
This newes of Peace: let them haue pay, and part:
I know, it will well pleaſe them.
High thee Captaine. *Exit.*

Biſh. To you, my Noble Lord of Weſtmerland.

Weſt. I pledge your Grace:
And if you knew what paines I haue beſtow'd,
To breede this preſent Peace,
You would drinke freely: but my loue to ye,
Shall ſhew it ſelfe more openly hereafter.

Biſh. I doe not doubt you.

Weſt. I am glad of it.
Health to my Lord, and gentle Couſin *Mowbray*.

Mow. You wiſh me health in very happy ſeaſon,
For I am, on the ſodaine, ſomething ill.

Biſh. Againſt ill Chances, men are euer merry,
But heauineſſe fore-runnes the good euent.

Weſt. Therefore be merry (Cooze) ſince ſodaine ſorrow
Serues to ſay thus: ſome good thing comes to morrow.

Biſh. Beleeue me, I am paſſing light in ſpirit.

Mow. So much the worſe, if your owne Rule be true.

Iohn. The word of Peace is render'd: hearke how they ſhowt.

Mow. This had been chearefull, after Victorie.

Biſh. A Peace is of the nature of a Conqueſt;
For then both parties nobly are ſubdu'd,
And neither partie looſer.

Iohn. Goe (my Lord)
And let our Army be diſcharged too:
And good my Lord (ſo pleaſe you) let our Traines
March by vs, that wee may peruſe the men *Exit.*
Wee ſhould haue coap'd withall.

Biſh. Goe, good Lord *Haſtings*:
And ere they be diſmiſs'd, let them march by. *Exit.*

Iohn. I truſt (Lords) wee ſhall lye to night together.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Now Couſin, wherefore ſtands our Army ſtill?

Weſt. The Leaders hauing charge from you to ſtand,
Will not goe off, vntill they heare you ſpeake.

Iohn. They know their duties. *Enter Haſtings.*

Haſt. Our Army is diſpers'd:
Like youthfull Steeres, vnyoak'd, they tooke their courſe
Eaſt, Weſt, North, South: or like a Schoole, broke vp,
Each hurryes towards his home, and ſporting place.

Weſt. Good tidings (my Lord *Haſtings*) for the which,
I doe arreſt thee (Traytor) of high Treaſon:
And you Lord Arch-biſhop, and you Lord *Mowbray*,
Of Capitall Treaſon, I attach you both.

Mow. Is this proceeding iuſt, and honorable?

Weſt. Is your Aſſembly ſo?

Biſh. Will you thus breake your faith?

Iohn. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redreſſe of theſe ſame Grieuances
Whereof you did complaine; which, by mine Honor,
I will performe, with a moſt Chriſtian care.
But for you (Rebels) looke to taſte the due
Meet for Rebellion, and ſuch Acts as yours.
Moſt ſhallowly did you theſe Armes commence,
Fondly brought here, and fooliſhly ſent hence.
Strike vp our Drummes, purſue the ſcatter'd ſtray,
Heauen, and not wee, haue ſafely fought to day.
Some guard theſe Traitors to the Block of Death,
Treaſons true Bed, and yeelder vp of breath. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtaffe and Colleuile.

Falſt. What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Col. I am a Knight, Sir:
And my Name is *Colleuile* of the Dale.

Falſt. Well then, *Colleuile* is your Name, a Knight is your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. *Colleuile* ſhall ſtill be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dungeon your Place, a place deepe enough: ſo ſhall you be ſtill *Colleuile* of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*?

Falſt. As good a man as he ſir, who ere I am: doe yee yeelde ſir, or ſhall I ſweate for you? if I doe ſweate, they are the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death, therefore rowze vp Feare and Trembling, and do obſeruance to my mercy.

Col. I thinke you are Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, & in that thought yeeld me.

Fal. I haue a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a Tongue of them all, ſpeakes anie other word but my name: and I had but a belly of any indifferencie, I were ſimply the moſt actiue fellow in Europe: my wombe, my wombe, my wombe vndoes mee. Heere comes our Generall.

Enter Prince Iohn, and Weſtmerland.

Iohn. The heat is paſt, follow no farther now:
Call in the Powers, good Couſin *Weſtmerland.*
Now *Falſtaffe*, where haue you beene all this while?
When euery thing is ended, then you come.
Theſe tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life)
One time, or other, breake ſome Gallowes back.

Falſt. I would bee ſorry (my Lord) but it ſhould bee thus: I neuer knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Haue I, in my poore and olde Motion, the expedition of Thought? I haue ſpeeded hither with the very extremeſt ynch of poſſibilitie. I haue fowndred nine ſcore and odde Poſtes: and heere (trauell-tainted as I am) haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir *Iohn Colleuile* of the Dale, a moſt furious Knight, and valorous Enemie: But what of that? hee ſaw mee, and yeelded: that I may iuſtly ſay with the hooke-nos'd fellow of Rome, I came, ſaw, and ouer-came.

Iohn. It was more of his Courteſie, then your deſeruing.

Falſt. I know not: heere hee is, and heere I yeeld him: and I beſeech your Grace, let it be book'd, with the reſt of this dayes deedes; or I ſweare, I will haue it in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top of it (*Colleuile* kiſſing my foot:) To the which courſe, if I be enforc'd, if you do not all ſhew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're-ſhine you as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Element (which ſhew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleeue not the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee haue right, and let deſert mount.

Iohn. Thine's too heauie to mount.
Falſt. Let it ſhine then.
Iohn. Thine's too thick to ſhine.

Falſt. Let it doe ſomething (my good Lord) that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

Iohn. Is thy Name *Colleuile?*
Col. It is (my Lord.)
Iohn. A famous Rebell art thou, *Colleuile.*
Falſt. And a famous true Subiect tooke him.
Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are,
That led me hither: had they beene rul'd by me,
You ſhould haue wonne them dearer then you haue.

Falſt. I know not how they ſold themſelues, but thou like a kinde fellow, gau'ſt thy ſelfe away; and I thanke thee, for thee.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Iohn. Haue you left purſuit?
Weſt. Retreat is made, and Execution ſtay'd.
Iohn. Send *Colleuile*, with his Confederates,
To Yorke, to preſent Execution.
Blunt, leade him hence, and ſee you guard him ſure.
Exit with Colleuile.
And now diſpatch we toward the Court (my Lords)
I heare the King, my Father, is ſore ſicke.
Our Newes ſhall goe before vs, to his Maieſtie,
Which (Couſin) you ſhall beare, to comfort him:
And wee with ſober ſpeede will follow you.

Falſt. My Lord, I beſeech you, giue me leaue to goe through Glouceſterſhire: and when you come to Court, ſtand my good Lord, 'pray, in your good report.

Iohn. Fare you well, *Falſtaffe*: I, in my condition,
Shall better ſpeake of you, then you deſerue. *Exit.*

Falſt. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better then your Dukedome. Good faith, this ſame young ſober-blooded Boy doth not loue me, nor a man cannot make him laugh: but that's no maruaile, hee drinkes no Wine. There's neuer any of theſe demure Boyes come to any proofe: for thinne Drinke doth ſo ouer-coole their blood, and making many Fiſh-Meales, that they fall into a kinde of Male Greene-ſickneſſe: and then, when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally Fooles, and Cowards; which ſome of vs ſhould be too, but for inflamation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it aſcends me into the Braine, dryes me there all the fooliſh, and dull, and cruddie Vapours, which enuiron it: makes it apprehenſiue, quicke, forgetiue, full of nimble, fierie, and delectable ſhapes; which deliuer'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The ſecond propertie of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood: which before (cold, and ſetled) left the Liuer white, and pale; which is the Badge of Puſillanimitie, and Cowardize: but the Sherris warmes it, and makes it courſe from the inwards, to the parts extremes: it illuminateth the Face, which (as a Beacon) giues warning to all the reſt of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme: and then the Vitall Commoners, and in-land pettie Spirits, muſter me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and puft vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and this Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack (for that ſets it a-worke:) and Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, till Sack commences it, and ſets it in act, and vſe. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant: for the cold blood hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like leane, ſtirrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and tyll'd, with excellent endeauour of drinking good, and good ſtore of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thouſand Sonnes, the firſt Principle I would teach them, ſhould be to forſweare thinne Potations, and to addict themſelues to Sack. *Enter Bardolph.* How now *Bardolph?*

Bard. The Armie is diſcharged all, and gone.

Falſt. Let them goe: Ile through Glouceſterſhire, and there will I viſit Maſter *Robert Shallow*, Eſquire: I haue him alreadie tempering betweene my finger and my thombe, and ſhortly will I ſeale with him. Come away.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwicke, Clarence, Glouceſter.

King. Now Lords, if Heauen doth giue ſucceſſefull end
To this Debate, that bleedeth at our doores,
Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,
And draw no Swords, but what are ſanctify'd.
Our Nauie is addreſſed, our Power collected,
Our Subſtitutes, in abſence, well inueſted,
And euery thing lyes leuell to our wiſh;
Onely wee want a little perſonall Strength:
And pawſe vs, till theſe Rebels, now a-foot,
Come vnderneath the yoake of Gouernment.
War. Both which we doubt not, but your Maieſtie
Shall ſoone enioy.

King. Humphrey (my Sonne of Glouceſter) where is the Prince, your Brother?

Glo. I thinke hee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Windſor.

King. And how accompanied?
Glo. I doe not know (my Lord.)

King. Is not his Brother, *Thomas* of Clarence, with him?

Glo. No (my good Lord) hee is in preſence heere.
Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?
King. Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother?
Hee loues thee, and thou do'ſt neglect him (*Thomas.*)
Thou haſt a better place in his Affection,
Then all thy Brothers: cheriſh it (my Boy)
And Noble Offices thou may'ſt effect
Of Mediation (after I am dead)
Betweene his Greatneſſe, and thy other Brethren.
Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Loue,
Nor looſe the good aduantage of his Grace,
By ſeeming cold, or careleſſe of his will.
For hee is gracious, if hee be obſeru'd:
Hee hath a Teare for Pitie, and a Hand
Open (as Day) for melting Charitie:
Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, hee's Flint,
As humorous as Winter, and as ſudden,
As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day.
His temper therefore muſt be well obſeru'd:
Chide him for faults, and doe it reuerently,
When you perceiue his blood enclin'd to mirth:
But being moodie, giue him Line, and ſcope,
Till that his paſſions (like a Whale on ground)
Confound themſelues with working. Learne this *Thomas*,
And thou ſhalt proue a ſhelter to thy friends,
A Hoope of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in:
That the vnited Veſſell of their Blood
(Mingled with Venome of Suggeſtion,
As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in)
Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as ſtrong
As *Aconitum*, or raſh Gun-powder.
Clar. I ſhall obſerue him with all care, and loue.

King. Why art thou not at Windſor with him (*Thomas?*)

Clar. Hee is not there to day: hee dines in London.

King. And how accompanyed? Canſt thou tell that?

Clar. With *Pointz*, and other his continuall followers.

King. Moſt ſubiect is the fatteſt Soyle to Weedes:
And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth)
Is ouer-ſpread with them: therefore my griefe
Stretches it ſelfe beyond the howre of death.
The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe ſhape
(In formes imaginarie) th'vnguided Dayes,
And rotten Times, that you ſhall looke vpon,
When I am ſleeping with my Anceſtors.
For when his head-ſtrong Riot hath no Curbe,
When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counſailors,
When Meanes and lauiſh Manners meete together;
Oh, with what Wings ſhall his Affections flye
Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?
War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite:
The Prince but ſtudies his Companions,
Like a ſtrange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language,
'Tis needfull, that the moſt immodeſt word
Be look'd vpon, and learn'd: which once attayn'd,
Your Highneſſe knowes, comes to no farther vſe,
But to be knowne, and hated. So, like groſſe termes,
The Prince will, in the perfectneſſe of time,
Caſt off his followers: and their memorie
Shall as a Patterne, or a Meaſure, liue,
By which his Grace muſt mete the liues of others,
Turning paſt-euills to aduantages.
King. 'Tis ſeldome, when the Bee doth leaue her Combe
In the dead Carrion.
Enter Weſtmerland.
Who's heere? *Weſtmerland?*
Weſt. Health to my Soueraigne, and new happineſſe
Added to that, that I am to deliuer.
Prince *Iohn*, your Sonne, doth kiſſe your Graces Hand:
Mowbray, the Biſhop, *Scroope*, *Haſtings*, and all,
Are brought to the Correction of your Law.
There is not now a Rebels Sword vnſheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her Oliue euery where:
The manner how this Action hath beene borne,
Here (at more leyſure) may your Highneſſe reade,
With euery courſe, in his particular.
King. O *Weſtmerland*, thou art a Summer Bird,
Which euer in the haunch of Winter ſings
The lifting vp of day.
Enter Harcourt.
Looke, heere's more newes.
Harc. From Enemies, Heauen keepe your Maieſtie:
And when they ſtand againſt you, may they fall,
As thoſe that I am come to tell you of.
The Earle *Northumberland*, and the Lord *Bardolfe*,
With a great Power of Engliſh, and of Scots,
Are by the Sherife of Yorkeſhire ouerthrowne:
The manner, and true order of the fight,
This Packet (pleaſe it you) containes at large.
King. And wherefore ſhould theſe good newes
Make me ſicke?
Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full,
But write her faire words ſtill in fouleſt Letters?
Shee eyther giues a Stomack, and no Foode,
(Such are the poore, in health) or elſe a Feaſt,
And takes away the Stomack (ſuch are the Rich,
That haue aboundance, and enioy it not.)
I ſhould reioyce now, at this happy newes,
And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie.
O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.
Glo. Comfort your Maieſtie.
Cla. Oh, my Royall Father.

Weſt. My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your ſelfe, looke vp.

War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, theſe Fits
Are with his Highneſſe very ordinarie.
Stand from him, giue him ayre:
Hee'le ſtraight be well.
Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out: theſe pangs,
Th'inceſſant care, and labour of his Minde,
Hath wrought the Mure, that ſhould confine it in,
So thinne, that Life lookes through, and will breake out.
Glo. The people feare me: for they doe obſerue
Vnfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature:
The Seaſons change their manners, as the Yeere
Had found ſome Moneths aſleepe, and leap'd them ouer.
Clar. The Riuer hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe betweene:
And the old folke (Times doting Chronicles)
Say it did ſo, a little time before
That our great Grand-ſire *Edward* ſick'd, and dy'de.

War. Speake lower (Princes) for the King recouers.
Glo. This Apoplexie will (certaine) be his end.
King. I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence
Into ſome other Chamber: ſoftly 'pray.
Let there be no noyſe made (my gentle friends)
Vnleſſe ſome dull and fauourable hand
Will whiſper Muſicke to my wearie Spirit.
War. Call for the Muſicke in the other Roome.
King. Set me the Crowne vpon my Pillow here.
Clar. His eye is hollow, and hee changes much.
War. Leſſe noyſe, leſſe noyſe.

Enter Prince Henry.

P.Hen. Who ſaw the Duke of Clarence?
Clar. I am here (Brother) full of heauineſſe.
P.Hen. How now? Raine within doores, and none abroad? How doth the King?
Glo. Exceeding ill.
P.Hen. Heard hee the good newes yet? Tell it him.
Glo. Hee alter'd much, vpon the hearing it.
P.Hen. If hee be ſicke with Ioy,
Hee'le recouer without Phyſicke.
War. Not ſo much noyſe (my Lords)
Sweet Prince ſpeake lowe.
The King, your Father, is diſpos'd to ſleepe.
Clar. Let vs with-draw into the other Roome.
War. Wil't pleaſe your Grace to goe along with vs?
P.Hen. No: I will ſit, and watch here, by the King.
Why doth the Crowne lye there, vpon his Pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a Bed-fellow?
O pollish'd Perturbation! Golden Care!
That keep'ſt the Ports of Slumber open wide,
To many a watchfull Night: ſleepe with it now,
Yet not ſo ſound, and halfe ſo deepely ſweete,
As hee whoſe Brow (with homely Biggen bound)
Snores out the Watch of Night. O Maieſtie!
When thou do'ſt pinch thy Bearer, thou do'ſt ſit
Like a rich Armor, worne in heat of day,
That ſcald'ſt with ſafetie: by his Gates of breath,
There lyes a dowlney feather, which ſtirres not:
Did hee ſuſpire, that light and weightleſſe dowlne
Perforce muſt moue. My gracious Lord, my Father,
This ſleepe is ſound indeede: this is a ſleepe,
That from this Golden Rigoll hath diuorc'd
So many Engliſh Kings. Thy due, from me,
Is Teares, and heauie Sorrowes of the Blood,
Which Nature, Loue, and filiall tenderneſſe,
Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plenteouſly.
My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,
Which (as immediate from thy Place and Blood)
Deriues it ſelfe to me. Loe, heere it ſits,
Which Heauen ſhall guard:
And put the worlds whole ſtrength into one gyant Arme,
It ſhall not force this Lineall Honor from me.
This, from thee, will I to mine leaue,
As 'tis left to me. *Exit.*

Enter Warwicke, Glouceſter, Clarence.

King. *Warwicke, Glouceſter, Clarence.*
Clar. Doth the King call?
War. What would your Maieſtie? how fares your Grace?
King. Why did you leaue me here alone (my Lords?)
Cla. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)
Who vndertooke to ſit and watch by you.
King. The Prince of Wales? where is hee? let mee ſee him.
War. This doore is open, hee is gone this way.
Glo. Hee came not through the Chamber where wee ſtayd.
King. Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my Pillow?
War. When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it heere.
King. The Prince hath ta'ne it hence:
Goe ſeeke him out.
Is hee ſo haſtie, that hee doth ſuppoſe
My ſleepe, my death? Finde him (my Lord of Warwick)
Chide him hither: this part of his conioynes
With my diſeaſe, and helpes to end me.
See Sonnes, what things you are:
How quickly Nature falls into reuolt,
When Gold becomes her Obiect?
For this, the fooliſh ouer-carefull Fathers
Haue broke their ſleepes with thoughts,
Their braines with care, their bones with induſtry.
For this, they haue ingroſſed and pyl'd vp
The canker'd heapes of ſtrange-atchieued Gold:
For this, they haue beene thoughtfull, to inueſt
Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exerciſes:
When, like the Bee, culling from euery flower
The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packt with Wax,
Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hiue;
And like the Bees, are murthered for our paines.
This bitter taſte yeelds his engroſſements,
To the ending Father.

Enter Warwicke.

Now, where is hee, that will not ſtay ſo long,
Till his Friend Sickneſſe hath determin'd me?
War. My Lord, I found the Prince in the next Roome,
Waſhing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,
With ſuch a deepe demeanure, in great ſorrow,
That Tyranny, which neuer quafft but blood,
Would (by beholding him) haue waſh'd his Knife
With gentle eye-drops. Hee is comming hither.
King. But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?

Enter Prince Henry.

Loe, where hee comes. Come hither to me (*Harry*.)
Depart the Chamber, leaue vs heere alone. *Exit.*
P.Hen. I neuer thought to heare you ſpeake againe.
King. Thy wiſh was Father (*Harry*) to that thought:
I ſtay too long by thee, I wearie thee.
Do'ſt thou ſo hunger for my emptie Chayre,
That thou wilt needes inueſt thee with mine Honors,
Before thy howre be ripe? O fooliſh Youth!
Thou ſeek'ſt the Greatneſſe, that will ouer-whelme thee.
Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignitie
Is held from falling, with ſo weake a winde,
That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.
Thou haſt ſtolne that, which after ſome few howres
Were thine, without offence: and at my death
Thou haſt ſeal'd vp my expectation.
Thy Life did manifeſt, thou lou'dſt me not,
And thou wilt haue me dye aſſur'd of it.
Thou hid'ſt a thouſand Daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtonie heart,
To ſtab at halfe an howre of my Life.
What? canſt thou not forbeare me halfe an howre?
Then

Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy ſelfe,
And bid the merry Bels ring to thy eare
That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the Teares, that ſhould bedew my Hearſe
Be drops of Balme, to ſanctifie thy head:
Onely compound me with forgotten duſt.
Giue that, which gaue thee life, vnto the Wormes:
Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees;
For now a time is come, to mocke at Forme.
Henry the fift is Crown'd: Vp Vanity,
Downe Royall State: All you ſage Counſailors, hence:
And to the Engliſh Court, aſſemble now
From eu'ry Region, Apes of Idleneſſe.
Now neighbor-Confines, purge you of your Scum:
Haue you a Ruffian that ſwill ſweare? drinke? dance?
Reuell the night? Rob? Murder? and commit
The oldeſt ſinnes, the neweſt kinde of wayes?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England, ſhall double gill'd, his trebble guilt.
England, ſhall giue him Office, Honor, Might:
For the Fift *Harry*, from curb'd Licenſe pluckes
The muzzle of Reſtraint; and the wilde Dogge
Shall fleſh his tooth in euery Innocent.
O my poore Kingdome (ſicke, with ciuill blowes)
When that my Care could not with-hold thy Ryots,
What wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care?
O, thou wilt be a Wilderneſſe againe,
Peopled with Wolues (thy old Inhabitants.
Prince. O pardon me (my Liege)
But for my Teares,
The moſt Impediments vnto my Speech,
I had fore-ſtall'd this deere, and deepe Rebuke,
Ere you (with greefe) had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo farre. There is your Crowne,
And he that weares the Crowne immortally,
Long guard it yours. If I affect it more,
Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne,
Let me no more from this Obedience riſe,
Which my moſt true, and inward duteous Spirit
Teacheth this proſtrate, and exteriour bending.
Heauen witneſſe with me, when I heere came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your Maieſtie,
How cold it ſtrooke my heart. If I do faine,
O let me, in my preſent wildeneſſe, dye,
And neuer liue, to ſhew th'incredulous World,
The Noble change that I haue purpoſed.
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almoſt (my Liege) to thinke you were)
I ſpake vnto the Crowne (as hauing ſenſe)
And thus vpbraided it. The Care on thee depending,
Hath fed vpon the body of my Father,
Therefore, thou beſt of Gold, art worſt of Gold.
Other, leſſe fine in Charract, is more precious,
Preſeruing life, in Med'cine potable:
But thou, moſt Fine, moſt Honour'd, moſt Renown'd,
Haſt eate the Bearer vp.
Thus (my Royall Liege)
Accuſing it, I put it on my Head,
To try with it (as with an Enemie,
That had before my face murdred my Father)
The Quarrell of a true Inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with Ioy,
Or ſwell my Thoughts, to any ſtraine of Pride,
If any Rebell, or vaine ſpirit of mine,
Did, with the leaſt Affection of a Welcome,
Giue entertainment to the might of it,
Let heauen, for euer, keepe it from my head,
And make me, as the pooreſt Vaſſaile is,
That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it.
King. O my Sonne!
Heauen put it in thy minde to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt ioyne the more, thy Fathers loue,
Pleading ſo wiſely, in excuſe of it.
Come hither *Harrie*, ſit thou by my bedde,
And heare (I thinke, the very lateſt Counſell
That euer I ſhall breath: Heauen knowes, my Sonne)
By what by-pathes, and indirect crook'd-wayes
I met this Crowne: and I my ſelfe know well
How troubleſome it ſate vpon my head.
To thee, it ſhall deſcend with better Quiet,
Better Opinion, better Confirmation:
For all the ſoyle of the Atchieuement goes
With me, into the Earth. It ſeem'd in mee,
But as an Honour ſnatch'd with boyſt'rous hand,
And I had many liuing, to vpbraide
My gaine of it, by their Aſſiſtances,
Which dayly grew to Quarrell, and to Blood-ſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed Peace.
All theſe bold Feares,
Thou ſeeſt (with perill) I haue anſwered:
For all my Reigne, hath beene but as a Scene
Acting that argument. And now my death
Changes the Moode: For what in me, was purchas'd,
Falles vpon thee, in a more Fayrer ſort.
So thou, the Garland wear'ſt ſucceſſiuely.
Yet, though thou ſtand'ſt more ſure, then I could do,
Thou art not firme enough, ſince greefes are greene:
And all thy Friends, which thou muſt make thy Friends
Haue but their ſtings, and teeth, newly tak'n out,
By whoſe fell working, I was firſt aduanc'd,
And by whoſe power, I well might lodge a Feare
To be againe diſplac'd. Which to auoyd,
I cut them off: and had a purpoſe now
To leade out many to the Holy Land;
Leaſt reſt, and lying ſtill, might make them looke
Too neere vnto my State.
Therefore (my *Harrie*)
Be it thy courſe to buſie giddy Mindes
With Forraigne Quarrels: that Action hence borne out,
May waſte the memory of the former dayes.
More would I, but my Lungs are waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of Speech is vtterly deni'de mee.
How I came by the Crowne, O heauen forgiue:
And grant it may, with thee, in true peace liue.
Prince. My gracious Liege:
You wonne it, wore it: kept it, gaue it me,
Then plaine and right muſt my poſſeſſion be;
Which I, with more, then with a Common paine,
'Gainſt all the World, will rightfully maintaine.

Enter Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Warwicke.

King. Looke, looke,
Heere comes my *Iohn* of Lancaſter:
Iohn. Health, Peace, and Happineſſe,
To my Royall Father.
King. Thou bring'ſt me happineſſe and Peace (Sonne *Iohn*:
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
From this bare, wither'd Trunke. Vpon thy ſight
My worldly buſineſſe makes a period.
Where

Where is my Lord of Warwicke?

Prin. My Lord of Warwicke.

King. Doth any name particular, belong
Vnto the Lodging, where I firſt did ſwoon'd?

War. 'Tis call'd *Ieruſalem*, my Noble Lord.

King. Laud be to heauen:
Euen there my life muſt end.
It hath beene propheſi'de to me many yeares,
I ſhould not dye, but in *Ieruſalem*:
Which (vainly) I ſuppos'd the Holy-Land.
But beare me to that Chamber, there Ile lye:
In that *Ieruſalem*, ſhall *Harry* dye. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falſtaffe, Bardolfe,
Page, and Dauie.

Shal. By Cocke and Pye, you ſhall not away to night.
What *Dauy*, I ſay.

Fal. You muſt excuſe me, M. *Robert Shallow.*

Shal. I will not excuſe you: you ſhall not be excuſed. Excuſes ſhall not be admitted: there is no excuſe ſhall ſerue: you ſhall not be excus'd.
Why *Dauie.*

Dauie. Heere ſir.

Shal. *Dauy, Dauy, Dauy*, let me ſee (*Dauy*) let me ſee: *William* Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir *Iohn*, you ſhal not be excus'd.

Dauy. Marry ſir, thus: thoſe Precepts cannot bee ſeru'd: and againe ſir, ſhall we ſowe the head-land with Wheate?

Shal. With red Wheate *Dauy*. But for *William* Cook: are there no yong Pigeons?

Dauy. Yes Sir.
Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing,
And Plough-Irons.

Shal. Let it be caſt, and payde: Sir *Iohn*, you ſhall not be excus'd.

Dauy. Sir, a new linke to the Bucket muſt needes bee had: And Sir, doe you meane to ſtoppe any of *Williams* Wages, about the Sacke he loſt the other day, at *Hinckley* Fayre?

Shal. He ſhall anſwer it:
Some Pigeons *Dauy*, a couple of ſhort-legg'd Hennes: a ioynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickſhawes, tell *William* Cooke.

Dauy. Doth the man of Warre, ſtay all night ſir?

Shal. Yes *Dauy*:
I will vſe him well. A Friend i'th Court, is better then a penny in purſe. Vſe his men well *Dauy*, for they are arrant Knaues, and will backe-bite.

Dauy. No worſe then they are bitten. ſir: For they haue maruellous fowle linnen.

Shallow. Well conceited *Dauy*: about thy Buſineſſe, *Dauy*.

Dauy. I beſeech you ſir,
To countenance *William Viſor* of Woncot, againſt *Clement Perkes* of the hill.

Shal. There are many Complaints *Dauy*, againſt that *Viſor*, that *Viſor* is an arrant Knaue, on my knowledge.

Dauy. I graunt your Worſhip, that he is a knaue Sir:) But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knaue ſhould haue ſome Countenance, at his Friends requeſt. An honeſt man ſir, is able to ſpeake for himſelfe, when a Knaue is not. I haue ſeru'd your Worſhippe truely ſir, theſe eight yeares: and if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knaue, againſt an honeſt man, I haue but a very litle credite with your Worſhippe. The Knaue is mine honeſt Friend Sir, therefore I beſeech your Worſhip, let him bee Countenanc'd.

Shal. Go too,
I ſay he ſhall haue no wrong: Looke about *Dauy*.
Where are you Sir *Iohn*? Come, off with your Boots.
Giue me your hand M. *Bardolfe*.

Bard. I am glad to ſee your Worſhip.

Shal. I thanke thee, with all my heart, kinde Maſter *Bardolfe*: and welcome my tall Fellow:
Come Sir *Iohn*.

Falſtaffe. Ile follow you, good Maſter *Robert Shallow*. *Bardolfe*, looke to our Horſſes. If I were ſaw'de into Quantities, I ſhould make foure dozen of ſuch bearded Hermites ſtaues, as Maſter *Shallow*. It is a wonderfull thing to ſee the ſemblable Coherence of his mens ſpirits, and his: They, by obſeruing of him, do beare themſelues like fooliſh Iuſtices: Hee, by conuerſing with them, is turn'd into a Iuſtice-like Seruingman. Their ſpirits are ſo married in Coniunction, with the participation of Society, that they flocke together in conſent, like ſo many Wilde-Geeſe. If I had a ſuite to Mayſter *Shallow*, I would humour his men, with the imputation of beeing neere their Mayſter. If to his Men, I would currie with Maiſter *Shallow*, that no man could better command his Seruants. It is certaine, that either wiſe bearing, or ignorant Carriage is caught, as men take diſeaſes, one of another: therefore, let men take heede of their Companie. I will deuiſe matter enough out of this *Shallow*, to keepe Prince *Harry* in continuall Laughter, the wearing out of ſixe Faſhions (which is foure Tearmes) or two Actions, and he ſhall laugh with *Interuallums*. O it is much that a Lye (with a ſlight Oath) and a ieſt (with a ſadde brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that neuer had the Ache in his ſhoulders. O you ſhall ſee him laugh, till his Face be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp.

Shal. Sir *Iohn*.

Falſt. I come Maſter *Shallow*, I come Maſter *Shallow*.
Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord
Chiefe Iuſtice.

Warwicke. How now, my Lord Chiefe Iuſtice, whether away?

Ch.Iuſt. How doth the King?

Warw. Exceeding well: his Cares
Are now, all ended.

Ch.Iuſt. I hope, not dead.

Warw. Hee's walk'd the way of Nature,
And to our purpoſes, he liues no more.

Ch.Iuſt. I would his Maieſty had call'd me with him,
The ſeruice, that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all iniuries.

War.

War. Indeed I thinke the yong King loues you not.

Ch.Iuſt. I know he doth not, and do arme my ſelfe
To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot looke more hideouſly vpon me,
Then I haue drawne it in my fantaſie.

Enter Iohn of Lancaſter, Gloceſter,
and Clarence.

War. Heere come the heauy Iſſue of dead *Harrie*:
O, that the liuing *Harrie* had the temper
Of him, the worſt of theſe three Gentlemen:
How many Nobles then, ſhould hold their places,
That muſt ſtrike ſaile, to Spirits of vilde ſort?

Ch.Iuſt. Alas, I feare, all will be ouer-turn'd.

Iohn. Good morrow Coſin Warwick, good morrow.

Glou. Cla. Good morrow, Coſin.

Iohn. We meet, like men, that had forgot to ſpeake.

War. We do remember: but our Argument
Is all too heauy, to admit much talke.

Ioh. Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heauy

Ch.Iuſt. Peace be with vs, leaſt we be heauier.

Glou. O, good my Lord, you haue loſt a friend indeed:
And I dare ſweare, you borrow not that face
Of ſeeming ſorrow, it is ſure your owne.

Iohn. Though no man be aſſur'd what grace to finde,
You ſtand in coldeſt expectation.
I am the ſorrier, would 'twere otherwiſe.

Cla. Wel, you muſt now ſpeake Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* faire,
Which ſwimmes againſt your ſtreame of Quality.

Ch.Iuſt. Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,
Led by th'Imperiall Conduct of my Soule,
And neuer ſhall you ſee, that I will begge
A ragged, and fore-ſtall'd Remiſſion.
If Troth, and vpright Innocency fayle me,
Ile to the King (my Maſter) that is dead,
And tell him, who hath ſent me after him.

War. Heere comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Henrie.

Ch.Iuſt. Good morrow: and heauen ſaue your Maieſty

Prince. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maieſty,
Sits not ſo eaſie on me, as you thinke.
Brothers, you mixe your Sadneſſe with ſome Feare:
This is the Engliſh, not the Turkiſh Court:
Not *Amurah*, an *Amurah* ſucceeds,
But *Harry, Harry*: Yet be ſad (good Brothers)
For (to ſpeake truth) it very well becomes you:
Sorrow, ſo Royally in you appeares,
That I will deeply put the Faſhion on,
And weare it in my heart. Why then be ſad,
But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)
Then a ioynt burthen, laid vpon vs all.
For me, by Heauen (I bid you be aſſur'd)
Ile be your Father, and your Brother too:
Let me but beare your Loue, Ile beare your Cares;
But weepe that *Horrie*'s dead, and ſo will I.
But *Harry* liues, that ſhall conuert thoſe Teares
By number, into houres of Happineſſe.

Iohn,&c. We hope no other from your Maieſty.

Prin. You all looke ſtrangely on me: and you moſt,
You are (I thinke) aſſur'd, I loue you not.

Ch.Iuſt. I am aſſur'd (if I be meaſur'd rightly)
Your Maieſty hath no iuſt cauſe to hate mee.

Pr. No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great Indignities you laid vpon me?
What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly ſend to Priſon
Th'immediate Heire of England? Was this eaſie?
May this be waſh'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?

Ch.Iuſt. I then did vſe the Perſon of your Father:
The Image of his power, lay then in me,
And in th'adminiſtration of his Law,
Whiles I was buſie for the Commonwealth,
Your Highneſſe pleaſed to forget my place,
The Maieſty, and power of Law, and Iuſtice,
The Image of the King, whom I preſented,
And ſtrooke me in my very Seate of Iudgement;
Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)
I gaue bold way to my Authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To haue a Sonne, ſet your Decrees at naught?
To plucke downe Iuſtice from your awefull Bench?
To trip the courſe of Law, and blunt the Sword
That guards the peace, and ſafety of your Perſon?
Nay more, to ſpurne at your moſt Royall Image,
And mocke your workings, in a Second body?
Queſtion your Royall Thoughts, make the caſe yours:
Be now the Father, and propoſe a Sonne:
Heare your owne dignity ſo much prophan'd,
See your moſt dreadfull Lawes, ſo looſely ſlighted;
Behold your ſelfe, ſo by a Sonne diſdained:
And then imagine me, taking you part,
And in your power, ſoft ſilencing your Sonne:
After this cold conſiderance, ſentence me;
And, as you are a King, ſpeake in your State,
What I haue done, that misbecame my place,
My perſon, or my Lieges Soueraigntie.

Prin. You are right Iuſtice, and you weigh this well:
Therefore ſtill beare the Ballance, and the Sword:
And I do wiſh your Honors may encreaſe,
Till you do liue, to ſee a Sonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So ſhall I liue, to ſpeake my Fathers words:
Happy am I, that haue a man ſo bold,
That dares do Iuſtice, on my proper Sonne;
And no leſſe happy, hauing ſuch a Sonne,
That would deliuer vp his Greatneſſe ſo,
Into the hands of Iuſtice. You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand,
Th'vnſtained Sword that you haue vs'd to beare:
With this Remembrance; That you vſe the ſame
With the like bold, iuſt, and impartiall ſpirit
As you haue done 'gainſt me. There is my hand,
You ſhall be as a Father, to my Youth:
My voice ſhall ſound, as you do prompt mine eare,
And I will ſtoope, and humble my Intents,
To your well-practis'd, wiſe Directions.
And Princes all, beleeue me, I beſeech you:
My Father is gone wilde into his Graue,
(For in his Tombe, lye my Affections)
And with his Spirits, ſadly I ſuruiue,
To mocke the expectation of the World;
To fruſtrate Propheſies, and to race out
Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe
After my ſeeming. The Tide of Blood in me,
Hath prowdly flow'd in Vanity, till now.
Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea,
Where it ſhall mingle with the ſtate of Floods,
And flow henceforth in formall Maieſty.
Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
And let vs chooſe ſuch Limbes of Noble Counſaile,

That the great Body of our State may go
In equall ranke, with the beſt gouern'd Nation,
That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
In which you (Father) ſhall haue formoſt hand.
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembred) all our State,
And heauen (conſigning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peere, ſhall haue iuſt cauſe to ſay,
Heauen ſhorten *Harries* happy life, one day. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe,
Page, and Piſtoll.

Shal. Nay, you ſhall ſee mine Orchard: where, in an Arbor we will eate a laſt yeares Pippin of my owne graffing, with a diſh of Carrawayes, and ſo forth. (Come Coſin *Silence*, and then to bed.

Fal. You haue heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggers all, beggers all Sir *Iohn*: Marry, good ayre. Spread *Dauy*, ſpread *Dauie*: Well ſaid *Dauie*.

Falſt. This *Dauie* ſerues you for good vſes: he is your Seruingman, and your Husband.

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Varlet, Sir *Iohn*: I haue drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A good Varlet. Now ſit downe, now ſit downe: Come Coſin.

Sil. Ah ſirra (quoth-a) we ſhall doe nothing but eate, and make good cheere, and praiſe heauen for the merrie yeere: when fleſh is cheape, and Females deere, and luſtie Lads rome heere, and there: ſo merrily, and euer among ſo merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good M. *Silence*, Ile giue you a health for that anon.

Shal. Good M. *Bardolfe*: ſome wine, *Dauie*.

Da. Sweet ſir, ſit: Ile be with you anon: moſt ſweete ſir, ſit. Maſter Page, good M. Page, ſit: Proface. What you want in meate, wee'l haue in drinke: but you beare, the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry M. *Bardolfe*, and my little Souldiour there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all.
For women are Shrewes, both ſhort, and tall:
'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all;
And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not thinke M. *Silence* had bin a man of this Mettle.

Sil. Who I? I haue beene merry twice and once, ere now.

Dauy. There is a diſh of Lether-coats for you.

Shal. *Dauie.*

Dau. Your Worſhip: Ile be with you ſtraight. A cup of Wine, ſir?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke vnto the Leman mine: and a merry heart liues long-a.

Fal. Well ſaid, M. *Silence*.

Sil. If we ſhall be merry, now comes in the ſweete of the night.

Fal. Health, and long life to you, M. *Silence*.

Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a mile to the bottome.

Shal. Honeſt *Bardolfe*, welcome: If thou want'ſt any thing, and wilt not call, beſhrew thy heart. Welcome my little tyne theefe, and welcome indeed too: Ile drinke to M. *Bardolfe*, and to all the Cauileroes about London.

Dau. I hope to ſee London, once ere I die.

Bar. If I might ſee you there, *Dauie*.

Shal. You'l cracke a quart together? Ha, will you not M. *Bardolfe*?

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thanke thee: the knaue will ſticke by thee, I can aſſure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bar. And Ile ſticke by him, ſir.

Shal. Why there ſpoke a King: lack nothing, be merry. Looke, who's at doore there, ho: who knockes?

Fal Why now you haue done me right.

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, *Samingo*. Is't not ſo?

Fal. 'Tis ſo.

Sil. Is't ſo? Why then ſay an old man can do ſomwhat.

Dau. If it pleaſe your Worſhippe, there's one *Piſtoll* come from the Court with newes.

Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter Piſtoll.

How now Piſtoll?

Piſt. Sir *Iohn*, 'ſaue you ſir.

Fal. What winde blew you hither, Piſtoll?

Piſt. Not the ill winde which blowes none to good, ſweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greateſt men in the Realme.

Sil. Indeed, I thinke he bee, but Goodman *Puffe* of Barſon.

Piſt. Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, moſt recreant Coward baſe. Sir *Iohn*, I am thy Piſtoll, and thy Friend: helter skelter haue I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and luckie ioyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of price.

Fal. I prethee now deliuer them, like a man of this World.

Piſt. A footra for the World, and Worldlings baſe,
I ſpeake of Affrica, and Golden ioyes.

Fal. O baſe Aſſyrian Knight, what is thy newes?
Let King *Couitha* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.

Piſt. Shall dunghill Curres confront the *Hellicons*?
And ſhall good newes be baffel'd?
Then Piſtoll lay thy head in Furies lappe.

Shal. Honeſt Gentleman,
I know not your breeding.

Piſt. Why then Lament therefore.

Shal. Giue me pardon, Sir.
If ſir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there is but two wayes, either to vtter them, or to conceale them. I am Sir, vnder the King, in ſome Authority.

Piſt. Vnder which King?
Bezonian, ſpeake, or dye.

Shal. Vnder King *Harry*.

Piſt. *Harry* the Fourth? or Fift?

Shal *Harry* the Fourth.

Piſt. A footra for thine Office.
Sir *Iohn*, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King,
Harry the Fift's the man, I ſpeake the truth.
When Piſtoll lyes, do this, and figge-me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?

Piſt. As naile in doore.
The things I ſpeake, are iuſt.

Fal. Away *Bardolfe*, Sadle my Horſe,
Maſter *Robert Shallow*, chooſe what Office thou wilt
In the Land, 'tis thine. *Piſtol*, I will double charge thee
With Dignities.

Bard. O ioyfull day:
I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.

Piſt. What? I do bring good newes.

Fal. Carrie Maſter *Silence* to bed: Maſter *Shallow*, my Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward. Get on thy Boots, wee'l ride all night. Oh ſweet Piſtoll: Away *Bardolfe*: Come Piſtoll, vtter more to mee: and withall deuiſe ſomething to do thy ſelfe good. Boote, boote Maſter *Shallow*, I know the young King is ſick for mee. Let vs take any mans Horſſes: The Lawes of England are at my command'ment. Happie are they, which haue beene my Friendes: and woe vnto my Lord Chiefe Iuſtice.

Piſt. Let Vultures vil'de ſeize on his Lungs alſo:
Where is the life that late I led, ſay they?
Why heere it is, welcome thoſe pleaſant dayes. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hoſteſſe Quickly, Dol Teare-ſheete,
and Beadles.

Hoſteſſe. No, thou arrant knaue: I would I might dy, that I might haue thee hang'd: Thou haſt drawne my ſhoulder out of ioynt.

Off. The Conſtables haue deliuer'd her ouer to mee: and ſhee ſhall haue Whipping cheere enough, I warrant her. There hath beene a man or two (lately) kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-viſag'd Raſcall, if the Childe I now go with, do miſcarrie, thou had'ſt better thou had'ſt ſtrooke thy Mother, thou Paper-fac'd Villaine.

Hoſt. O that Sir *Iohn* were come, hee would make this a bloody day to ſome body. But I would the Fruite of her Wombe might miſcarry.

Officer. If it do, you ſhall haue a dozen of Cuſhions againe, you haue but eleuen now. Come, I charge you both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and Piſtoll beate among you.

Dol. Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Cenſor; I will haue you as ſoundly ſwindg'd for this, you blew-Bottel'd Rogue: you filthy famiſh'd Correctioner, if you be not ſwing'd, Ile forſweare halfe Kirtles.

Off. Come, come, you ſhee-Knight-arrant, come.

Hoſt. O, that right ſhould thus o'recome might. Wel of ſufferance, comes eaſe.

Dol. Come you Rogue, come:
Bring me to a Iuſtice.

Hoſt. Yes, come you ſtaru'd Blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman Bones.

Hoſt. Thou Anatomy, thou.

Dol. Come you thinne Thing:
Come you Raſcall.

Off. Very well. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Groomes.

1. Groo. More Ruſhes, more Ruſhes.

2. Groo. The Trumpets haue ſounded twice.

1. Groo. It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come from the Coronation. *Exit Groo.*

Enter Falſtaffe, Shallow, Piſtoll, Bardolfe, and Page.

Falſtaffe. Stand heere by me, M. *Robert Shallow*, I will make the King do you Grace. I will leere vpon him, as he comes by: and do but marke the countenance that hee will giue me.

Piſtol. Bleſſe thy Lungs, good Knight.

Falſt. Come heere *Piſtol*, ſtand behind me. O if I had had time to haue made new Liueries, I would haue beſtowed the thouſand pound I borrowed of you. But it is no matter, this poore ſhew doth better: this doth inferre the zeale I had to ſee him.

Shal. It doth ſo.

Falſt. It ſhewes my earneſtneſſe in affection.

Piſt. It doth ſo.

Fal. My deuotion.

Piſt. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night,
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Not to haue patience to ſhift me.

Shal. It is moſt certaine.

Fal. But to ſtand ſtained with Trauaile, and ſweating with deſire to ſee him, thinking of nothing elſe, putting all affayres in obliuion, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to ſee him.

Piſt. 'Tis *ſemper idem*: for *obſque hoc nihil eſt*. 'Tis all in euery part.

Shal. 'Tis ſo indeed.

Piſt. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liuer, and make thee rage. Thy *Dol*, and *Helen* of thy noble thoghts is in baſe Durance, and contagious priſon: Hall'd thither by moſt Mechanicall and durty hand. Rowze vppe Reuenge from Ebon den, with fell Alecto's Snake, for *Dol* is in. Piſtol, ſpeakes nought but troth.

Fal. I will deliuer her.

Piſtol. There roar'd the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour ſounds.

The Trumpets ſound. Enter King Henrie the
Fift, Brothers, Lord Chiefe
Iuſtice.

Falſt. Saue thy Grace, King *Hall*, my Royall *Hall*.

Piſt. The heauens thee guard, and keepe, moſt royall Impe of Fame.

Fal. 'Saue thee my ſweet Boy.

King. My Lord Chiefe Iuſtice, ſpeake to that vaine man.

Ch. Iuſt. Haue you your wits?
Know you what 'tis you ſpeake?

Falſt. My King, my Ioue; I ſpeake to thee, my heart.

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:
How ill white haires become a Foole, and Ieſter?

I haue long dream'd of ſuch a kinde of man,
So ſurfeit-ſwell'd, ſo old, and ſo prophane:
But being awake, I do deſpiſe my dreame.
Make leſſe thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,
Leaue gourmandizing; Know the Graue doth gape
For thee, thrice wider then for other men.
Reply not to me, with a Foole-borne Ieſt,
Preſume not, that I am the thing I was,
For heauen doth know (ſo ſhall the world perceiue)
That I haue turn'd away my former Selfe,
So will I thoſe that kept me Companie.
When thou doſt heare I am, as I haue bin,
Approach me, and thou ſhalt be as thou was't
The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots:
Till then, I baniſh thee, on paine of death,
As I haue done the reſt of my Miſleaders,
Not to come neere our Perſon, by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euill:
And as we heare you do reforme your ſelues,
We will according to your ſtrength, and qualities,
Giue you aduancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
To ſee perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.
Exit King.

Fal. Maſter *Shallow*, I owe you a thouſand pound.

Shal. I marry Sir *Iohn*, which I beſeech you to let me haue home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, M. *Shallow*, do not you grieue at this: I ſhall be ſent for in priuate to him: Looke you, he muſt ſeeme thus to the world: feare not your aduancement: I will be the man yet, that ſhall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceiue how, vnleſſe you ſhould giue me your Doublet, and ſtuffe me out with Straw. I beſeech you, good Sir *Iohn*, let mee haue fiue hundred of my thouſand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard, was but a colour.

Shall. A colour I feare, that you will dye, in Sir *Iohn.*

Fal. Feare no colours, go with me to dinner:
Come Lieutenant *Piſtol*, come *Bardolfe*,
I ſhall be ſent for ſoone at night.

Ch.Iuſt. Go carry Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* to the Fleete,
Take all his Company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch.Iuſt. I cannot now ſpeake, I will heare you ſoone:
Take them away.

Piſt. Si fortuna me tormento, ſpera me contento.
Exit. Manet Lancaſter and Chiefe Iuſtice.

Iohn. I like this faire proceeding of the Kings:
He hath intent his wonted Followers
Shall all be very well prouided for:
But all are baniſht, till their conuerſations
Appeare more wiſe, and modeſt to the world.

Ch.Iuſt. And ſo they are.

Iohn. The King hath call'd his Parliament,
My Lord.

Ch.Iuſt. He hath.

Iohn. I will lay oddes, that ere this yeere expire,
We beare our Ciuill Swords, and Natiue fire
As farre as France. I heare a Bird ſo ſing,
Whoſe Muſicke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence?
Exeunt

FINIS.

EPILOGVE.

FIRST, my Feare: then, my Curtſie: laſt, my Speech. My Feare, is your Diſpleaſure: My Curtſie, my Dutie: And my ſpeech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a good ſpeech now, you vndoe me: For what I haue to ſay, is of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I ſhould ſay, will (I doubt) prooue mine owne marring. But to the Purpoſe, and ſo to the Venture. Be it knowne to you (as it is very well) I was lately heere in the end of a diſpleaſing Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promiſe you a Better: I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill Venture) it come vnluckily home, I breake; and you, my gentle Creditors loſe. Heere I promiſt you I would be, and heere I commit my Bodie to your Mercies: Bate me ſome, and I will pay you ſome, and (as moſt Debtors do) promiſe you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me: will you command me to vſe my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt: But a good Conſcience, will make any poſsible ſatisfaction, and ſo will I. All the Gentlewomen heere, haue forgiuen me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlewowen, which was neuer ſeene before, in ſuch an Aſſembly.

One word more, I beſeech you: if you be not too much cloid with Fat Meate, our humble Author will continue the Story (with Sir Iohn *in it) and make you merry, with faire* Katherine *of* France: *where (for any thing I know)* Falſtaffe *ſhall dye of a ſweat, vnleſſe already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions: For* Old-Caſtle *dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is wearie, when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and ſo kneele downe before you: But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.*

THE ACTORS NAMES.

RVMOVR the Preſentor.
King *Henry* the Fourth.
Prince *Henry*, afterwards Crowned King *Henrie* the Fift.
Prince *Iohn* of Lancaſter.
Humphrey of Gloucester.
Thomas of Clarence.
} Sonnes to *Henry* the Fourth, & brethren to *Henry* 5.

Northumberland.
The Arch Byſhop of Yorke.
Mowbray.
Haſtings.
Lord Bardolfe.
Trauers.
Morton.
Coleuile.
} Oppoſites againſt King *Henrie* the Fourth.

Warwicke.
Weſtmerland.
Surrey.
Gowre.
Harecourt.
Lord Chiefe Iuſtice.
} Of the Kings Partie.

Pointz.
Falſtaffe.
Bardolphe.
Piſtoll.
Peto.
Page.
} Irregular Humoriſts.

Shallow.
Silence.
} Both Country Iuſtices.
Dauie, Seruant to Shallow.
Phang, and Snare, 2. Serieants
Mouldie.
Shadow.
Wart.
Feeble.
Bullcalfe.
} Country Soldiers

Drawers
Beadles.
Groomes

Northumberlands Wife.
Percies Widdow.
Hoſteſſe Quickly.
Doll Teare-ſheete.
Epilogue.

The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter Prologue.

O For a Muſe of Fire, that would aſcend
The brighteſt Heauen of Inuention:
A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act,
And Monarchs to behold the ſwelling Scene.
Then ſhould the Warlike Harry, *like himſelfe,*
Aſſume the Port of Mars, *and at his heeles*
(Leaſht in, like Hounds) ſhould Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:
The flat vnrayſed Spirits, that hath dar'd,
On this vnworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Obiect. Can this Cock-Pit hold
The vaſtie fields of France? Or may we cramme
Within this Wooden O. the very Caskes
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
O pardon: ſince a crooked Figure may
Atteſt in little place a Million,
And let vs, Cyphers to this great Accompt,
On your imaginarie Forces worke.
Suppoſe within the Girdle of theſe Walls
Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,
Whoſe high, vp-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts aſunder.
Peece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thouſand parts diuide one Man,
And make imaginarie Puiſſance.
Thinke when we talke of Horſes, that you ſee them
Printing their prowd Hoofes i'th' receiuing Earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now muſt deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: Iumping o're Times;
Turning th'accompliſhment of many yeeres
Into an Howre-glaſſe: for the which ſupplie,
Admit me Chorus *to this Hiſtorie;*
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play. *Exit.*

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter the two Biſhops of Canterbury and Ely.

Biſh. Cant.

MY Lord, Ile tell you, that ſelfe Bill is vrg'd,
Which in th'eleuẽth yere of yͤ laſt Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed againſt vs paſt,
But that the ſcambling and vnquiet time
Did puſh it out of farther queſtion.

Biſh. Ely. But how my Lord ſhall we reſiſt it now?

Biſh. Cant. It muſt be thought on: if it paſſe againſt vs,
We looſe the better halfe of our Poſſeſſion:
For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout
By Teſtament haue giuen to the Church,
Would they ſtrip from vs; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights,
Six thouſand and two hundred good Eſquires:
And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age
Of indigent faint Soules, paſt corporall toyle,
A hundred Almes-houſes, right well ſupply'd:
And to the Coffers of the King beſide,
A thouſand pounds by th'yeere Thus runs the Bill.

Biſh. Ely. This would drinke deepe.

Biſh. Cant. 'Twould drinke the Cup and all.

Biſh. Ely. But what preuention?

Biſh. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.

Biſh. Ely. And a true louer of the holy Church.

Biſh. Cant. The courſes of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no ſooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildneſſe, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,
Conſideration like an Angell came,
And whipt th'offending *Adam* out of him;
Leauing his body as a Paradiſe,
T'inuelop and containe Celeſtiall Spirits.
Neuer was ſuch a ſodaine Scholler made:
Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,
With ſuch a heady currance ſcowring faults:
Nor neuer *Hidra*-headed Wilfulneſſe
So ſoone did looſe his Seat; and all at once;
As in this King.

Biſh. Ely. We are bleſſed in the Change.

Biſh. Cant. Heare him but reaſon in Diuinitie;
And all-admiring, with an inward wiſh
You would deſire the King were made a Prelate:
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires;
You would ſay, it hath been all in all his ſtudy:
Liſt his diſcourſe of Warre; and you ſhall heare
A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Muſique.

Turne him to any Cauſe of Pollicy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will vnlooſe,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he ſpeakes,
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is ſtill,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
To ſteale his ſweet and honyed Sentences:
So that the Art and Practique part of Life,
Muſt be the Miſtreſſe to this Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace ſhould gleane it,
Since his addiction was to Courſes vaine,
His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and ſhallow,
His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;
And neuer noted in him any ſtudie,
Any retyrement, any ſequeſtration,
From open Haunts and Popularitie.

B.Ely. The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,
And holeſome Berryes thriue and ripen beſt,
Neighbour'd by Fruit of baſer qualitie:
And ſo the Prince obſcur'd his Contemplation
Vnder the Veyle of Wildneſſe, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Graſſe, faſteſt by Night,
Vnſeene, yet creſſiue in his facultie.

B.Cant. It muſt be ſo; for Miracles are ceaſt:
And therefore we muſt needes admit the meanes,
How things are perfected.

B.Ely. But my good Lord:
How now for mittigation of this Bill,
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maieſtie
Incline to it, or no?

B.Cant. He ſeemes indifferent:
Or rather ſwaying more vpon our part,
Then cheriſhing th'exhibiters againſt vs:
For I haue made an offer to his Maieſtie,
Vpon our Spirituall Conuocation,
And in regard of Cauſes now in hand,
Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,
Then euer at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predeceſſors part withall.

B.Ely. How did this offer ſeeme receiu'd, my Lord?

B.Cant. With good acceptance of his Maieſtie:
Saue that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiu'd his Grace would faine haue done,
The ſeueralls and vnhidden paſſages
Of his true Titles to ſome certaine Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
Deriu'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

B.Ely. What was th'impediment that broke this off?

B.Cant. The French Embaſſador vpon that inſtant
Crau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,
To giue him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?

B.Ely. It is.

B.Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embaſſie:
Which I could with a ready gueſſe declare,
Before the Frenchman ſpeake a word of it.

B.Ely. Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence,
Warwick, Weſtmerland, and Exeter.

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exeter. Not here in preſence.

King. Send for him, good Vnckle.

Weſtm. Shall we call in th'Ambaſſador, my Liege?

King. Not yet, my Couſin: we would be reſolu'd,
Before we heare him, of ſome things of weight,
That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.

Enter two Biſhops.

B.Cant. God and his Angels guard your ſacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thanke you.
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And iuſtly and religiouſly vnfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they haue in France,
Or ſhould or ſhould not barre vs in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, wreſt, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your vnderſtanding Soule,
With opening Titles miſcreate, whoſe right
Sutes not in natiue colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reuerence ſhall incite vs to.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our Perſon,
How you awake our ſleeping Sword of Warre;
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
For neuer two ſuch Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whoſe guiltleſſe drops
Are euery one, a Woe, a ſore Complaint,
'Gainſt him, whoſe wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,
That makes ſuch waſte in briefe mortalitie.
Vnder this Coniuration, ſpeake my Lord:
For we will heare, note, and beleeue in heart,
That what you ſpeake, is in your Conſcience waſht,
As pure as ſinne with Baptiſme.

B.Can. Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,
That owe your ſelues, your liues, and ſeruices,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
To make againſt your Highneſſe Clayme to France,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
In terram Salicam Mulieres ne ſuccedaul,
No Woman ſhall ſucceed in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* Land, the French vniuſtly gloze.
To be the Realme of France, and *Pharamond*
The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.
Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
That the Land *Salike* is in Germanie,
Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elue:
Where *Charles* the Great hauing ſubdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and ſettled certaine French:
Who holding in diſdaine the German Women,
For ſome diſhoneſt manners of their life,
Eſtabliſht then this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* (as I ſaid) 'twixt Elue and Sala,
Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Meiſen*.
Then doth it well appeare, the *Salike* Law
Was not deuiſed for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French poſſeſſe the *Salike* Land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
Idly ſuppos'd the founder of this Law,
Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
Foure hundred twentie ſix: and *Charles* the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did ſeat the French
Beyond the Riuer Sala, in the yeere
Eight hundred fiue. Beſides, their Writers ſay,
King *Pepin*, which depoſed *Childerike*,
Did as Heire Generall, being deſcended
Of *Blithild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,
Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.
Hugh Capet alſo, who vſurpt the Crowne

Of *Charles* the Duke of Loraine, ſole Heire male
Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great:
To find his Title with ſome ſhewes of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Conuey'd himſelfe as th'Heire to th' Lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemaine*, who was the Sonne
To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Sonne
Of *Charles* the Great: alſo King *Lewes* the Tenth,
Who was ſole Heire to the Vſurper *Capet*,
Could not keepe quiet in his conſcience,
Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till ſatisfied,
That faire Queene *Iſabel*, his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foreſaid Duke of Loraine:
By the which Marriage, the Lyne of *Charles* the Great
Was re-vnited to the Crowne of France.
So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,
King *Pepins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* Clayme,
King *Lewes* his ſatisfaction, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.
Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,
To barre your Highneſſe clayming from the Female,
And rather chuſe to hide them in a Net,
Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
Vſurpt from you and your Progenitors.

King. May I with right and conſcience make this claim?

Biſh.Cant. The ſinne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne:
For in the Booke of *Numbers* is it writ,
When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
Deſcend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,
Looke back into your mightie Anceſtors:
Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandſires Tombe,
From whom you clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Vnckles, *Edward* the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France:
Whiles his moſt mightie Father on a Hill
Stood ſmiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe
Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble Engliſh, that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another halfe ſtand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.

Biſh. Awake remembrance of theſe valiant dead,
And with your puiſſant Arme renew their Feats;
You are their Heire, you ſit vpon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puiſſant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterpriſes.

Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Doe all expect, that you ſhould rowſe your ſelfe,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood. (might;

Weſt. They know your Grace hath cauſe, and means, and
So hath your Highneſſe: neuer King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,
Whoſe hearts haue left their bodyes here in England,
And lye pauillion'd in the fields of France.

Biſh.Can. O let their bodyes follow my deare Liege
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualtie
Will rayſe your Highneſſe ſuch a mightie Summe,
As neuer did the Clergie at one time
Bring in to any of your Anceſtors.

King. We muſt not onely arme t'inuade the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Againſt the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,
With all aduantages.

Biſh.Can. They of thoſe Marches, gracious Soueraign,
Shall be a Wall ſufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.

King. We do not meane the courſing ſnatchers onely,
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been ſtill a giddy neighbour to vs:
For you ſhall reade, that my great Grandfather
Neuer went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his vnfurniſht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
With ample and brim fulneſſe of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Aſſayes,
Girding with grieuous ſiege, Caſtles and Townes:
That England being emptie of defence,
Hath ſhooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.

B.Can. She hath bin thẽ more fear'd thẽ harm'd, my Liege:
For heare her but exampl'd by her ſelfe,
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
And ſhee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
Shee hath her ſelfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots: whom ſhee did ſend to France,
To fill King *Edwards* fame with priſoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayſe,
As is the Owſe and bottome of the Sea
With ſunken Wrack, and ſum-leſſe Treaſuries.

Biſh.Ely. But there's a ſaying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland firſt begin.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
To her vnguarded Neſt, the Weazell (Scot)
Comes ſneaking, and ſo ſucks her Princely Egges,
Playing the Mouſe in abſence of the Cat,
To tame and hauocke more then ſhe can eate.

Exet. It followes then, the Cat muſt ſtay at home,
Yet that is but a cruſh'd neceſsity,
Since we haue lockes to ſafegard neceſſaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theeues.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th'aduiſed head defends it ſelfe at home:
For Gouernment, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one conſent,
Congreeing in a full and natural cloſe,
Like Muſicke.

Cant. Therefore doth heauen diuide
The ſtate of man in diuers functions,
Setting endeuour in continual motion:
To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
Obedience: for ſo worke the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.
They haue a King, and Officers of ſorts,
Where ſome like Magiſtrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad:
Others, like Souldiers armed in their ſtings,
Make boote vpon the Summers Veluet buddes:
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home;
To the Tent-royal of their Emperor:
Who buſied in his Maieſties ſurueyes
The ſinging Maſons building roofes of Gold,
The ciuil Citizens kneading vp the hony;
The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
Their heauy burthens at his narrow gate:

The ſad-ey'd Iuſtice with his ſurly humme,
Deliuering ore to Executors pale
The lazie yawning Drone: I this inferre,
That many things hauing full reference
To one conſent, may worke contrariouſly,
As many Arrowes looſed ſeuerall wayes
Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one towne,
As many freſh ſtreames meet in one ſalt ſea;
As many Lynes cloſe in the Dials center:
So may a thouſand actions once a foote,
And in one purpoſe, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
Diuide your happy England into foure,
Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
And you withall ſhall make all Gallia ſhake.
If we with thrice ſuch powers left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
Let vs be worried, and our Nation loſe
The name of hardineſſe and policie.
King. Call in the Meſſengers ſent from the Dolphin.
Now are we well reſolu'd, and by Gods helpe
And yours, the noble ſinewes of our power,
France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,
Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l ſit,
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
Ore France, and all her (almoſt) Kingly Dukedomes)
Or lay theſe bones in an vnworthy Vrne,
Tombleſſe, with no remembrance ouer them:
Either our Hiſtory ſhall with full mouth
Speake freely of our Acts, or elſe our graue
Like Turkiſh mute, ſhall haue a tongueleſſe mouth,
Not worſhipt with a waxen Epitaph.
Enter Ambaſſadors of France.
Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleaſure
Of our faire Coſin Dolphin: for we heare,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.
Amb. May't pleaſe your Maieſtie to giue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge:
Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you farre off
The Dolphins meauing, and our Embaſsie.
King. We are no Tyrant, but a Chriſtian King,
Vnto whoſe grace our paſsion is as ſubiect
As is our wretches fettred in our priſons,
Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainneſſe,
Tell vs the *Dolphins* minde.
Amb. Thus than in few:
Your Highneſſe lately ſending into France,
Did claime ſome certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predeceſſor, King *Edward* the third.
In anſwer of which claime, the Prince our Maſter
Sayes, that you ſauour too much of your youth,
And bids you be aduis'd: There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there.
He therefore ſends you meeter for your ſpirit
This Tun of Treaſure; and in lieu of this,
Deſires you let the dukedomes that you claime
Heare no more of you. This the *Dolphin* ſpeakes.
King. What Treaſure Vncle?
Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege.
Kin. We are glad the *Dolphin* is ſo pleaſant with vs,
His Preſent, and your paines we thanke you for:
When we haue matcht our Rackets to theſe Balles,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a ſet,
Shall ſtrike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with ſuch a Wrangler,
That all the Courts of France will be diſturb'd
With Chaces. And we vnderſtand him well,
How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,
Not meaſuring what vſe we made of them.
We neuer valew'd this poore ſeate of England,
And therefore liuing hence, did giue our ſelfe
To barbarous licenſe: As 'tis euer common,
That men are merrieſt, when they are from home.
But tell the *Dolphin*, I will keepe my State,
Be like a King, and ſhew my ſayle of Greatneſſe,
When I do rowſe me in my Throne of France.
For that I haue layd by my Maieſtie,
And plodded like a man for working dayes:
But I will riſe there with ſo full a glorie,
That I will dazle all the eyes of France,
Yea ſtrike the *Dolphin* blinde to looke on vs,
And tell the pleaſant Prince, this Mocke of his
Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-ſtones, and his ſoule
Shall ſtand ſore charged, for the waſtefull vengeance
That ſhall flye with them: for many a thouſand widows
Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer husbands;
Mocke mothers from their ſonnes, mock Caſtles downe;
And ſome are yet vngotten and vnborne,
That ſhal haue cauſe to curſe the *Dolphins* ſcorne.
But this lyes all within the wil of God,
To whom I do appeale, and in whoſe name
Tel you the *Dolphin*, I am comming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cauſe.
So get you hence in peace: And tell the *Dolphin*,
His Ieſt will ſauour but of ſhallow wit,
When thouſands weepe more then did laugh at it.
Conuey them with ſafe conduct. Fare you well.
Exeunt Ambaſſadors.
Exe. This was a merry Meſſage.
King. We hope to make the Sender bluſh at it:
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
That may giue furth'rance to our Expedition:
For we haue now no thought in vs but France,
Saue thoſe to God, that runne before our buſineſſe.
Therefore let our proportions for theſe Warres
Be ſoone collected, and all things thought vpon,
That may with reaſonable ſwiftneſſe adde
More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,
Wee'le chide this *Dolphin* at his fathers doore.
Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter Chorus.
Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And ſilken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:
Now thriue the Armorers, and Honors thought
Reignes ſolely in the breaſt of euery man.
They ſell the Paſture now, to buy the Horſe;
Following the Mirror of all Chriſtian Kings,
With winged heeles, as Engliſh *Mercuries.*
For now ſits Expectation in the Ayre,
And hides a Sword, from Hilts vnto the Point,
With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
Promis'd to *Harry*, and his followers.
The French aduis'd by good intelligence
Of this moſt dreadfull preparation,
Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy
Seeke to diuert the Engliſh purpoſes.
O England: Modell to thy inward Greatneſſe,
Like little Body with a mightie Heart:

What mightſt thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kinde and naturall:
But ſee, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
A neſt of hollow boſomes, which he filles
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
One, *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, and the ſecond
Henry Lord *Scroope* of *Maſham*, and the third
Sir *Thomas Grey* Knight of Northumberland,
Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
Confirm'd Conſpiracy with fearefull France,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings muſt dye.
If Hell and Treaſon hold their promiſes,
Ere he take ſhip for France; and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and wee'l digeſt
Th'abuſe of diſtance; force a play:
The ſumme is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is ſet from London, and the Scene
Is now tranſported (Gentles) to Southampton,
There is the Play-houſe now, there muſt you ſit,
And thence to France ſhall we conuey you ſafe,
And bring you backe: Charming the narrow ſeas
To giue you gentle Paſſe: for if we may,
Wee'l not offend one ſtomacke with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Vnto Southampton do we ſhift our Scene. *Exit*

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.

Bar. Well met Corporall *Nym.*

Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe.*

Bar. What, are Ancient *Piſtoll* and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I ſay little: but when time ſhall ſerue, there ſhall be ſmiles, but that ſhall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out mine yron: it is a ſimple one, but what though? It will toſte Cheeſe, and it will endure cold, as another mans ſword will: and there's an end.

Bar. I will beſtow a breakfaſt to make you friendes, and wee'l bee all three ſworne brothers to France: Let't be ſo good Corporall *Nym.*

Nym. Faith, I will liue ſo long as I may, that's the certaine of it: and when I cannot liue any longer, I will doe as I may: That is my reſt, that is the rendeuous of it.

Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that he is marryed to *Nell Quickly*, and certainly ſhe did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell, Things muſt be as they may: men may ſleepe, and they may haue their throats about them at that time, and ſome ſay, kniues haue edges: It muſt be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet ſhee will plodde, there muſt be Concluſions, well, I cannot tell.

Enter Piſtoll, & Quickly.

Bar. Heere comes Ancient *Piſtoll* and his wife: good Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoaſte *Piſtoll?*

Piſt. Baſe Tyke, cal'ſt thou mee Hoſte, now by this hand I ſweare I ſcorne the terme: nor ſhall my *Nel* keep Lodgers.

Hoſt. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that liue honeſtly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee thought we keepe a Bawdy-houſe ſtraight. O welliday Lady, if he be not hewne now, we ſhall ſee wilful adultery and murther committed.

Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing heere. *Nym.* Piſh.

Piſt. Piſh for thee, Iſland dogge: thou prickeard cur of Iſland.

Hoſt. Good Corporall *Nym* ſhew thy valor, and put vp your ſword.

Nym. Will you ſhogge off? I would haue you ſolus.

Piſt. Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The ſolus in thy moſt meruailous face, the ſolus in thy teeth, and in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worſe, within thy naſtie mouth. I do retort the ſolus in thy bowels, for I can take, and *Piſtols* cocke is vp, and flaſhing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not *Barbaſon*, you cannot coniure mee: I haue an humor to knocke you indifferently well: If you grow fowle with me Piſtoll, I will ſcoure you with my Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as I may, and that's the humor of it.

Piſt. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Graue doth gape, and doting death is neere,
Therefore exhale.

Bar. Heare me, heare me what I ſay: Hee that ſtrikes the firſt ſtroake, Ile run him vp to the hilts, as I am a ſoldier.

Piſt. An oath of mickle might, and fury ſhall abate.
Giue me thy fiſt, thy fore-foote to me giue: Thy ſpirites are moſt tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire termes, that is the humor of it.

Piſtoll. *Couple a gorge*, that is the word. I defie thee againe. O hound of Creet, think'ſt thou my ſpouſe to get? No, to the ſpittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of infamy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Creſſids* kinde, *Doll Teare-ſheete*, ſhe by name, and her eſpouſe. I haue, and I will hold the *Quondam Quickely* for the onely ſhee: and *Pauca*, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Hoaſt *Piſtoll*, you muſt come to my Mayſter, and your Hoſteſſe: He is very ſicke, & would to bed. Good *Bardolfe*, put thy face betweene his ſheets, and do the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away you Rogue.

Hoſt. By my troth he'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one of theſe dayes: the King has kild his heart. Good Huſband come home preſently. *Exit*

Bar. Come, ſhall I make you two friends. Wee muſt to France together: why the diuel ſhould we keep kniues to cut one anothers throats?

Piſt. Let floods ore-ſwell, and fiends for food howle on.

Nym. You'l pay me the eight ſhillings I won of you at Betting?

Piſt. Baſe is the Slaue that payes.

Nym. That now I wil haue: that's the humor of it.

Piſt. As manhood ſhal compound: puſh home. *Draw*

Bard. By this ſword, hee that makes the firſt thruſt, Ile kill him: By this ſword, I wil.

Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths muſt haue their courſe

Bar. Coporall *Nym*, & thou wilt be friends be frends, and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to: prethee put vp.

Piſt. A Noble ſhalt thou haue, and preſent pay, and Liquor likewiſe will I giue to thee, and friendſhippe ſhall combyne, and brotherhood. Ile liue by *Nymme*, & *Nymme* ſhall liue by me, is not this iuſt? For I ſhal Sutler be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Giue mee thy hand.

Nym. I ſhall haue my Noble?
Piſt. In caſh, moſt iuſtly payd.
Nym. Well, then that the humor of't.
Enter Hoſteſſe.
Hoſt. As euer you come of women, come in quickly to ſir *Iohn*: A poore heart, hee is ſo ſhak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.
Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight, that's the euen of it.
Piſt. *Nym*, thou haſt ſpoke the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.
Nym. The King is a good King, but it muſt bee as it may: he paſſes ſome humors, and carreeres.
Piſt. Let vs condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we will liue.
Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Weſtmerland.
Bed Fore God his Grace is bold to truſt theſe traitors
Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.
Weſt. How ſmooth and euen they do bear themſelues,
As if allegeance in their boſomes ſate
Crowned with faith, and conſtant loyalty.
Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception, which they dreame not of.
Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours;
That he ſhould for a forraigne purſe, ſo ſell
His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.
Sound Trumpets.
Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.
King. Now ſits the winde faire, and we will aboord.
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kinde Lord of *Maſham*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts:
Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs
Will cut their paſſage through the force of France?
Doing the execution, and the acte,
For which we haue in head aſſembled them.
Scro. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his beſt.
King. I doubt not that, ſince we are well perſwaded
We carry not a heart with vs from hence,
That growes not in a faire conſent with ours:
Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not wiſh
Succeſſe and Conqueſt to attend on vs.
Cam. Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd,
Then is your Maieſty; there's not I thinke a ſubiect
That ſits in heart-greefe and vneaſineſſe
Vnder the ſweet ſhade of your gouernment.
Kni. True: thoſe that were your Fathers enemies,
Haue ſteep'd their gauls in hony, and do ſerue you
With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.
King. We therefore haue great cauſe of thankfulnes,
And ſhall forget the office of our hand
Sooner then quittance of deſert and merit,
According to the weight and worthineſſe.
Scro. So ſeruice ſhall with ſteeled ſinewes toyle,
And labour ſhall refreſh it ſelfe with hope
To do your Grace inceſſant ſeruices.
King. We Iudge no leſſe. Vnkle of *Exeter*,
Inlarge the man committed yeſterday,
That rayl'd againſt our perſon: We conſider
It was exceſſe of Wine that ſet him on,
And on his more aduice, We pardon him.
Scro. That's mercy, but too much ſecurity:
Let him be puniſh'd Soueraigne, leaſt example
Breed (by his ſufferance) more of ſuch a kind.
King. O let vs yet be mercifull.
Cam. So may your Highneſſe, and yet puniſh too.
Grey. Sir, you ſhew great mercy if you giue him life,
After the taſte of much correction.
King. Alas, your too much loue and care of me,
Are heauy Oriſons 'gainſt this poore wretch:
If little faults proceeding on diſtemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how ſhall we ſtretch our eye
When capitall crimes, chew'd, ſwallow'd, and digeſted,
Appeare before vs? Wee'l yet inlarge that man,
Though *Cambridge, Scroope*, and *Gray*, in their deere care
And tender preſeruation of our perſon
Wold haue him puniſh'd. And now to our French cauſes,
Who are the late Commiſſioners?
Cam. I one my Lord,
Your Highneſſe bad me aske for it to day.
Scro. So did you me my Liege.
Gray. And I my Royall Soueraigne.
King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours:
There yours Lord *Scroope* of *Maſham*, and Sir Knight:
Gray of *Northumberland*, this ſame is yours:
Reade them, and know I know your worthineſſe.
My Lord of *Weſtmerland*, and Vnkle *Exeter*,
We will aboord to night. Why how now Gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe papers, that you looſe
So much complexion? Looke ye how they change:
Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there,
That haue ſo cowarded and chac'd your blood
Out of apparance.
Cam. I do confeſſe my fault,
And do ſubmit me to your Highneſſe mercy.
Gray. Scro. To which we all appeale.
King. The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,
By your owne counſaile is ſuppreſt and kill'd:
You muſt not dare (for ſhame) to talke of mercy,
For your owne reaſons turne into your boſomes,
As dogs vpon their maiſters, worrying you:
See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
Theſe Engliſh monſters: My Lord of *Cambridge* heere,
You know how apt our loue was, to accord
To furniſh with all appertinents
Belonging to his Honour; and this man,
Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conſpir'd
And ſworne vnto the practiſes of France
To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which,
This Knight no leſſe for bounty bound to Vs
Then Cambridge is, hath likewiſe ſworne. But O,
What ſhall I ſay to thee Lord *Scroope*, thou cruell,
Ingratefull, ſauage, and inhumane Creature?
Thou that didſt beare the key of all my counſailes,
That knew'ſt the very bottome of my ſoule,
That (almoſt) might'ſt haue coyn'd me into Golde,
Would'ſt thou haue practis'd on me, for thy vſe?
May it be poſſible, that forraigne hyer
Could out of thee extract one ſparke of euill
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis ſo ſtrange,
That though the truth of it ſtands off as groſſe
As blacke and white, my eye will ſcarſely ſee it.
Treaſon, and murther, euer kept together,
As two yoake diuels ſworne to eythers purpoſe,
Working ſo groſſely in an naturall cauſe,
That admiration did not hoope at them.
But thou (gainſt all proportion) didſt bring in
Wonder to waite on treaſon, and on murther:
And whatſoeuer cunning fiend it was
That wrought vpon thee ſo prepoſterouſly,
Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:

And other diuels that ſuggeſt by treaſons,
Do botch and bungle vp damnation,
With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht
From gliſt'ring ſemblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee ſtand vp,
Gaue thee no inſtance why thou ſhouldſt do treaſon,
Vnleſſe to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
If that ſame Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
He might returne to vaſtie Tartar backe,
And tell the Legions, I can neuer win
A ſoule ſo eaſie as that Engliſhmans.
Oh, how haſt thou with iealouſie infected
The ſweetneſſe of affiance? Shew men dutifull,
Why ſo didſt thou: ſeeme they graue and learned?
Why ſo didſt thou. Come they of Noble Family?
Why ſo didſt thou. Seeme they religious?
Why ſo didſt thou. Or are they ſpare in diet,
Free from groſſe paſſion, or of mirth, or anger,
Conſtant in ſpirit, not ſweruing with the blood,
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt complement,
Not working with the eye, without the eare,
And but in purged iudgement truſting neither,
Such and ſo finely boulted didſt thou ſeeme:
And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,
To make thee full fraught man, and beſt indued
With ſome ſuſpition, I will weepe for thee.
For this reuolt of thine, me thinkes is like
Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,
Arreſt them to the anſwer of the Law,
And God acquit them of their practiſes.
Exe. I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*.
I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Thomas* Lord *Scroope* of *Marſham*.
I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Thomas* *Grey*, Knight of *Northumberland*.
Scro. Our purpoſes, God iuſtly hath diſcouer'd,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beſeech your Highneſſe to forgiue,
Although my body pay the price of it.
Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not ſeduce,
Although I did admit it as a motiue,
The ſooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for preuention,
Which in ſufferance heartily will reioyce,
Beſeeching God, and you, to pardon mee.
Gray. Neuer did faithfull ſubiect more reioyce
At the diſcouery of moſt dangerous Treaſon,
Then I do at this houre ioy ore my ſelfe,
Preuented from a damned enterprize;
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne.
King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your ſentence
You haue conſpir'd againſt Our Royall perſon,
Ioyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
Receyu'd the Golden Earneſt of Our death:
Wherein you would haue ſold your King to ſlaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to ſeruitude,
His Subiects to oppreſſion, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into deſolation:
Touching our perſon, ſeeke we no reuenge,
But we our Kingdomes ſafety muſt ſo tender,
Whoſe ruine you ſought, that to her Lawes
We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poore miſerable wretches) to your death:
The taſte whereof, God of his mercy giue
You patience to indure, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence. *Exit.*
Now Lords for France: the enterpriſe whereof
Shall be to you as vs, like glorious.
We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God ſo graciouſly hath brought to light
This dangerous Treaſon, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
But euery Rubbe is ſmoothed on our way.
Then forth, deare Countreymen: Let vs deliuer
Our Puiſſance into the hand of God,
Putting it ſtraight in expedition.
Chearely to Sea, the ſignes of Warre aduance,
No King of England, if not King of France. *Flouriſh.*
Enter Piſtoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hoſteſſe.
Hoſteſſe. 'Prythee honey ſweet Husband, let me bring thee to Staines.
Piſtoll. No: for my manly heart doth erne. *Bardolph*, be blythe: *Nim*, rowſe thy vaunting Veines: Boy, briſsle thy Courage vp: for *Falſtaffe* hee is dead, and wee muſt erne therefore.
Bard. Would I were with him, whereſomere hee is, eyther in Heauen, or in Hell.
Hoſteſſe. Nay ſure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in *Arthurs* Boſome, if euer man went to *Arthurs* Boſome: a made a finer end, and went away and it had beene any Chriſtome Child: a parted eu'n iuſt betweene Twelue and One, eu'n at the turning o'th' Tyde: for after I ſaw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and ſmile vpon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Noſe was as ſharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now Sir *Iohn* (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheare: ſo a cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a ſhould not thinke of God; I hop'd there was no neede to trouble himſelfe with any ſuch thoughts yet: ſo a bad me lay more Clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any ſtone: then I felt to his knees, and ſo vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any ſtone.
Nim. They ſay he cryed out of Sack.
Hoſteſſe. I, that a did.
Bard. And of Women.
Hoſteſſe. Nay, that a did not.
Boy. Yes that a did, and ſaid they were Deules incarnate.
Woman. A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour he neuer lik'd.
Boy. A ſaid once, the Deule would haue him about Women.
Hoſteſſe. A did in ſome ſort (indeed) handle Women: but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of Babylon.
Boy. Doe you not remember a ſaw a Flea ſticke vpon *Bardolphs* Noſe, and a ſaid it was a blacke Soule burning in Hell.
Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the Riches I got in his ſeruice.
Nim. Shall wee ſhogg? the King will be gone from Southampton.
Piſt. Come, let's away. My Loue, giue me thy Lippes: Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables. Let Sences rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: truſt none: for Oathes are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-faſt is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore *Caueto* bee thy Counſailor. Goe, cleare thy Chryſtalls. Yoke-fellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Horſe-

leeches my Boyes, to ſucke, to ſucke, the very blood to ſucke.

Boy. And that's but vnwholeſome food, they ſay.

Piſt. Touch her ſoft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farwell Hoſteſſe.

Nim. I cannot kiſſe, that is the humor of it: but adieu.

Piſt. Let Huſwiferie appeare: keepe cloſe, I thee command.

Hoſteſſe. Farwell: adieu. *Exeunt*

Flouriſh.

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britaine.

King. Thus comes the Engliſh with full power vpon vs,
And more then carefully it vs concernes,
To anſwer Royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine,
Of Brabant and of Orleance, ſhall make forth,
And you Prince Dolphin, with all ſwift diſpatch
To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre
With men of courage, and with meanes defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As Waters to the ſucking of a Gulfe.
It fits vs then to be as prouident,
As feare may teach vs, out of late examples
Left by the fatall and neglected Engliſh,
Vpon our fields.

Dolphin. My moſt redoubted Father,
It is moſt meet we arme vs 'gainſt the Foe:
For Peace it ſelfe ſhould not ſo dull a Kingdome,
(Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in queſtion)
But that Defences, Muſters, Preparations,
Should be maintain'd, aſſembled, and collected,
As were a Warre in expectation.
Therefore I ſay, 'tis meet we all goe forth,
To view the ſick and feeble parts of France:
And let vs doe it with no ſhew of feare,
No, with no more, then if we heard that England
Were buſied with a Whitſon Morris-dance:
For, my good Liege, ſhee is ſo idly King'd,
Her Scepter ſo phantaſtically borne,
By a vaine giddie ſhallow humorous Youth,
That feare attends her not.

Conſt. O peace, Prince Dolphin,
You are too much miſtaken in this King:
Queſtion your Grace the late Embaſſadors,
With what great State he heard their Embaſſie,
How well ſupply'd with Noble Councellors,
How modeſt in exception; and withall,
How terrible in conſtant reſolution:
And you ſhall find, his Vanities fore-ſpent,
Were but the out-ſide of the Roman *Brutus*,
Couering Diſcretion with a Coat of Folly;
As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide thoſe Roots
That ſhall firſt ſpring, and be moſt delicate.

Dolphin. Well, 'tis not ſo, my Lord High Conſtable.
But though we thinke it ſo, it is no matter:
In caſes of defence, 'tis beſt to weigh
The Enemie more mightie then he ſeemes,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd:
Which of a weake and niggardly proiection,
Doth like a Miſer ſpoyle his Coat, with ſcanting
A little Cloth.

King. Thinke we King *Harry* ſtrong:
And Princes, looke you ſtrongly arme to meet him.
The Kindred of him hath beene fleſht vpon vs:
And he is bred out of that bloodie ſtraine,
That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes:
Witneſſe our too much memorable ſhame,
When Creſſy Battell fatally was ſtrucke,
And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand
Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales:
Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine ſtanding
Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne,
Saw his Heroicall Seed, and ſmil'd to ſee him
Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface
The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers
Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem
Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs feare
The Natiue mightineſſe and fate of him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Embaſſadors from *Harry* King of England,
Doe craue admittance to your Maieſtie.

King. Weele giue them preſent audience.
Goe, and bring them.
You ſee this Chaſe is hotly followed, friends.

Dolphin. Turne head, and ſtop purſuit: for coward Dogs
Moſt ſpend their mouths, whē what they ſeem to threaten
Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne
Take vp the Engliſh ſhort, and let them know
Of what a Monarchie you are the Head:
Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not ſo vile a ſinne,
As ſelfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maieſtie:
He wills you in the Name of God Almightie,
That you deueſt your ſelfe, and lay apart
The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen,
By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs
To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne,
And all wide-ſtretched Honors, that pertaine
By Cuſtome, and the Ordinance of Times,
Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know
'Tis no ſiniſter, nor no awk-ward Clayme,
Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vaniſht dayes,
Nor from the duſt of old Obliuion rakt,
He ſends you this moſt memorable Lyne,
In euery Branch truly demonſtratiue;
Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree:
And when you find him euenly deriu'd
From his moſt fam'd, of famous Anceſtors,
Edward the third; he bids you then reſigne
Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the Natiue and true Challenger.

King. Or elſe what followes?

Exe. Bloody conſtraint: for if you hide the Crowne
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
Therefore in fierce Tempeſt is he comming,
In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *Ioue*:
That if requiring faile, he will compell.
And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
Deliuer vp the Crowne, and to take mercie
On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre
Opens his vaſtie Iawes: and on your head
Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes,
The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes,
For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers,
That ſhall be ſwallowed in this Controuerſie.
This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Meſſage:
Vnleſſe the Dolphin be in preſence here;
To whom expreſſely I bring greeting to.

King. For

King. For vs, we will conſider of this further:
To morrow ſhall you beare our full intent
Back to our Brother of England.

Dolph. For the Dolphin,
I ſtand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorne and defiance, ſleight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not miſ-become
The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus ſayes my King: and if your Fathers Highneſſe
Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you ſent his Maieſtie;
Hee'le call you to ſo hot an Anſwer of it,
That Caues and Wombie Vaultages of France
Shall chide your Treſpas, and returne your Mock
In ſecond Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph. Say: if my Father render faire returne,
It is againſt my will: for I deſire
Nothing but Oddes with England.
To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,
I did preſent him with the Paris-Balls.

Exe. Hee'le make your Paris Louer ſhake for it,
Were it the Miſtreſſe Court of mightie Europe:
And be aſſur'd, you'le find a diff'rence,
As we his Subiects haue in wonder found,
Betweene the promiſe of his greener dayes,
And theſe he maſters now: now he weighes Time
Euen to the vtmoſt Graine: that you ſhall reade
In your owne Loſſes, if he ſtay in France.

King. To morrow ſhall you know our mind at full.

Flouriſh.

Exe. Diſpatch vs with all ſpeed, leaſt that our King
Come here himſelfe to queſtion our delay;
For he is footed in this Land already.

King. You ſhalbe ſoone diſpatcht, with faire conditions.
A Night is but ſmall breathe, and little pawſe,
To anſwer matters of this conſequence. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Flouriſh. Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our ſwift Scene flyes,
In motion of no leſſe celeritie then that of Thought.
Suppoſe, that you haue ſeene
The well-appointed King at Douer Peer,
Embarke his Royaltie: and his braue Fleet,
With ſilken Streamers, the young *Phebus* fayning;
Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,
Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
Heare the ſhrill Whiſtle, which doth order giue
To ſounds confus'd: behold the threaden Sayles,
Borne with th'inuiſible and creeping Wind,
Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
Breſting the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke
You ſtand vpon the Riuage, and behold
A Citie on th'inconſtant Billowes dauncing:
For ſo appeares this Fleet Maieſticall,
Holding due courſe to Harflew. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to ſternage of this Nauie,
And leaue your England as dead Mid-night, ſtill,
Guarded with Grandſires, Babyes, and old Women,
Eyther paſt, or not arriu'd to pyth and puiſſance:
For who is he, whoſe Chin is but enricht
With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
Theſe cull'd and choyſe-drawne Caualiers to France?
Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein ſee a Siege:
Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,
With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew.
Suppoſe th'Embaſſador from the French comes back:
Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes.
The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner
With Lynſtock now the diuelliſh Cannon touches,

Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eech out our performance with your mind. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Glouceſter. Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harflew.

King. Once more vnto the Breach,
Deare friends, once more;
Or cloſe the Wall vp with our Engliſh dead:
In Peace, there's nothing ſo becomes a man,
As modeſt ſtillneſſe, and humilitie:
But when the blaſt of Warre blowes in our eares,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger:
Stiffen the ſinewes, commune vp the blood,
Diſguiſe faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage:
Then lend the Eye a terrible aſpect:
Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
Like the Braſſe Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelme it,
As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke
O're-hang and iutty his confounded Baſe,
Swill'd with the wild and waſtfull Ocean.
Now ſet the Teeth, and ſtretch the Noſthrill wide,
Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp euery Spirit
To his full height. On, on, you Nobliſh Engliſh,
Whoſe blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-proofe:
Fathers, that like ſo many *Alexanders*,
Haue in theſe parts from Morne till Euen fought,
And ſheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument.
Diſhonour not your Mothers: now atteſt,
That thoſe whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
Be Coppy now to me of groſſer blood,
And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,
Whoſe Lyms were made in England; ſhew vs here
The mettell of your Paſture: let vs ſweare,
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
For there is none of you ſo meane and baſe,
That hath not Noble luſter in your eyes.
I ſee you ſtand like Grey-hounds in the ſlips,
Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot:
Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge,
Cry, God for *Harry*, England, and S. *George*.

Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Piſtoll, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. 'Pray thee Corporall ſtay, the Knocks are too hot: and for mine owne part, I haue not a Caſe of Liues: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song of it.

Piſt. The plaine-Song is moſt iuſt: for humors doe abound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vaſſals drop and dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne immortall fame.

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-houſe in London, I would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and ſafetie.

Piſt. And I: If wiſhes would preuayle with me, my purpoſe ſhould not fayle with me; but thither would I high.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth ſing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Vp to the breach, you Dogges; auaunt you Cullions.

Piſt. Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould: abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcock bate thy Rage: vſe lenitie ſweet Chuck.

Nim. Theſe be good humors: your Honor wins bad humors. *Exit.*

Boy. As young as I am, I haue obſeru'd theſe three Swaſhers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would ſerue me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three ſuch Antiques doe not amount to a man: for *Bardolph*, hee is white-liuer'd, and red-fac'd; by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for *Piſtoll*, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keepes whole Weapons: for *Nim*, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the beſt men, and therefore hee ſcornes to ſay his Prayers, leſt a ſhould be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was againſt a Poſt, when he was drunke. They will ſteale any thing, and call it Purchaſe. *Bardolph* ſtole a Lute-caſe, bore it twelue Leagues, and ſold it for three halfepence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are ſworne Brothers in filching: and in Callice they ſtole a fire-ſhouell. I knew by that peece of Seruice, the men would carry Coales. They would haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much againſt my Manhood, if I ſhould take from anothers Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plaine pocketting vp of Wrongs. I muſt leaue them, and ſeeke ſome better Seruice: their Villany goes againſt my weake ſtomacke, and therefore I muſt caſt it vp. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen*, you muſt come preſently to the Mynes; the Duke of Glouceſter would ſpeake with you.

Flu. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not ſo good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the diſciplines of the Warre; the concauities of it is not ſufficient: for looke you, th'athuerſarie, you may diſcuſſe vnto the Duke, looke you, is digt himſelfe foure yard vnder the Countermines: by *Cheſhu*, I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of Glouceſter, to whom the Order of the Siege is giuen, is altogether directed by an Iriſh man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

Welch. It is Captaine *Makmorrice*, is it not?

Gower. I thinke it be.

Welch. By *Cheſhu* he is an Aſſe, as in the World, I will verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions in the true diſciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the Roman diſciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Makmorrice, and Captaine Iamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine *Iamy*, with him.

Welch. Captaine *Iamy* is a maruellous falorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in th'aunchiant Warres, vpon my particular knowledge of his directions: by *Cheſku* he will maintaine his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the diſciplines of the Priſtine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. I ſay gudday, Captaine *Fluellen.*

Welch. Godden to your Worſhip, good Captaine *Iames.*

Gower. How now Captaine *Mackmorrice*, haue you quit the Mynes? haue the Pioners giuen o're?

Iriſh. By Chriſh Law tiſh ill done: the Worke iſh giue ouer, the Trompet ſound the Retreat. By my Hand I ſweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke iſh ill done: it iſh giue ouer: I would haue blowed vp the Towne, ſo Chriſh ſaue me law, in an houre. O tiſh ill done, tiſh ill done: by my Hand tiſh ill done.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I beſeech you now, will you voutſafe me, looke you, a few diſputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the diſciplines of the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication: partly to ſatisfie my Opinion, and partly for the ſatisfaction, looke you, of my Mind: as touching the direction of the Militarie diſcipline, that is the Point.

Scot. It ſall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I ſall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occaſion: that ſall I mary.

Iriſh. It is no time to diſcourſe, ſo Chriſh ſaue me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukes: it is no time to diſcourſe, the Town is beſeech'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and we talke, and be Chriſh do nothing, tis ſhame for vs all: ſo God ſa'me tis ſhame to ſtand ſtill, it is ſhame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be done, and there iſh nothing done, ſo Chriſt ſa'me law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere theiſe eyes of mine take themſelues to ſlomber, ayle de gud ſeruice, or Ile ligge i'th' grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay't as valorouſly as I may, that ſal I ſuerly do, that is the breff and the long: mary, I wad full faine heard ſome queſtion tween you tway.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I thinke, looke you, vnder your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Iriſh. Of my Nation? What iſh my Nation? Iſh a Villaine, and a Baſterd, and a Knaue, and a Raſcall. What iſh my Nation? Who talkes of my Nation?

Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwiſe then is meant, Captaine *Mackmorrice*, peraduenture I ſhall thinke you doe not vſe me with that affabilitie, as in diſcretion you ought to vſe me, looke you, being as good a man as your ſelfe, both in the diſciplines of Warre, and in the deriuation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Iriſh. I doe not know you ſo good a man as my ſelfe: ſo Chriſh ſaue me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will miſtake each other.

Scot. A, that's a foule fault. *A Parley.*

Gower. The Towne ſounds a Parley.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, when there is more better oportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be ſo bold as to tell you, I know the diſciplines of Warre: and there is an end. *Exit.*

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King. How yet reſolues the Gouernour of the Towne?
This is the lateſt Parle we will admit:

Therefore to our beſt mercy giue your ſelues,
Or like to men prowd of deſtruction,
Defie vs to our worſt: for as I am a Souldier,
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me beſt;
If I begin the batt'rie once againe,
I will not leaue the halfe-atchieued Harflew,
Till in her aſhes ſhe lye buryed.
The Gates of Mercy ſhall be all ſhut vp,
And the fleſh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
In libertie of bloody hand, ſhall raunge
With Conſcience wide as Hell, mowing like Graſſe
Your freſh faire Virgins, and your flowring Infants.
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
Doe with his ſmyrcht complexion all fell feats,
Enlynckt to waſt and deſolation?
What is't to me, when you your ſelues are cauſe,
If your pure Maydens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing Violation?
What Reyne can hold licentious Wickedneſſe,
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?
We may as bootleſſe ſpend our vaine Command
Vpon th'enraged Souldiers in their ſpoyle,
As ſend Precepts to the *Leuiathan*, to come aſhore.
Therefore, you men of Harflew,
Take pitty of your Towne and of your People,
Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds
Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.
If not: why in a moment looke to ſee
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand
Deſire the Locks of your ſhrill-ſhriking Daughters:
Your Fathers taken by the ſiluer Beards,
And their moſt reuerend Heads daſht to the Walls:
Your naked Infants ſpitted vpon Pykes,
Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
Doe breake the Clouds; as did the Wiues of Iewry,
At *Herods* bloody-hunting ſlaughter-men.
What ſay you? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd?
Or guiltie in defence, be thus deſtroy'd.

Enter Gouernour.

Gouer. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
Returnes vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,
To rayſe ſo great a Siege: Therefore great King,
We yeeld our Towne and Liues to thy ſoft Mercy:
Enter our Gates, diſpoſe of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defenſible.

King. Open your Gates: Come Vnckle *Exeter*,
Goe you and enter Harflew; there remaine,
And fortifie it ſtrongly 'gainſt the French:
Vſe mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle.
The Winter comming on, and Sickneſſe growing
Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.
To night in Harflew will we be your Gueſt,
To morrow for the March are we addreſt.

Flouriſh, and enter the Towne.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kathe. *Alice, tu as eſte en Angleterre, & tu bien parlas le Language.*

Alice. *En peu Madame.*

Kath. *Ie te prie m'enſigniez, il faut que ie apprend a parlen: Comient appelle vous le main en Anglois?*

Alice. *Le main il & appelle de Hand.*

Kath. *De Hand.*

Alice. *E le doyts.*

Kat. *Le doyts, ma foy Ie oublie, e doyt mays, ie me ſouemeray le doyts ie penſe qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, ou de fingres.*

Alice. *Le main de Hand, le doyts le Fingres, ie penſe que ie ſuis le bon eſcholier.*

Kath. *I'ay gaynie diux mots d' Anglois viſtement, coment appelle vous le ongles?*

Alice. *Le ongles, les appellons de Nayles.*

Kath. *De Nayles eſcoute: dites moy, ſi ie parle bien: de Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.*

Alice. *C'eſt bien dict Madame, il & fort bon Anglois.*

Kath. *Dites moy l' Anglois pour le bras.*

Alice. *De Arme, Madame.*

Kath. *E de coudee.*

Alice. *D'Elbow.*

Kath. *D'Elbow: Ie men fay le repiticio de touts les mots que vous maves, apprins des a preſent.*

Alice. *Il & trop difficile Madame, comme Ie penſe.*

Kath. *Excuſe moy Alice eſcoute, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d' Arma, de Bilbow.*

Alice. *D'Elbow, Madame.*

Kath. *O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie d'Elbow, coment appelle vous le col.*

Alice. *De Nick, Madame.*

Kath. *De Nick, e le menton.*

Alice. *De Chin.*

Kath. *De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton de Sin.*

Alice. *Ouy. Sauf voſtre honneur en verite vous pronouncies les mots auſi droict, que le Natifs d' Angleterre.*

Kath. *Ie ne doute point d'apprendre par de grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.*

Alice. *N'aue vos y deſia oublie ce que ie vous a enſignie.*

Kath. *Nome ie recitera a vous promptement, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Maylees.*

Alice. *De Nayles, Madame.*

Kath. *De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.*

Alice. *Sans voſtre honeus d'Elbow.*

Kath. *Ainſi de ie d'Elbow, de Nick, & de Sin: coment appelle vous les pied & de roba.*

Alice. *Le Foot Madame, & le Count.*

Kath. *Le Foot, & le Count: O Seignieur Dieu, il ſont le mots de ſon mauvais corruptible groſſe & impudique, & non pour le Dames de Honeur d'vſer: Ie ne voudray prononcer ce mots deuant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, fo le Foot & le Count, neant moys, Ie recitera vn autrefoys ma lecon enſembe, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Elbow, de Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.*

Alice. *Excellent, Madame.*

Kath. *C'eſt aſſes pour vne foyes, alons nous a diner.*

Exit.

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the Conſtable of France, and others.

King. 'Tis certaine he hath paſt the Riuer Some.

Conſt. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,
Let vs not liue in France: let vs quit all,
And giue our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

Dolph. *O Dieu viuant:* Shall a few Sprayes of vs,
The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,
Our Syens, put in wilde and ſauage Stock,
Spirt vp ſo ſuddenly into the Clouds,
And ouer-looke their Grafters?

Brit. Normans, but baſtard Normans, Norman baſtards:
Mort du ma vie, if they march along
Vnfought withall, but I will ſell my Dukedome,

To buy a ſlobbry and a durtie Farme
In that nooke-ſhotten Ile of Albion.

Conſt. *Dieu de Battailes*, where haue they this mettell?
Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in deſpight, the Sunne lookes pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can ſodden Water,
A Drench for ſur-reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth,
Decoct their cold blood to ſuch valiant heat?
And ſhall our quick blood, ſpirited with Wine,
Seeme froſtie? O, for honor of our Land,
Let vs not hang like roping Iſyckles
Vpon our Houſes Thatch, whiles a more froſtie People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poore we call them, in their Natiue Lords.

Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madames mock at vs, and plainely ſay,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will giue
Their bodyes to the Luſt of Engliſh Youth,
To new-ſtore France with Baſtard Warriors.

Brit. They bid vs to the Engliſh Dancing-Schooles,
And teach *Lauolta's* high, and ſwift *Carranto's*,
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,
And that we are moſt loftie Run-awayes.

King. Where is *Montioy* the Herald? ſpeed him hence,
Let him greet England with our ſharpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with ſpirit of Honor edged,
More ſharper then your Swords, high to the field:
Charles Delabreth, High Conſtable of France,
You Dukes of *Orleance*, *Burbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanſon, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgonie*,
Iaques Chattillion, *Rambures*, *Vandemont*,
Beumont, *Grand Pree*, *Rouſſi*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Leſtrale*, *Bouciquall*, and *Charaloyes*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seats, now quit you of great ſhames:
Barré *Harry* England, that ſweepes through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew:
Ruſh on his Hoaſt, as doth the melted Snow
Vpon the Valleyes, whoſe low Vaſſall Seat,
The Alpes doth ſpit, and void his rhewme vpon.
Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough,
And in a Captiue Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Priſoner.

Conſt. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are ſo few,
His Souldiers ſick, and famiſht in their March:
For I am ſure, when he ſhall ſee our Army,
Hee'le drop his heart into the ſinck of feare,
And for atchieuement, offer vs his Ranſome.

King. Therefore Lord Conſtable, haſt on *Montioy*,
And let him ſay to England, that we ſend,
To know what willing Ranſome he will giue.
Prince *Dolphin*, you ſhall ſtay with vs in Roan.

Dolph. Not ſo, I doe beſeech your Maieſtie.

King. Be patient, for you ſhall remaine with vs.
Now forth Lord Conſtable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. *Exeunt.*

Enter Captaines, Engliſh and Welch, Gower
and Fluellen.

Gower. How now Captaine *Fluellen*, come you from the Bridge?

Flu. I aſſure you, there is very excellent Seruices committed at the Bridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter ſafe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, and a man that I loue and honour with my ſoule, and my heart, and my dutie, and my liue, and my liuing, and my vttermoſt power. He is not, God be prayſed and bleſſed, any hurt in the World, but keepes the Bridge moſt valiantly, with excellent diſcipline. There is an aunchient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very conſcience hee is as valiant a man as *Marke Anthony*, and hee is a man of no eſtimation in the World, but I did ſee him doe as gallant ſeruice.

Gower. What doe you call him?

Flu. Hee is call'd aunchient *Piſtoll*.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Piſtoll.

Flu. Here is the man.

Piſt. Captaine, I thee beſeech to doe me fauours: the Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.

Flu. I, I prayſe God, and I haue merited ſome loue at his hands.

Piſt. *Bardolph*, a Souldier firme and ſound of heart, and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddeſſe blind, that ſtands vpon the rolling reſtleſſe Stone.

Flu. By your patience, aunchient *Piſtoll*: Fortune is painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to ſignifie to you, that Fortune is blinde; and ſhee is painted alſo with a Wheele, to ſignifie to you, which is the Morall of it, that ſhee is turning and inconſtant, and mutabilitie, and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a Sphericall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles: in good truth, the Poet makes a moſt excellent deſcription of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

Piſt. Fortune is *Bardolphs* foe, and frownes on him: for he hath ſtolne a Pax, and hanged muſt a be: a damned death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let Man goe free, and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe ſuffocate: but *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death, for Pax of little price. Therefore goe ſpeake, the Duke will heare thy voyce; and let not *Bardolphs* vitall thred bee cut with edge of Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient *Piſtoll*, I doe partly vnderſtand your meaning.

Piſt. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to reioyce at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would deſire the Duke to vſe his good pleaſure, and put him to execution; for diſcipline ought to be vſed.

Piſt. Dye, and be dam'd, and *Figo* for thy friendſhip.

Flu. It is well.

Piſt. The Figge of Spaine. *Exit.*

Flu. Very good.

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Raſcall, I remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purſe.

Flu. Ile aſſure you, a vtt'red as praue words at the Pridge, as you ſhall ſee in a Summers day: but it is very well: what he ha's ſpoke to me, that is well I warrant you, when time is ſerue.

Gower. Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and then goes to the Warres, to grace himſelfe at his returne into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and ſuch fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and they will learne you by rote where Seruices were done; at ſuch and ſuch a Sconce, at ſuch a Breach, at ſuch a Conuoy: who came off brauely, who was ſhot, who diſgrac'd, what termes the Enemy ſtood on: and this they conne perfitly in the phraſe of Warre; which they tricke

vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Generalls Cut, and a horride Sute of the Campe, will doe among foming Bottles, and Ale-waſht Wits, is wonderfull to be thought on: but you muſt learne to know ſuch ſlanders of the age, or elſe you may be maruellouſly miſtooke.

Flu. I tell you what, Captaine *Gower*: I doe perceiue hee is not the man that hee would gladly make ſhew to the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my minde: hearke you, the King is comming, and I muſt ſpeake with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his
poore Souldiers.

Flu. God pleſſe your Maieſtie.

King. How now *Fluellen*, cam'ſt thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, ſo pleaſe your Maieſtie: The Duke of Exeter ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and moſt praue paſſages: marry, th'athuerſarie was haue poſſeſſion of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exeter is Maſter of the Pridge: I can tell your Maieſtie, the Duke is a praue man.

King. What men haue you loſt, *Fluellen*?

Flu. The perdition of th'athuerſarie hath beene very great, reaſonnable great: marry for my part, I thinke the Duke hath loſt neuer a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Maieſtie know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his noſe, and it is like a coale of fire, ſometimes plew, and ſometimes red, but his noſe is executed, and his fire's out.

King. Wee would haue all ſuch offendors ſo cut off: and we giue expreſſe charge, that in our Marches through the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French vpbrayded or abuſed in diſdainefull Language; for when Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler Gameſter is the ſooneſt winner.

Tucket. Enter Mountioy.

Mountioy. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what ſhall I know of thee?

Mountioy. My Maſters mind.

King. Vnfold it.

Mountioy. Thus ſayes my King: Say thou to *Harry* of England, Though we ſeem'd dead, we did but ſleepe: Aduantage is a better Souldier then raſhneſſe. Tell him, wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee thought not good to bruiſe an iniurie, till it were full ripe. Now wee ſpeake vpon our Q. and our voyce is imperiall: England ſhall repent his folly, ſee his weakeneſſe, and admire our ſufferance. Bid him therefore conſider of his ranſome, which muſt proportion the loſſes we haue borne, the ſubiects we haue loſt, the diſgrace we haue digeſted; which in weight to re-anſwer, his pettineſſe would bow vnder. For our loſſes, his Exchequer is too poore; for th'effuſion of our bloud, the Muſter of his Kingdome too faint a number; and for our diſgrace, his owne perſon kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worthleſſe ſatisfaction. To this adde defiance: and tell him for concluſion, he hath betrayed his followers, whoſe condemnation is pronounc't: So farre my King and Maſter; ſo much my Office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.

Mount. *Mountioy.*

King. Thou doo'ſt thy Office fairely. Turne thee back,
And tell thy King, I doe not ſeeke him now,
But could be willing to march on to Callice,
Without impeachment: for to ſay the ſooth,
Though 'tis no wiſdome to confeſſe ſo much
Vnto an enemie of Craft and Vantage,
My people are with ſickneſſe much enfeebled,
My numbers leſſen'd: and thoſe few I haue,
Almoſt no better then ſo many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald,
I thought, vpon one payre of Engliſh Legges
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgiue me God,
That I doe bragge thus; this your ayre of France
Hath blowne that vice in me. I muſt repent:
Goe therefore tell thy Maſter, heere I am;
My Ranſome, is this frayle and worthleſſe Trunke;
My Army, but a weake and ſickly Guard:
Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himſelfe, and ſuch another Neighbor
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Mountioy*.
Goe bid thy Maſter well aduiſe himſelfe.
If we may paſſe, we will: if we be hindred,
We ſhall your tawnie ground with your red blood
Diſcolour: and ſo *Mountioy*, fare you well.
The ſumme of all our Anſwer is but this:
We would not ſeeke a Battaile as we are,
Nor as we are, we ſay we will not ſhun it:
So tell your Maſter.

Mount. I ſhall deliuer ſo: Thankes to your Highneſſe.

Glouc. I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs:
March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,
Beyond the Riuer wee'le encampe our ſelues,
And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Conſtable of France, the Lord Ramburs,
Orleance, Dolphin, with others.

Conſt. Tut, I haue the beſt Armour of the World: would it were day.

Orleance. You haue an excellent Armour: but let my Horſe haue his due.

Conſt. It is the beſt Horſe of Europe.

Orleance. Will it neuer be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Conſtable, you talke of Horſe and Armour?

Orleance. You are as well prouided of both, as any Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horſe with any that treades but on foure poſtures: ch' ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were hayres: *le Cheual volante*, the Pegaſus, *ches les narines de feu.* When I beſtryde him, I ſoare, I am a Hawke: he trots the ayre: the Earth ſings, when he touches it: the baſeſt horne of his hooſe, is more Muſicall then the Pipe of *Hermes.*

Orleance. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beaſt for *Perſeus*: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but only in patient ſtillneſſe while his Rider mounts him: hee is indeede a Horſe, and all other Iades you may call Beaſts.

Conſt. Indeed my Lord, it is a moſt abſolute and excellent Horſe.

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orleance. No more Couſin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the riſing of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie deſerued prayſe on my Palfray: it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horſe is argument for them all: 'tis a ſubiect for a Soueraigne to reaſon on, and for a Soueraignes Soueraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayſe, and began thus, *Wonder of Nature.*

Orleance. I haue heard a Sonnet begin ſo to ones Miſtreſſe.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courſer, for my Horſe is my Miſtreſſe.

Orleance. Your Miſtreſſe beares well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the preſcript prayſe and perfection of a good and particular Miſtreſſe.

Conſt. Nay, for me thought yeſterday your Miſtreſſe ſhrewdly ſhooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Conſt. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. O then belike ſhe was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Hoſe off, and in your ſtrait Stroſſers.

Conſt. You haue good iudgement in Horſemanſhip.

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride ſo, and ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather haue my Horſe to my Miſtreſſe.

Conſt. I had as liue haue my Miſtreſſe a Iade.

Dolph. I tell thee Conſtable, my Miſtreſſe weares his owne hayre.

Conſt. I could make as true a boaſt as that, if I had a Sow to my Miſtreſſe.

Dolph. *Le chien eſt retourne a ſon propre vemiſſement eſt la lenye lauee au bourbier:* thou mak'ſt vſe of any thing.

Conſt. Yet doe I not vſe my Horſe for my Miſtreſſe, or any ſuch Prouerbe, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.

Ramb. My Lord Conſtable, the Armour that I ſaw in your Tent to night, are thoſe Starres or Sunnes vpon it?

Conſt. Starres my Lord.

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Conſt: And yet my Sky ſhall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many ſuperfluouſly, and 'twere more honor ſome were away.

Conſt. Eu'n as your Horſe beares your prayſes, who would trot as well, were ſome of your bragges diſmounted.

Dolph. Would I were able to loade him with his deſert. Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way ſhall be paued with Engliſh Faces.

Conſt. I will not ſay ſo, for feare I ſhould be fac't out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the eares of the Engliſh.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie Priſoners?

Conſt. You muſt firſt goe your ſelfe to hazard, ere you haue them.

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my ſelfe. *Exit.*

Orleance. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the Engliſh.

Conſt. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

Orleance. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gallant Prince.

Conſt. Sweare by her Foot, that ſhe may tread out the Oath.

Orleance. He is ſimply the moſt actiue Gentleman of France.

Conſt. Doing is actiuitie, and he will ſtill be doing.

Orleance. He neuer did harme, that I heard of.

Conſt. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe that good name ſtill.

Orleance. I know him to be valiant.

Conſt. I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you.

Orleance. What's hee?

Conſt. Marry hee told me ſo himſelfe, and hee ſayd hee car'd not who knew it.

Orleance. Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in him.

Conſt. By my faith Sir, but it is: neuer any body ſaw it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appeares, it will bate.

Orleance. Ill will neuer ſayd well.

Conſt. I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie in friendſhip.

Orleance. And I will take vp that with, Giue the Deuill his due.

Conſt. Well plac't: there ſtands your friend for the Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A Pox of the Deuill.

Orleance. You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much a Fooles Bolt is ſoone ſhot.

Conſt. You haue ſhot ouer.

Orleance. 'Tis not the firſt time you were ouer-ſhot.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord high Conſtable, the Engliſh lye within fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.

Conſt. Who hath meaſur'd the ground?

Meſſ. The Lord *Grandpree.*

Conſt. A valiant and moſt expert Gentleman. Would it were day? Alas poore *Harry* of England: hee longs not for the Dawning, as wee doe.

Orleance. What a wretched and peeuiſh fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers ſo farre out of his knowledge.

Conſt. If the Engliſh had any apprehenſion, they would runne away.

Orleance. That they lack: for if their heads had any intellectuall Armour, they could neuer weare ſuch heauie Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Iland of England breedes very valiant Creatures; their Maſtiffes are of vnmatchable courage.

Orleance. Fooliſh Curres, that runne winking into the mouth of a Ruſſian Beare, and haue their heads cruſht like rotten Apples: you may as well ſay, that's a valiant Flea, that dare eate his breakefaſt on the Lippe of a Lyon.

Conſt. Iuſt, iuſt: and the men doe ſympathize with the Maſtiffes, in robuſtious and rough comming on, leauing their Wits with their Wiues: and then giue them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they will eate like Wolues, and fight like Deuils.

Orleance. I, but theſe Engliſh are ſhrowdly out of Beefe.

Conſt. Then ſhall we finde to morrow, they haue only ſtomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to arme: come, ſhall we about it?

Orleance. It is now two a Clock: but let me ſee, by ten Wee ſhall haue each a hundred Engliſh men. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Chorus.

Now entertaine coniecture of a time,
When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke
Fills the wide Veſſell of the Vniuerſe.
From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night
The Humme of eyther Army ſtilly ſounds;
That the fixt Centinels almoſt receiue
The ſecret Whiſpers of each others Watch.
Fire anſwers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Battaile ſees the others vmber'd face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boaſtfull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Eare: and from the Tents,
The Armourers accompliſhing the Knights,
With buſie Hammers cloſing Riuets vp,
Giue dreadfull note of preparation.
The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle:
And the third howre of drowſie Morning nam'd,
Prowd of their Numbers, and ſecure in Soule,
The confident and ouer-luſtie French,
Doe the low-rated Engliſh play at Dice;
And chide the creeple-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
So tediouſly away. The poore condemned Engliſh,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The Mornings danger: and their geſture ſad,
Inueſting lanke-leane Cheekes, and Warre-worne Coats,
Preſented them vnto the gazing Moone
So many horride Ghoſts. O now, who will behold
The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
Let him cry, Prayſe and Glory on his head:
For forth he goes, and viſits all his Hoaſt,
Bids them good morrow with a modeſt Smyle,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.
Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,
How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour
Vnto the wearie and all-watched Night:
But freſhly lookes, and ouer-beares Attaint,
With chearefull ſemblance, and ſweet Maieſtie:
That euery Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
A Largeſſe vniuerſall, like the Sunne,
His liberall Eye doth giue to euery one,
Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
Behold, as may vnworthineſſe define.
A little touch of *Harry* in the Night,
And ſo our Scene muſt to the Battaile flye:
Where, O for pitty, we ſhall much diſgrace,
With foure or fiue moſt vile and ragged foyles,
(Right ill diſpos'd, in brawle ridiculous)
The Name of Agincourt: Yet ſit and ſee,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.
Exit.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Glouceſter.

King. *Gloſter,* 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore ſhould our Courage be.
God morrow Brother *Bedford:* God Almightie,
There is ſome ſoule of goodneſſe in things euill,
Would men obſeruingly diſtill it out.
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early ſtirrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
Beſides, they are our outward Conſciences,
And Preachers to vs all; admoniſhing,
That we ſhould dreſſe vs fairely for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Diuell himſelfe.
Enter Erpingham.
Good morrow old Sir *Thomas Erpingham:*
A good ſoft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churliſh turfe of France.

Erping. Not ſo my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may ſay, now lye I like a King.

King. 'Tis good for men to loue their preſent paines,
Vpon example, ſo the Spirit is eaſed:
And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Breake vp their drowſie Graue, and newly moue
With caſted ſlough, and freſh legeritie.
Lend me thy Cloake Sir *Thomas:* Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe;
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon
Deſire them all to my Pauillion.

Gloſter. We ſhall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

King. No, my good Knight:
Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:
I and my Boſome muſt debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in Heauen bleſſe thee, Noble *Harry.* *Exeunt.*

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou ſpeak'ſt chearefully. *Enter Piſtoll.*

Piſt. *Che vous la?*

King. A friend.

Piſt. Diſcuſſe vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou baſe, common, and popular?

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Piſt. Trayl'ſt thou the puiſſant Pyke?

King. Euen ſo: what are you?

Piſt. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

King. Then you are a better then the King.

Piſt. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fiſt moſt valiant: I kiſſe his durtie ſhooe, and from heartſtring I loue the louely Bully. What is thy Name?

King. *Harry le Roy.*

Piſt. *Le Roy?* a Corniſh Name: art thou of Corniſh Crew?

King. No, I am a Welchman.

Piſt. Know'ſt thou *Fluellen?*

King. Yes.

Piſt. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon S. *Dauies* day.

King. Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe that day, leaſt he knock that about yours.

Piſt. Art thou his friend?
King. And his Kinſman too.
Piſt. The *Figo* for thee then.
King. I thanke you: God be with you.
Piſt. My name is *Piſtol* call'd. *Exit.*
King. It ſorts well with your fierceneſſe.
Manet King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen.*

Flu. 'So, in the Name of Ieſu Chriſt, ſpeake fewer: it is the greateſt admiration in the vniuerſall World, when the true and aunchient Prerogatifes and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of *Pompey* the Great, you ſhall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble bable in *Pompeyes* Campe: I warrant you, you ſhall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobrietie of it, and the Modeſtie of it, to be otherwiſe.

Gower. Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all Night.

Flu. If the Enemie is an Aſſe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee ſhould alſo, looke you, be an Aſſe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne conſcience now?

Gow. I will ſpeake lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beſeech you, that you will. *Exit.*

King. Though it appeare a little out of faſhion,
There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter three Souldiers, Iohn Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *Iohn Bates*, is not that the Morning which breakes yonder?

Bates. I thinke it be: but wee haue no great cauſe to deſire the approach of day.

Williams. Wee ſee yonder the beginning of the day, but I thinke wee ſhall neuer ſee the end of it. Who goes there?

King. A Friend.

Williams. Vnder what Captaine ſerue you?

King. Vnder Sir *Iohn Erpingham.*

Williams. A good old Commander, and a moſt kinde Gentleman: I pray you, what thinkes he of our eſtate?

King. Euen as men wrackt vpon a Sand, that looke to be waſht off the next Tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

King. No: nor it is not meet he ſhould: for though I ſpeake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet ſmells to him, as it doth to me; the Element ſhewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences haue but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakedneſſe he appeares but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted then ours, yet when they ſtoupe, they ſtoupe with the like wing: therefore, when he ſees reaſon of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of the ſame relliſh as ours are: yet in reaſon, no man ſhould poſſeſſe him with any appearance of feare; leaſt hee, by ſhewing it, ſhould dis-hearten his Army.

Bates. He may ſhew what outward courage he will: but I beleeue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could wiſh himſelfe in Thames vp to the Neck; and ſo I would he were, and I by him, at all aduentures, ſo we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will ſpeake my conſcience of the King: I thinke hee would not wiſh himſelfe any where, but where hee is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; ſo ſhould he be ſure to be ranſomed, and a many poore mens liues ſaued.

King. I dare ſay, you loue him not ſo ill, to wiſh him here alone: howſoeuer you ſpeake this to feele other mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where ſo contented, as in the Kings company; his Cauſe being iuſt, and his Quarrell honorable.

Williams. That's more then we know.

Bates. I, or more then wee ſhould ſeeke after; for wee know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subiects: if his Cauſe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Cryme of it out of vs.

Williams. But if the Cauſe be not good, the King himſelfe hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all thoſe Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaile, ſhall ioyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed at ſuch a place, ſome ſwearing, ſome crying for a Surgean; ſome vpon their Wiues, left poore behind them; ſome vpon the Debts they owe, ſome vpon their Children rawly left: I am afear'd, there are few dye well, that dye in a Battaile: for how can they charitably diſpoſe of any thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if theſe men doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; who to diſobey, were againſt all proportion of ſubiection.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father ſent about Merchandize, doe ſinfully miſcarry vpon the Sea; the imputation of his wickedneſſe, by your rule, ſhould be impoſed vpon his Father that ſent him: or if a Seruant, vnder his Maſters command, tranſporting a ſumme of Money, be aſſayled by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd Iniquities; you may call the buſineſſe of the Maſter the author of the Seruants damnation: but this is not ſo: The King is not bound to anſwer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Maſter of his Seruant; for they purpoſe not their death, when they purpoſe their ſeruices. Beſides, there is no King, be his Cauſe neuer ſo ſpotleſſe, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can trye it out with all vnſpotted Souldiers: ſome (peraduenture) haue on them the guilt of premeditated and contriued Murther; ſome, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seales of Periurie; ſome, making the Warres their Bulwarke, that haue before gored the gentle Boſome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now, if theſe men haue defeated the Law, and out-runne Natiue puniſhment; though they can out-ſtrip men, they haue no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: ſo that here men are puniſht, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death, they haue borne life away; and where they would bee ſafe, they periſh. Then if they dye vnprouided, no more is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was before guiltie of thoſe Impieties, for the which they are now viſited. Euery Subiects Dutie is the Kings, but euery Subiects Soule is his owne. Therefore ſhould euery Souldier in the Warres doe as euery ſicke man in his Bed, waſh euery Moth out of his Conſcience: and dying ſo, Death is to him aduantage; or not dying, the time was bleſſedly loſt, wherein ſuch preparation was gayned: and in him that eſcapes, it were not ſinne to thinke, that making God ſo free an offer, he let him outliue that day, to ſee his Greatneſſe, and to teach others how they ſhould prepare.

Will. 'Tis certaine, euery man that dyes ill, the ill vpon his owne head, the King is not to anſwer it.

Bates. I doe not deſire hee ſhould anſwer for me, and yet I determine to fight luſtily for him.

King. I my ſelfe heard the King ſay he would not be ranſom'd.

Will. I, hee ſaid ſo, to make vs fight chearefully: but when our throats are cut, hee may be ranſom'd, and wee ne're the wiſer.

King. If I liue to ſee it, I will neuer truſt his word after.

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillous ſhot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a priuate diſpleaſure can doe againſt a Monarch: you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather: You'le neuer truſt his word after; come, 'tis a fooliſh ſaying.

King. Your reproofe is ſomething too round, I ſhould be angry with you, if the time were conuenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell betweene vs, if you liue.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How ſhall I know thee againe?

King. Giue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonnet: Then if euer thou dar'ſt acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

Will. Heere's my Gloue: Giue mee another of thine.

King. There.

Will. This will I alſo weare in my Cap: if euer thou come to me, and ſay, after to morrow, This is my Gloue, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

King. If euer I liue to ſee it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'ſt as well be hang'd.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings companie.

Will. Keepe thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends you Engliſh fooles, be friends, wee haue French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. *Exit Souldiers.*

King. Indeede the French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them on their ſhoulders: but it is no Engliſh Treaſon to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himſelfe will be a Clipper.
Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules,
Our Debts, our carefull Wiues,
Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King:
We muſt beare all.
O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatneſſe,
Subiect to the breath of euery foole, whoſe ſence
No more can feele, but his owne wringing.
What infinite hearts-eaſe muſt Kings neglect,
That priuate men enioy?
And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too,
Saue Ceremonie, ſaue generall Ceremonie?
And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie?
What kind of God art thou? that ſuffer'ſt more
Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worſhippers.
What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings in?
O Ceremonie, ſhew me but thy worth.
What? is thy Soule of Odoration?
Art thou ought elſe but Place, Degree, and Forme,
Creating awe and feare in other men?
Wherein thou art leſſe happy, being fear'd,
Then they in fearing.
What drink'ſt thou oft, in ſtead of Homage ſweet,
But poyſon'd flatterie? O, be ſick, great Greatneſſe,
And bid thy Ceremonie giue thee cure.
Thinks thou the fierie Feuer will goe out
With Titles blowne from Adulation?
Will it giue place to flexure and low bending?
Canſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggers knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou prowd Dreame,
That play'ſt ſo ſubtilly with a Kings Repoſe.
I am a King that find thee: and I know,
'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,
The Sword, the Maſe, the Crowne Imperiall,
The enter-tiſſued Robe of Gold and Pearle,
The farſed Title running 'fore the King,
The Throne he ſits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe,
That beates vpon the high ſhore of this World:
No, not all theſe, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie;
Not all theſe, lay'd in Bed Maieſticall,
Can ſleepe ſo ſoundly, as the wretched Slaue:
Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cram'd with diſtreſſefull bread,
Neuer ſees horride Night, the Child of Hell:
But like a Lacquey, from the Riſe to Set,
Sweates in the eye of *Phebus*; and all Night
Sleepes in *Elizium*: next day after dawne,
Doth riſe and helpe *Hiperio* to his Horſe,
And followes ſo the euer-running yeere
With profitable labour to his Graue:
And but for Ceremonie, ſuch a Wretch,
Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with ſleepe,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.
The Slaue, a Member of the Countreyes peace,
Enioyes it; but in groſſe braine little wots,
What watch the King keepes, to maintaine the peace;
Whoſe howres, the Peſant beſt aduantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles iealous of your abſence,
Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together
At my Tent: Ile be before thee.

Erp. I ſhall doo't, my Lord. *Exit.*

King. O God of Battailes, ſteele my Souldiers hearts,
Poſſeſſe them not with feare: Take from them now
The ſence of reckning of th'oppoſed numbers:
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault
My Father made, in compaſſing the Crowne.
I *Richards* body haue interred new,
And on it haue beſtowed more contrite teares,
Then from it iſſued forced drops of blood.
Fiue hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp
Toward Heauen, to pardon blood:
And I haue built two Chauntries,
Where the ſad and ſolemne Prieſts ſing ſtill
For *Richards* Soule. More will I doe:
Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;
Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Glouceſter.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother *Glouceſters* voyce? I:
I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:
The day, my friend, and all things ſtay for me.
Exeunt.

Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Ramburs, and Beaumont.

Orleance. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.
Dolph. *Monte Cheual:* My Horſe, *Verlot Lacquay:* Ha.
Orleance. Oh braue Spirit.
Dolph. *Via les ewes & terre.*
Orleance. *Rien puis le air & feu.*
Dolph. *Cein,* Couſin *Orleance.* *Enter Conſtable.*
Now my Lord Conſtable?
Conſt. Hearke how our Steedes, for preſent Seruice neigh.
Dolph. Mount them, and make inciſion in their Hides,
That their hot blood may ſpin in Engliſh eyes,
And doubt them with ſuperfluous courage: ha.
Ram. What, wil you haue them weep our Horſes blood?
How ſhall we then behold their naturall teares?

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſeng. The Engliſh are embattail'd, you French Peeres.
Conſt. To Horſe you gallant Princes, ſtraight to Horſe.
Doe but behold yond poore and ſtarued Band,
And your faire ſhew ſhall ſuck away their Soules,
Leauing them but the ſhales and huskes of men.
There is not worke enough for all our hands,
Scarce blood enough in all their ſickly Veines,
To giue each naked Curtleax a ſtayne,
That our French Gallants ſhall to day draw out,
And ſheath for lack of ſport. Let vs but blow on them,
The vapour of our Valour will o're-turne them.
'Tis poſitiue againſt all exceptions, Lords,
That our ſuperfluous Lacquies, and our Peſants,
Who in vnneceſſarie action ſwarme
About our Squares of Battaile, were enow
To purge this field of ſuch a hilding Foe;
Though we vpon this Mountaines Baſis by,
Tooke ſtand for idle ſpeculation:
But that our Honours muſt not. What's to ſay?
A very little little let vs doe,
And all is done: then let the Trumpets ſound
The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount:
For our approach ſhall ſo much dare the field,
That England ſhall couch downe in feare, and yeeld.

Enter Graundpree.

Grandpree. Why do you ſtay ſo long, my Lords of France?
Yond Iland Carrions, deſperate of their bones,
Ill-fauoredly become the Morning field:
Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let looſe,
And our Ayre ſhakes them paſſing ſcornefully.
Bigge *Mars* ſeemes banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoaſt,
And faintly through a ruſtie Beuer peepes.
The Horſemen ſit like fixed Candleſticks,
With Torch-ſtaues in their hand: and their poore Iades
Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips:
The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Bitt
Lyes foule with chaw'd-graſſe, ſtill and motionleſſe.
And their executors, the knauiſh Crowes,
Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre.
Deſcription cannot ſute it ſelfe in words,
To demonſtrate the Life of ſuch a Battaile,
In life ſo liueleſſe, as it ſhewes it ſelfe.
Conſt. They haue ſaid their prayers,
And they ſtay for death.
Dolph. Shall we goe ſend them Dinners, and freſh Sutes,
And giue their faſting Horſes Prouender,
And after fight with them?
Conſt. I ſtay but for my Guard: on
To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,
And vſe it for my haſte. Come, come away,
The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Glouceſter, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham with all his Hoaſt: Salisbury, and Weſtmerland.

Glouc. Where is the King?
Bedf. The King himſelfe is rode to view their Battaile.
Weſt. Of fighting men they haue full threeſcore thouſand.
Exe. There's fiue to one, beſides they all are freſh.
Salisb. Gods Arme ſtrike with vs, 'tis a fearefull oddes.
God buy' you Princes all; Ile to my Charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen;
Then ioyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,
My deare Lord Glouceſter, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind Kinſman, Warriors all, adieu.
Bedf. Farwell good *Salisbury*, & good luck go with thee:
And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.
Exe. Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.
Bedf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindneſſe,
Princely in both.

Enter the King.

Weſt. O that we now had here
But one ten thouſand of thoſe men in England,
That doe no worke to day.
King. What's he that wiſhes ſo?
My Couſin *Weſtmerland*. No, my faire Couſin:
If we are markt to dye, we are enow
To doe our Countrey loſſe: and if to liue,
The fewer men, the greater ſhare of honour.
Gods will, I pray thee wiſh not one man more.
By *Ioue*, I am not couetous for Gold,
Nor care I who doth feed vpon my coſt:
It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare;
Such outward things dwell not in my deſires.
But if it be a ſinne to couet Honor,
I am the moſt offending Soule aliue.
No 'faith, my Couze, wiſh not a man from England:
Gods peace, I would not looſe ſo great an Honor,
As one man more me thinkes would ſhare from me,
For the beſt hope I haue. O, doe not wiſh one more:
Rather proclaime it (*Weſtmerland*) through my Hoaſt,
That he which hath no ſtomack to this fight,
Let him depart, his Paſport ſhall be made,
And Crownes for Conuoy put into his Purſe:
We would not dye in that mans companie,
That feares his fellowſhip, to dye with vs.
This day is call'd the Feaſt of *Criſpian*:
He that out-liues this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rowſe him at the Name of *Criſpian*.
He that ſhall ſee this day, and liue old age,
Will yeerely on the Vigil feaſt his neighbours,
And ſay, to morrow is Saint *Criſpian*.
Then will he ſtrip his ſleeue, and ſhew his skarres:
Old men forget; yet all ſhall be forgot:
But hee'le remember, with aduantages,
What feats he did that day. Then ſhall our Names,
Familiar in his mouth as houſehold words,
Harry

Harry the King, *Bedford* and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Salisbury* and *Glouceſter*,
Be in their flowing Cups freſhly remembred.
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſonne:
And *Criſpine Criſpian* ſhall ne're goe by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
But we in it ſhall be remembred;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to day that ſheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne're ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentle his Condition.
And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
Shall thinke themſelues accurſt they were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any ſpeakes,
That fought with vs vpon Saint *Criſpines* day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Soueraign Lord, beſtow your ſelfe with ſpeed:
The French are brauely in their battailes ſet,
And will with all expedience charge on vs.
King. All things are ready, if our minds be ſo.
Weſt. Periſh the man, whoſe mind is backward now.
King. Thou do'ſt not wiſh more helpe from England, Couze?
Weſt. Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile.
King. Why now thou haſt vnwiſht fiue thouſand men:
Which likes me better, then to wiſh vs one.
You know your places: God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Montioy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King *Harry*,
If for thy Ranſome thou wilt now compound,
Before thy moſt aſſured Ouerthrow:
For certainly, thou art ſo neere the Gulfe,
Thou needs muſt be englutted. Beſides, in mercy
The Conſtable deſires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules
May make a peacefull and a ſweet retyre
From off theſe fields: where (wretches) their poore bodies
Muſt lye and feſter.
King. Who hath ſent thee now?
Mont. The Conſtable of France.
King. I pray thee beare my former Anſwer back:
Bid them atchieue me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God, why ſhould they mock poore fellowes thus?
The man that once did ſell the Lyons skin
While the beaſt liu'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodyes ſhall no doubt
Find Natiue Graues: vpon the which, I truſt
Shall witneſſe liue in Braſſe of this dayes worke.
And thoſe that leaue their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buryed in your Dunghills,
They ſhall be fam'd: for there the Sun ſhall greet them,
And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen,
Leauing their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,
The ſmell whereof ſhall breed a Plague in France.
Marke then abounding valour in our Engliſh:
That being dead, like to the bullets craſing,
Breake out into a ſecond courſe of miſchiefe,
Killing in relapſe of Mortalitie.
Let me ſpeake prowdly: Tell the Conſtable,
We are but Warriors for the working day:
Our Gayneſſe and our Gilt are all beſmyrcht
With raynie Marching in the painefull field.
There's not a piece of feather in our Hoaſt:
Good argument (I hope) we will not flye:
And time hath worne vs into ſlouenrie.
But by the Maſſe, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
They'le be in freſher Robes, or they will pluck
The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,
And turne them out of ſeruice. If they doe this,
As if God pleaſe, they ſhall; my Ranſome then
Will ſoone be leuyed.
Herauld, ſaue thou thy labour:
Come thou no more for Ranſome, gentle Herauld,
They ſhall haue none, I ſweare, but theſe my ioynts:
Which if they haue, as I will leaue vm them,
Shall yeeld them little, tell the Conſtable.
Mont. I ſhall, King *Harry*. And ſo fare thee well:
Thou neuer ſhalt heare Herauld any more. *Exit.*
King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a Ranſome.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. My Lord, moſt humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Vaward.
King. Take it, braue *Yorke*.
Now Souldiers march away,
And how thou pleaſeſt God, diſpoſe the day. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Excurſions.

Enter Piſtoll, French Souldier, Boy.

Piſt. Yeeld Curre.

French. *Ie penſe que vous eſtes le Gentilhome de bon qualitee.*

Piſt. Qualtitie calmie cuſture me. Art thou a Gentleman? What is thy Name? diſcuſſe.

French. *O Seigneur Dieu.*

Piſt. O Signieur Dewe ſhould be a Gentleman: perpend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke: O Signieur Dewe, thou dyeſt on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou doe giue to me egregious Ranſome.

French. *O prennes miſerecordie aye pitez de moy.*

Piſt. Moy ſhall not ſerue, I will haue fortie Moyes: for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in droppes of Crimſon blood.

French. *Eſt il impoſſible d'eſchapper le force de ton bras.*

Piſt. Braſſe, Curre? thou damned and luxurious Mountaine Goat, offer'ſt me Braſſe?

French. *O perdonne moy.*

Piſt. Say'ſt thou me ſo? is that a Tonne of Moyes? Come hither boy, aske me this ſlaue in French what is his Name.

Boy. *Eſcoute comment eſtes vous appelle?*

French. *Mounſieur le Fer.*

Boy. He ſayes his Name is M. *Fer.*

Piſt. M. *Fer:* Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him: diſcuſſe the ſame in French vnto him.

Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.

Piſt. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. *Que dit il Mounſieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous preſt, car ce ſoldat icy eſt diſpoſee tout aſture de couppes voſtre gorge.*

Piſt. Owy, cuppele gorge permafoy peſant, vnleſſe thou giue me Crownes, braue Crownes; or mangled ſhalt thou be by this my Sword.

French. *O Ie vous ſupplie pour l'amour de Dieu: ma pardonner, Ie ſuis le Gentilhome de bon maiſon, garde ma vie, & Ie vous donneray deux cent eſcus.*

Piſt. What are his words?

Boy. He prayes you to ſaue his life, he is a Gentleman of a good houſe, and for his ranſom he will giue you two hundred Crownes.

Piſt. Tell him my fury ſhall abate, and I the Crownes will take.

Fren. Petit Monſieur que dit il?

Boy. Encore qu'il et contra ſon Iurement, de pardonner aucune priſonner: neant-mons pour les eſcues que vous layt a promets, il eſt content a vous donnes le liberte le franchiſement.

Fre. Sur mes genoux ſe vous donnes milles remercions, et Ie me eſtime heurex que Ie intombe, entre les main. d'vn Chealier Ie peuſe le plus braue valiant et tres diſtinie ſignieur d'Angleterre.

Piſt. Expound vnto me boy.

Boy. He giues you vpon his knees a thouſand thanks, and he eſteemes himſelfe happy, that he hath falne into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the moſt braue, valorous and thrice-worthy ſigneur of England.

Piſt. As I ſucke blood, I will ſome mercy ſhew. Follow mee.

Boy. Saaue vous le grand Capitaine?
I did neuer know ſo full a voyce iſſue from ſo emptie a heart: but the ſaying is true, The empty veſſel makes the greateſt ſound, *Bardolfe* and *Nym* had tenne times more valour, then this roaring diuell i'th olde play, that euerie one may payre his nayles with a woodden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and ſo would this be, if hee durſt ſteale any thing aduenturouſly. I muſt ſtay with the Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might haue a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes. *Exit.*

Enter Conſtable, Orleance, Burbon, Dolphin,
and Rambures.

Con. O Diable.
Orl. O ſigueur le iour et perdia, toute et perdie.
Dol. Mor Dieu ma vie, all is confounded all,
Reproach, and euerlaſting ſhame
Sits mocking in our Plumes. *A ſhort Alarum.*
O meſchante Fortune, do not runne away.
Con. Why all our rankes are broke.
Dol, O perdurable ſhame, let's ſtab our ſelues:
Be theſe the wretches that we plaid at dice for?
Orl. Is this the King we ſent too, for his ranſome?
Bur. Shame, and eternall ſhame, nothing but ſhame,
Let vs dye in once more backe againe,
And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a baſe Pander hold the Chamber doore,
Whilſt a baſe ſlaue, no gentler then my dogge,
His faireſt daughter is contaminated.
Con. Diſorder that hath ſpoyl'd vs, friend vs now,
Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues.
Orl. We are enow yet liuing in the Field,
To ſmother vp the Engliſh in our throngs,
If any order might be thought vpon.
Bur. The diuell take Order now, Ile to the throng;
Let life be ſhort, elſe ſhame will be too long. *Exit.*

Alarum. Enter the King and his trayne,
with Priſoners.

King. Well haue we done, thrice-valiant Countrimen,
But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field.
Exe. The D. of York commends him to your Maieſty
King. Liues he good Vnckle: thrice within this houre
I ſaw him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting,
From Helmet to the ſpurre, all blood he was.
Exe. In which array (braue Soldier) doth he lye,
Larding the plaine: and by his bloody ſide,
(Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)
The Noble Earle of Suffolke alſo lyes.
Suffolke firſt dyed, and Yorke all hagled ouer
Comes to him, where in gore he lay inſteeped,
And takes him by the Beard, kiſſes the gaſhes
That bloodily did yawne vpon his face.
He cryes aloud; Tarry my Coſin Suffolke,
My ſoule ſhall thine keepe company to heauen:
Tarry (ſweet ſoule) for mine, then flye a-breſt:
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our Chiualrie.
Vpon theſe words I came, and cheer'd him vp,
He ſmil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, ſayes: Deere my Lord,
Commend my ſeruice to my Soueraigne,
So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke
He threw his wounded arme, and kiſt his lippes,
And ſo eſpous'd to death, with blood he ſeal'd
A Teſtament of Noble-ending-loue:
The prettie and ſweet manner of it forc'd
Thoſe waters from me, which I would haue ſtop'd,
But I had not ſo much of man in mee,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gaue me vp to teares.
King. I blame you not,
For hearing this, I muſt perforce compound
With mixtfull eyes, or they will iſſue to. *Alarum*
But hearke, what new alarum is this ſame?
The French haue re-enforc'd their ſcatter'd men:
Then euery ſouldiour kill his Priſoners,
Giue the word through. *Exit*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expreſſely againſt the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knauery marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conſcience now, is it not?

Gow. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliue, and the Cowardly Raſcalls that ranne from the battaile ha' done this ſlaughter: beſides they haue burned and carried away all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King moſt worthily hath caus'd euery ſoldiour to cut his priſoners throat. O 'tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, hee was porne at *Monmouth* Captaine *Gower*: What call you the Townes name where *Alexander* the pig was borne?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the grear, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, ſaue the phraſe is a litle variations.

Gower. I thinke *Alexander* the Great was borne in *Macedon,* his Father was called *Phillip* of *Macedon,* as I take it.

Flu. I thinke it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is

porne.

porne: I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant you ſall finde in the compariſons betweene *Macedon* & *Monmouth,* that the ſituations looke you, is both alike. There is a Riuer in *Macedon,* & there is alſo moreouer a Riuer at *Monmouth,* it is call'd Wye at *Monmouth*: but it is out of my praines, what is the name of the other Riuer: but 'tis all one, tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you marke *Alexanders* life well, *Harry of Monmouthes* life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. *Alexander* God knowes, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and his moodes, and his diſpleaſures, and his indignations, and alſo being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his beſt friend *Clytus.*

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he neuer kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done (marke you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finiſhed. I ſpeak but in the figures, and compariſons of it: as *Alexander* kild his friend *Clytus,* being in his Ales and his Cuppes; ſo alſo *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wittes, and his good iudgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet: he was full of ieſts, and gypes, and knaueries, and mockes, I haue forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe.*

Flu. That is he: Ile tell you, there is good men porne at *Monmouth.*

Gow. Heere comes his Maieſty.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burbon
with priſoners. Flouriſh.

King. I was not angry ſince I came to France,
Vntill this inſtant. Take a Trumpet Herald,
Ride thou vnto the Horſemen on yond hill:
If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
Or voyde the field: they do offend our ſight.
If they'l do neither, we will come to them,
And make them sker away, as ſwift as ſtones
Enforced from the old Aſſyrian ſlings:
Beſides, wee'l cut the throats of thoſe we haue,
And not a man of them that we ſhall take,
Shall taſte our mercy. Go and tell them ſo.
Enter Montioy.
Exe. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege
Glou. His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be.
King. How now, what meanes this Herald? Knowſt thou not,
That I haue fin'd theſe bones of mine for ranſome?
Com'ſt thou againe for ranſome?
Her. No great King:
I come to thee for charitable Licenſe,
That we may wander ore this bloody field,
To booke our dead, and then to bury them,
To ſort our Nobles from our common men.
For many of our Princes (woe the while)
Lye drown'd and ſoak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peaſant limbes
In blood of Princes, and with wounded ſteeds
Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage
Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead maſters,
Killing them twice. O giue vs leaue great King,
To view the field in ſafety, and diſpoſe
Of their dead bodies.
Kin. I tell thee truly Herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horſemen peere,
And gallop ore the field.
Her. The day is yours.
Kin. Praiſed be God, and not our ſtrength for it:
What is this Caſtle call'd that ſtands hard by.
Her. They call it *Agincourt.*
King. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt,*
Fought on the day of *Criſpin Criſpianus.*

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't pleaſe your Maieſty) and your great Vncle *Edward* the Placke Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought a moſt praue pattle here in France.

Kin. They did *Fluellen.*

Flu. Your Maieſty ſayes very true: If your Maieſties is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good ſeruice in a Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their *Monmouth* caps, which your Maieſty know to this houre is an honourable badge of the ſeruice: And I do beleeue your Maieſty takes no ſcorne to weare the Leeke vppon S. Tauies day.

King. I weare it for a memorable honor:
For I am Welch you know good Countriman.

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot waſh your Maieſties Welſh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pleſſe it, and preſerue it, as long as it pleaſes his Grace, and his Maieſty too.

Kin. Thankes good my Countrymen.

Flu. By Ieſhu, I am your Maieſties Countreyman, I care not who know it: I will confeſſe it to all the Orld, I need not to be aſhamed of your Maieſty, praiſed be God ſo long as your Maieſty is an honeſt man.

King. Good keepe me ſo.
Enter Williams.
Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me iuſt notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Exe. Souldier, you muſt come to the King.

Kin Souldier, why wear'ſt thou that Gloue in thy Cappe?

Will. And't pleaſe your Maieſty, tis the gage of one that I ſhould fight withall, if he be aliue.

Kin. An Engliſhman?

Wil. And't pleaſe your Maieſty, a Raſcall that ſwagger'd with me laſt night: who if aliue, and euer dare to challenge this Gloue, I haue ſworne to take him a boxe a'th ere: or if I can ſee my Gloue in his cappe, which he ſwore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if aliue) I wil ſtrike it out ſoundly.

Kin. What thinke you Captaine *Fluellen,* is it fit this ſouldier keepe his oath.

Flu. Hee is a Crauen and a Villaine elſe, and't pleaſe your Maieſty in my conſcience.

King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great ſort quite from the anſwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Ientleman as the diuel is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himſelfe, it is neceſſary (looke your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If hee bee periur'd (ſee you now) his reputation is as arrant a villaine and a Iacke ſawce, as euer his blacke ſhoo trodd vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conſcience law

King. Then keepe thy vow ſirrah, when thou meet'ſt the fellow.

Wil. So, I wil my Liege, as I liue.

King. Who ſeru'ſt thou vnder?

Wil.

Will. Vnder Captaine *Gower*,my Liege.

Flu. *Gower* is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literatured in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me,Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege. *Exit.*

King. Here *Fluellen*,weare thou this fauour for me,and ſticke it in thy Cappe: when *Alanſon* and my ſelfe were downe together,I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme: If any man challenge this, hee is a friend to *Alanſon*,and an enemy to our Perſon; if thou encounter any ſuch, apprehend him,and thou do'ſt me loue.

Flu. Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be deſir'd in the hearts of his Subiects: I would faine ſee the man,that ha's but two legges, that ſhall find himſelfe agreefd at this Gloue; that is all: but I would faine ſee it once,and pleaſe God of his grace that I might ſee.

King. Know'ſt thou *Gower*?

Flu. He is my deare friend,and pleaſe you.

King. Pray thee goe ſeeke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. *Exit.*

King. My Lord of *Warwick*,and my Brother *Gloſter*,
Follow *Fluellen* cloſely at the heeles.
The Gloue which I haue giuen him for a fauour,
May haply purchaſe him a box a'th'eare.
It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine ſhould
Weare it my ſelfe. Follow good Couſin *Warwick*:
If that the Souldier ſtrike him,as I iudge
By his blunt bearing,he will keepe his word;
Some ſodaine miſchiefe may ariſe of it:
For I doe know *Fluellen* valiant,
And toucht with Choler,hot as Gunpowder,
And quickly will returne an iniurie.
Follow,and ſee there be no harme betweene them.
Goe you with me,Vnckle of Exeter. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you,Captaine.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will,and his pleaſure, Captaine, I beſeech you now, come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peraduenture, then is in your knowledge to dreame of.

Will. Sir,know you this Gloue?

Flu. Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.

Will. I know this,and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblud,an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuerſall World,or in France,or in England.

Gower. How now Sir? you Villaine.

Will. Doe you thinke Ile be forſworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine *Gower*,I will giue Treaſon his payment into plowes,I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.

Flu. That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his Maieſties Name apprehend him,he's a friend of the Duke *Alanſons.*

Enter Warwick and Glouceſter.

Warw. How now,how now,what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, heere is, prayſed be God for it, a moſt contagious Treaſon come to light, looke you, as you ſhall deſire in a Summers day. Heere is his Maieſtie. *Enter King and Exeter.*

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, ha's ſtrooke the Gloue which your Maieſtie is take out of the Helmet of *Alanſon.*

Will. My Liege,this was my Gloue,here is the fellow of it:and he that I gaue it to in change,promis'd to weare it in his Cappe: I promis'd to ſtrike him,if he did: I met this man with my Gloue in his Cappe,and I haue been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Maieſtie heare now, ſauing your Maieſties Manhood, what an arrant raſcally, beggerly, lowſie Knaue it is: I hope your Maieſtie is peare me teſtimonie and witneſſe,and will auouchment, that this is the Gloue of *Alanſon*, that your Maieſtie is giue me, in your Conſcience now.

King. Giue me thy Gloue Souldier;
Looke,heere is the fellow of it:
'Twas I indeed thou promiſed'ſt to ſtrike,
And thou haſt giuen me moſt bitter termes.

Flu. And pleaſe your Maieſtie, let his Neck anſwere for it,if there is any Marſhall Law in the World.

King. How canſt thou make me ſatisfaction?

Will. All offences,my Lord,come from the heart: neuer came any from mine, that might offend your Maieſtie.

King. It was our ſelfe thou didſt abuſe.

Will. Your Maieſtie came not like your ſelfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witneſſe the Night, your Garments, your Lowlineſſe: and what your Highneſſe ſuffer'd vnder that ſhape, I beſeech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I beſeech your Highneſſe pardon me.

King. Here Vnckle *Exeter*,fill this Gloue with Crownes,
And giue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow,
And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,
Till I doe challenge it. Giue him the Crownes:
And Captaine,you muſt needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's mettell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue-pence for you, and I pray you to ſerue God, and keepe you out of prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and diſſentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will ſerue you to mend your ſhooes: come, wherefore ſhould you be ſo paſhfull, your ſhooes is not ſo good: 'tis a good ſilling I warrant you,or I will change it.

Enter Herauld.

King. Now Herauld,are the dead numbred?

Herald. Heere is the number of the ſlaught'red French.

King. What Priſoners of good ſort are taken, Vnckle?

Exe. *Charles* Duke of Orleance,Nephew to the King,
Iohn Duke of Burbon,and Lord *Bouchiquald*:
Of other Lords and Barons,Knights and Squires,
Full fifteene hundred,beſides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thouſand French
That in the field lye ſlaine: of Princes in this number,
And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead
One hundred twentie ſix: added to theſe,
Of Knights,Eſquires,and gallant Gentlemen,
Eight thouſand and foure hundred: of the which,
Fiue hundred were but yeſterday dubb'd Knights.
So that in theſe ten thouſand they haue loſt,
There are but ſixteene hundred Mercenaries:
The reſt are Princes, Barons, Lords,Knights,Squires,
And

And Gentlemen of bloud and qualitie.
The Names of thoſe their Nobles that lye dead:
Charles Delabreth, High Conſtable of France,
Iaques of Chatilion,Admirall of France,
The Maſter of the Croſſe-bowes,Lord *Rambures*,
Great Maſter of France,the braue Sir *Guichard Dolphin*,
Iohn Duke of Alanſon, *Anthonie* Duke of Brabant,
The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,
And *Edward* Duke of Barr: of luſtie Earles,
Grandpree and *Rouſſie*, *Fauconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vandemont* and *Leſtrale.*
Here was a Royall fellowſhip of death.
Where is the number of our Engliſh dead?
Edward the Duke of Yorke,the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Eſquire;
None elſe of name: and of all other men,
But fiue and twentie.
O God, thy Arme was heere:
And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
Aſcribe we all: when, without ſtratagem,
But in plaine ſhock,and euen play of Battaile,
Was euer knowne ſo great and little loſſe?
On one part and on th'other,take it God,
For it is none but thine.

Exet. 'Tis wonderfull.

King. Come,goe me in proceſſion to the Village:
And be it death proclaymed through our Hoaſt,
To boaſt of this,or take that prayſe from God,
Which is his onely.

Flu. Is it not lawfull and pleaſe your Maieſtie, to tell how many is kill'd?

King. Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.

Flu. Yes,my conſcience,he did vs great good.

King. Doe we all holy Rights:
Let there be ſung *Non nobis*,and *Te Deum*,
The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay:
And then to Callice,and to England then,
Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchſafe to thoſe that haue not read the Story,
That I may prompt them: and of ſuch as haue,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuſe
Of time,of numbers,and due courſe of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Be here preſented. Now we beare the King
Toward Callice: Graunt him there; there ſeene,
Heaue him away vpon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the Sea: Behold the Engliſh beach
Pales in the flood; with Men, Wiues,and Boyes,
Whoſe ſhouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King,
Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,
And ſolemnly ſee him ſet on to London.
So ſwift a pace hath Thought,that euen now
You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath:
Where,that his Lords deſire him,to haue borne
His bruiſed Helmet,and his bended Sword
Before him,through the Citie: he forbids it,
Being free from vain-neſſe,and ſelfe-glorious pride;
Giuing full Trophee,Signall,and Oſtent,
Quite from himſelfe,to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-houſe of Thought,
How London doth powre out her Citizens,
The Maior and all his Brethren in beſt ſort,
Like to the Senatours of th'antique Rome,
With the Plebeians ſwarming at their heeles,
Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Caeſar* in:
As by a lower,but by louing likelyhood,
Were now the Generall of our gracious Empreſſe,
As in good time he may,from Ireland comming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
To welcome him? much more,and much more cauſe,
Did they this *Harry.* Now in London place him.
As yet the lamentation of the French
Inuites the King of Englands ſtay at home:
The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France,
To order peace betweene them: and omit
All the occurrences,what euer chanc't,
Till *Harryes* backe returne againe to France:
There muſt we bring him; and my ſelfe haue play'd
The *interim*,by remembring you 'tis paſt.
Then brooke abridgement,and your eyes aduance,
After your thoughts,ſtraight backe againe to France.
Exit.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Nay, that's right: but why weare you your Leeke to day? S. *Dauies* day is paſt.

Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you aſſe my friend, Captaine *Gower*; the raſcally, ſcauld, beggerly, lowſie, pragging Knaue *Piſtoll*,which you and your ſelfe,and all the World, know to be no petter then a fellow,looke you now,of no merits: hee is come to me, and prings me pread and ſault yeſterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke: it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be ſo bold as to weare it in my Cap till I ſee him once againe, and then I will tell him a little piece of my deſires.

Enter Piſtoll.

Gower. Why heere hee comes,ſwelling like a Turky-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his ſwellings, nor his Turky-cocks. God pleſſe you aunchient *Piſtoll*:you ſcuruie lowſie Knaue,God pleſſe you.

Piſt. Ha, art thou bedlam? doeſt thou thirſt, baſe Troian, to haue me fold vp *Parcas* fatall Web? Hence; I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of Leeke.

Flu. I peſeech you heartily, ſcuruie lowſie Knaue, at my deſires, and my requeſts, and my petitions, to eate, looke you,this Leeke; becauſe, looke you, you doe not loue it, nor your affections,and your appetites and your diſgeſtions doo's not agree with it, I would deſire you to eate it.

Piſt. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you. *Strikes him.* Will you be ſo good,ſcauld Knaue,as eate it?

Piſt. Baſe Troian,thou ſhalt dye.

Flu. You ſay very true, ſcauld Knaue, when Gods will is: I will deſire you to liue in the meane time, and eate your Victuals: come, there is ſawce for it. You call'd me yeſterday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make
you

you to day a ſquire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a Leeke.

Gour. Enough Captaine, you haue aſtoniſht him.

Flu. I ſay, I will make him eate ſome part of my leeke, or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxecombe.

Piſt. Muſt I bite.

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of queſtion too, and ambiguities.

Piſt. By this Leeke, I will moſt horribly reuenge I eate and eate I ſweare.

Flu. Eate I pray you, will you haue ſome more ſauce to your Leeke: there is not enough Leeke to ſweare by.

Piſt. Quiet thy Cudgell, thou doſt ſee I eate.

Flu. Much good do you ſcald knaue, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Coxcombe; when you take occaſions to ſee Leekes heereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

Piſt. Good.

Flu. I, Leekes is good: hold you, there is a groat to heale your pate.

Piſt. Me a groat?

Flu Yes verily, and in truth you ſhall take it, or I haue another Leeke in my pocket, which you ſhall eate.

Piſt. I take thy groat in earneſt of reuenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you ſhall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels: God bu'y you, and keepe you, & heale your pate. *Exit*

Piſt. All hell ſhall ſtirre for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vppon an honourable reſpect, and worne as a memorable Trophee of predeceaſed valor, and dare not auouch in your deeds any of your words. I haue ſeene you gleeking & galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, becauſe he could not ſpeake Engliſh in the natiue garb, he could not therefore handle an Engliſh Cudgell: you finde it otherwiſe, and henceforth let a Welſh correction, teach you a good Engliſh condition, fare ye well. *Exit*

Piſt. Doeth fortune play the huſwife with me now? Newes haue I that my *Doll* is dead i'th Spittle of a malady of France, and there my rendeuous is quite cut off: Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and ſomething leane to Cut-purſe of quicke hand: To England will I ſteale, and there Ile ſteale:
And patches will I get vnto theſe cudgeld ſcarres,
And ſwore I got them in the Gallia warres. *Exit.*

Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwicke, and other Lords. At another, Queene Iſabel, the King, the Duke of Bourgongne, and other French.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met;
Vnto our brother France, and to our Siſter
Health and faire time of day: Ioy and good wiſhes
To our moſt faire and Princely Coſine *Katherine*:
And as a branch and member of this Royalty,
By whom this great aſſembly is contriu'd,
We do ſalute you Duke of *Burgogne*,
And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Fra. Right ioyous are we to behold your face,
Moſt worthy brother England, fairely met,
So are you Princes (Engliſh) euery one.

Quee. So happy be the Iſſue brother Ireland
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
Your eyes which hitherto haue borne
In them againſt the French that met them in their bent,
The fatall Balls of murthering Baſiliskes:
The venome of ſuch Lookes we fairely hope
Haue loſt their qualitie, and that this day
Shall change all griefes and quarrels into loue.

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.

Quee. You Engliſh Princes all, I doe ſalute you.

Burg. My dutie to you both, on equall loue.
Great Kings of France and England: that I haue labour'd
With all my wits, my paines, and ſtrong endeuors,
To bring your moſt Imperiall Maieſties
Vnto this Barre, and Royall enterview;
Your Mightineſſe on both parts beſt can witneſſe.
Since then my Office hath ſo farre preuayl'd,
That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,
You haue congreeted: let it not diſgrace me,
If I demand before this Royall view,
What Rub, or what Impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,
Deare Nourſe of Arts, Plentyes, and ioyfull Births,
Should not in this beſt Garden of the World,
Our fertile France, put vp her louely Viſage?
Alas, ſhee hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,
Corrupting in it owne fertilitie.
Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Vnpruned, dyes: her Hedges euen pleach'd,
Like Priſoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre,
Put forth diſorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas,
The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary,
Doth root vpon; while that the Culter ruſts,
That ſhould deracinate ſuch Sauagery:
The euen Meade, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
The freckled Cowſlip, Burnet, and greene Clouer,
Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke;
Conceiues by idleneſſe, and nothing teemes,
But hatefull Docks, rough Thiſtles, Kekſyes, Burres,
Looſing both beautie and vtilitie;
And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,
Defectiue in their natures, grow to wildneſſe.
Euen ſo our Houſes, and our ſelues, and Children,
Haue loſt, or doe not learne, for want of time,
The Sciences that ſhould become our Countrey;
But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will,
That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,
To Swearing, and ſterne Lookes, defus'd Attyre,
And euery thing that ſeemes vnnaturall.
Which to reduce into our former fauour,
You are aſſembled: and my ſpeech entreats,
That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
Should not expell theſe inconueniences,
And bleſſe vs with her former qualities.

Eng. If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,
Whoſe want giues growth to th'imperfections
Which you haue cited; you muſt buy that Peace
With full accord to all our iuſt demands,
Whoſe Tenures and particular effects
You haue enſchedul'd briefely in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet
There is no Anſwer made.

Eng. Well then: the Peace which you before ſo vrg'd,
Lyes in his Anſwer.

France. I haue but with a curſelarie eye
O're-glanc't the Articles: Pleaſeth your Grace
To appoint ſome of your Councell preſently
To ſit with vs once more, with better heed
To re-ſuruey them; we will ſuddenly
Paſſe our accept and peremptorie Anſwer.

England. Brother we ſhall. Goe Vnckle *Exeter*,
And Brother *Clarence*, and you Brother *Glouceſter*,
Warwick, and *Huntington*, goe with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wiſdomes beſt
Shall ſee aduantageable for our Dignitie,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And wee'le conſigne thereto. Will you, faire Siſter,
Goe with the Princes, or ſtay here with vs?

Quee. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them:
Happily a Womans Voyce may doe ſome good,
When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be ſtood on.

England. Yet leaue our Couſin *Katherine* here with vs,
She is our capitall Demand, compris'd
Within the fore-ranke of our Articles.

Quee. She hath good leaue. *Exeunt omnes.*

Manet King and Katherine.

King. Faire *Katherine*, and moſt faire,
Will you vouchſafe to teach a Souldier tearmes,
Such as will enter at a Ladyes eare,
And pleade his Loue-ſuit to her gentle heart.

Kath. Your Maieſtie ſhall mock at me, I cannot ſpeake your England.

King. O faire *Katherine*, if you will loue me ſoundly with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you confeſſe it brokenly with your Engliſh Tongue. Doe you like me, *Kate*?

Kath. Pardonne moy, I cannot tell wat is like me.

King. An Angell is like you *Kate*, and you are like an Angell.

Kath. Que dit il que Ie ſuis ſemblable a les Anges?

Lady. Ouy verayment (ſauf voſtre Grace) ainſi dit il.

King. I ſaid ſo, deare *Katherine*, and I muſt not bluſh to affirme it.

Kath. O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes ſont plein de tromperies.

King. What ſayes ſhe, faire one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Lady. Ouy, dat de tongeus of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princeſſe.

King. The Princeſſe is the better Engliſh-woman: yfaith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy vnderſtanding, I am glad thou canſt ſpeake no better Engliſh, for if thou could'ſt, thou would'ſt finde me ſuch a plaine King, that thou wouldſt thinke, I had ſold my Farme to buy my Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but directly to ſay, I loue you; then if you vrge me farther, then to ſay, Doe you in faith? I weare out my ſuite: Giue me your anſwer, yfaith doe, and ſo clap hands, and a bargaine: how ſay you, Lady?

Kath. Sauf voſtre honeur, me vnderſtand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verſes, or to Dance for your ſake, *Kate*, why you vndid me: for the one I haue neither words nor meaſure; and for the other, I haue no ſtrength in meaſure, yet a reaſonable meaſure in ſtrength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe; vnder the correction of bragging be it ſpoken. I ſhould quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my Loue, or bound my Horſe for her fauours, I could lay on like a Butcher, and ſit like a Iack an Apes, neuer off. But before God *Kate*, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaſpe out my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in proteſtation; onely downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vſe till vrg'd, nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canſt loue a fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whoſe face is not worth Sunne-burning? that neuer lookes in his Glaſſe, for loue of any thing he ſees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I ſpeake to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canſt loue me for this, take me? if not? to ſay to thee that I ſhall dye, is true; but for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too. And while thou liu'ſt, deare *Kate*, take a fellow of plaine and vncoyned Conſtancie, for he perforce muſt do thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for theſe fellowes of infinit tongue, that can ryme themſelues into Ladyes fauours, they doe alwayes reaſon themſelues out againe. What? a ſpeaker is but a prater, a Ryme is but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a ſtrait Backe will ſtoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax hollow: but a good Heart, *Kate*, is the Sunne and the Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it ſhines bright, and neuer changes, but keepes his courſe truly. If thou would haue ſuch a one, take me? and take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a King. And what ſay'ſt thou then to my Loue? ſpeake my faire, and fairely, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it poſſible dat I ſould loue de ennemie of Fraunce?

King. No, it is not poſſible you ſhould loue the Enemie of France, *Kate*; but in louing me, you ſhould loue the Friend of France: for I loue France ſo well, that I will not part with a Village of it; I will haue it all mine: and *Kate*, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

King. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in French, which I am ſure will hang vpon my tongue, like a new-married Wife about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be ſhooke off; *Ie quand ſur le poſſeſſion de Fraunce, & quand vous aues le poſſeſſion de moy.* (Let mee ſee, what then? Saint *Dennis* bee my ſpeede) *Donc voſtre eſt Fraunce, & vous eſtes mienne.* It is as eaſie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdome, as to ſpeake ſo much more French: I ſhall neuer moue thee in French, vnleſſe it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf voſtre honeur, le Francois ques vous parleis, il & melieus que l'Anglois le quel Ie parle.

King. No faith is't not, *Kate*: but thy ſpeaking of my Tongue, and I thine, moſt truely falſely, muſt needes be graunted to be much at one. But *Kate*, doo'ſt thou vnderſtand thus much Engliſh? Canſt thou loue mee?

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? Ile aske them. Come, I know thou loueſt me: and at night, when you come into your Cloſet, you'le queſtion this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to her diſprayſe thoſe parts in me, that you loue with your heart: but good *Kate*, mocke me mercifully, the rather gentle Princeſſe, becauſe I loue thee cruelly. If euer thou beeſt mine, *Kate*, as I haue a ſauing Faith within me tells me thou ſhalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou muſt therefore needes proue a good Souldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint *Dennis* and Saint *George*, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe Engliſh, that ſhall goe to Conſtantinople, and take the Turke by the Beard. Shall wee not? what ſay'ſt thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I doe not know dat.

King. No:'tis hereafter to know, but now to promiſe: doe but now promiſe *Kate*, you will endeauour for your French part of ſuch a Boy; and for my Engliſh moytie, take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How anſwer you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon treſcher & deuin deeſſe.*

Kath. Your Maieſtee aue fauſe Frenche enough to deceiue de moſt ſage Damoiſeil dat is en Fraunce.

King. Now fye vpon my falſe French: by mine Honor in true Engliſh, I loue thee *Kate*; by which Honor, I dare not ſweare thou loueſt me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou doo'ſt; notwithſtanding the poore and vntempering effect of my Viſage. Now beſhrew my Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuill Warres when hee got me, therefore was I created with a ſtubborne out-ſide, with an aſpect of Iron, that when I come to wooe Ladyes, I fright them: but in faith *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I ſhall appeare. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more ſpoyle vpon my Face. Thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt; and thou ſhalt weare me, if thou weare me, better and better: and therefore tell me, moſt faire *Katherine*, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Bluſhes, auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of an Empreſſe, take me by the Hand, and ſay, *Harry* of England, I am thine: which Word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſſe mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and *Henry Plantaginet* is thine; who, though I ſpeake it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the beſt King, thou ſhalt finde the beſt King of Good-fellowes. Come your Anſwer in broken Muſick; for thy Voyce is Muſick, and thy Engliſh broken: Therefore Queene of all, *Katherine*, breake thy minde to me in broken Engliſh; wilt thou haue me?

Kath. Dat is as it ſhall pleaſe *de Roy mon pere.*

King. Nay, it will pleaſe him well, *Kate*; it ſhall pleaſe him, *Kate.*

Kath. Den it ſall alſo content me.

King. Vpon that I kiſſe your Hand, and I call you my Queene.

Kath. *Laiſſe mon Seigneur, laiſſe, laiſſe, may foy: Ie ne veus point que vous abbaiſſe voſtre grandeus, en baiſant le main d'une noſtre Seigneur indignie ſeruiteur excuſe moy. Ie vous ſupplie mon treſ-puiſſant Seigneur.*

King. Then I will kiſſe your Lippes, *Kate.*

Kath. *Les Dames & Damoiſels pour eſtre baiſee deuant leur nopceſe il net pas le coſtume de Fraunce.*

King. Madame, my Interpreter, what ſayes ſhee?

Lady. Dat it is not be de faſhon pour le Ladies of Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buiſſe en Angliſh.

King. To kiſſe.

Lady. Your Maieſtee *entendre bettre que moy.*

King. It is not a faſhion for the Maids in Fraunce to kiſſe before they are marryed, would ſhe ſay?

Lady. *Ouy verayment.*

King. O *Kate*, nice Cuſtomes curſie to great Kings. Deare *Kate*, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Lyſt of a Countreyes faſhion: wee are the makers of Manners, *Kate*; and the libertie that followes our Places, ſtoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for vpholding the nice faſhion of your Countrey, in denying me a Kiſſe: therefore patiently, and yeelding. You haue Witch-craft in your Lippes, *Kate*: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of them, then in the Tongues of the French Councell; and they ſhould ſooner perſwade *Harry* of England, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the Engliſh Lords.

Burg. God ſaue your Maieſtie, my Royall Couſin, teach you our Princeſſe Engliſh?

King. I would haue her learne, my faire Couſin, how perfectly I loue her, and that is good Engliſh.

Burg. Is ſhee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not ſmooth: ſo that hauing neyther the Voyce nor the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot ſo coniure vp the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true likeneſſe.

Burg. Pardon the frankneſſe of my mirth, if I anſwer you for that. If you would coniure in her, you muſt make a Circle: if coniure vp Loue in her in his true likeneſſe, hee muſt appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd ouer with the Virgin Crimſon of Modeſtie, if ſhee deny the apparance of a naked blinde Boy in her naked ſeeing ſelfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to conſigne to.

King. Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they ſee not what they doe.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Couſin to conſent winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to conſent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholomew-tyde, blinde, though they haue their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This Morall tyes me ouer to Time, and a hot Summer; and ſo I ſhall catch the Flye, your Couſin, in the latter end, and ſhee muſt be blinde to.

Burg. As Loue is my Lord, before it loues.

King. It is ſo: and you may, ſome of you, thanke Loue for my blindneſſe, who cannot ſee many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that ſtands in my way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you ſee them perſpectiuely: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entred.

England. Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

France. So pleaſe you.

England. I am content, ſo the Maiden Cities you talke of, may wait on her: ſo the Maid that ſtood in the way for my Wiſh, ſhall ſhew me the way to my Will.

France. Wee haue conſented to all tearmes of reaſon.

England. Is't ſo, my Lords of England?

Weſt. The King hath graunted euery Article:
His Daughter firſt; and in ſequele, all,
According to their firme propoſed natures.

Exet. Onely he hath not yet ſubſcribed this: Where your Maieſtie demands, That the King of France hauing any occaſion to write for matter of Graunt, ſhall name your Highneſſe in this forme, and with this addition, in French: *Noſtre treſcher fils Henry Roy d'Angleterre Heretere de Fraunce:* and thus in Latine; *Præclariſſimus Filius noſter Henricus Rex Angliæ & Heres Franciæ.*

France. Nor this I haue not Brother ſo deny'd,
But your requeſt ſhall make me let it paſſe.

England. I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance,
Let that one Article ranke with the reſt,
And thereupon giue me your Daughter.

France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayſe vp
Iſſue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whoſe very ſhoares looke pale,
With enuy of each others happineſſe,
May ceaſe their hatred; and this deare Coniunction
Plant Neighbour-hood and Chriſtian-like accord
In their ſweet Boſomes: that neuer Warre aduance
His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.

Lords. Amen.

King. Now welcome *Kate*: and beare me witneſſe all,
That here I kiſſe her as my Soueraigne Queene.

Flouriſh.

Quee. God, the beſt maker of all Marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one:
As Man and Wife being two, are one in loue,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes ſuch a Spouſall,
That neuer may ill Office, or fell Iealouſie,
Which troubles oft the Bed of bleſſed Marriage,
Thruſt in betweene the Pation of theſe Kingdomes,
To make diuorce of their incorporate League:
That Engliſh may as French, French Engliſhmen,
Receiue each other. God ſpeake this Amen.

All. Amen.

King. Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath
And all the Peeres, for ſuretie of our Leagues.
Then ſhall I ſweare to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and proſp'rous be.

Senet. Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Thus farre with rough, and all-vnable Pen,
Our bending Author hath purſu'd the Story,
In little roome confining mightie men,
Mangling by ſtarts the full courſe of their glory.
Small time: but in that ſmall, moſt greatly liued
This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword;
By which, the Worlds beſt Garden he atchieued:
And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord.
Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King ſucceed:
Whoſe State ſo many had the managing,
That they loſt France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath ſhowne; and for their ſake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.

The firſt Part of Henry the Sixt.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fift, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloſter, Protector; the Duke of Exeter Warwicke, the Biſhop of Wincheſter, and the Duke of Somerſet.

Bedford.

HVng be yͤ heauens with black, yield day to night;
Comets importing change of Times and States,
Brandiſh your cryſtall Treſſes in the Skie,
And with them ſcourge the bad reuolting Stars,
That haue conſented vnto *Henries* death:
King *Henry* the Fift, too famous to liue long,
England ne're loſt a King of ſo much worth.

Gloſt. England ne're had a King vntill his time:
Vertue he had, deſeruing to command,
His brandiſht Sword did blinde men with his beames,
His Armes ſpred wider then a Dragons Wings:
His ſparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire,
More dazled and droue back his Enemies,
Then mid-day Sunne, fierce bent againſt their faces.
What ſhould I ſay? his Deeds exceed all ſpeech:
He ne're lift vp his Hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and neuer ſhall reuiue:
Vpon a Woodden Coffin we attend;
And Deaths diſhonourable Victorie,
We with our ſtately preſence glorifie,
Like Captiues bound to a Triumphant Carre.
What? ſhall we curſe the Planets of Miſhap,
That plotted thus our Glories ouerthrow?
Or ſhall we thinke the ſubtile-witted French,
Coniurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verſes haue contriu'd his end.

Winch. He was a King, bleſt of the King of Kings.
Vnto the French, the dreadfull Iudgement-Day
So dreadfull will not be, as was his ſight.
The Battailes of the Lord of Hoſts he fought:
The Churches Prayers made him ſo proſperous.

Gloſt. The Church? where is it?
Had not Church-men pray'd,
His thred of Life had not ſo ſoone decay'd.
None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a Schoole-boy you may ouer-awe.

Winch. Gloſter, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
And lookeſt to command the Prince and Realme.
Thy Wife is prowd, ſhe holdeth thee in awe,
More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Gloſt. Name not Religion, for thou lou'ſt the Fleſh,
And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'ſt,
Except it be to pray againſt thy foes.

Bed. Ceaſe, ceaſe theſe Iarres, & reſt your minds in peace:
Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on vs;
In ſtead of Gold, wee'le offer vp our Armes,
Since Armes auayle not, now that *Henry's* dead,
Poſteritie await for wretched yeeres,
When at their Mothers moiſtned eyes, Babes ſhall ſuck,
Our Ile be made a Nouriſh of ſalt Teares,
And none but Women left to wayle the dead.
Henry the Fift, thy Ghoſt I inuocate:
Proſper this Realme, keepe it from Ciuill Broyles,
Combat with aduerſe Planets in the Heauens;
A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,
Then *Iulius Cæſar*, or bright----

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My honourable Lords, health to you all:
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loſſe, of ſlaughter, and diſcomfiture:
Guyen, Champaigne, Rheimes, Orleance,
Paris Guyſors, Poictiers, are all quite loſt.

Bedf. What ſay'ſt thou man, before dead *Henry's* Coarſe?
Speake ſoftly, or the loſſe of thoſe great Townes
Will make him burſt his Lead, and riſe from death.

Gloſt. Is Paris loſt? is Roan yeelded vp?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life againe,
Theſe news would cauſe him once more yeeld the Ghoſt.

Exe. How were they loſt? what trecherie was vs'd?

Meſſ. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.
Amongſt the Souldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintaine ſeuerall Factions:
And whil'ſt a Field ſhould be diſpatcht and fought,
You are diſputing of your Generals.
One would haue lingring Warres, with little coſt;
Another would flye ſwift, but wanteth Wings:
A third thinkes, without expence at all,
By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtayn'd.
Awake, awake, Engliſh Nobilitie,
Let not ſlouth dimme your Honors, new begot;
Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes
Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.

Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,
Theſe Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bedf. Me they concerne, Regent I am of France:
Giue me my ſteeled Coat, Ile fight for France.
Away with theſe diſgracefull wayling Robes;
Wounds will I lend the French, in ſtead of Eyes,
To weepe their intermiſſiue Miſeries.

Enter to them another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Lords view theſe Letters, full of bad miſchance.
France is reuolted from the Engliſh quite,
Except ſome petty Townes, of no import.
The Dolphin *Charles* is crowned King in Rheimes:
The Baſtard of Orleance with him is ioyn'd:
Reynold, Duke of Aniou, doth take his part,
The Duke of Alanſon flyeth to his ſide. *Exit.*

Exe. The Dolphin crown'd King? all flye to him?
O whither ſhall we flye from this reproach?

Gloſt. We will not flye, but to our enemies throats.
Bedford, if thou be ſlacke, Ile fight it out.

Bed. Gloſter, why doubtſt thou of my forwardneſſe?
An Army haue I muſter'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is ouer-run.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henries* hearſe,
I muſt informe you of a diſmall fight,
Betwixt the ſtout Lord *Talbot*, and the French.

Win. What? wherein *Talbot* ouercame, is't ſo?

3. *Meſ.* O no: wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'rethrown:
The circumſtance Ile tell you more at large.
The tenth of Auguſt laſt, this dreadfull Lord,
Retyring from the Siege of Orleance,
Hauing full ſcarce ſix thouſand in his troupe,
By three and twentie thouſand of the French
Was round incompaſſed, and ſet vpon:
No leyſure had he to enranke his men.
He wanted Pikes to ſet before his Archers:
In ſtead whereof, ſharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
They pitched in the ground confuſedly,
To keepe the Horſemen off, from breaking in.
More then three houres the fight continued:
Where valiant *Talbot*, aboue humane thought,
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.
Hundreds he ſent to Hell, and none durſt ſtand him:
Here, there, and euery where enrag'd, he ſlew.
The French exclaym'd, the Deuill was in Armes,
All the whole Army ſtood agaz'd on him.
His Souldiers ſpying his vndaunted Spirit,
A *Talbot*, a *Talbot*, cry'd out amaine,
And ruſht into the Bowels of the Battaile.
Here had the Conqueſt fully been ſeal'd vp,
If Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* had not play'd the Coward.
He being in the Vauward, plac't behinde,
With purpoſe to relieue and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not hauing ſtruck one ſtroake.
Hence grew the generall wrack and maſſacre:
Encloſed were they with their Enemies.
A baſe Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace,
Thruſt *Talbot* with a Speare into the Back,
Whom all France, with their chiefe aſſembled ſtrength,
Durſt not preſume to looke once in the face.

Bedf. Is *Talbot* ſlaine then? I will ſlay my ſelfe,
For liuing idly here, in pompe and eaſe,
Whil'ſt ſuch a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,
Vnto his daſtard foe-men is betray'd.

3. *Meſſ.* O no, he liues, but is tooke Priſoner,
And Lord *Scales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford*:
Moſt of the reſt ſlaughter'd, or tooke likewiſe.

Bedf. His Ranſome there is none but I ſhall pay.
Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crowne ſhall be the Ranſome of my friend:
Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.
Farwell my Maſters, to my Taske will I,
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keepe our great Saint *Georges* Feaſt withall.
Ten thouſand Souldiers with me I will take,
Whoſe bloody deeds ſhall make all Europe quake.

3. *Meſſ.* So you had need, for Orleance is beſieg'd,
The Engliſh Army is growne weake and faint:
The Earle of Salisbury craueth ſupply,
And hardly keepes his men from mutinie,
Since they ſo few, watch ſuch a multitude.

Exe. Remember Lords your Oathes to *Henry* ſworne:
Eyther to quell the Dolphin vtterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoake.

Bedf. I doe remember it, and here take my leaue,
To goe about my preparation. *Exit Bedford.*

Gloſt. Ile to the Tower with all the haſt I can,
To view th'Artillerie and Munition,
And then I will proclayme young *Henry* King.
Exit Gloſter.

Exe. To Eltam will I, where the young King is,
Being ordayn'd his ſpeciall Gouernor,
And for his ſafetie there Ile beſt deuiſe. *Exit.*

Winch. Each hath his Place and Function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remaines:
But long I will not be Iack out of Office.
The King from Eltam I intend to ſend,
And ſit at chiefeſt Sterne of publique Weale.
Exit.

Sound a Flouriſh.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, and Reigneir, marching with Drum and Souldiers.

Charles. Mars his true mouing, euen as in the Heauens,
So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne.
Late did he ſhine vpon the Engliſh ſide:
Now we are Victors, vpon vs he ſmiles.
What Townes of any moment, but we haue?
At pleaſure here we lye, neere Orleance:
Otherwhiles, the famiſht Engliſh, like pale Ghoſts,
Faintly beſiege vs one houre in a moneth.

Alan. They want their Porredge, & their fat Bul Beeues:
Eyther they muſt be dyeted like Mules,
And haue their Prouender ty'd to their mouthes,
Or pitteous they will looke, like drowned Mice.

Reigneir. Let's rayſe the Siege: why liue we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to feare:
Remayneth none but mad-brayn'd *Salisbury*,
And he may well in fretting ſpend his gall,
Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre.

Charles. Sound, ſound Alarum, we will ruſh on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorne French:
Him I forgiue my death, that killeth me,
When he ſees me goe back one foot, or flye. *Exeunt.*

Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the Engliſh, with great loſſe.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, and Reigneir.

Charles. Who euer ſaw the like? what men haue I?
Dogges, Cowards, Daſtards: I would ne're haue fled,
But that they left me 'midſt my Enemies.

Reigneir. Salisbury is a deſperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,
Doe ruſh vpon vs as their hungry prey.

Alanſon. Froyſard, a Countreyman of ours, records,
England all *Oliuers* and *Rowlands* breed,
During the time *Edward* the third did raigne:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but *Samſons* and *Goliaſſes*
It ſendeth forth to skirmiſh: one to tenne?
Leane raw-bon'd Raſcals, who would e're ſuppoſe,
They had ſuch courage and audacitie?
Charles. Let's leaue this Towne,
For they are hayre-brayn'd Slaues,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
The Walls they'le teare downe, then forſake the Siege.
Reigneir. I thinke by ſome odde Gimmors or Deuice
Their Armes are ſet, like Clocks, ſtill to ſtrike on;
Elſe ne're could they hold out ſo as they doe:
By my conſent, wee'le euen let them alone.
Alanſon. Be it ſo.

Enter the Baſtard of Orleance.

Baſtard. Where's the Prince Dolphin? I haue newes for him.
Dolph. Baſtard of Orleance, thrice welcome to vs.
Baſt. Me thinks your looks are ſad, your chear appal'd.
Hath the late ouerthrow wrought this offence?
Be not diſmay'd, for ſuccour is at hand:
A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a Viſion ſent to her from Heauen,
Ordayned is to rayſe this tedious Siege,
And driue the Engliſh forth the bounds of France:
The ſpirit of deepe Prophecie ſhe hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old Rome:
What's paſt, and what's to come, ſhe can deſcry.
Speake, ſhall I call her in? beleeue my words,
For they are certaine, and vnfallible.
Dolph. Goe call her in: but firſt, to try her skill,
Reignier ſtand thou as Dolphin in my place;
Queſtion her prowdly, let thy Lookes be ſterne,
By this meanes ſhall we ſound what skill ſhe hath.

Enter Ioane Puzel.

Reigneir. Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe theſe wondrous feats?
Puzel. Reignier, is't thou that thinkeſt to beguile me?
Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behinde,
I know thee well, though neuer ſeene before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me;
In priuate will I talke with thee apart:
Stand back you Lords, and giue vs leaue a while.
Reigneir. She takes vpon her brauely at firſt daſh.
Puzel. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepheards Daughter,
My wit vntrayn'd in any kind of Art:
Heauen and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To ſhine on my contemptible eſtate.
Loe, whileſt I wayted on my tender Lambes,
And to Sunnes parching heat diſplay'd my cheekes,
Gods Mother deigned to appeare to me,
And in a Viſion full of Maieſtie,
Will'd me to leaue my baſe Vocation,
And free my Countrey from Calamitie:
Her ayde ſhe promis'd, and aſſur'd ſucceſſe.
In compleat Glory ſhee reueal'd her ſelfe:
And whereas I was black and ſwart before,
With thoſe cleare Rayes, which ſhee infus'd on me,
That beautie am I bleſt with, which you may ſee.
Aske me what queſtion thou canſt poſſible,
And I will anſwer vnpremeditated:
My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'ſt,
And thou ſhalt finde that I exceed my Sex.
Reſolue on this, thou ſhalt be fortunate,
If thou receiue me for thy Warlike Mate.
Dolph. Thou haſt aſtoniſht me with thy high termes:
Onely this proofe Ile of thy Valour make,
In ſingle Combat thou ſhalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquiſheſt, thy words are true,
Otherwiſe I renounce all confidence.
Puzel. I am prepar'd: here is my keene-edg'd Sword,
Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each ſide,
The which at Touraine, in S. *Katherines* Church-yard,
Out of a great deale of old Iron, I choſe forth.
Dolph. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman.
Puzel. And while I liue, Ile ne're flye from a man.
Here they fight, and Ioane de Puzel ouercomes.
Dolph. Stay, ſtay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,
And fighteſt with the Sword of *Debora.*
Puzel. Chriſts Mother helpes me, elſe I were too weake.
Dolph. Who e're helps thee, 'tis thou that muſt help me:
Impatiently I burne with thy deſire,
My heart and hands thou haſt at once ſubdu'd.
Excellent *Puzel,* if thy name be ſo,
Let me thy ſeruant, and not Soueraigne be,
'Tis the French Dolphin ſueth to thee thus.
Puzel. I muſt not yeeld to any rights of Loue,
For my Profeſſion's ſacred from aboue:
When I haue chaſed all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I thinke vpon a recompence.
Dolph. Meane time looke gracious on thy proſtrate Thrall.
Reigneir. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.
Alanſ. Doubtleſſe he ſhriues this woman to her ſmock,
Elſe ne're could he ſo long protract his ſpeech.
Reigneir. Shall wee diſturbe him, ſince hee keepes no meane?
Alan. He may meane more then we poor men do know,
Theſe women are ſhrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reigneir. My Lord, where are you? what deuiſe you on?
Shall we giue o're Orleance, or no?
Puzel. Why no, I ſay: diſtruſtfull Recreants,
Fight till the laſt gaſpe: Ile be your guard.
Dolph. What ſhee ſayes, Ile confirme: wee'le fight it out.
Puzel. Aſſign'd am I to be the Engliſh Scourge.
This night the Siege aſſuredly Ile rayſe:
Expect Saint *Martins* Summer, *Halcyons* dayes,
Since I haue entred into theſe Warres.
Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which neuer ceaſeth to enlarge it ſelfe,
Till by broad ſpreading, it diſperſe to naught.
With *Henries* death, the Engliſh Circle ends,
Diſperſed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that prowd inſulting Ship,
Which *Cæſar* and his fortune bare at once.
Dolph. Was *Mahomet* inſpired with a Doue?
Thou with an Eagle art inſpired then.
Helen, the Mother of Great *Conſtantine,*
Nor yet S. *Philips* daughters were like thee.
Bright Starre of *Venus,* falne downe on the Earth,
How may I reuerently worſhip thee enough?
Alanſon. Leaue off delayes, and let vs rayſe the Siege.

Reigneir. Woman, do what thou canſt to ſaue our honors,
Driue them from Orleance, and be immortaliz'd.
Dolph. Preſently wee'le try: come, let's away about it,
No Prophet will I truſt, if ſhee proue falſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gloſter, with his Seruing-men.

Gloſt. I am come to ſuruey the Tower this day;
Since *Henries* death, I feare there is Conueyance:
Where be theſe Warders, that they wait not here?
Open the Gates, 'tis *Gloſter* that calls.
1. *Warder.* Who's there, that knocks ſo imperiouſly?
Gloſt. 1. *Man.* It is the Noble Duke of Gloſter.
2. *Warder.* Who ere he be, you may not be let in.
1. *Man.* Villaines, anſwer you ſo the Lord Protector?
1. *Warder.* The Lord protect him, ſo we anſwer him,
We doe no otherwiſe then wee are will'd.
Gloſt. Who willed you? or whoſe will ſtands but mine?
There's none Protector of the Realme, but I:
Breake vp the Gates, Ile be your warrantize;
Shall I be flowted thus by dunghill Groomes?
Gloſters men ruſh at the Tower Gates, and Wooduile the Lieutenant ſpeakes within.
Wooduile. What noyſe is this? what Traytors haue wee here?
Gloſt. Lieutenant, is it you whoſe voyce I heare?
Open the Gates, here's *Gloſter* that would enter.
Wooduile. Haue patience Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinall of Wincheſter forbids:
From him I haue expreſſe commandement,
That thou nor none of thine ſhall be let in.
Gloſt. Faint-hearted *Wooduile,* prizeſt him 'fore me?
Arrogant *Wincheſter,* that haughtie Prelate,
Whom *Henry* our late Soueraigne ne're could brooke?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:
Open the Gates, or Ile ſhut thee out ſhortly.
Seruingmen. Open the Gates vnto the Lord Protector,
Or wee'le burſt them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates, Wincheſter and his men in Tawney Coates.

Wincheſt. How now ambitious *Vmpheir,* what meanes this?
Gloſt. Piel'd Prieſt, doo'ſt thou command me to be ſhut out?
Winch. I doe, thou moſt vſurping Proditor,
And not Protector of the King or Realme.
Gloſt. Stand back thou manifeſt Conſpirator,
Thou that contriued'ſt to murther our dead Lord,
Thou that giu'ſt Whores Indulgences to ſinne,
Ile canuas thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat,
If thou proceed in this thy inſolence.
Winch. Nay, ſtand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be Damaſcus, be thou curſed *Cain,*
To ſlay thy Brother *Abel,* if thou wilt.
Gloſt. I will not ſlay thee, but Ile driue thee back:
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,
Ile vſe, to carry thee out of this place.
Winch. Doe what thou dar'ſt, I beard thee to thy face.
Gloſt. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw men, for all this priuiledged place,
Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Prieſt, beware your Beard,
I meane to tugge it, and to cuffe you ſoundly.
Vnder my feet I ſtampe thy Cardinalls Hat:
In ſpight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee vp and downe.
Winch. Gloſter, thou wilt anſwere this before the Pope.
Gloſt. Wincheſter Gooſe, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
Now beat them hence, why doe you let them ſtay?
Thee Ile chaſe hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array.
Out Tawney-Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

Here Gloſters men beat out the Cardinalls men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Maior of London, and his Officers.

Maior. Fye Lords, that you being ſupreme Magiſtrates,
Thus contumeliouſly ſhould breake the Peace.
Gloſt. Peace Maior, thou know'ſt little of my wrongs:
Here's *Beauford,* that regards nor God nor King,
Hath here diſtrayn'd the Tower to his vſe.
Winch. Here's *Gloſter,* a Foe to Citizens,
One that ſtill motions Warre, and neuer Peace,
O're-charging your free Purſes with large Fines;
That ſeekes to ouerthrow Religion,
Becauſe he is Protector of the Realme;
And would haue Armour here out of the Tower,
To Crowne himſelfe King, and ſuppreſſe the Prince.
Gloſt. I will not anſwer thee with words, but blowes.
Here they skirmiſh againe.
Maior. Naught reſts for me, in this tumultuous ſtrife,
But to make open Proclamation.
Come Officer, as lowd as e're thou canſt, cry:
All manner of men, aſſembled here in Armes this day, againſt Gods Peace and the Kings, wee charge and command you, in his Highneſſe Name, to repayre to your ſeuerall dwelling places, and not to weare, handle, or vſe any Sword, Weapon, or Dagger hence-forward, vpon paine of death.
Gloſt. Cardinall, Ile be no breaker of the Law:
But we ſhall meet, and breake our minds at large.
Winch. Gloſter, wee'le meet to thy coſt, be ſure:
Thy heart-blood I will haue for this dayes worke.
Maior. Ile call for Clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinall's more haughtie then the Deuill.
Gloſt. Maior farewell: thou doo'ſt but what thou may'ſt.
Winch. Abhominable *Gloſter,* guard thy Head,
For I intend to haue it ere long. *Exeunt.*
Maior. See the Coaſt clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, theſe Nobles ſhould ſuch ſtomacks beare,
I my ſelfe fight not once in fortie yeere. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Maſter Gunner of Orleance, and his Boy.

M. Gunner. Sirrha, thou know'ſt how Orleance is beſieg'd,
And how the Engliſh haue the Suburbs wonne.
Boy. Father I know, and oft haue ſhot at them,
How e're vnfortunate, I miſs'd my ayme.
M. Gunner. But now thou ſhalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chiefe Maſter Gunner am I of this Towne,
Something I muſt doe to procure me grace:
The Princes eſpyals haue informed me,
How the Engliſh, in the Suburbs cloſe entrencht,
Went through a ſecret Grate of Iron Barres,
In yonder Tower, to ouer-peere the Citie,
And thence diſcouer, how with moſt aduantage
They may vex vs with Shot or with Aſſault.
To intercept this inconuenience,
A Peece of Ordnance 'gainſt it I haue plac'd,

And euen theſe three dayes haue I watcht,
If I could ſee them. Now doe thou watch,
For I can ſtay no longer.
If thou ſpy'ſt any, runne and bring me word,
And thou ſhalt finde me at the Gouernors. *Exit.*
Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,
Ile neuer trouble you, if I may ſpye them. *Exit.*

Enter Saliſbury and Talbot on the Turrets,
with others.

Saliſb. Talbot, my life, my ioy, againe return'd?
How wert thou handled, being Priſoner?
Or by what meanes got's thou to be releas'd?
Diſcourſe I prethee on this Turrets top.
Talbot. The Earle of Bedford had a Priſoner,
Call'd the braue Lord *Ponton de Santrayle*,
For him was I exchang'd, and ranſom'd.
But with a baſer man of Armes by farre,
Once in contempt they would haue barter'd me:
Which I diſdaining, ſcorn'd, and craued death,
Rather then I would be ſo pil'd eſteem'd:
In fine, redeem'd I was as I deſir'd.
But O, the trecherous *Falſtaffe* wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fiſts I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
Saliſb. Yet tell'ſt thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.
Tal. With ſcoffes and ſcornes, and contumelious taunts,
In open Market-place produc't they me,
To be a publique ſpectacle to all:
Here, ſayd they, is the Terror of the French,
The Scar-Crow that affrights our Children ſo.
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my nayles digg'd ſtones out of the ground,
To hurle at the beholders of my ſhame.
My griſly countenance made others flye,
None durſt come neere, for feare of ſuddaine death.
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not ſecure:
So great feare of my Name 'mongſt them were ſpread,
That they ſuppos'd I could rend Barres of Steele,
And ſpurne in pieces Poſts of Adamant.
Wherefore a guard of choſen Shot I had,
That walkt about me euery Minute while:
And if I did but ſtirre out of my Bed,
Ready they were to ſhoot me to the heart.
Enter the Boy with a Linſtock.
Saliſb. I grieue to heare what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reueng'd ſufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in Orleance:
Here, through this Grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:
Let vs looke in, the ſight will much delight thee:
Sir *Thomas Gargraue*, and Sir *William Glanſdale*,
Let me haue your expreſſe opinions,
Where is beſt place to make our Batt'ry next?
Gargraue. I thinke at the North Gate, for there ſtands Lords.
Glanſdale. And I heere, at the Bulwarke of the Bridge.
Talb. For ought I ſee, this Citie muſt be famiſht,
Or with light Skirmiſhes enfeebled. *Here they ſhot, and*
Saliſbury falls downe.
Saliſb. O Lord haue mercy on vs, wretched ſinners.
Gargraue. O Lord haue mercy on me, wofull man.
Talb. What chance is this, that ſuddenly hath croſt vs?
Speake *Saliſbury*; at leaſt, if thou canſt, ſpeake:
How far'ſt thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes ſide ſtruck off?
Accurſed Tower, accurſed fatall Hand,
That hath contriu'd this wofull Tragedie.
In thirteene Battailes, *Saliſbury* o'recame:
Henry the Fift he firſt trayn'd to the Warres.
Whil'ſt any Trumpe did ſound, or Drum ſtruck vp,
His Sword did ne're leaue ſtriking in the field.
Yet liu'ſt thou *Saliſbury*? though thy ſpeech doth fayle,
One Eye thou haſt to looke to Heauen for grace.
The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World.
Heauen be thou gracious to none aliue,
If *Saliſbury* wants mercy at thy hands.
Beare hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.
Sir *Thomas Gargraue*, haſt thou any life?
Speake vnto *Talbot*, nay, looke vp to him.
Saliſbury cheare thy Spirit with this comfort,
Thou ſhalt not dye whiles----
He beckens with his hand, and ſmiles on me:
As who ſhould ſay, When I am dead and gone,
Remember to auenge me on the French.
Plantaginet I will, and like thee,
Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne:
Wretched ſhall France be onely in my Name.
Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens.
What ſtirre is this? what tumult's in the Heauens?
Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyſe?
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſſ. My Lord, my Lord, the French haue gather'd head.
The Dolphin, with one *Ioane de Puzel* ioyn'd,
A holy Propheteſſe, new riſen vp,
Is come with a great Power, to rayſe the Siege.
Here Saliſbury lifteth himſelfe vp, and groanes.
Talb. Heare, heare, how dying *Saliſbury* doth groane,
It irkes his heart he cannot be reueng'd.
Frenchmen, Ile be a *Saliſbury* to you.
Puzel or *Puſſel*, Dolphin or Dog-fiſh,
Your hearts Ile ſtampe out with my Horſes heeles,
And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines.
Conuey me *Saliſbury* into his Tent,
And then wee'le try what theſe daſtard Frenchmen dare.
Alarum. Exeunt.

Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot purſueth the Dolphin,
and driueth him: Then enter Ioane de Puzel,
driuing Engliſhmen before her.
Then enter Talbot.

Talb. Where is my ſtrength, my valour, and my force?
Our Engliſh Troupes retyre, I cannot ſtay them,
A Woman clad in Armour chaſeth them.
Enter Puzel.
Here, here ſhee comes. Ile haue a bowt with thee:
Deuill, or Deuils Dam, Ile coniure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,
And ſtraightway giue thy Soule to him thou ſeru'ſt.
Puzel. Come, come, 'tis onely I that muſt diſgrace thee. *Here they fight.*
Talb. Heauens, can you ſuffer Hell ſo to preuayle?
My breſt Ile burſt with ſtraining of my courage,
And from my ſhoulders crack my Armes aſunder,
But I will chaſtiſe this high-minded Strumpet.
They fight againe.
Puzel. Talbot farwell, thy houre is not yet come,
I muſt goe Victuall Orleance forthwith:
A ſhort Alarum: then enter the Towne
with Souldiers.
O're-

O're-take me if thou canſt, I ſcorne thy ſtrength.
Goe, goe, cheare vp thy hungry-ſtarued men,
Helpe *Saliſbury* to make his Teſtament,
This Day is ours, as many more ſhall be. *Exit.*
Talb. My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele,
I know not where I am, nor what I doe:
A Witch by feare, not force, like *Hannibal*,
Driues back our troupes, and conquers as ſhe liſts:
So Bees with ſmoake, and Doues with noyſome ſtench,
Are from their Hyues and Houſes driuen away.
They call'd vs, for our fierceneſſe, Engliſh Dogges,
Now like to Whelpes, we crying runne away.
A ſhort Alarum.
Hearke Countreymen, eyther renew the fight,
Or teare the Lyons out of Englands Coat;
Renounce your Soyle, giue Sheepe in Lyons ſtead:
Sheepe run not halfe ſo trecherous from the Wolfe,
Or Horſe or Oxen from the Leopard,
As you flye from your oft-ſubdued ſlaues.
Alarum. Here another Skirmiſh.
It will not be, retyre into your Trenches:
You all conſented vnto *Saliſburies* death,
For none would ſtrike a ſtroake in his reuenge.
Puzel is entred into Orleance,
In ſpight of vs, or ought that we could doe.
O would I were to dye with *Saliſbury*,
The ſhame hereof, will make me hide my head.
Exit Talbot.
Alarum, Retreat, Flouriſh.

Enter on the Walls, Puzel, Dolphin, Reigneir,
Alanſon, and Souldiers.

Puzel. Aduance our wauing Colours on the Walls,
Reſcu'd is Orleance from the Engliſh.
Thus *Ioane de Puzel* hath perform'd her word.
Dolph. Diuineſt Creature, *Aſtrea's* Daughter,
How ſhall I honour thee for this ſucceſſe?
Thy promiſes are like *Adonis* Garden,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious Propheteſſe,
Recouer'd is the Towne of Orleance,
More bleſſed hap did ne're befall our State.
Reigneir. Why ring not out the Bells alowd,
Throughout the Towne?
Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,
And feaſt and banquet in the open ſtreets,
To celebrate the ioy that God hath giuen vs.
Alanſ. All France will be repleat with mirth and ioy,
When they ſhall heare how we haue play'd the men.
Dolph. 'Tis *Ioane*, not we, by whom the day is wonne:
For which, I will diuide my Crowne with her,
And all the Prieſts and Fryers in my Realme,
Shall in proceſſion ſing her endleſſe prayſe.
A ſtatelyer Pyramis to her Ile reare,
Then *Rhodophe's* or *Memphis* euer was.
In memorie of her, when ſhe is dead,
Her Aſhes, in an Vrne more precious
Then the rich-iewel'd Coffer of *Darius*,
Tranſported, ſhall be at high Feſtiuals
Before the Kings and Queenes of France.
No longer on Saint *Dennis* will we cry,
But *Ioane de Puzel* ſhall be France's Saint.
Come in, and let vs Banquet Royally,
After this Golden Day of Victorie.
Flouriſh. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noyſe or Souldier you perceiue
Neere to the walles, by ſome apparant ſigne
Let vs haue knowledge at the Court of Guard.
Sent. Sergeant you ſhall. Thus are poore Seruitors
(When others ſleepe vpon their quiet beds)
Conſtrain'd to watch in darkneſſe, raine, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with ſcaling
Ladders: Their Drummes beating a
Dead March.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
By whoſe approach, the Regions of *Artoys*,
Wallon, and *Picardy*, are friends to vs:
This happy night, the Frenchmen are ſecure,
Hauing all day carows'd and banquetted,
Embrace we then this opportunitie,
As fitting beſt to quittance their deceite,
Contriu'd by Art, and balefull Sorcerie.
Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
Diſpairing of his owne armes fortitude,
To ioyne with Witches, and the helpe of Hell.
Bur. Traitors haue neuer other company.
But what's that *Puzell* whom they tearme ſo pure?
Tal. A Maid, they ſay.
Bed. A Maid? And be ſo martiall?
Bur. Pray God ſhe proue not maſculine ere long:
If vnderneath the Standard of the French
She carry Armour, as ſhe hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practiſe and conuerſe with ſpirits.
God is our Fortreſſe, in whoſe conquering name
Let vs reſolue to ſcale their flinty bulwarkes.
Bed. Aſcend braue *Talbot*, we will follow thee.
Tal. Not altogether: Better farre I gueſſe,
That we do make our entrance ſeuerall wayes:
That if it chance the one of vs do faile,
The other yet may riſe againſt their force.
Bed. Agreed; Ile to yond corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And heere will *Talbot* mount, or make his graue.
Now *Saliſbury*, for thee and for the right
Of Engliſh *Henry*, ſhall this night appeare
How much in duty, I am bound to both.
Sent. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make aſſault.
Cry, S. George, A Talbot.

The French leape ore the walles in their ſhirts. Enter
ſeuerall wayes, Baſtard, Alanſon, Reignier,
halfe ready, and halfe vnready.

Alan. How now my Lords? what all vnreadie ſo?
Baſt. Vnready? I and glad we ſcap'd ſo well.
Reig. 'Twas time (I trow) to wake and leaue our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.
Alan. Of all exploits ſince firſt I follow'd Armes,
Nere heard I of a warlike enterprize
More

More venturous, or deſperate then this.
Baſt. I thinke this *Talbot* be a Fiend of Hell.
Reig. If not of Hell, the Heauens ſure fauour him.
Alanſ. Here commeth *Charles*, I maruell how he ſped?

Enter Charles and Ioane.

Baſt. Tut, holy *Ioane* was his defenſiue Guard.
Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?
Didſt thou at firſt, to flatter vs withall,
Make vs partakers of a little gayne,
That now our loſſe might be ten times ſo much?
Ioane. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?
At all times will you haue my Power alike?
Sleeping or waking, muſt I ſtill preuayle,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improuident Souldiors, had your Watch been good,
This ſudden Miſchiefe neuer could haue falne.
Charl. Duke of Alanſon, this was your default,
That being Captaine of the Watch to Night,
Did looke no better to that weightie Charge.
Alanſ. Had all your Quarters been as ſafely kept,
As that whereof I had the gouernment,
We had not beene thus ſhamefully ſurpriz'd.
Baſt. Mine was ſecure.
Reig. And ſo was mine, my Lord.
Charl. And for my ſelfe, moſt part of all this Night
Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct,
I was imploy'd in paſſing to and fro,
About relieuing of the Centinels.
Then how, or which way, ſhould they firſt breake in?
Ioane. Queſtion (my Lords) no further of the caſe,
How or which way; 'tis ſure they found ſome place,
But weakely guarded, where the breach was made:
And now there reſts no other ſhift but this,
To gather our Souldiors, ſcatter'd and diſperc't,
And lay new Plat-formes to endammage them.
Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbot, a Talbot: they flye, leauing their Clothes behind.

Sould. Ile be ſo bold to take what they haue left:
The Cry of *Talbot* ſerues me for a Sword,
For I haue loaden me with many Spoyles,
Vſing no other Weapon but his Name. *Exit.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie.

Bedf. The Day begins to breake, and Night is fled,
Whoſe pitchy Mantle ouer-vayl'd the Earth.
Here ſound Retreat, and ceaſe our hot purſuit. *Retreat.*
Talb. Bring forth the Body of old *Salisbury*,
And here aduance it in the Market-Place,
The middle Centure of this curſed Towne.
Now haue I pay'd my Vow vnto his Soule:
For euery drop of blood was drawne from him,
There hath at leaſt fiue Frenchmen dyed to night.
And that hereafter Ages may behold
What ruine happened in reuenge of him,
Within their chiefeſt Temple Ile erect
A Tombe, wherein his Corps ſhall be interr'd:
Vpon the which, that euery one may reade,
Shall be engrau'd the ſacke of Orleance,
The trecherous manner of his mournefull death,
And what a terror he had beene to France.
But Lords, in all our bloudy Maſſacre,
I muſe we met not with the Dolphins Grace,
His new-come Champion, vertuous *Ioane* of Acre,
Nor any of his falſe Confederates.
Bedf. 'Tis thought Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rows'd on the ſudden from their drowſie Beds,
They did amongſt the troupes of armed men,
Leape o're the Walls for refuge in the field.
Burg. My ſelfe, as farre as I could well diſcerne,
For ſmoake, and duskie vapours of the night,
Am ſure I ſcar'd the Dolphin and his Trull,
When Arme in Arme they both came ſwiftly running,
Like to a payre of louing Turtle-Doues,
That could not liue aſunder day or night.
After that things are ſet in order here,
Wee'le follow them with all the power we haue.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. All hayle, my Lords: which of this Princely trayne
Call ye the Warlike *Talbot*, for his Acts
So much applauded through the Realme of France?
Talb. Here is the *Talbot*, who would ſpeak with him?
Meſſ. The vertuous Lady, Counteſſe of Ouergne,
With modeſtie admiring thy Renowne,
By me entreats (great Lord) thou would'ſt vouchſafe
To viſit her poore Caſtle where ſhe lyes,
That ſhe may boaſt ſhe hath beheld the man,
Whoſe glory fills the World with lowd report.
Burg. Is it euen ſo? Nay, then I ſee our Warres
Will turne vnto a peacefull Comick ſport,
When Ladyes craue to be encountred with.
You may not (my Lord) deſpiſe her gentle ſuit.
Talb. Ne're truſt me then: for when a World of men
Could not preuayle with all their Oratorie,
Yet hath a Womans kindneſſe ouer-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I returne great thankes,
And in ſubmiſſion will attend on her.
Will not your Honors beare me company?
Bedf. No, truly, 'tis more then manners will:
And I haue heard it ſayd, Vnbidden Gueſts
Are often welcommeſt when they are gone.
Talb. Well then, alone (ſince there's no remedie)
I meane to proue this Ladyes courteſie.
Come hither Captaine, you perceiue my minde.
Whiſpers.
Capt. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly.
Exeunt.

Enter Counteſſe.

Count. Porter, remember what I gaue in charge,
And when you haue done ſo, bring the Keyes to me.
Port. Madame, I will. *Exit.*
Count. The Plot is layd, if all things fall out right,
I ſhall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian *Tomyris* by *Cyrus* death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight,
And his atchieuements of no leſſe account:
Faine would mine eyes be witneſſe with mine eares,
To giue their cenſure of theſe rare reports.

Enter Meſſenger and Talbot.

Meſſ. Madame, according as your Ladyſhip deſir'd,
By Meſſage crau'd, ſo is Lord *Talbot* come.
Count. And he is welcome: what? is this the man?
Meſſ. Madame, it is.
Count. Is this the Scourge of France?
Is this the *Talbot*, ſo much fear'd abroad?
That with his Name the Mothers ſtill their Babes?
I ſee Report is fabulous and falſe.

I thought I ſhould haue ſeene ſome *Hercules*,
A ſecond *Hector*, for his grim aſpect,
And large proportion of his ſtrong knit Limbes.
Alas, this is a Child, a ſilly Dwarfe:
It cannot be, this weake and writhled ſhrimpe
Should ſtrike ſuch terror to his Enemies.
Talb. Madame, I haue beene bold to trouble you:
But ſince your Ladyſhip is not at leyſure,
Ile ſort ſome other time to viſit you.
Count. What meanes he now?
Goe aske him, whither he goes?
Meſſ. Stay my Lord *Talbot*, for my Lady craues,
To know the cauſe of your abrupt departure?
Talb. Marry, for that ſhee's in a wrong beleefe,
I goe to certifie her *Talbot's* here.

Enter Porter with Keyes.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou Priſoner.
Talb. Priſoner? to whom?
Count. To me, blood-thirſtie Lord:
And for that cauſe I trayn'd thee to my Houſe.
Long time thy ſhadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs:
But now the ſubſtance ſhall endure the like,
And I will chayne theſe Legges and Armes of thine,
That haſt by Tyrannie theſe many yeeres
Waſted our Countrey, ſlaine our Citizens,
And ſent our Sonnes and Husbands captiuate.
Talb. Ha, ha, ha.
Count. Laugheſt thou Wretch?
Thy mirth ſhall turne to moane.
Talb. I laugh to ſee your Ladyſhip ſo fond,
To thinke, that you haue ought but *Talbots* ſhadow,
Whereon to practiſe your ſeueritie.
Count. Why? art not thou the man?
Talb. I am indeede.
Count. Then haue I ſubſtance too.
Talb. No, no, I am but ſhadow of my ſelfe:
You are deceiu'd, my ſubſtance is not here;
For what you ſee, is but the ſmalleſt part,
And leaſt proportion of Humanitie:
I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,
It is of ſuch a ſpacious loftie pitch,
Your Roofe were not ſufficient to contayn't.
Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can theſe contrarieties agree?
Talb. That will I ſhew you preſently.

Winds his Horne, Drummes ſtrike vp, a Peale of Ordenance: Enter Souldiors.

How ſay you Madame? are you now perſwaded,
That *Talbot* is but ſhadow of himſelfe?
Theſe are his ſubſtance, ſinewes, armes, and ſtrength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious Neckes,
Razeth your Cities, and ſubuerts your Townes,
And in a moment makes them deſolate.
Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuſe,
I finde thou art no leſſe then Fame hath bruited,
And more then may be gathered by thy ſhape.
Let my preſumption not prouoke thy wrath,
For I am ſorry, that with reuerence
I did not entertaine thee as thou art.
Talb. Be not diſmay'd, faire Lady, nor miſconſter
The minde of *Talbot*, as you did miſtake
The outward compoſition of his body.
What you haue done, hath not offended me:
Nor other ſatisfaction doe I craue,
But onely with your patience, that we may
Taſte of your Wine, and ſee what Cates you haue,
For Souldiers ſtomacks alwayes ſerue them well.
Count. With all my heart, and thinke me honored,
To feaſt ſo great a Warrior in my Houſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerſet, Poole, and others.

Yorke. Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What meanes this ſilence?
Dare no man anſwer in a Caſe of Truth?
Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd,
The Garden here is more conuenient.
York. Then ſay at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:
Or elſe was wrangling *Somerſet* in th'error?
Suff. Faith I haue beene a Truant in the Law,
And neuer yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law vnto my will.
Som. Iudge you, my Lord of Warwicke, then betweene vs.
War. Between two Hawks, which flyes the higher pitch,
Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two Blades, which beares the better temper,
Between two Horſes, which doth beare him beſt,
Between two Girles, which hath the merryeſt eye,
I haue perhaps ſome ſhallow ſpirit of Iudgement:
But in theſe nice ſharpe Quillets of the Law,
Good faith I am no wiſer then a Daw.
York. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appeares ſo naked on my ſide,
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my ſide it is ſo well apparrell'd,
So cleare, ſo ſhining, and ſo euident,
That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye.
York. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and ſo loth to ſpeake,
In dumbe ſignificants proclayme your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman,
And ſtands vpon the honor of his birth,
If he ſuppoſe that I haue pleaded truth,
From off this Bryer pluck a white Roſe with me.
Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
But dare maintaine the partie of the truth,
Pluck a red Roſe from off this Thorne with me.
War. I loue no Colours: and without all colour
Of baſe inſinuating flatterie,
I pluck this white Roſe with *Plantagenet*.
Suff. I pluck this red Roſe, with young *Somerſet*,
And ſay withall, I thinke he held the right.
Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude, that he vpon whoſe ſide
The feweſt Roſes are cropt from the Tree,
Shall yeeld the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good Maſter *Vernon*, it is well obiected:
If I haue feweſt, I ſubſcribe in ſilence.
York. And I.
Vernon. Then for the truth, and plaineſſe of the Caſe,
I pluck this pale and Maiden Bloſſome here,
Giuing my Verdict on the white Roſe ſide.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Leaſt bleeding, you doe paint the white Roſe red,
And fall on my ſide ſo againſt your will.
Vernon. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion ſhall be Surgeon to my hurt,
And keepe me on the ſide where ſtill I am.
Som. Well, well, come on, who elſe?

Lawyer. Vnleſſe my Studie and my Bookes be falſe,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
In ſigne whereof, I pluck a white Roſe too.
Yorke. Now *Somerſet*, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that
Shall dye your white Roſe in a bloody red.
York. Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roſes:
For pale they looke with feare, as witneſſing
The truth on our ſide.
Som. No *Plantagenet*:
'Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes
Bluſh for pure ſhame, to counterfeit our Roſes,
And yet thy tongue will not confeſſe thy error.
Yorke. Hath not thy Roſe a Canker, *Somerſet*?
Som. Hath not thy Roſe a Thorne, *Plantagenet*?
Yorke. I, ſharpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,
Whiles thy conſuming Canker eates his falſehood.
Som. Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roſes,
That ſhall maintaine what I haue ſaid is true,
Where falſe *Plantagenet* dare not be ſeene.
Yorke. Now by this Maiden Bloſſome in my hand,
I ſcorne thee and thy faſhion, peeuiſh Boy.
Suff. Turne not thy ſcornes this way, *Plantagenet.*
Yorke. Prowd *Poole*, I will, and ſcorne both him and thee.
Suff. Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good *William de la Poole*,
We grace the Yeoman, by conuerſing with him.
Warw. Now by Gods will thou wrong'ſt him, *Somerſet*:
His Grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of Clarence,
Third Sonne to the third *Edward* King of England:
Spring Creſtleſſe Yeomen from ſo deepe a Root?
Yorke. He beares him on the place's Priuiledge,
Or durſt not for his crauen heart ſay thus.
Som. By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words
On any Plot of Ground in Chriſtendome.
Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
For Treaſon executed in our late Kings dayes?
And by his Treaſon, ſtand'ſt not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry?
His Treſpas yet liues guiltie in thy blood,
And till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a Yeoman.
Yorke. My Father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to dye for Treaſon, but no Traytor;
And that Ile proue on better men then *Somerſet*,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.
For your partaker *Poole*, and you your ſelfe,
Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,
To ſcourge you for this apprehenſion:
Looke to it well, and ſay you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou ſhalt finde vs ready for thee ſtill:
And know vs by theſe Colours for thy Foes,
For theſe my friends in ſpight of thee ſhall weare.
Yorke. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Roſe,
As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for euer, and my Faction weare,
Vntill it wither with me to my Graue,
Or flouriſh to the height of my Degree.
Suff. Goe forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
And ſo farwell, vntill I meet thee next. *Exit.*
Som. Haue with thee *Poole*: Farwell ambitious *Richard.* *Exit.*
Yorke. How I am brau'd, and muſt perforce endure it?
Warw. This blot that they obiect againſt your Houſe,
Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the Truce of *Wincheſter* and *Glouceſter*:
And if thou be not then created *Yorke*,
I will not liue to be accounted *Warwicke*.
Meane time, in ſignall of my loue to thee,
Againſt prowd *Somerſet*, and *William Poole*,
Will I vpon thy partie weare this Roſe.
And here I prophecie: this brawle to day,
Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall ſend betweene the Red-Roſe and the White,
A thouſand Soules to Death and deadly Night.
Yorke. Good Maſter *Vernon*, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower.
Ver. In your behalfe ſtill will I weare the ſame.
Lawyer. And ſo will I.
Yorke. Thankes gentle.
Come, let vs foure to Dinner: I dare ſay,
This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day.
Exeunt.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre,
and Iaylors.

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here reſt himſelfe.
Euen like a man new haled from the Wrack,
So fare my Limbes with long Impriſonment:
And theſe gray Locks, the Purſuiuants of death,
Neſtor-like aged, in an Age of Care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.
Theſe Eyes, like Lampes, whoſe waſting Oyle is ſpent,
Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.
Weake Shoulders, ouer-borne with burthening Griefe,
And pyth-leſſe Armes, like to a withered Vine,
That droupes his ſappe-leſſe Branches to the ground.
Yet are theſe Feet, whoſe ſtrength-leſſe ſtay is numme,
(Vnable to ſupport this Lumpe of Clay)
Swift-winged with deſire to get a Graue,
As witting I no other comfort haue.
But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?
Keeper. *Richard Plantagenet*, my Lord, will come:
We ſent vnto the Temple, vnto his Chamber,
And anſwer was return'd, that he will come.
Mort. Enough: my Soule ſhall then be ſatisfied.
Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.
Since *Henry Monmouth* firſt began to reigne,
Before whoſe Glory I was great in Armes,
This loathſome ſequeſtration haue I had;
And euen ſince then, hath *Richard* beene obſcur'd,
Depriu'd of Honor and Inheritance.
But now, the Arbitrator of Deſpaires,
Iuſt Death, kinde Vmpire of mens miſeries,
With ſweet enlargement doth diſmiſſe me hence:
I would his troubles likewiſe were expir'd,
That ſo he might recouer what was loſt.

Enter Richard.

Keeper. My Lord, your louing Nephew now is come.
Mor. *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come?
Rich. I, Noble Vnckle, thus ignobly vs'd,
Your Nephew, late deſpiſed *Richard*, comes.
Mort. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,
And in his Boſome ſpend my latter gaſpe.
Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes,
That I may kindly giue one fainting Kiſſe.
And now declare ſweet Stem from *Yorkes* great Stock,
Why didſt thou ſay of late thou wert deſpis'd?

Rich. Firſt, leane thine aged Back againſt mine Arme,
And in that eaſe, Ile tell thee my Diſeaſe.
This day in argument vpon a Caſe,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerſet* and me:
Among which tearmes, he vs'd his lauiſh tongue,
And did vpbrayd me with my Fathers death;
Which obloquie ſet barres before my tongue,
Elſe with the like I had requited him.
Therefore good Vnckle, for my Fathers ſake,
In honor of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for Alliance ſake, declare the cauſe
My Father, Earle of Cambridge, loſt his Head.
Mort. That cauſe (faire Nephew) that impriſon'd me,
And hath detayn'd me all my flowring Youth,
Within a loathſome Dungeon, there to pyne,
Was curſed Inſtrument of his deceaſe.
Rich. Diſcouer more at large what cauſe that was,
For I am ignorant, and cannot gueſſe.
Mort. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his Nephew *Richard*, *Edwards* Sonne,
The firſt begotten, and the lawfull Heire
Of *Edward* King, the Third of that Deſcent.
During whoſe Reigne, the *Percies* of the North,
Finding his Vſurpation moſt vniuſt,
Endeuour'd my aduancement to the Throne.
The reaſon mou'd theſe Warlike Lords to this,
Was, for that (young *Richard* thus remou'd,
Leauing no Heire begotten of his Body)
I was the next by Birth and Parentage:
For by my Mother, I deriued am
From *Lionel* Duke of Clarence, third Sonne
To King *Edward* the Third; whereas hee,
From *Iohn* of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree,
Being but fourth of that Heroick Lyne.
But marke: as in this haughtie great attempt,
They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire,
I loſt my Libertie, and they their Liues.
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fift
(Succeeding his Father *Bullingbrooke*) did reigne;
Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriu'd
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of Yorke,
Marrying my Siſter, that thy Mother was;
Againe, in pitty of my hard diſtreſſe,
Leuied an Army, weening to redeeme,
And haue inſtall'd me in the Diademe:
But as the reſt, ſo fell that Noble Earle,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
In whom the Title reſted, were ſuppreſt.
Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the laſt.
Mort. True; and thou ſeeſt, that I no Iſſue haue,
And that my fainting words doe warrant death:
Thou art my Heire; the reſt, I wiſh thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy ſtudious care.
Rich. Thy graue admoniſhments preuayle with me:
But yet me thinkes, my Fathers execution
Was nothing leſſe then bloody Tyranny.
Mort. With ſilence, Nephew, be thou pollitick,
Strong fixed is the Houſe of *Lancaſter*,
And like a Mountaine, not to be remou'd.
But now thy Vnckle is remouing hence,
As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a ſetled place.
Rich. O Vnckle, would ſome part of my young yeeres
Might but redeeme the paſſage of your Age.
Mort. Thou do'ſt then wrong me, as yͤ ſlaughterer doth,
Which giueth many Wounds, when one will kill.
Mourne not, except thou ſorrow for my good,
Onely giue order for my Funerall.
And ſo farewell, and faire be all thy hopes,
And proſperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. *Dyes.*
Rich. And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule.
In Priſon haſt thou ſpent a Pilgrimage,
And like a Hermite ouer-paſt thy dayes.
Well, I will locke his Councell in my Breſt,
And what I doe imagine, let that reſt.
Keepers conuey him hence, and I my ſelfe
Will ſee his Buryall better then his Life. *Exit.*
Here dyes the duskie Torch of *Mortimer*,
Choakt with Ambition of the meaner ſort.
And for thoſe Wrongs, thoſe bitter Iniuries,
Which *Somerſet* hath offer'd to my Houſe,
I doubt not, but with Honor to redreſſe.
And therefore haſte I to the Parliament,
Eyther to be reſtored to my Blood,
Or make my will th'aduantage of my good. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Exeter, Gloſter, Wincheſter, Warwick,
Somerſet, Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet. Gloſter offers
to put vp a Bill: Wincheſter ſnatches it, teares it.

Winch. Com'ſt thou with deepe premeditated Lines?
With written Pamphlets, ſtudiouſly deuis'd?
Humfrey of Gloſter, if thou canſt accuſe,
Or ought intend'ſt to lay vnto my charge,
Doe it without inuention, ſuddenly,
As I with ſudden, and extemporall ſpeech,
Purpoſe to anſwer what thou canſt obiect.
Glo. Preſumptuous Prieſt, this place cõmands my patiẽce,
Or thou ſhould'ſt finde thou haſt dis-honor'd me.
Thinke not, although in Writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outragious Crymes,
That therefore I haue forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearſe the Methode of my Penne.
No Prelate, ſuch is thy audacious wickedneſſe,
Thy lewd, peſtiferous, and diſſentious prancks,
As very Infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a moſt pernitious Vſurer,
Froward by nature, Enemie to Peace,
Laſciuious, wanton, more then well beſeemes
A man of thy Profeſſion, and Degree.
And for thy Trecherie, what's more manifeſt?
In that thou layd'ſt a Trap to take my Life,
As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower.
Beſide, I feare me, if thy thoughts were ſifted,
The King, thy Soueraigne, is not quite exempt
From enuious mallice of thy ſwelling heart.
Winch. *Gloſter*, I doe defie thee. Lords vouchſafe
To giue me hearing what I ſhall reply.
If I were couetous, ambitious, or peruerſe,
As he will haue me: how am I ſo poore?
Or how haps it, I ſeeke not to aduance
Or rayſe my ſelfe? but keepe my wonted Calling.
And for Diſſention, who preferreth Peace
More then I doe? except I be prouok'd.
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke:
It is becauſe no one ſhould ſway but hee,
No one, but hee, ſhould be about the King;
And that engenders Thunder in his breaſt,

And makes him rore theſe Accuſations forth.
But he ſhall know I am as good.
Gloſt. As good?
Thou Baſtard of my Grandfather.
Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in anothers Throne?
Gloſt. Am I not Protector, ſawcie Prieſt?
Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?
Gloſt. Yes, as an Out-law in a Caſtle keepes,
And vſeth it, to patronage his Theft.
Winch. Vnreuerent *Glocester.*
Gloſt. Thou art reuerent,
Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.
Winch. Rome ſhall remedie this.
Warw. Roame thither then.
My Lord, it were your dutie to forbeare.
Som. I, ſee the Biſhop be not ouer-borne:
Me thinkes my Lord ſhould be Religious,
And know the Office that belongs to ſuch.
Warw. Me thinkes his Lordſhip ſhould be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate ſo to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht ſo neere.
Warw. State holy, or vnhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?
Rich. Plantagenet I ſee muſt hold his tongue,
Leaſt it be ſaid, Speake Sirrha when you ſhould:
Muſt your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?
Elſe would I haue a fling at *Winchester.*
King. Vnckles of *Gloſter*, and of *Winchester*,
The ſpeciall Watch-men of our Engliſh Weale,
I would preuayle, if Prayers might preuayle,
To ioyne your hearts in loue and amitie.
Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,
That two ſuch Noble Peeres as ye ſhould iarre?
Beleeue me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,
Ciuill diſſention is a viperous Worme,
That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.
A noyſe within, Downe with the Tawny-Coats.
King. What tumult's this?
Warw. An Vprore, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Biſhops men.
A noyſe againe, Stones, Stones.

Enter Maior.
Maior. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous *Henry*,
Pitty the Citie of London, pitty vs:
The Biſhop, and the Duke of Gloſters men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Haue fill'd their Pockets full of peeble ſtones;
And banding themſelues in contrary parts,
Doe pelt ſo faſt at one anothers Pate,
That many haue their giddy braynes knockt out:
Our Windowes are broke downe in euery Street,
And we, for feare, compell'd to ſhut our Shops.

Enter in skirmiſh with bloody Pates.
King. We charge you, on allegeance to our ſelfe,
To hold your ſlaughtring hands, and keepe the Peace:
Pray' Vnckle *Gloſter* mittigate this ſtrife.
1.*Seruing.* Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'le fall to it with our Teeth.
2.*Seruing.* Doe what ye dare, we are as reſolute.
Skirmiſh againe.
Gloſt. You of my houſehold, leaue this peeuiſh broyle,
And ſet this vnaccuſtom'd fight aſide.
3.*Seru.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Iuſt, and vpright; and for your Royall Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Maieſtie:
And ere that we will ſuffer ſuch a Prince,
So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,
To be diſgraced by an Inke-horne Mate,
Wee and our Wiues and Children all will fight,
And haue our bodyes ſlaughtred by thy foes.
1.*Seru.* I, and the very parings of our Nayles
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.
Begin againe.
Gloſt. Stay, ſtay, I ſay:
And if you loue me, as you ſay you doe,
Let me perſwade you to forbeare a while.
King. Oh, how this diſcord doth afflict my Soule.
Can you, my Lord of Wincheſter, behold
My ſighes and teares, and will not once relent?
Who ſhould be pittifull, if you be not?
Or who ſhould ſtudy to preferre a Peace,
If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?
Warw. Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld *Winchester*,
Except you meane with obſtinate repulſe
To ſlay your Soueraigne, and deſtroy the Realme.
You ſee what Miſchiefe, and what Murther too,
Hath beene enacted through your enmitie:
Then be at peace, except ye thirſt for blood.
Winch. He ſhall ſubmit, or I will neuer yeeld.
Gloſt. Compaſſion on the King commands me ſtoupe,
Or I would ſee his heart out, ere the Prieſt
Should euer get that priuiledge of me.
Warw. Behold my Lord of Wincheſter, the Duke
Hath baniſht moodie diſcontented fury,
As by his ſmoothed Browes it doth appeare:
Why looke you ſtill ſo ſterne, and tragicall?
Gloſt. Here *Winchester*, I offer thee my Hand.
King. Fie Vnckle *Beauford*, I haue heard you preach,
That Mallice was a great and grieuous ſinne:
And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?
But proue a chiefe offendor in the ſame.
Warw. Sweet King: the Biſhop hath a kindly gyrd:
For ſhame my Lord of Wincheſter relent;
What, ſhall a Child inſtruct you what to doe?
Winch. Well, Duke of Gloſter, I will yeeld to thee
Loue for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I giue.
Gloſt. I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart.
See here my Friends and louing Countreymen,
This token ſerueth for a Flagge of Truce,
Betwixt our ſelues, and all our followers:
So helpe me God, as I diſſemble not.
Winch. So helpe me God, as I intend it not.
King. Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of Gloſter,
How ioyfull am I made by this Contract.
Away my Maſters, trouble vs no more,
But ioyne in friendſhip, as your Lords haue done.
1.*Seru.* Content, Ile to the Surgeons.
2.*Seru.* And ſo will I.
3.*Seru.* And I will ſee what Phyſick the Tauerne affords. *Exeunt.*
Warw. Accept this Scrowle, moſt gracious Soueraigne,
Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,
We doe exhibite to your Maieſtie.
Glo. Well vrg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for ſweet Prince,
And if your Grace marke euery circumſtance,
You haue great reaſon to doe *Richard* right,
Eſpecially for thoſe occaſions
At Eltam Place I told your Maieſtie.

King. And thoſe occaſions, Vnckle, were of force:
Therefore my louing Lords, our pleaſure is,
That *Richard* be reſtored to his Blood.
Warw. Let *Richard* be reſtored to his Blood,
So ſhall his Fathers wrongs be recompenc't.
Winch. As will the reſt, ſo willeth *Winchester.*
King. If *Richard* will be true, not that all alone,
But all the whole Inheritance I giue,
That doth belong vnto the Houſe of *Yorke*,
From whence you ſpring, by Lineall Deſcent.
Rich. Thy humble ſeruant vowes obedience,
And humble ſeruice, till the point of death.
King. Stoope then, and ſet your Knee againſt my Foot,
And in reguerdon of that dutie done,
I gyrt thee with the valiant Sword of *Yorke*:
Riſe *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,
And riſe created Princely Duke of *Yorke.*
Rich. And ſo thriue *Richard*, as thy foes may fall,
And as my dutie ſprings, ſo periſh they,
That grudge one thought againſt your Maieſty.
All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *Yorke.*
Som. Periſh baſe Prince, ignoble Duke of *Yorke.*
Gloſt. Now will it beſt auaile your Maieſtie,
To croſſe the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France:
The preſence of a King engenders loue
Amongſt his Subiects, and his loyall Friends,
As it diſ-animates his Enemies.
King. When *Gloſter* ſayes the word, King *Henry* goes,
For friendly counſaile cuts off many Foes.
Gloſt. Your Ships alreadie are in readineſſe.
Senet. Flouriſh. Exeunt.

Manet Exeter.
Exet. I, we may march in England, or in France,
Not ſeeing what is likely to enſue:
This late diſſention growne betwixt the Peeres,
Burnes vnder fained aſhes of forg'd loue,
And will at laſt breake out into a flame,
As feſtred members rot but by degree,
Till bones and fleſh and ſinewes fall away,
So will this baſe and enuious diſcord breed.
And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,
Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fift,
Was in the mouth of euery ſucking Babe,
That *Henry* borne at Monmouth ſhould winne all,
And *Henry* borne at Windſor, looſe all:
Which is ſo plaine, that *Exeter* doth wiſh,
His dayes may finiſh, ere that hapleſſe time. *Exit.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Pucell diſguis'd, with foure Souldiors with Sacks vpon their backs.
Pucell. Theſe are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,
Through which our Pollicy muſt make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talke like the vulgar ſort of Market men,
That come to gather Money for their Corne.
If we haue entrance, as I hope we ſhall,
And that we finde the ſlouthfull Watch but weake,
Ile by a ſigne giue notice to our friends,
That *Charles* the Dolphin may encounter them.
Souldier. Our Sacks ſhall be a meane to ſack the City
And we be Lords and Rulers ouer Roan,
Therefore wee'le knock. *Knock.*
Watch. Che la.
Pucell. *Peaſauns la pouure gens de Fraunce*,
Poore Market folkes that come to ſell their Corne.
Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.
Pucell. Now Roan, Ile ſhake thy Bulwarkes to the ground. *Exeunt.*
Enter Charles, Baſtard, Alanſon.
Charles. Saint *Dennis* bleſſe this happy Stratageme,
And once againe wee'le ſleepe ſecure in Roan.
Baſtard. Here entred *Pucell*, and her Practiſants:
Now ſhe is there, how will ſhe ſpecifie?
Here is the beſt and ſafeſt paſſage in.
Reig. By thruſting out a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once diſcern'd, ſhewes that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weakneſſe) which ſhe entred.
Enter Pucell on the top, thruſting out a Torch burning.
Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That ioyneth Roan vnto her Countreymen,
But burning fatall to the *Talbonites.*
Baſtard. See Noble *Charles* the Beacon of our friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Turret ſtands.
Charles. Now ſhine it like a Commet of Reuenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.
Reig. Deferre no time, delayes haue dangerous ends,
Enter and cry, the Dolphin, preſently,
And then doe execution on the Watch. *Alarum.*

An Alarum. Talbot in an Excurſion.
Talb. France, thou ſhalt rue this Treaſon with thy teares,
If *Talbot* but ſuruiue thy Trecherie.
Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorcereſſe,
Hath wrought this Helliſh Miſchiefe vnawares,
That hardly we eſcap't the Pride of France. *Exit.*
An Alarum: Excurſions. Bedford brought in ſicke in a Chayre.

Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pucell, Charles, Baſtard, and Reigneir on the Walls.
Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?
I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will faſt,
Before hee'le buy againe at ſuch a rate.
'Twas full of Darnell: doe you like the taſte?
Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and ſhameleſſe Curtizan,
I truſt ere long to choake thee with thine owne,
And make thee curſe the Harueſt of that Corne.
Charles. Your Grace may ſtarue (perhaps) before that time.
Bedf. Oh let no words, but deedes, reuenge this Treaſon.
Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beard?
Breake a Launce, and runne a-Tilt at Death,
Within a Chayre.
Talb. Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all deſpight,
Incompaſs'd with thy luſtfull Paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
And twit with Cowardiſe a man halfe dead?
Damſell, Ile haue a bowt with you againe,
Or elſe let *Talbot* periſh with this ſhame.
Pucell. Are ye ſo hot, Sir: yet *Pucell* hold thy peace,
If *Talbot* doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.
They whiſper together in counſell.
God ſpeed the Parliament: who ſhall be the Speaker?

Talb. Dare yee come forth,and meet vs in the field?
Pucell. Belike your Lordſhip takes vs then for fooles,
To try if that our owne be ours,or no.
Talb. I ſpeake not to that rayling *Hecate,*
But vnto thee *Alanſon,* and the reſt.
Will ye,like Souldiors,come and fight it out?
Alanſ. Seignior no.
Talb. Seignior hang: baſe Muleters of France,
Like Peſant foot-Boyes doe they keepe the Walls,
And dare not take vp Armes,like Gentlemen.
Pucell. Away Captaines,let's get vs from the Walls,
For *Talbot* meanes no goodneſſe by his Lookes.
God b'uy my Lord, we came but to tell you
That wee are here. *Exeunt from the Walls.*
Talb. And there will we be too,ere it be long,
Or elſe reproach be *Talbots* greateſt fame.
Vow *Burgonie,* by honor of thy Houſe,
Prickt on by publike Wrongs ſuſtain'd in France,
Either to get the Towne againe,or dye.
And I,as ſure as Engliſh *Henry* liues,
And as his Father here was Conqueror;
As ſure as in this late betrayed Towne,
Great *Cordelions* Heart was buryed;
So ſure I ſweare,to get the Towne,or dye.
Burg. My Vowes are equall partners with thy Vowes.
Talb. But ere we goe,regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford: Come my Lord,
We will beſtow you in ſome better place,
Fitter for ſickneſſe,and for craſie age.
Bedf. Lord *Talbot,* doe not ſo diſhonour me:
Here will I ſit,before the Walls of Roan,
And will be partner of your weale or woe.
Burg. Couragious *Bedford,* let vs now perſwade you.
Bedf. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
That ſtout *Pendragon,*in his Litter ſick,
Came to the field,and vanquiſhed his foes.
Me thinkes I ſhould reuiue the Souldiors hearts,
Becauſe I euer found them as my ſelfe.
Talb. Vndaunted ſpirit in a dying breaſt,
Then be it ſo: Heauens keepe old *Bedford* ſafe.
And now no more adoe, braue *Burgonie,*
But gather we our Forces out of hand,
And ſet vpon our boaſting Enemie. *Exit.*

An Alarum: Excurſions. Enter Sir Iohn Falſtaffe, and a Captaine.

Capt. Whither away Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe,*in ſuch haſte?
Falſt. Whither away? to ſaue my ſelfe by flight,
We are like to haue the ouerthrow againe.
Capt. What? will you flye,and leaue Lord *Talbot?*
Falſt. I,all the *Talbots* in the World,to ſaue my life.
Exit.
Capt. Cowardly Knight,ill fortune follow thee.
Exit.

Retreat. Excurſions. Pucell, Alanſon, and Charles flye.

Bedf. Now quiet Soule,depart when Heauen pleaſe,
For I haue ſeene our Enemies ouerthrow.
What is the truſt or ſtrength of fooliſh man?
They that of late were daring with their ſcoffes,
Are glad and faine by flight to ſaue themſelues.
Bedford dyes,and is carryed in by two in his Chaire.

An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and the reſt.

Talb. Loſt,and recouered in a day againe,
This is a double Honor, *Burgonie:*
Yet Heauens haue glory for this Victorie.
Burg. Warlike and Martiall *Talbot, Burgonie*
Inſhrines thee in his heart,and there erects
Thy noble Deeds,as Valors Monuments.
Talb. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is *Pucel* now?
I thinke her old Familiar is aſleepe.
Now where's the Baſtards braues,and *Charles* his glikes?
What all amort? Roan hangs her head for griefe,
That ſuch a valiant Company are fled.
Now will we take ſome order in the Towne,
Placing therein ſome expert Officers,
And then depart to Paris, to the King,
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.
Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot,*pleaſeth *Burgonie.*
Talb. But yet before we goe,let's not forget
The Noble Duke of Bedford,late deceas'd,
But ſee his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan.
A brauer Souldier neuer couched Launce,
A gentler Heart did neuer ſway in Court.
But Kings and mightieſt Potentates muſt die,
For that's the end of humane miſerie. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Charles, Baſtard, Alanſon, Pucell.

Pucell. Diſmay not (Princes) at this accident,
Nor grieue that Roan is ſo recouered:
Care is no cure,but rather corroſiue,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantike *Talbot* triumph for a while,
And like a Peacock ſweepe along his tayle,
Wee'le pull his Plumes,and take away his Trayne,
If Dolphin and the reſt will be but rul'd.
Charles. We haue been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,
One ſudden Foyle ſhall neuer breed diſtruſt.
Baſtard. Search out thy wit for ſecret pollicies,
And we will make thee famous through the World.
Alanſ. Wee'le ſet thy Statue in ſome holy place,
And haue thee reuerenc't like a bleſſed Saint.
Employ thee then, ſweet Virgin, for our good.
Pucell. Then thus it muſt be, this doth *Ioane* deuiſe:
By faire perſwaſions, mixt with ſugred words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgonie
To leaue the *Talbot,* and to follow vs.
Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that,
France were no place for *Henryes* Warriors,
Nor ſhould that Nation boaſt it ſo with vs,
But be extirped from our Prouinces.
Alanſ. For euer ſhould they be expuls'd from France,
And not haue Title of an Earledome here.
Pucell. Your Honors ſhall perceiue how I will worke,
To bring this matter to the wiſhed end.
Drumme ſounds afarre off.
Hearke,by the ſound of Drumme you may perceiue
Their Powers are marching vnto Paris-ward.
Here ſound an Engliſh March.
There goes the *Talbot* with his Colours ſpred,
And all the Troupes of Engliſh after him.

French March.
Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in fauor makes him lagge behinde.
Summon a Parley,we will talke with him.
Trumpets ſound a Parley.
Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie.
Burg. Who craues a Parley with the Burgonie?
Pucell. The Princely *Charles* of France,thy Countreyman.
Burg. What ſay'ſt thou *Charles?* for I am marching hence.
Charles. Speake *Pucell,* and enchaunt him with thy words.
Pucell. Braue *Burgonie,* vndoubted hope of France,
Stay,let thy humble Hand-maid ſpeake to thee.
Burg. Speake on,but be not ouer-tedious.
Pucell. Looke on thy Country,look on fertile France,
And ſee the Cities and the Townes defac't,
By waſting Ruine of the cruell Foe,
As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth cloſe his tender-dying Eyes.
See,ſee the pining Maladie of France:
Behold the Wounds, the moſt vnnaturall Wounds,
Which thou thy ſelfe haſt giuen her woful Breſt.
Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,
Strike thoſe that hurt,and hurt not thoſe that helpe:
One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countries Boſome,
Should grieue thee more then ſtreames of forraine gore.
Returne thee therefore with a floud of Teares,
And waſh away thy Countries ſtayned Spots.
Burg. Either ſhe hath bewitcht me with her words,
Or Nature makes me ſuddenly relent.
Pucell. Beſides,all French and France exclaimes on thee,
Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie.
Who ioyn'ſt thou with,but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not truſt thee,but for profits ſake?
When *Talbot* hath ſet footing once in France,
And faſhion'd thee that Inſtrument of Ill,
Who then,but Engliſh *Henry,* will be Lord,
And thou be thruſt out, like a Fugitiue?
Call we to minde,and marke but this for proofe:
Was not the Duke of Orleance thy Foe?
And was he not in England Priſoner?
But when they heard he was thine Enemie,
They ſet him free,without his Ranſome pay'd,
In ſpight of *Burgonie* and all his friends.
See then,thou fight'ſt againſt thy Countreymen,
And ioyn'ſt with them will be thy ſlaughter-men.
Come,come,returne; returne thou wandering Lord,
Charles and the reſt will take thee in their armes.
Burg. I am vanquiſhed:
Theſe haughtie wordes of hers
Haue batt'red me like roaring Cannon-ſhot,
And made me almoſt yeeld vpon my knees.
Forgiue me Countrey,and ſweet Countreymen:
And Lords accept this heartie kind embrace.
My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.
So farwell *Talbot,* Ile no longer truſt thee.
Pucell. Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne againe.
Charles. Welcome braue Duke,thy friendſhip makes vs freſh.
Baſtard. And doth beget new Courage in our Breaſts.
Alanſ. *Pucell* hath brauely play'd her part in this,
And doth deſerue a Coronet of Gold.
Charles. Now let vs on,my Lords,
And ioyne our Powers,
And ſeeke how we may preiudice the Foe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter the King, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerſet, Warwicke, Exeter: To them, with his Souldiors, Talbot.

Talb. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres,
Hearing of your arriuall in this Realme,
I haue a while giuen Truce vnto my Warres,
To doe my dutie to my Soueraigne.
In ſigne whereof, this Arme,that hath reclaym'd
To your obedience, fiftie Fortreſſes,
Twelue Cities,and ſeuen walled Townes of ſtrength,
Beſide fiue hundred Priſoners of eſteeme;
Lets fall his Sword before your Highneſſe feet:
And with ſubmiſſiue loyaltie of heart
Aſcribes the Glory of his Conqueſt got,
Firſt to my God,and next vnto your Grace.
King. Is this the Lord *Talbot,* Vnckle *Glouceſter,*
That hath ſo long beene reſident in France?
Gloſt. Yes,it it pleaſe your Maieſtie,my Liege.
King. Welcome braue Captaine,and victorious Lord.
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I doe remember how my Father ſaid,
A ſtouter Champion neuer handled Sword.
Long ſince we were reſolued of your truth,
Your faithfull ſeruice,and your toyle in Warre:
Yet neuer haue you taſted our Reward,
Or beene reguerdon'd with ſo much as Thanks,
Becauſe till now,we neuer ſaw your face.
Therefore ſtand vp,and for theſe good deſerts,
We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,
And in our Coronation take your place.
Senet. Flouriſh. Exeunt.

Manet Vernon and Baſſet.

Vern. Now Sir,to you that were ſo hot at Sea,
Diſgracing of theſe Colours that I weare,
In honor of my Noble Lord of Yorke:
Dar'ſt thou maintaine the former words thou ſpak'ſt?
Baſſ. Yes Sir,as well as you dare patronage
The enuious barking of your ſawcie Tongue,
Againſt my Lord the Duke of Somerſet.
Vern. Sirrha, thy Lord I honour as he is.
Baſſ. Why,what is he? as good a man as *Yorke.*
Vern. Hearke ye: not ſo: in witneſſe take ye that.
Strikes him.
Baſſ. Villaine, thou knoweſt
The Law of Armes is ſuch,
That who ſo drawes a Sword,'tis preſent death,
Or elſe this Blow ſhould broach thy deareſt Bloud.
But Ile vnto his Maieſtie, and craue,
I may haue libertie to venge this Wrong,
When thou ſhalt ſee,Ile meet thee to thy coſt.
Vern. Well miſcreant,Ile be there as ſoone as you,
And after meete you, ſooner then you would.
Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Gloceſter, Wincheſter, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerſet, Warwicke, Talbot, and Gouernor Exeter.

Glo. Lord Biſhop ſet the Crowne vpon his head.
Win. God ſaue King *Henry* of that name the ſixt.
Glo. Now Gouernour of Paris take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Eſteeme none Friends, but ſuch as are his Friends,
And none your Foes, but ſuch as ſhall pretend
Malicious practiſes againſt his State :
This ſhall ye do, ſo helpe you righteous God.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Fal. My gracious Soueraigne, as I rode from Calice,
To haſte vnto your Coronation :
A Letter was deliuer'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace, from th'Duke of Burgundy.
Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee :
I vow'd (baſe Knight) when I did meete the next,
To teare the Garter from thy Crauens legge,
Which I haue done, becauſe (vnworthily)
Thou was't inſtalled in that High Degree.
Pardon me Princely *Henry*, and the reſt :
This Daſtard, at the battell of *Poictiers*,
When (but in all) I was ſixe thouſand ſtrong,
And that the French were almoſt ten to one,
Before we met, or that a ſtroke was giuen,
Like to a truſtie Squire, did run away.
In which aſſault, we loſt twelue hundred men.
My ſelfe, and diuers Gentlemen beſide,
Were there ſurpriz'd, and taken priſoners.
Then iudge (great Lords) if I haue done amiſſe :
Or whether that ſuch Cowards ought to weare
This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?
Glo. To ſay the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beſeeming any common man ;
Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.
Tal. When firſt this Order was ordain'd my Lords,
Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth ;
Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,
Such as were growne to credit by the warres :
Not fearing Death, nor ſhrinking for Diſtreſſe,
But alwayes reſolute, in moſt extreames.
He then, that is not furniſh'd in this ſort,
Doth but vſurpe the Sacred name of Knight,
Prophaning this moſt Honourable Order,
And ſhould (if I were worthy to be Iudge)
Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-borne Swaine,
That doth preſume to boaſt of Gentle blood.
K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'ſt thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that was't a knight :
Henceforth we baniſh thee on paine of death.
And now Lord Protector, view the Letter
Sent from our Vnckle Duke of Burgundy.
Glo. What meanes his Grace, that he hath chaung'd his Stile ?
No more but plaine and bluntly ? (*To the King.*)
Hath he forgot he is his Soueraigne ?
Or doth this churliſh Superſcription
Pretend ſome alteration in good will ?
What's heere ? *I haue vpon eſpeciall cauſe,*
Mou'd with compaſſion of my Countries wracke,
Together with the pittifull complaints
Of ſuch as your oppreſſion feedes vpon,
Forſaken your pernitious Faction,
And ioyn'd with Charles, the rightfull king of France.
O monſtrous Treachery : Can this be ſo?
That in alliance, amity, and oathes,
There ſhould be found ſuch falſe diſſembling guile?
King. What? doth my Vnckle Burgundy reuolt?
Glo. He doth my Lord, and is become your foe.
King. Is that the worſt this Letter doth containe?
Glo. It is the worſt, and all (my Lord) he writes.
King. Why then Lord *Talbot* there ſhal talk with him,
And giue him chaſticement for this abuſe.
How ſay you (my Lord) are you not content?
Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes: But ŷ I am preuented,
I ſhould haue begg'd I might haue bene employd.
King. Then gather ſtrength, and march vnto him ſtraight :
Let him perceiue how ill we brooke his Treaſon,
And what offence it is to flout his Friends.
Tal. I go my Lord, in heart deſiring ſtill
You may behold confuſion of your foes.

Enter Vernon and Baſſit.

Ver. Grant me the Combate, gracious Soueraigne.
Baſ. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too.
Yorke. This is my Seruant, heare him Noble Prince.
Som. And this is mine (ſweet *Henry*) fauour him.
King. Be patient Lords, and giue them leaue to ſpeak.
Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime,
And wherefore craue you Combate? Or with whom?
Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.
Baſ. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.
King. What is that wrong, wherof you both complain
Firſt let me know, and then Ile anſwer you.
Baſ. Croſſing the Sea, from England into France,
This Fellow heere with enuious carping tongue,
Vpbraided me about the Roſe I weare,
Saying, the ſanguine colour of the Leaues
Did repreſent my Maſters bluſhing cheekes :
When ſtubbornly he did repugne the truth,
About a certaine queſtion in the Law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him:
With other vile and ignominious tearmes.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my Lords worthineſſe,
I craue the benefit of Law of Armes.
Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord:)
For though he ſeeme with forged queint conceite
To ſet a gloſſe vpon his bold intent,
Yet know (my Lord) I was prouok'd by him,
And he firſt tooke exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleneſſe of this Flower,
Bewray'd the faintneſſe of my Maſters heart.
Yorke. Will not this malice Somerſet be left?
Som. Your priuate grudge my Lord of York, wil out,
Though ne're ſo cunningly you ſmother it.
King. Good Lord, what madneſſe rules in braine-ſicke men,
When for ſo ſlight and friuolous a cauſe,
Such factious æmulations ſhall ariſe?
Good Coſins both of Yorke and Somerſet,
Quiet your ſelues (I pray) and be at peace.
Yorke. Let this diſſention firſt be tried by fight,
And then your Highneſſe ſhall command a Peace.
Som. The quarrell toucheth none but vs alone,
Betwixt our ſelues let vs decide it then.
Yorke. There is my pledge, accept it Somerſet.
Ver. Nay, let it reſt where it began at firſt.

Baſſ.

Baſſ. Confirme it ſo, mine honourable Lord.
Glo. Confirme it ſo? Confounded be your ſtrife,
And periſh ye with your audacious prate,
Preſumptuous vaſſals, are you not aſham'd
With this immodeſt clamorous outrage,
To trouble and diſturbe the King, and Vs?
And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well
To beare with their peruerſe Obiections :
Much leſſe to take occaſion from their mouthes,
To raiſe a mutiny betwixt your ſelues.
Let me perſwade you take a better courſe.
Exet. It greeues his Highneſſe,
Good my Lords, be Friends.
King. Come hither you that would be Combatants :
Henceforth I charge you, as you loue our fauour,
Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cauſe.
And you my Lords : Remember where we are,
In France, amongſt a fickle wauering Nation :
If they perceyue diſſention in our lookes,
And that within our ſelues we diſagree ;
How will their grudging ſtomackes be prouok'd
To wilfull Diſobedience, and Rebell?
Beſide, What infamy will there ariſe,
When Forraigne Princes ſhall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henries* Peeres, and cheefe Nobility,
Deſtroy'd themſelues, and loſt the Realme of France?
Oh thinke vpon the Conqueſt of my Father,
My tender yeares, and let vs not forgoe
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.
Let me be Vmper in this doubtfull ſtrife :
I ſee no reaſon if I weare this Roſe,
That any one ſhould therefore be ſuſpitious
I more incline to Somerſet, than Yorke :
Both are my kinſmen, and I loue them both.
As well they may vpbray'd me with my Crowne,
Becauſe (forſooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd.
But your diſcretions better can perſwade,
Then I am able to inſtruct or teach :
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let vs ſtill continue peace, and loue.
Coſin of Yorke, we inſtitute your Grace
To be our Regent in theſe parts of France :
And good my Lord of Somerſet, vnite
Your Troopes of horſemen, with his Bands of foote,
And like true Subiects, ſonnes of your Progenitors,
Go cheerefully together, and digeſt
Your angry Choller on your Enemies.
Our Selfe, my Lord Protector, and the reſt,
After ſome reſpit, will returne to Calice ;
From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be preſented by your Victories,
With *Charles*, *Alanſon*, and that Traiterous rout.

Exeunt. Manet Yorke, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon.

War. My Lord of Yorke, I promiſe you the King
Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.)
Yorke. And ſo he did, but yet I like it not,
In that he weares the badge of Somerſet.
War. Tuſh, that was but his fancie, blame him not,
I dare preſume (ſweet Prince) he thought no harme.
Tork. And if I wiſh he did. But let it reſt,
Other affayres muſt now be managed. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Manet Exeter.

Exet. Well didſt thou *Richard* to ſuppreſſe thy voice :
For had the paſſions of thy heart burſt out,
I feare we ſhould haue ſeene decipher'd there
More rancorous ſpight, more furious raging broyles,
Then yet can be imagin'd or ſuppos'd :
But howſoere, no ſimple man that ſees
This iarring diſcord of Nobilitie,
This ſhouldering of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their Fauourites,
But that it doth preſage ſome ill euent.
'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands :
But more, when Enuy breeds vnkinde deuiſion,
There comes the ruine, there begins confuſion. *Exit.*

Enter Talbot with Trumpe and Drumme, before Burdeaux.

Talb. Go to the Gates of Burdeaux Trumpeter,
Summon their Generall vnto the Wall. *Sounds.*

Enter Generall aloft.

Engliſh *Iohn Talbot* (Captaines) call you forth,
Seruant in Armes to *Harry* King of England,
And thus he would. Open your Citie Gates,
Be humble to vs, call my Soueraigne yours,
And do him homage as obedient Subiects,
And Ile withdraw me, and my bloody power.
But if you frowne vpon this proffer'd Peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire,
Who in a moment, eeuen with the earth,
Shall lay your ſtately, and ayre-brauing Towers,
If you forſake the offer of their loue.
Cap. Thou ominous and fearefull Owle of death,
Our Nations terror, and their bloody ſcourge,
The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,
On vs thou canſt not enter but by death :
For I proteſt we are well fortified,
And ſtrong enough to iſſue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,
Stands with the ſnares of Warre to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are ſquadrons pitcht,
To wall thee from the liberty of Flight ;
And no way canſt thou turne thee for redreſſe,
But death doth front thee with apparant ſpoyle,
And pale deſtruction meets thee in the face :
Ten thouſand French haue tane the Sacrament,
To ryue their dangerous Artillerie
Vpon no Chriſtian ſoule but Engliſh *Talbot* :
Loe, there thou ſtandſt a breathing valiant man
Of an inuincible vnconquer'd ſpirit :
This is the lateſt Glorie of thy praiſe,
That I thy enemy dew thee withall :
For ere the Glaſſe that now begins to runne,
Finiſh the proceſſe of his ſandy houre,
Theſe eyes that ſee thee now well coloured,
Shall ſee thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

Drum a farre off.

Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,
Sings heauy Muſicke to thy timorous ſoule,
And mine ſhall ring thy dire departure out. *Exit*
Tal. He Fables not, I heare the enemie :
Out ſome light Horſemen, and peruſe their Wings.
O negligent and heedleſſe Diſcipline,
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere,
Maz'd with a yelping kennell of French Curres.
If we be Engliſh Deere, be then in blood,
Not Raſcall-like to fall downe with a pinch,
But rather moodie mad : And deſperate Stagges,

Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,
And make the Cowards ſtand aloofe at bay:
Sell euery man his life as deere as mine,
And they ſhall finde deere Deere of vs my Friends.
God, and S. *George*, *Talbot* and Englands right,
Proſper our Colours in this dangerous fight.

Enter a Meſſenger that meets Yorke. Enter Yorke with Trumpet, and many Soldiers.

Yorke. Are not the ſpeedy ſcouts return'd againe,
That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?
Meſſ. They are return'd my Lord, and giue it out,
That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power
To fight with *Talbot* as he march'd along.
By your eſpyals were diſcouered
Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,
Which ioyn'd with him, and made their march for (Burdeaux
Yorke. A plague vpon that Villaine Somerſet,
That thus delayes my promiſed ſupply
Of horſemen, that were leuied for this ſiege.
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my ayde,
And I am lowted by a Traitor Villaine,
And cannot helpe the noble Cheualier:
God comfort him in this neceſſity:
If he miſcarry, farewell Warres in France.

Enter another Meſſenger.

2. *Meſ.* Thou Princely Leader of our Engliſh ſtrength,
Neuer ſo needfull on the earth of France,
Spurre to the reſcue of the Noble *Talbot*,
Who now is girdled with a waſte of Iron,
And hem'd about with grim deſtruction:
To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux Yorke,
Elſe farwell *Talbot*, France, and Englands honor.
Yorke. O God, that Somerſet who in proud heart
Doth ſtop my Cornets, were in *Talbots* place,
So ſhould wee ſaue a valiant Gentleman,
By forfeyting a Traitor, and a Coward:
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepe,
That thus we dye, while remiſſe Traitors ſleepe.
Meſ. O ſend ſome ſuccour to the diſtreſt Lord.
Yorke. He dies, we looſe: I breake my warlike word:
We mourne, France ſmiles: We looſe, they dayly get,
All long of this vile Traitor Somerſet.
Meſ. Then God take mercy on braue *Talbots* ſoule,
And on his Sonne yong *Iohn*, who two houres ſince,
I met in trauaile toward his warlike Father;
This ſeuen yeeres did not *Talbot* ſee his ſonne,
And now they meete where both their liues are done.
Yorke. Alas, what ioy ſhall noble *Talbot* haue,
To bid his yong ſonne welcome to his Graue:
Away, vexation almoſt ſtoppes my breath,
That ſundred friends greete in the houre of death.
Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can,
But curſe the cauſe I cannot ayde the man.
Maine, *Bloys*, *Poytiers*, and *Toures*, are wonne away,
Long all of Somerſet, and his delay. *Exit*
Meſ. Thus while the Vulture of ſedition,
Feedes in the boſome of ſuch great Commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loſſe:
The Conqueſt of our ſcarſe-cold Conqueror,
That euer-liuing man of Memorie,
Henrie the fift: Whiles they each other croſſe,
Liues, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to loſſe.

Enter Somerſet with his Armie.

Som. It is too late, I cannot ſend them now:
This expedition was by *Yorke* and *Talbot*,
Too raſhly plotted. All our generall force,
Might with a ſally of the very Towne
Be buckled with: the ouer-daring *Talbot*
Hath ſullied all his gloſſe of former Honor
By this vnheedfull, deſperate, wilde aduenture:
Yorke ſet him on to fight, and dye in ſhame,
That *Talbot* dead, great *Yorke* might beare the name.
Cap. Heere is Sir *William Lucie*, who with me
Set from our ore-matcht forces forth for ayde.
Som. How now Sir *William*, whether were you ſent?
Lu. Whether my Lord, from bought & ſold L. *Talbot*,
Who ring'd about with bold aduerſitie,
Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerſet,
To beate aſſayling death from his weake Regions,
And whiles the honourable Captaine there
Drops bloody ſwet from his warre-wearied limbes,
And in aduantage lingring lookes for reſcue,
You his falſe hopes, the truſt of Englands honor,
Keepe off aloofe with worthleſſe emulation:
Let not your priuate diſcord keepe away
The leuied ſuccours that ſhould lend him ayde,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yeeld vp his life vnto a world of oddes.
Orleance the Baſtard, *Charles*, *Burgundie*,
Alanſon, *Reignard*, compaſſe him about,
And *Talbot* periſheth by your default.
Som. Yorke ſet him on, Yorke ſhould haue ſent him ayde.
Luc. And Yorke as faſt vpon your Grace exclaimes,
Swearing that you with-hold his leuied hoaſt,
Collected for this expidition.
Som. York lyes: He might haue ſent, & had the Horſe:
I owe him little Dutie, and leſſe Loue,
And take foule ſcorne to fawne on him by ſending.
Lu. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded *Talbot*:
Neuer to England ſhall he beare his life,
But dies betraid to fortune by your ſtrife.
Som. Come go, I will diſpatch the Horſemen ſtrait:
Within ſixe houres, they will be at his ayde.
Lu. Too late comes reſcue, he is tane or ſlaine,
For flye he could not, if he would haue fled:
And flye would *Talbot* neuer though he might.
Som. If he be dead, braue *Talbot* then adieu.
Lu. His Fame liues in the world. His Shame in you.
Exeunt.

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tal. O yong *Iohn Talbot*, I did ſend for thee
To tutor thee in ſtratagems of Warre,
That *Talbots* name might be in thee reuiu'd,
When ſapleſſe Age, and weake vnable limbes
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
But O malignant and ill-boading Starres,
Now thou art come vnto a Feaſt of death,
A terrible and vnauoyded danger:
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my ſwifteſt horſe,
And Ile direct thee how thou ſhalt eſcape
By ſodaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone.
Iohn. Is my name *Talbot*? and am I your Sonne?
Shall

And ſhall I flye? O, if you loue my Mother,
Diſhonor not her Honorable Name,
To make a Baſtard, and a Slaue of me:
The World will ſay, he is not *Talbots* blood,
That baſely fled, when Noble *Talbot* ſtood.
Talb. Flye, to reuenge my death, if I be ſlaine.
Iohn. He that flyes ſo, will ne're returne againe.
Talb. If we both ſtay, we both are ſure to dye.
Iohn. Then let me ſtay, and Father doe you flye:
Your loſſe is great, ſo your regard ſhould be;
My worth vnknowne, no loſſe is knowne in me.
Vpon my death, the French can little boaſt;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are loſt.
Flight cannot ſtayne the Honor you haue wonne,
But mine it will, that no Exploit haue done.
You fled for Vantage, euery one will ſweare:
But if I bow, they'le ſay it was for feare.
There is no hope that euer I will ſtay,
If the firſt howre I ſhrinke and run away:
Here on my knee I begge Mortalitie,
Rather then Life, preſeru'd with Infamie.
Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?
Iohn. I, rather then Ile ſhame my Mothers Wombe.
Talb. Vpon my Bleſſing I command thee goe.
Iohn. To fight I will, but not to flye the Foe.
Talb. Part of thy Father may be ſau'd in thee.
Iohn. No part of him, but will be ſhame in mee.
Talb. Thou neuer hadſt Renowne, nor canſt not loſe it.
Iohn. Yes, your renowned Name: ſhall flight abuſe it?
Talb. Thy Fathers charge ſhal cleare thee from ỹ ſtaine.
Iohn. You cannot witneſſe for me, being ſlaine.
If Death be ſo apparant, then both flye.
Talb. And leaue my followers here to fight and dye?
My Age was neuer tainted with ſuch ſhame.
Iohn. And ſhall my Youth be guiltie of ſuch blame?
No more can I be ſeuered from your ſide,
Then can your ſelfe, your ſelfe in twaine diuide:
Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;
For liue I will not, if my Father dye.
Talb. Then here I take my leaue of thee, faire Sonne,
Borne to eclipſe thy Life this afternoone:
Come, ſide by ſide, together liue and dye,
And Soule with Soule from France to Heauen flye. *Exit.*

Alarum: Excurſions, wherein Talbots Sonne is hemm'd about, and Talbot reſcues him.

Talb. Saint *George*, and Victory; fight Souldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left vs to the rage of France his Sword.
Where is *Iohn Talbot*? pawſe, and take thy breath,
I gaue thee Life, and reſcu'd thee from Death.
Iohn. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:
The Life thou gau'ſt me firſt, was loſt and done,
Till with thy Warlike Sword, deſpight of Fate,
To my determin'd time thou gau'ſt new date.
Talb. When frõ the *Dolphins* Creſt thy Sword ſtruck fire,
It warm'd thy Fathers heart with prowd deſire
Of bold-fac't Victorie. Then Leaden Age,
Quicken'd with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage,
Beat downe *Alanſon*, *Orleance*, *Burgundie*,
And from the Pride of Gallia reſcued thee.
The irefull Baſtard *Orleance*, that drew blood
From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood
Of thy firſt fight, I ſoone encountred,
And interchanging blowes, I quickly ſhed
Some of his Baſtard blood, and in diſgrace
Beſpoke him thus: Contaminated, baſe,
And mis-begotten blood, I ſpill of thine,
Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didſt force from *Talbot*, my braue Boy.
Here purpoſing the Baſtard to deſtroy,
Came in ſtrong reſcue. Speake thy Fathers care:
Art thou not wearie, *Iohn*? How do'ſt thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leaue the Battaile, Boy, and flie,
Now thou art ſeal'd the Sonne of Chiualrie?
Flye, to reuenge my death when I am dead,
The helpe of one ſtands me in little ſtead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our liues in one ſmall Boat.
If I to day dye not with Frenchmens Rage,
To morrow I ſhall dye with mickle Age.
By me they nothing gaine, and if I ſtay,
'Tis but the ſhortning of my Life one day.
In thee thy Mother dyes, our Houſeholds Name,
My Deaths Reuenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame:
All theſe, and more, we hazard by thy ſtay;
All theſe are ſau'd, if thou wilt flye away.
Iohn. The Sword of *Orleance* hath not made me ſmart,
Theſe words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.
On that aduantage, bought with ſuch a ſhame,
To ſaue a paltry Life, and ſlay bright Fame,
Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* flye,
The Coward Horſe that beares me, fall and dye:
And like me to the peſant Boyes of France,
To be Shames ſcorne, and ſubiect of Miſchance.
Surely, by all the Glorie you haue wonne,
And if I flye, I am not *Talbots* Sonne.
Then talke no more of flight, it is no boot,
If Sonne to *Talbot*, dye at *Talbots* foot.
Talb. Then follow thou thy deſp'rate Syre of Creet,
Thou *Icarus*, thy Life to me is ſweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers ſide,
And commendable prou'd, let's dye in pride. *Exit.*

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter old Talbot led.

Talb. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.
O, where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *Iohn*?
Triumphant Death, ſmear'd with Captiuitie,
Young *Talbots* Valour makes me ſmile at thee.
When he perceiu'd me ſhrinke, and on my Knee,
His bloodie Sword he brandiſht ouer mee,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
Rough deeds of Rage, and ſterne Impatience:
But when my angry Guardant ſtood alone,
Tendring my ruine, and aſſayl'd of none,
Dizzie-ey'd Furie, and great rage of Heart,
Suddenly made him from my ſide to ſtart
Into the cluſtring Battaile of the French:
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His ouer-mounting Spirit; and there di'de
My *Icarus*, my Bloſſome, in his pride.

Enter with Iohn Talbot, borne.

Seru. O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne.
Tal. Thou antique Death, which laugh'ſt vs here to ſcorn,
Anon from thy inſulting Tyrannie,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuitie,
Two *Talbots* winged through the lither Skie,
In thy deſpight ſhall ſcape Mortalitie.

O thou whoſe wounds become hard fauoured death,
Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,
Braue death by ſpeaking, whither he will or no:
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe.
Poore Boy, he ſmiles, me thinkes, as who ſhould ſay,'
Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.
Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,
My ſpirit can no longer beare theſe harmes.
Souldiers adieu: I haue what I would haue,
Now my old armes are yong *Iohn Talbots* graue. *Dyes*

Enter Charles, Alanſon, Burgundie, Baſtard,
and Pucell.

Char. Had Yorke and Somerſet brought reſcue in,
We ſhould haue found a bloody day of this.
Baſt. How the yong whelpe of *Talbots* raging wood,
Did fleſh his punie-ſword in Frenchmens blood.
Puc. Once I encountred him, and thus I ſaid:
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquiſht by a Maide.
But with a proud Maieſticall high ſcorne
He anſwer'd thus: Yong *Talbot* was not borne
To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench:
So ruſhing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as vnworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtleſſe he would haue made a noble Knight:
See where he lyes inherced in the armes
Of the moſt bloody Nurſſer of his harmes.
Baſt. Hew them to peeces, hack their bones aſſunder,
Whoſe life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.
Char. Oh no forbeare: For that which we haue fled
During the life, let vs not wrong it dead.
Enter Lucie.
Lu. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what ſubmiſſiue meſſage art thou ſent?
Lucy. Submiſſion Dolphin? Tis a meere French word:
We Engliſh Warriours wot not what it meanes.
I come to know what Priſoners thou haſt tane,
And to ſuruey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For priſoners askſt thou? Hell our priſon is.
But tell me whom thou ſeek'ſt?
Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord *Talbot* Earle of Shrewsbury?
Created for his rare ſucceſſe in Armes,
Great Earle of *Waſhford, Waterford,* and *Valence,*
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Vrchinfield,*
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere,* Lord *Verdon* of *Alton,*
Lord *Cromwell* of *Wingefield,* Lord *Furniuall* of *Sheffeild,*
The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge,*
Knight of the Noble Order of *S. George,*
Worthy S. *Michael,* and the *Golden Fleece,*
Great Marſhall to *Henry* the ſixt,
Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.
Puc. Heere's a ſilly ſtately ſtile indeede:
The Turke that two and fiftie Kingdomes hath,
Writes not ſo tedious a Stile as this.
Him that thou magnifi'ſt with all theſe Titles,
Stinking and fly-blowne lyes heere at our feete.
Lucy. Is *Talbot* ſlaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge,
Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke *Nemeſis*?
Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might ſhoot them at your faces.
Oh, that I could but call theſe dead to life,
It were enough to fright the Realme of France.
Were but his Picture left amongſt you here,
It would amaze the prowdeſt of you all.
Giue me their Bodyes, that I may beare them hence,
And giue them Buriall, as beſeemes their worth.
Pucel. I thinke this vpſtart is old *Talbots* Ghoſt,
He ſpeakes with ſuch a proud commanding ſpirit:
For Gods ſake let him haue him, to keepe them here,
They would but ſtinke, and putrifie the ayre.
Char. Go take their bodies hence.
Lucy. Ile beare them hence: but from their aſhes ſhal be reard
A Phœnix that ſhall make all France affear'd.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what ỷ wilt.
And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbots* ſlaine. *Exit.*

Scena ſecunda.

SENNET.

Enter King, Gloceſter, and Exeter.

King. Haue you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earle of Arminack?
Glo. I haue my Lord, and their intent is this,
They humbly ſue vnto your Excellence,
To haue a godly peace concluded of,
Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France.
King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only meanes
To ſtop effuſion of our Chriſtian blood,
And ſtabliſh quietneſſe on euery ſide.
King. I marry Vnckle, for I alwayes thought
It was both impious and vnnaturall,
That ſuch immanity and bloody ſtrife
Should reigne among Profeſſors of one Faith.
Glo. Beſide my Lord, the ſooner to effect,
And ſurer binde this knot of amitie,
The Earle of Arminacke neere knit to *Charles,*
A man of great Authoritie in France,
Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace,
In marriage, with a large and ſumptuous Dowrie.
King. Marriage Vnckle? Alas my yeares are yong:
And fitter is my ſtudie, and my Bookes,
Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
Yet call th'Embaſſadors, and as you pleaſe,
So let them haue their anſweres euery one:
I ſhall be well content with any choyce
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.

Enter Wincheſter, and three Ambaſſadors.

Exet. What, is my Lord of *Wincheſter* inſtall'd,
And call'd vnto a Cardinalls degree?
Then I perceiue, that will be verified
Henry the Fift did ſometime propheſie.
If once he come to be a Cardinall,
Hee'l make his cap coequall with the Crowne.
King. My Lords Ambaſſadors, your ſeuerall ſuites
Haue bin conſider'd and debated on,
Your purpoſe is both good and reaſonable:
And therefore are we certainly reſolu'd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,
Which

Which by my Lord of Wincheſter we meane
Shall be tranſported preſently to France.
Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Maſter,
I haue inform'd his Highneſſe ſo at large,
As liking of the Ladies vertuous gifts,
Her Beauty, and the valew of her Dower,
He doth intend ſhe ſhall be Englands Queene.
King. In argument and proofe of which contract,
Beare her this Iewell, pledge of my affection.
And ſo my Lord Protector ſee them guarded,
And ſafely brought to *Douer,* wherein ſhip'd
Commit them to the fortune of the ſea. *Exeunt.*
Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you ſhall firſt receiue
The ſumme of money which I promiſed
Should be deliuered to his Holineſſe,
For cloathing me in theſe graue Ornaments.
Legat. I will attend vpon your Lordſhips leyſure.
Win. Now Wincheſter will not ſubmit, I trow,
Or be inferiour to the proudeſt Peere;
Humfrey of Gloſter, thou ſhalt well perceiue,
That neither in birth, or for authoritie,
The Biſhop will be ouer-borne by thee:
Ile either make thee ſtoope, and bend thy knee,
Or ſacke this Country with a mutiny. *Exeunt*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanſon, Baſtard,
Reignier, and Ione.

Char. Theſe newes (my Lords) may cheere our drooping ſpirits:
'Tis ſaid, the ſtout Pariſians do reuolt,
And turne againe vnto the warlike French.
Alan. Then march to Paris Royall *Charles* of France,
And keepe not backe your powers in dalliance.
Pucel. Peace be amongſt them if they turne to vs,
Elſe ruine combate with their Pallaces.
Enter Scout.
Scout. Succeſſe vnto our valiant Generall,
And happineſſe to his accomplices.
Char. What tidings ſend our Scouts? I prethee ſpeak.
Scout. The Engliſh Army that diuided was
Into two parties, is now conioyn'd in one,
And meanes to giue you battell preſently.
Char. Somewhat too ſodaine Sirs, the warning is,
But we will preſently prouide for them.
Bur. I truſt the Ghoſt of *Talbot* is not there:
Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not feare.
Pucel. Of all baſe paſſions, Feare is moſt accurſt.
Command the Conqueſt *Charles,* it ſhall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.
Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.
Exeunt. Alarum. Excurſions.

Enter Ione de Pucell.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye.
Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapts,
And ye choiſe ſpirits that admoniſh me,
And giue me ſignes of future accidents. *Thunder.*
You ſpeedy helpers, that are ſubſtitutes
Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.
Enter Fiends.
This ſpeedy and quicke appearance argues proofe
Of your accuſtom'd diligence to me.
Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerfull Regions vnder earth,
Helpe me this once, that France may get the field.
They walke, and ſpeake not.

Oh hold me not with ſilence ouer-long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
Ile lop a member off, and giue it you,
In earneſt of a further benefit:
So you do condiſcend to helpe me now.
They hang their heads.

No hope to haue redreſſe? My body ſhall
Pay recompence, if you will graunt my ſuite.
They ſhake their heads.

Cannot my body, nor blood-ſacrifice,
Intreate you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my ſoule; my body, ſoule, and all,
Before that England giue the French the foyle.
They depart.

See, they forſake me. Now the time is come,
That France muſt vale her lofty plumed Creſt,
And let her head fall into Englands lappe.
My ancient Incantations are too weake,
And hell too ſtrong for me to buckle with:
Now France, thy glory droopeth to the duſt. *Exit.*

Excurſions. Burgundie and Yorke fight hand to
hand. French flye.

Yorke. Damſell of France, I thinke I haue you faſt,
Vnchaine your ſpirits now with ſpelling Charmes,
And try if they can gaine your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the diuels grace.
See how the vgly Witch doth bend her browes,
As if with *Circe,* ſhe would change my ſhape.
Puc. Chang'd to a worſer ſhape thou canſt not be:
Yor. Oh, *Charles* the Dolphin is a proper man,
No ſhape but his can pleaſe your dainty eye.
Puc. A plaguing miſcheefe light on *Charles,* and thee,
And may ye both be ſodainly ſurpriz'd
By bloudy hands, in ſleeping on your beds.
Yorke. Fell banning Hagge, Inchantreſſe hold thy tongue.
Puc. I prethee giue me leaue to curſe awhile.
Yorke. Curſe Miſcreant, when thou comſt to the ſtake
Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Suffolke with Margaret
in his hand.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my priſoner.
Gazes on her.

Oh Faireſt Beautie, do not feare, nor flye:
For I will touch thee but with reuerend hands,
I kiſſe theſe fingers for eternall peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender ſide.
Who art thou, ſay? that I may honor thee.
Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, who ſo ere thou art.
Suff. An Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd.
Be not offended Natures myracle,
Thou art alotted to be tane by me:
So doth the Swan her downie Signets ſaue,
Oh ſtay:

Keeping them priſoner vnderneath his wings:
Yet if this ſeruile vſage once offend,
Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend. *She is going*
Oh ſtay: I haue no power to let her paſſe,
My hand would free her, but my heart ſayes no.
As playes the Sunne vpon the glaſſie ſtreames,
Twinkling another counterfetted beame,
So ſeemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Faine would I woe her, yet I dare not ſpeake:
Ile call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:
Fye *De la Pole*, diſable not thy ſelfe:
Haſt not a Tongue? Is ſhe not heere?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans ſight?
I: Beauties Princely Maieſty is ſuch,
'Confounds the tongue, and makes the ſenſes rough.
Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be ſo,
What ranſome muſt I pay before I paſſe?
For I perceiue I am thy priſoner.
Suf. How canſt thou tell ſhe will deny thy ſuite,
Before thou make a triall of her loue?
M. Why ſpeak'ſt thou not? What ranſom muſt I pay?
Suf. She's beautifull; and therefore to be Wooed:
She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ranſome, yea or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou haſt a wife,
Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?
Mar. I were beſt to leaue him, for he will not heare.
Suf. There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talkes at randon: ſure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a diſpenſation may bee had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would anſwer me:
Suf. Ile win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom?
Why for my King: Tuſh, that's a woodden thing.
Mar. He talkes of wood: It is ſome Carpenter.
Suf. Yet ſo my fancy may be ſatisfied,
And peace eſtabliſhed betweene theſe Realmes.
But there remaines a ſcruple in that too:
For though her Father be the King of *Naples*,
Duke of *Aniou* and *Mayne*, yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will ſcorne the match.
Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leyſure?
Suf. It ſhall be ſo, diſdaine they ne're ſo much:
Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.
Madam, I haue a ſecret to reueale.
Mar. What though I be inthral'd, he ſeems a knight
And will not any way diſhonor me.
Suf. Lady, vouchſafe to liſten what I ſay.
Mar. Perhaps I ſhall be reſcu'd by the French,
And then I need not craue his curteſie.
Suf. Sweet Madam, giue me hearing in a cauſe.
Mar. Tuſh, women haue bene captiuate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you ſo?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.
Suf. Say gentle Princeſſe, would you not ſuppoſe
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?
Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a ſlaue, in baſe ſeruility:
For Princes ſhould be free.
Suf. And ſo ſhall you,
If happy Englands Royall King be free.
Mar. Why what concernes his freedome vnto mee?
Suf. Ile vndertake to make thee *Henries* Queene,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
And ſet a precious Crowne vpon thy head,
If thou wilt condiſcend to be my———
Mar. What?
Suf. His loue.
Mar. I am vnworthy to be *Henries* wife.
Suf. No gentle Madam, I vnworthy am
To woe ſo faire a Dame to be his wife,
And haue no portion in the choice my ſelfe.
How ſay you Madam, are ye ſo content?
Mar. And if my Father pleaſe, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,
And Madam, at your Fathers Caſtle walles,
Wee'l craue a parley, to conferre with him.

Sound. Enter Reignier on the Walles.

See *Reignier* ſee, thy daughter priſoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolke, what remedy?
I am a Souldier, and vnapt to weepe,
Or to exclaime on Fortunes fickleneſſe.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
Conſent, and for thy Honor giue conſent,
Thy daughter ſhall be wedded to my King,
Whom I with paine haue wooed and wonne thereto:
And this her eaſie held impriſonment,
Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie.
Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinkes?
Suf. Faire *Margaret* knowes,
That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faine.
Reig. Vpon thy Princely warrant, I deſcend,
To giue thee anſwer of thy iuſt demand.
Suf. And heere I will expect thy comming.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Reignier.

Reig. Welcome braue Earle into our Territories,
Command in *Aniou* what your Honor pleaſes.
Suf. Thankes *Reignier*, happy for ſo ſweet a Childe,
Fit to be made companion with a King:
What anſwer makes your Grace vnto my ſuite?
Reig. Since thou doſt daigne to woe her little worth,
To be the Princely Bride of ſuch a Lord:
Vpon condition I may quietly
Enioy mine owne, the Country *Maine* and *Aniou*,
Free from oppreſſion, or the ſtroke of Warre,
My daughter ſhall be *Henries*, if he pleaſe.
Suf. That is her ranſome, I deliuer her,
And thoſe two Counties I will vndertake
Your Grace ſhall well and quietly enioy.
Reig. And I againe in *Henries* Royall name,
As Deputy vnto that gracious King,
Giue thee her hand for ſigne of plighted faith.
Suf. *Reignier* of France, I giue thee Kingly thankes,
Becauſe this is in Trafficke of a King.
And yet me thinkes I could be well content
To be mine owne Atturney in this caſe.
Ile ouer then to England with this newes.
And make this marriage to be ſolemniz'd:
So farewell *Reignier*, ſet this Diamond ſafe
In Golden Pallaces as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Chriſtian Prince King *Henrie* were he heere.
Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wiſhes, praiſe, & praiers,
Shall Suffolke euer haue of *Margaret*. *Shee is going.*
Suf. Farwell ſweet Madam: but hearke you *Margaret*,
No Princely commendations to my King?
Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
A Virgin, and his Seruant, ſay to him.
Suf. Words ſweetly plac'd, and modeſtie directed,

But Madame, I muſt trouble you againe,
No louing Token to his Maieſtie?
Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnſpotted heart,
Neuer yet taint with loue, I ſend the King.
Suf. And this withall. *Kiſſe her.*
Mar. That for thy ſelfe, I will not ſo preſume,
To ſend ſuch peeuiſh tokens to a King.
Suf. Oh wert thou for my ſelfe: but *Suffolke* ſtay,
Thou mayeſt not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotaurs and vgly Treaſons lurke,
Solicite *Henry* with her wonderous praiſe.
Bethinke thee on her Vertues that ſurmount,
Mad naturall Graces that extinguiſh Art,
Repeate their ſemblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'ſt to kneele at *Henries* feete,
Thou mayeſt bereaue him of his wits with wonder. *Exit*

Enter Yorke, Warwicke, Shepheard, Pucell.

Yor. Bring forth that Sorcereſſe condemn'd to burne.
Shep. Ah *Ione*, this kils thy Fathers heart out-right,
Haue I ſought euery Country farre and neere,
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
Muſt I behold thy timeleſſe cruell death:
Ah *Ione*, ſweet daughter *Ione*, Ile die with thee.
Pucel. Decrepit Miſer, baſe ignoble Wretch,
I am deſcended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out: My Lords, and pleaſe you, 'tis not ſo
I did beget her, all the Pariſh knowes:
Her Mother liueth yet, can teſtifie
She was the firſt fruite of my Bach'ler-ſhip.
War. Graceleſſe, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?
Yorke. This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,
Wicked and vile, and ſo her death concludes.
Shep. Fye *Ione*, that thou wilt be ſo obſtacle:
God knowes, thou art a collop of my fleſh,
And for thy ſake haue I ſhed many a teare:
Deny me not, I prythee, gentle *Ione*.
Pucell. Pezant auant. You haue ſuborn'd this man
Of purpoſe, to obſcure my Noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gaue a Noble to the Prieſt,
The morne that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneele downe and take my bleſſing, good my Gyrle.
Wilt thou not ſtoope? Now curſed be the time
Of thy natiuitie: I would the Milke
Thy mother gaue thee when thou ſuck'ſt her breſt,
Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy ſake.
Or elſe, when thou didſt keepe my Lambes a-field,
I wiſh ſome rauenous Wolfe had eaten thee.
Doeſt thou deny thy Father, curſed Drab?
O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good. *Exit.*
Yorke. Take her away, for ſhe hath liu'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puc. Firſt let me tell you whom you haue condemn'd;
Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine,
But iſſued from the Progeny of Kings.
Vertuous and Holy, choſen from aboue,
By inſpiration of Celeſtiall Grace,
To worke exceeding myracles on earth.
I neuer had to do with wicked Spirits.
But you that are polluted with your luſtes,
Stain'd with the guiltleſſe blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thouſand Vices:
Becauſe you want the grace that others haue,
You iudge it ſtraight a thing impoſsible
To compaſſe Wonders, but by helpe of diuels.
No miſconceyued, *Ione* of *Aire* hath beene
A Virgin from her tender infancie,
Chaſte, and immaculate in very thought,
Whoſe Maiden-blood thus rigorouſly effus'd,
Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heauen.
Yorke. I, I: away with her to execution.
War. And hearke ye ſirs: becauſe ſhe is a Maide,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrelles of pitch vpon the fatall ſtake,
That ſo her torture may be ſhortned.
Puc. Will nothing turne your vnrelenting hearts?
Then *Ione* diſcouer thine infirmity,
That warranteth by Law, to be thy priuiledge.
I am with childe ye bloody Homicides:
Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
Yor. Now heauen forfend, the holy Maid with child?
War. The greateſt miracle that ere ye wrought.
Is all your ſtrict preciſeneſſe come to this?
Yorke. She and the Dolphin haue bin iugling,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well go too, we'll haue no Baſtards liue,
Eſpecially ſince *Charles* muſt Father it.
Puc. You are deceyu'd, my childe is none of his,
It was *Alanſon* that inioy'd my loue.
Yorke. *Alanſon* that notorious Macheuile?
It dyes, and if it had a thouſand liues.
Puc. Oh giue me leaue, I haue deluded you,
'Twas neyther *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that preuayl'd.
War. A married man, that's moſt intollerable.
Yor. Why here's a Gyrle: I think ſhe knowes not wel
(There were ſo many) whom ſhe may accuſe.
War. It's ſigne ſhe hath beene liberall and free.
Yor. And yet forſooth ſhe is a Virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee.
Vſe no intreaty, for it is in vaine.
Pu. Then lead me hence: with whom I leaue my curſe.
May neuer glorious Sunne reflex his beames
Vpon the Countrey where you make abode:
But darkneſſe, and the gloomy ſhade of death
Inuiron you, till Miſcheefe and Diſpaire,
Driue you to break your necks, or hang your ſelues. *Exit*

Enter Cardinall.

Yorke. Breake thou in peeces, and conſume to aſhes,
Thou fowle accurſed miniſter of Hell.
Car. Lord Regent, I do greete your Excellence
With Letters of Commiſſion from the King.
For know my Lords, the States of Chriſtendome,
Mou'd with remorſe of theſe out-ragious broyles,
Haue earneſtly implor'd a generall peace,
Betwixt our Nation, and the aſpyring French;
And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine
Approacheth, to conferre about ſome matter.
Yorke. Is all our trauell turn'd to this effect,
After the ſlaughter of ſo many Peeres,
So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
That in this quarrell haue beene ouerthrowne,
And ſold their bodyes for their Countryes benefit,
Shall we at laſt conclude effeminate peace?
Haue we not loſt moſt part of all the Townes,
By Treaſon, Falſhood, and by Treacherie,
Our great Progenitors had conquered:
Oh Warwicke, Warwicke, I foreſee with greefe
The vtter loſſe of all the Realme of France.
War. Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace

It ſhall be with ſuch ſtrict and ſeuere Couenants,
As little ſhall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, Baſtard, Reignier.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull truce ſhall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by your ſelues,
What the conditions of that league muſt be.
Yorke. Speake Winchester, for boyling choller chokes
The hollow paſſage of my poyſon'd voyce,
By ſight of theſe our balefull enemies.
Win. *Charles,* and the reſt, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* giues conſent,
Of meere compaſſion, and of lenity,
To eaſe your Countrie of diſtreſſefull Warre,
And ſuffer you to breath in fruitfull peace,
You ſhall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.
And *Charles,* vpon condition thou wilt ſweare
To pay him tribute, and ſubmit thy ſelfe,
Thou ſhalt be plac'd as Viceroy vnder him,
And ſtill enioy thy Regall dignity.
Alan. Muſt he be then as ſhadow of himſelfe?
Adorne his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in ſubſtance and authority,
Retaine but priuiledge of a priuate man?
This proffer is abſurd, and reaſonleſſe.
Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am poſſeſt
With more then halfe the Gallian Territories,
And therein reuerenc'd for their lawfull King.
Shall I for lucre of the reſt vn-vanquiſht,
Detract ſo much from that prerogatiue,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No Lord Ambaſſador, Ile rather keepe
That which I haue, than coueting for more
Be caſt from poſsibility of all.
Yorke. Inſulting *Charles,* haſt thou by ſecret meanes
Vs'd interceſſion to obtaine a league,
And now the matter growes to compremize,
Stand'ſt thou aloofe vpon Compariſon.
Either accept the Title thou vſurp'ſt,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Deſert,
Or we will plague thee with inceſſant Warres.
Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obſtinacy,
To cauill in the courſe of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We ſhall not finde like opportunity.
Alan. To ſay the truth, it is your policie,
To ſaue your Subiects from ſuch maſſacre
And ruthleſſe ſlaughters as are dayly ſeene
By our proceeding in Hoſtility,
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you breake it, when your pleaſure ſerues.
War. How ſayſt thou *Charles?*
Shall our Condition ſtand?
Char. It Shall:
Onely reſeru'd, you claime no intereſt
In any of our Townes of Garriſon.
Yor. Then ſweare Allegeance to his Maieſty,
As thou art Knight, neuer to diſobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.
So, now diſmiſſe your Army when ye pleaſe:
Hang vp your Enſignes, let your Drummes be ſtill,
For heere we entertaine a ſolemne peace. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Suffolke in conference with the King, Glocester, and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare deſcription (noble Earle)
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath aſtoniſh'd me:
Her vertues graced with externall gifts,
Do breed Loues ſetled paſſions in my heart,
And like as rigour of tempeſtuous guſtes
Prouokes the mightieſt Hulke againſt the tide,
So am I driuen by breath of her Renowne,
Either to ſuffer Shipwracke, or arriue
Where I may haue fruition of her Loue.
Suf. Tuſh my good Lord, this ſuperficiall tale,
Is but a preface of her worthy praiſe:
The cheefe perfections of that louely Dame,
(Had I ſufficient skill to vtter them)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to rauiſh any dull conceit.
And which is more, ſhe is not ſo Diuine,
So full repleate with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowlineſſe of minde,
She is content to be at your command:
Command I meane, of Vertuous chaſte intents,
To Loue, and Honor *Henry* as her Lord.
King. And otherwiſe, will *Henry* ne're preſume:
Therefore my Lord Protector, giue conſent,
That *Marg'ret* may be Englands Royall Queene.
Glo. So ſhould I giue conſent to flatter ſinne,
You know (my Lord) your Highneſſe is betroath'd
Vnto another Lady of eſteeme,
How ſhall we then diſpenſe with that contract,
And not deface your Honor with reproach?
Suf. As doth a Ruler with vnlawfull Oathes,
Or one that at a Triumph, hauing vow'd
To try his ſtrength, forſaketh yet the Liſtes
By reaſon of his Aduerſaries oddes.
A poore Earles daughter is vnequall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glouceſter. Why what (I pray) is *Margaret* more then that?
Her Father is no better than an Earle,
Although in glorious Titles he excell.
Suf. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of Naples, and Ieruſalem,
And of ſuch great Authoritie in France,
As his alliance will confirme our peace,
And keepe the Frenchmen in Allegeance.
Glo. And ſo the Earle of Arminacke may doe,
Becauſe he is neere Kinſman vnto *Charles.*
Exet. Beſide, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where *Reignier* ſooner will receyue, than giue.
Suf. A Dowre my Lords? Diſgrace not ſo your King,
That he ſhould be ſo abiect, baſe, and poore,
To chooſe for wealth, and not for perfect Loue.
Henry is able to enrich his Queene,
And not to ſeeke a Queene to make him rich,
So worthleſſe Pezants bargaine for their Wiues,
As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horſe.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Atturney-ſhip:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,

Muſt be companion of his Nuptiall bed.
And therefore Lords, ſince he affects her moſt,
Moſt of all theſe reaſons bindeth vs,
In our opinions ſhe ſhould be preferr'd.
For what is wedlocke forced? but a Hell,
An Age of diſcord and continuall ſtrife,
Whereas the contrarie bringeth bliſſe,
And is a patterne of Celeſtiall peace.
Whom ſhould we match with *Henry* being a King,
But *Margaret,* that is daughter to a King:
Her peereleſſe feature, ioyned with her birth,
Approues her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and vndaunted ſpirit,
(More then in women commonly is ſeene)
Will anſwer our hope in iſſue of a King.
For *Henry,* ſonne vnto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
If with a Lady of ſo high reſolue,
(As is faire *Margaret*) he be link'd in loue.
Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,
That *Margaret* ſhall be Queene, and none but ſhee.
King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that
My tender youth was neuer yet attaint
With any paſſion of inflaming loue,
I cannot tell: but this I am aſſur'd,
I feele ſuch ſharpe diſſention in my breaſt,
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,
As I am ſicke with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore ſhipping, poſte my Lord to France,
Agree to any couenants, and procure
That Lady *Margaret* do vouchſafe to come
To croſſe the Seas to England, and be crown'd
King *Henries* faithfull and annointed Queene.
For your expences and ſufficient charge,
Among the people gather vp a tenth.
Be gone I ſay, for till you do returne,
I reſt perplexed with a thouſand Cares.
And you (good Vnckle) baniſh all offence:
If you do cenſure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuſe
This ſodaine execution of my will.
And ſo conduct me, where from company,
I may reuolue and ruminate my greefe. *Exit.*
Glo. I greefe I feare me, both at firſt and laſt. *Exit Glocester.*
Suf. Thus Suffolke hath preuail'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthfull *Paris* once to Greece,
With hope to finde the like euent in loue,
But proſper better than the Troian did:
Margaret ſhall now be Queene, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme. *Exit*

FINIS.

The ſecond Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Good Duke HVMFREY.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Flouriſh of Trumpets : Then Hoboyes.

Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwicke, and Beauford on the one ſide.
The Queene, Suffolke, Yorke, Somerſet, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suffolke.
AS by your high Imperiall Maieſty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princes *Margaret* for your Grace;
So in the Famous Ancient City, *Toures*,
In preſence of the Kings of *France*, and *Sicill*,
The Dukes of *Orleance*, *Calaber*, *Britaigne*, and *Alanſon*,
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, & twenty reuerend Biſhops
I haue perform'd my Taske, and was eſpous'd,
And humbly now vpon my bended knee,
In ſight of England, and her Lordly Peeres,
Deliuer vp my Title in the Queene
To your moſt gracious hands, that are the Subſtance
Of that great Shadow I did repreſent:
The happieſt Gift, that euer Marqueſſe gaue,
The Faireſt Queene, that euer King receiu'd.
King. Suffolke ariſe. Welcome Queene *Margaret*,
I can expreſſe no kinder ſigne of Loue
Then this kinde kiſſe: O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart repleate with thankfulneſſe:
For thou haſt giuen me in this beauteous Face
A world of earthly bleſſings to my ſoule,
If Simpathy of Loue vnite our thoughts.
Queen. Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,
The mutuall conference that my minde hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreames,
In Courtly company, or at my Beades,
With you mine *Alder liefeſt* Soueraigne,
Makes me the bolder to ſalute my King,
With ruder termes, ſuch as my wit affoords,
And ouer ioy of heart doth miniſter.
King. Her ſight did rauiſh, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yclad with wiſedomes Maieſty,
Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping ioyes,
Such is the Fulneſſe of my hearts content.
Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Loue.
All kneel. Long liue Qu. *Margaret*, Englands happines.
Queene. We thanke you all. *Floriſh*
Suf. My Lord Protector, ſo it pleaſe your Grace,
Heere are the Articles of contracted peace,
Betweene our Soueraigne, and the French King *Charles*,
For eighteene moneths concluded by conſent.
Glo. Reads. Inprimis, *It is agreed betweene the French K. Charles, and William de la Pole Marqueſſe of Suffolke, Ambaſſador for Henry King of England, That the ſaid Henry ſhal eſpouſe the Lady Margaret, daughter vnto Reignier King of Naples, Sicillia, and Ieruſalem, and Crowne her Queene of England, ere the thirtieth of May next enſuing.*
Item, *That the Dutchy of Aniou, and the County of Main, ſhall be releaſed and deliuered to the King her father.*
King. Vnkle, how now?
Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord,
Some ſodaine qualme hath ſtrucke me at the heart,
And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further.
King. Vnckle of Wincheſter, I pray read on.
Win. Item, *It is further agreed betweene them, That the Dutcheſſe of Aniou and Maine, ſhall be releaſed and deliuered ouer to the King her Father, and ſhee ſent ouer of the King of Englands owne proper Coſt and Charges, without hauing any Dowry.*
King. They pleaſe vs well. Lord Marques kneel down,
We heere create thee the firſt Duke of Suffolke,
And girt thee with the Sword. Coſin of Yorke,
We heere diſcharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th parts of France, till terme of eighteene Moneths
Be full expyr'd. Thankes Vncle Wincheſter,
Gloſter, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerſet,
Salisburie, and Warwicke.
We thanke you all for this great fauour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene.
Come, let vs in, and with all ſpeede prouide
To ſee her Coronation be perform'd.
Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke.

Manet the reſt.
Glo. Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke *Humfrey* muſt vnload his greefe:
Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land.
What? did my brother *Henry* ſpend his youth,
His valour, coine, and people in the warres?
Did he ſo often lodge in open field:
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heate,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother *Bedford* toyle his wits,

To keepe by policy what *Henrie* got:
Haue you your ſelues, *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,
Braue *Yorke*, *Salisbury*, and victorious *Warwicke*,
Receiud deepe ſcarres in France and Normandie:
Or hath mine Vnckle *Beauford*, and my ſelfe,
With all the Learned Counſell of the Realme,
Studied ſo long, ſat in the Councell houſe,
Early and late, debating too and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And hath his Highneſſe in his infancie,
Crowned in Paris in deſpight of foes,
And ſhall theſe Labours, and theſe Honours dye?
Shall *Henries* Conqueſt, *Bedfords* vigilance,
Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counſell dye?
O Peeres of England, ſhamefull is this League,
Fatall this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
Blotting your names from Bookes of memory,
Racing the Charracters of your Renowne,
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,
Vndoing all as all had neuer bin.
Car. Nephew, what meanes this paſſionate diſcourſe?
This preroration with ſuch circumſtance:
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it ſtill.
Glo. I Vnckle, we will keepe it, if we can:
But now it is impoſsible we ſhould.
Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the roſt,
Hath giuen the Dutchy of *Aniou* and *Mayne*,
Vnto the poore King *Reignier*, whoſe large ſtyle
Agrees not with the leanneſſe of his purſe.
Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all,
Theſe Counties were the Keyes of *Normandie*:
But wherefore weepes *Warwicke*, my valiant ſonne?
War. For greefe that they are paſt recouerie.
For were there hope to conquer them againe,
My ſword ſhould ſhed hot blood, mine eyes no teares.
Aniou and *Maine*? My ſelfe did win them both:
Thoſe Prouinces, theſe Armes of mine did conquer,
And are the Citties that I got with wounds,
Deliuer'd vp againe with peacefull words?
Mort Dieu.
Yorke. For Suffolkes Duke, may he be ſuffocate,
That dims the Honor of this Warlike Iſle:
France ſhould haue torne and rent my very hart,
Before I would haue yeelded to this League.
I neuer read but Englands Kings haue had
Large ſummes of Gold, and Dowries with their wiues,
And our King *Henry* giues away his owne,
To match with her that brings no vantages.
Hum. A proper ieſt, and neuer heard before,
That Suffolke ſhould demand a whole Fifteenth,
For Coſts and Charges in tranſporting her:
She ſhould haue ſtaid in France, and ſteru'd in France
Before———
Car. My Lord of Gloſter, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleaſure of my Lord the King.
Hum. My Lord of Wincheſter I know your minde.
'Tis not my ſpeeches that you do miſlike:
But 'tis my preſence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
I ſee thy furie: If I longer ſtay,
We ſhall begin our ancient bickerings:
Lordings farewell, and ſay when I am gone,
I propheſied, France will be loſt ere long. *Exit Humfrey.*
Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
'Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy:
Nay more, an enemy vnto you all,
And no great friend, I feare me to the King;
Conſider Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heyre apparant to the Engliſh Crowne:
Had *Henrie* got an Empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the Weſt,
There's reaſon he ſhould be diſpleas'd at it:
Looke to it Lords, let not his ſmoothing words
Bewitch your hearts, be wiſe and circumſpect.
What though the common people fauour him,
Calling him, *Humfrey the good Duke of Gloſter*,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
Ieſu maintaine your Royall Excellence,
With God preſerue the good Duke *Humfrey*:
I feare me Lords, for all this flattering gloſſe,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.
Buc. Why ſhould he then protect our Soueraigne?
He being of age to gouerne of himſelfe.
Coſin of Somerſet, ioyne you with me,
And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke,
Wee'l quickly hoyſe Duke *Humfrey* from his ſeat.
Car. This weighty buſineſſe will not brooke delay,
Ile to the Duke of Suffolke preſently. *Exit Cardinall.*
Som. Coſin of Buckingham, though *Humfries* pride
And greatneſſe of his place be greefe to vs,
Yet let vs watch the haughtie Cardinall,
His inſolence is more intollerable
Then all the Princes in the Land beſide,
If Gloſter be diſplac'd, hee'l be Protector.
Buc. Or thou, or I Somerſet will be Protectors,
Deſpite Duke *Humfrey*, or the Cardinall.
Exit Buckingham, and Somerſet.
Sal. Pride went before, Ambition followes him.
While theſe do labour for their owne preferment,
Behooues it vs to labor for the Realme.
I neuer ſaw but Humfrey Duke of Gloſter,
Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman:
Oft haue I ſeene the haughty Cardinall.
More like a Souldier then a man o'th'Church,
As ſtout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Sweare like a Ruffian, and demeane himſelfe
Vnlike the Ruler of a Common-weale.
Warwicke my ſonne, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainneſſe, and thy houſe-keeping,
Hath wonne the greateſt fauour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humfrey.
And Brother Yorke, thy Acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to ciuill Diſcipline:
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our Soueraigne,
Haue made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people,
Ioyne we together for the publike good,
In what we can, to bridle and ſuppreſſe
The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinall,
With Somerſets and Buckinghams Ambition,
And as we may, cheriſh Duke Humfries deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land.
War. So God helpe Warwicke, as he loues the Land,
And common profit of his Countrey.
Yor. And ſo ſayes Yorke,
For he hath greateſt cauſe.
Salisbury. Then lets make haſt away,
And looke vnto the maine.
Warwicke. Vnto the maine?
Oh Father, *Maine* is loſt,
That *Maine*, which by maine force Warwicke did winne,
And would haue kept, ſo long as breath did laſt:

Main-chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
Which I will win from France, or elſe be ſlaine.
Exit Warwicke, and Salisbury. Manet Yorke.
Yorke. *Aniou* and *Maine* are giuen to the French,
Paris is loſt, the ſtate of *Normandie*
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolke concluded on the Articles,
The Peeres agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukedomes for a Dukes faire daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they giue away, and not their owne.
Pirates may make cheape penyworths of their pillage,
And purchaſe Friends, and giue to Curtezans,
Still reuelling like Lords till all be gone,
While as the ſilly Owner of the goods
Weepes ouer them, and wrings his hapleſſe hands,
And ſhakes his head, and trembling ſtands aloofe,
While all is ſhar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to ſterue, and dare not touch his owne.
So Yorke muſt ſit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and ſold:
Me thinkes the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
Beare that proportion to my fleſh and blood,
As did the fatall brand *Althæa* burnt,
Vnto the Princes heart of *Calidon*:
Aniou and *Maine* both giuen vnto the French?
Cold newes for me: for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertile Englands ſoile.
A day will come, when Yorke ſhall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the *Neuils* parts,
And make a ſhew of loue to proud Duke *Humfrey*,
And when I ſpy aduantage, claime the Crowne,
For that's the Golden marke I ſeeke to hit:
Nor ſhall proud Lancaſter vſurpe my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childiſh Fiſt,
Nor weare the Diadem vpon his head,
Whoſe Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne.
Then Yorke be ſtill a-while, till time do ſerue:
Watch thou, and wake when others be aſleepe,
To prie into the ſecrets of the State,
Till *Henrie* ſurfetting in ioyes of loue,
With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queen,
And *Humfrey* with the Peeres be falne at iarres:
Then will I raiſe aloft the Milke-white-Roſe,
With whoſe ſweet ſmell the Ayre ſhall be perfum'd,
And in in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,
To grapple with the houſe of Lancaſter,
And force perforce Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whoſe bookiſh Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe.
Exit Yorke.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his wife Elianor.

Elia. Why droopes my Lord like ouer-ripen'd Corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?
Why doth the Great Duke *Humfrey* knit his browes,
As frowning at the Fauours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the ſullen earth,
Gazing on that which ſeemes to dimme thy ſight?
What ſeeſt thou there? King *Henries* Diadem,
Inchac'd with all the Honors of the world?
If ſo, Gaze on, and grouell on thy face,
Vntill thy head be circled with the ſame.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
What, is't too ſhort? Ile lengthen it with mine,
And hauing both together heau'd it vp,
Wee'l both together lift our heads to heauen,
And neuer more abaſe our ſight ſo low,
As to vouchſafe one glance vnto the ground.
Hum. O *Nell*, ſweet *Nell*, if thou doſt loue thy Lord,
Baniſh the Canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Againſt my King and Nephew, vertuous *Henry*,
Be my laſt breathing in this mortall world.
My troublous dreames this night, doth make me ſad.
Eli. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and Ile requite it
With ſweet rehearſall of my mornings dreame?
Hum. Me thought this ſtaffe mine Office-badge in Court
Was broke in twaine: by whom, I haue forgot,
But as I thinke, it was by'th Cardinall,
And on the peeces of the broken Wand
Were plac'd the heads of *Edmond* Duke of Somerſet,
And *William de la Pole* firſt Duke of Suffolke.
This was my dreame, what it doth bode God knowes.
Eli. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breakes a ſticke of Gloſters groue,
Shall looſe his head for his preſumption.
But liſt to me my *Humfrey*, my ſweete Duke:
Me thought I ſate in Seate of Maieſty,
In the Cathedrall Church of Weſtminſter,
And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens wer crownd,
Where *Henrie* and Dame *Margaret* kneel'd to me,
And on my head did ſet the Diadem.
Hum. Nay *Elinor*, then muſt I chide outright:
Preſumptuous Dame, ill-nurter'd *Elianor*,
Art thou not ſecond Woman in the Realme?
And the Protectors wife belou'd of him?
Haſt thou not worldly pleaſure at command,
Aboue the reach or compaſſe of thy thought?
And wilt thou ſtill be hammering Treachery,
To tumble downe thy husband, and thy ſelfe,
From top of Honor, to Diſgraces feete?
Away from me, and let me heare no more.
Elia. What, what, my Lord? Are you ſo chollericke
With *Elianor*, for telling but her dreame?
Next time Ile keepe my dreames vnto my ſelfe,
And not be check'd.
Hum. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe.
Enter Meſſenger.
Meſ. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highnes pleaſure,
You do prepare to ride vnto S. *Albons*,
Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke.
Hu. I go. Come *Nel* thou wilt ride with vs? *Ex. Hum*
Eli. Yes my good Lord, Ile follow preſently.
Follow I muſt, I cannot go before,
While Gloſter beares this baſe and humble minde.
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remoue theſe tedious ſtumbling blockes,
And ſmooth my way vpon their headleſſe neckes.
And being a woman, I will not be ſlacke
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.
Where are you there? Sir *Iohn*; nay feare not man,
We are alone, here's none but thee, & I. *Enter Hume.*
Hume. Ieſus preſerue your Royall Maieſty.
Elia. What ſaiſt thou? Maieſty: I am but Grace.
Hume. But by the grace of God, and *Humes* aduice,
Your Graces Title ſhall be multiplied.
Elia. What ſaiſt thou man? Haſt thou as yet confer'd
With *Margerie Iordane* the cunning Witch,
With *Roger Bollingbrooke* the Coniurer?
And will they vndertake to do me good?
Hume. This they haue promiſed to ſhew your Highnes
A Spirit rais'd from depth of vnder ground,

That ſhall make anſwere to ſuch Queſtions,
As by your Grace ſhall be propounded him.
Elianor. It is enough, Ile thinke vpon the Queſtions:
When from Saint *Albones* we doe make returne,
Wee'le ſee theſe things effected to the full.
Here *Hume*, take this reward, make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weightie cauſe.
Exit Elianor.
Hume. *Hume* muſt make merry with the Ducheſſe Gold:
Marry and ſhall: but how now, Sir *Iohn Hume*?
Seale vp your Lips, and giue no words but Mum,
The buſineſſe asketh ſilent ſecrecie.
Dame *Elianor* giues Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amiſſe, were ſhe a Deuill.
Yet haue I Gold flyes from another Coaſt:
I dare not ſay, from the rich Cardinall,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolke;
Yet I doe finde it ſo: for to be plaine,
They (knowing Dame *Elianors* aſpiring humor)
Haue hyred me to vnder-mine the Ducheſſe,
And buzze theſe Coniurations in her brayne.
They ſay, A craftie Knaue do's need no Broker,
Yet am I *Suffolke* and the Cardinalls Broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you ſhall goe neere
To call them both a payre of craftie Knaues.
Well, ſo it ſtands: and thus I feare at laſt,
Humes Knauerie will be the Ducheſſe Wracke,
And her Attainture, will be *Humphreyes* fall:
Sort how it will, I ſhall haue Gold for all. *Exit*

Enter three or foure Petitioners, the Armorers Man being one.

1. Pet. My Maſters, let's ſtand cloſe, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then wee may deliuer our Supplications in the Quill.

2. Pet. Marry the Lord protect him, for hee's a good man, Ieſu bleſſe him.

Enter Suffolke, and Queene.

Peter. Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with him: Ile be the firſt ſure.

2. Pet. Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.

Suff. How now fellow: would'ſt any thing with me?

1. Pet. I pray my Lord pardon me, I tooke ye for my Lord Protector.

Queene. To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplications to his Lordſhip? Let me ſee them: what is thine?

1. Pet. Mine is, and't pleaſe your Grace, againſt *Iohn Goodman*, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my Houſe, and Lands, and Wife and all, from me.

Suff. Thy Wife too? that's ſome Wrong indeede. What's yours? What's heere? Againſt the Duke of Suffolke, for encloſing the Commons of Melforde. How now, Sir Knaue?

2. Pet. Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our whole Towneſhip.

Peter. Againſt my Maſter *Thomas Horner*, for ſaying, That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the Crowne.

Queene. What ſay'ſt thou? Did the Duke of Yorke ſay, hee was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?

Peter. That my Miſtreſſe was? No forſooth: my Maſter ſaid, That he was, and that the King was an Vſurper.

Suff. Who is there?
Enter Seruant.

Take this fellow in, and ſend for his Maſter with a Purſeuant preſently: wee'le heare more of your matter before the King. *Exit.*

Queene. And as for you that loue to be protected
Vnder the Wings of our Protectors Grace,
Begin your Suites anew, and ſue to him.
Teare the Supplication.
Away, baſe Cullions: *Suffolke* let them goe.
All. Come, let's be gone. *Exit.*
Queene. My Lord of Suffolke, ſay, is this the guiſe?
Is this the Faſhions in the Court of England?
Is this the Gouernment of Britaines Ile?
And this the Royaltie of *Albions* King?
What, ſhall King *Henry* be a Pupill ſtill,
Vnder the ſurly *Gloſters* Gouernance?
Am I a Queene in Title and in Stile,
And muſt be made a Subiect to a Duke?
I tell thee *Poole*, when in the Citie *Tours*
Thou ran'ſt a-tilt in honor of my Loue,
And ſtol'ſt away the Ladies hearts of France;
I thought King *Henry* had reſembled thee,
In Courage, Courtſhip, and Proportion:
But all his minde is bent to Holineſſe,
To number *Aue-Maries* on his Beades:
His Champions, are the Prophets and Apoſtles,
His Weapons, holy Sawes of ſacred Writ,
His Studie is his Tilt-yard, and his Loues
Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.
I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls
Would chuſe him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And ſet the Triple Crowne vpon his Head;
That were a State fit for his Holineſſe.
Suff. Madame be patient: as I was cauſe
Your Highneſſe came to England, ſo will I
In England worke your Graces full content.
Queene. Beſide the haughtie Protector, haue we *Beauford*
The imperious Churchman; *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,
And grumbling *Yorke*: and not the leaſt of theſe,
But can doe more in England then the King.
Suff. And he of theſe, that can doe moſt of all,
Cannot doe more in England then the *Neuils*:
Salisbury and *Warwick* are no ſimple Peeres.
Queene. Not all theſe Lords do vex me halfe ſo much,
As that prowd Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife:
She ſweepes it through the Court with troups of Ladies,
More like an Empreſſe, then Duke *Humphreyes* Wife:
Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene:
She beares a Dukes Reuenewes on her backe,
And in her heart ſhe ſcornes our Pouertie:
Shall I not liue to be aueng'd on her?
Contemptuous baſe-borne Callot as ſhe is,
She vaunted 'mongſt her Minions t'other day,
The very trayne of her worſt wearing Gowne,
Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,
Till *Suffolke* gaue two Dukedomes for his Daughter.
Suff. Madame, my ſelfe haue lym'd a Buſh for her,
And plac't a Quier of ſuch enticing Birds,
That ſhe will light to liſten to the Layes,
And neuer mount to trouble you againe.
So let her reſt: and Madame liſt to me,
For I am bold to counſaile you in this;
Although we fancie not the Cardinall,
Yet muſt we ioyne with him and with the Lords,
Till we haue brought Duke *Humphrey* in diſgrace.

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So one by one wee'le weed them all at laſt,
And you your ſelfe ſhall ſteere the happy Helme. *Exit.*

Sound a Sennet.

Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall, Buckingham, Yorke, Salisbury, Warwicke, and the Ducheſſe.

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or *Somerſet*, or *Yorke*, all's one to me.
Yorke. If *Yorke* haue ill demean'd himſelfe in France,
Then let him be denay'd the Regent-ſhip.
Som. If *Somerſet* be vnworthy of the Place,
Let *Yorke* be Regent, I will yeeld to him.
Warw. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Diſpute not that, *Yorke* is the worthyer.
Card. Ambitious *Warwicke*, let thy betters ſpeake.
Warw. The Cardinall's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this preſence are thy betters, *Warwicke.*
Warw. *Warwicke* may liue to be the beſt of all.
Salisb. Peace Sonne, and ſhew ſome reaſon *Buckingham*
Why *Somerſet* ſhould be preferr'd in this?
Queene. Becauſe the King forſooth will haue it ſo.
Humf. Madame, the King is old enough himſelfe
To giue his Cenſure: Theſe are no Womens matters.
Queene. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?
Humf. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,
And at his pleaſure will reſigne my Place.
Suff. Reſigne it then, and leaue thine inſolence.
Since thou wert King; as who is King, but thou?
The Common-wealth hath dayly run to wrack,
The Dolphin hath preuayl'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme
Haue beene as Bond-men to thy Soueraigntie.
Card. The Commons haſt thou rackt, the Clergies Bags
Are lanke and leane with thy Extortions.
Som. Thy ſumptuous Buildings, and thy Wiues Attyre
Haue coſt a maſſe of publique Treaſurie.
Buck. Thy Crueltie in execution
Vpon Offendors, hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.
Queene. Thy ſale of Offices and Townes in France,
If they were knowne, as the ſuſpect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.
Exit Humfrey.
Giue me my Fanne: what, Mynion, can ye not?
She giues the Ducheſſe a box on the eare.
I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?
Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, prowd French-woman:
Could I come neere your Beautie with my Nayles,
I could ſet my ten Commandements in your face.
King. Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas againſt her will.
Duch. Againſt her will, good King? looke to't in time,
Shee'le hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:
Though in this place moſt Maſter weare no Breeches,
She ſhall not ſtrike Dame *Elianor* vnreueng'd.
Exit Elianor.
Buck. Lord Cardinall, I will follow *Elianor*,
And liſten after *Humfrey*, how he proceedes:
Shee's tickled now, her Fume needs no ſpurres,
Shee'le gallop farre enough to her deſtruction.
Exit Buckingham.

Enter Humfrey.

Humf. Now Lords, my Choller being ouer-blowne,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talke of Common-wealth Affayres.
As for your ſpightfull falſe Obiections,
Proue them, and I lye open to the Law:
But God in mercie ſo deale with my Soule,
As I in dutie loue my King and Countrey.
But to the matter that we haue in hand:
I ſay, my Soueraigne, *Yorke* is meeteſt man
To be your Regent in the Realme of France.
Suff. Before we make election, giue me leaue
To ſhew ſome reaſon, of no little force,
That *Yorke* is moſt vnmeet of any man.
Yorke. Ile tell thee, *Suffolke*, why I am vnmeet.
Firſt, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of Somerſet will keepe me here,
Without Diſcharge, Money, or Furniture,
Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:
Laſt time I danc't attendance on his will,
Till Paris was beſieg'd, famiſht, and loſt.
Warw. That can I witneſſe, and a fouler fact
Did neuer Traytor in the Land commit.
Suff. Peace head-ſtrong *Warwicke.*
Warw. Image of Pride, why ſhould I hold my peace?

Enter Armorer and his Man.

Suff. Becauſe here is a man accuſed of Treaſon,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke excuſe himſelfe.
Yorke. Doth any one accuſe *Yorke* for a Traytor?
King. What mean'ſt thou, *Suffolke*? tell me, what are theſe?
Suff. Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, this is the man
That doth accuſe his Maſter of High Treaſon;
His words were theſe: That *Richard*, Duke of Yorke,
Was rightfull Heire vnto the Engliſh Crowne,
And that your Maieſtie was an Vſurper.
King. Say man, were theſe thy words?
Armorer. And't ſhall pleaſe your Maieſtie, I neuer ſayd nor thought any ſuch matter: God is my witneſſe, I am falſely accus'd by the Villaine.
Peter. By theſe tenne bones, my Lords, hee did ſpeake them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were ſcowring my Lord of Yorkes Armor.
Yorke. Baſe Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall,
Ile haue thy Head for this thy Traytors ſpeech:
I doe beſeech your Royall Maieſtie,
Let him haue all the rigor of the Law.
Armorer. Alas, my Lord, hang me if euer I ſpake the words: my accuſer is my Prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his knees he would be euen with me: I haue good witneſſe of this; therefore I beſeech your Maieſtie, doe not caſt away an honeſt man for a Villaines accuſation.
King. Vnckle, what ſhall we ſay to this in law?
Humf. This doome, my Lord, if I may iudge:
Let *Somerſet* be Regent o're the French,
Becauſe in *Yorke* this breedes ſuſpition;
And let theſe haue a day appointed them
For ſingle Combat, in conuenient place,
For he hath witneſſe of his ſeruants malice:
This is the Law, and this Duke *Humfreyes* doome.

Som. I humbly thanke your Royall Maieſtie.
Armorer. And I accept the Combat willingly.
Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods ſake pitty my caſe: the ſpight of man preuayleth againſt me. O Lord haue mercy vpon me, I ſhall neuer be able to fight a blow: O Lord my heart.
Humf. Sirrha, or you muſt fight, or elſe be hang'd.
King. Away with them to Priſon: and the day of Combat, ſhall be the laſt of the next moneth. Come *Somerſet*, wee'le ſee thee ſent away.
Flouriſh. Exeunt.

Enter the Witch, the two Prieſts, and Bullingbrooke.

Hume. Come my Maſters, the Ducheſſe I tell you expects performance of your promiſes.
Bulling. Maſter *Hume*, we are therefore prouided: will her Ladyſhip behold and heare our Exorciſmes?
Hume. I, what elſe? feare you not her courage.
Bulling. I haue heard her reported to be a Woman of an inuincible ſpirit: but it ſhall be conuenient, Maſter *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while wee be buſie below; and ſo I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leaue vs.
Exit Hume.
Mother *Iordan*, be you proſtrate, and grouell on the Earth; *Iohn Southwell* reade you, and let vs to our worke.

Enter Elianor aloft.

Elianor. Well ſaid my Maſters, and welcome all: To this geere, the ſooner the better.
Bullin. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times:
Deepe Night, darke Night, the ſilent of the Night,
The time of Night when Troy was ſet on fire,
The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle,
And Spirits walke, and Ghoſts breake vp their Graues;
That time beſt fits the worke we haue in hand.
Madame, ſit you, and feare not: whom wee rayſe,
Wee will make faſt within a hallow'd Verge.

Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle, Bullingbrooke or Southwell reades, Coniuro te, &c. *It Thunders and Lightens terribly: then the Spirit riſeth.*

Spirit. *Ad ſum.*
Witch. *Aſmath*, by the eternall God,
Whoſe name and power thou trembleſt at,
Anſwere that I ſhall aske: for till thou ſpeake,
Thou ſhalt not paſſe from hence.
Spirit. Aske what thou wilt; that I had ſayd, and done.
Bulling. Firſt of the King: What ſhall of him become?
Spirit. The Duke yet liues, that *Henry* ſhall depoſe:
But him out-liue, and dye a violent death.
Bulling. What fates await the Duke of Suffolke?
Spirit. By Water ſhall he dye, and take his end.
Bulling. What ſhall befall the Duke of Somerſet?
Spirit. Let him ſhun Caſtles,
Safer ſhall he be vpon the ſandie Plaines,
Then where Caſtles mounted ſtand.
Haue done, for more I hardly can endure.
Bulling. Diſcend to Darkneſſe, and the burning Lake:
Falſe Fiend auoide.
Thunder and Lightning. Exit Spirit.

Enter the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard, and breake in.

Yorke. Lay hands vpon theſe Traytors, and their traſh:
Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an ynch.
What Madame, are you there? the King & Commonweale
Are deepely indebted for this peece of paines;
My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for theſe good deſerts.
Elianor. Not halfe ſo bad as thine to Englands King,
Iniurious Duke, that threateſt where's no cauſe.
Buck. True Madame, none at all: what call you this?
Away with them, let them be clapt vp cloſe,
And kept aſunder: you Madame ſhall with vs.
Stafford take her to thee.
Wee'le ſee your Trinkets here all forth-comming.
All away. *Exit.*
Yorke. Lord *Buckingham*, me thinks you watcht her well:
A pretty Plot, well choſen to build vpon.
Now pray my Lord, let's ſee the Deuils Writ.
What haue we here? *Reades.*
The Duke yet liues, that Henry *ſhall depoſe:*
But him out-liue, and dye a violent death.
Why this is iuſt, *Aio Æacida Romanos vincere poſſo.*
Well, to the reſt:
Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?
By Water ſhall he dye, and take his end.
What ſhall betide the Duke of Somerſet?
Let him ſhunne Caſtles,
Safer ſhall he be vpon the ſandie Plaines,
Then where Caſtles mounted ſtand.
Come, come, my Lords,
Theſe Oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly vnderſtood.
The King is now in progreſſe towards Saint *Albones*,
With him, the Husband of this louely Lady:
Thither goes theſe Newes,
As faſt as Horſe can carry them:
A ſorry Breakfaſt for my Lord Protector.
Buck. Your Grace ſhal giue me leaue, my Lord of York,
To be the Poſte, in hope of his reward.
Yorke. At your pleaſure, my good Lord.
Who's within there, hoe?
Enter a Seruingman.
Inuite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick
To ſuppe with me to morrow Night. Away.
Exeunt.

Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinall, and Suffolke, with Faulkners hallowing.

Queene. Beleeue me Lords, for flying at the Brooke,
I ſaw not better ſport theſe ſeuen yeeres day:
Yet by your leaue, the Winde was very high,
And ten to one, old *Ioane* had not gone out.
King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made,
And what a pytch ſhe flew aboue the reſt:
To ſee how God in all his Creatures workes,
Yea Man and Birds are fayne of climbing high.
Suff. No maruell, and it like your Maieſtie,
My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre ſo well,
They know their Maſter loues to be aloft,
And beares his thoughts aboue his Faulcons Pitch.
Gloſt. My Lord, 'tis but a baſe ignoble minde,
That mounts no higher then a Bird can ſore:

Card. I thought as much, hee would be aboue the Clouds.
Gloſt. I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that?
Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heauen?
King. The Treaſurie of euerlaſting Ioy.
Card. Thy Heauen is on Earth,thine Eyes & Thoughts
Beat on a Crowne, the Treaſure of thy Heart,
Pernitious Protector,dangerous Peere,
That ſmooth'ſt it ſo with King and Common-weale.
Gloſt. What, Cardinall?
Is your Prieſt-hood growne peremptorie?
Tantæne animis Cœleſtibus iræ, Church-men ſo hot?
Good Vnckle hide ſuch mallice:
With ſuch Holyneſſe can you doe it?
Suff. No mallice Sir,no more then well becomes
So good a Quarrell,and ſo bad a Peere.
Gloſt. As who,my Lord?
Suff. Why,as you, my Lord,
An't like your Lordly Lords Protectorſhip.
Gloſt. Why *Suffolke*,England knowes thine inſolence.
Queene. And thy Ambition,*Gloſter*.
King. I prythee peace,good Queene,
And whet not on theſe furious Peeres,
For bleſſed are the Peace-makers on Earth.
Card. Let me be bleſſed for the Peace I make
Againſt this prowd Protector with my Sword.
Gloſt. Faith holy Vnckle,would't were come to that.
Card. Marry,when thou dar'ſt.
Gloſt. Make vp no factious numbers for the matter,
In thine owne perſon anſwere thy abuſe.
Card. I,where thou dar'ſt not peepe:
And if thou dar'ſt, this Euening,
On the Eaſt ſide of the Groue.
King. How now,my Lords?
Card. Beleeue me, Couſin *Gloſter*,
Had not your man put vp the Fowle ſo ſuddenly,
We had had more ſport.
Come with thy two-hand Sword.
Gloſt. True Vnckle,are ye aduis'd?
The Eaſt ſide of the Groue:
Cardinall,I am with you.
King. Why how now, Vnckle *Gloſter*?
Gloſt. Talking of Hawking; nothing elſe,my Lord.
Now by Gods Mother, Prieſt,
Ile ſhaue your Crowne for this,
Or all my Fence ſhall fayle.
Card. *Medice teipſum*, Protector ſee to't well,protect your ſelfe.
King. The Windes grow high,
So doe your Stomacks, Lords:
How irkeſome is this Muſick to my heart?
When ſuch Strings iarre,what hope of Harmony?
I pray my Lords let me compound this ſtrife.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

Gloſt. What meanes this noyſe?
Fellow,what Miracle do'ſt thou proclayme?
One. A Miracle, a Miracle.
Suffolke. Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle.
One. Forſooth,a blinde man at Saint *Albones* Shrine,
Within this halfe houre hath receiu'd his ſight,
A man that ne're ſaw in his life before.
King. Now God be prays'd,that to beleeuing Soules
Giues Light in Darkneſſe,Comfort in Deſpaire.

Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, bearing the man betweene two in a Chayre.

Card. Here comes the Towneſ-men,on Proceſſion,
To preſent your Highneſſe with the man.
King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale,
Although by his ſight his ſinne be multiplyed.
Gloſt. Stand by,my Maſters,bring him neere the King,
His Highneſſe pleaſure is to talke with him.
King. Good-fellow,tell vs here the circumſtance,
That we for thee may glorifie the Lord.
What,haſt thou beene long blinde, and now reſtor'd?
Simpc. Borne blinde,and't pleaſe your Grace.
Wife. I indeede was he.
Suff. What Woman is this?
Wife. His Wife,and't like your Worſhip.
Gloſt. Hadſt thou been his Mother,thou could'ſt haue better told.
King. Where wert thou borne?
Simpc. At Barwick in the North, and't like your Grace.
King. Poore Soule,
Gods goodneſſe hath beene great to thee:
Let neuer Day nor Night vnhallowed paſſe,
But ſtill remember what the Lord hath done.
Queene. Tell me, good-fellow,
Cam'ſt thou here by Chance,or of Deuotion,
To this holy Shrine?
Simpc. God knowes of pure Deuotion,
Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner,
In my ſleepe,by good Saint *Albon*:
Who ſaid; *Symon*,come;come offer at my Shrine,
And I will helpe thee.
Wife. Moſt true,forſooth:
And many time and oft my ſelfe haue heard a Voyce,
To call him ſo.
Card. What,art thou lame?
Simpc. I,God Almightie helpe me.
Suff. How cam'ſt thou ſo?
Simpc. A fall off of a Tree.
Wife. A Plum-tree, Maſter.
Gloſt. How long haſt thou beene blinde?
Simpc. O borne ſo,Maſter.
Gloſt. What, and would'ſt climbe a Tree?
Simpc. But that in all my life,when I was a youth.
Wife. Too true,and bought his climbing very deare.
Gloſt. 'Maſſe,thou lou'dſt Plummes well,that would'ſt venture ſo.
Simpc. Alas, good Maſter, my Wife deſired ſome Damſons, and made me climbe, with danger of my Life.
Gloſt. A ſubtill Knaue,but yet it ſhall not ſerue:
Let me ſee thine Eyes; winck now,now open them,
In my opinion, yet thou ſeeſt not well.
Simpc. Yes Maſter, cleare as day, I thanke God and Saint *Albones*.
Gloſt. Say'ſt thou me ſo: what Colour is this Cloake of?
Simpc. Red Maſter,Red as Blood.
Gloſt. Why that's well ſaid: What Colour is my Gowne of?
Simpc. Black forſooth,Coale-Black,as Iet.
King. Why then, thou know'ſt what Colour Iet is of?
Suff. And yet I thinke,Iet did he neuer ſee.

Gloſt. But

Gloſt. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a many.
Wife. Neuer before this day,in all his life.
Gloſt. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?
Simpc. Alas Maſter,I know not.
Gloſt. What's his Name?
Simpc. I know not.
Gloſt. Nor his?
Simpc. No indeede, Maſter.
Gloſt. What's thine owne Name?
Simpc. *Saunder Simpcoxe*,and if it pleaſe you,Maſter.
Gloſt. Then *Saunder*, ſit there,
The lying'ſt Knaue in Chriſtendome.
If thou hadſt beene borne blinde,
Thou might'ſt as well haue knowne all our Names,
As thus to name the ſeuerall Colours we doe weare.
Sight may diſtinguiſh of Colours:
But ſuddenly to nominate them all,
It is impoſſible.
My Lords,Saint *Albone* here hath done a Miracle:
And would ye not thinke it,Cunning to be great,
That could reſtore this Cripple to his Legges againe.
Simpc. O Maſter,that you could?
Gloſt. My Maſters of Saint *Albones*,
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,
And Things call'd Whippes?
Maior. Yes,my Lord, if it pleaſe your Grace.
Gloſt. Then ſend for one preſently.
Maior. Sirrha,goe fetch the Beadle hither ſtraight.
Exit.
Gloſt. Now fetch me a Stoole hither by and by.
Now Sirrha,if you meane to ſaue your ſelfe from Whipping,leape me ouer this Stoole,and runne away.
Simpc. Alas Maſter,I am not able to ſtand alone:
You goe about to torture me in vaine.

Enter a Beadle with Whippes.

Gloſt. Well Sir,we muſt haue you finde your Legges.
Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape ouer that ſame Stoole.
Beadle. I will, my Lord.
Come on Sirrha,off with your Doublet,quickly.
Simpc. Alas Maſter,what ſhall I doe? I am not able to ſtand.

After the Beadle hath hit him once,he leapes ouer the Stoole, and runnes away: and they follow, and cry, A Miracle.

King. O God,ſeeſt thou this,and beareſt ſo long?
Queene. It made me laugh,to ſee the Villaine runne.
Gloſt. Follow the Knaue,and take this Drab away.
Wife. Alas Sir,we did it for pure need.
Gloſt. Let thē be whipt through euery Market Towne,
Till they come to Barwick,from whence they came.
Exit.
Card. Duke *Humfrey* ha's done a Miracle to day.
Suff. True: made the Lame to leape and flye away.
Gloſt. But you haue done more Miracles then I:
You made in a day,my Lord,whole Townes to flye.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Couſin *Buckingham*?
Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to vnfold:
A ſort of naughtie perſons,lewdly bent,
Vnder the Countenance and Confederacie
Of Lady *Elianor*, the Protectors Wife,
The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout,
Haue practis'd dangerouſly againſt your State,
Dealing with Witches and with Coniurers,
Whom we haue apprehended in the Fact,
Rayſing vp wicked Spirits from vnder ground,
Demanding of King *Henries* Life and Death,
And other of your Highneſſe Priuie Councell,
As more at large your Grace ſhall vnderſtand.
Card. And ſo my Lord Protector,by this meanes
Your Lady is forth-comming,yet at London.
This Newes I thinke hath turn'd your Weapons edge;
'Tis like,my Lord,you will not keepe your houre.
Gloſt. Ambitious Church-man,leaue to afflict my heart:
Sorrow and griefe haue vanquiſht all my powers;
And vanquiſht as I am,I yeeld to thee,
Or to the meaneſt Groome.
King. O God,what miſchiefes work the wicked ones?
Heaping confuſion on their owne heads thereby.
Queene. *Gloſter*,ſee here the Taincture of thy Neſt,
And looke thy ſelfe be faultleſſe,thou wert beſt.
Gloſt. Madame,for my ſelfe,to Heauen I doe appeale,
How I haue lou'd my King,and Common-weale:
And for my Wife,I know not how it ſtands,
Sorry I am to heare what I haue heard.
Noble ſhee is: but if ſhee haue forgot
Honor and Vertue,and conuers't with ſuch,
As like to Pytch,defile Nobilitie;
I baniſh her my Bed,and Companie,
And giue her as a Prey to Law and Shame,
That hath dis-honored *Gloſters* honeſt Name.
King. Well,for this Night we will repoſe vs here:
To morrow toward London,back againe,
To looke into this Buſineſſe thorowly,
And call theſe foule Offendors to their Anſweres;
And poyſe the Cauſe in Iuſtice equall Scales,
Whoſe Beame ſtands ſure,whoſe rightful cauſe preuailes.
Flouriſh. Exeunt.

Enter Yorke, Salisbury, and Warwick.

Yorke. Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick,
Our ſimple Supper ended,giue me leaue,
In this cloſe Walke,to ſatisfie my ſelfe,
In crauing your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible,to Englands Crowne.
Saliſb. My Lord,I long to heare it at full.
Warw. Sweet *Yorke* begin:and if thy clayme be good,
The *Neuills* are thy Subiects to command.
Yorke. Then thus:
Edward the third,my Lords,had ſeuen Sonnes:
The firſt,*Edward* the Black-Prince,Prince of Wales;
The ſecond,*William* of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel,Duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was *Iohn* of Gaunt,the Duke of Lancaſter;
The fift,was *Edmond Langley*,Duke of Yorke;
The ſixt,was *Thomas* of Woodſtock,Duke of Gloſter;
William of Windſor was the ſeuenth,and laſt.
Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father,
And left behinde him *Richard*, his onely Sonne,
Who after *Edward* the third's death, raign'd as King,
Till *Henry Bullingbrooke*, Duke of Lancaſter,
The eldeſt Sonne and Heire of *Iohn* of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the Name of *Henry* the fourth,
Seiz'd on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull King,
Sent his poore Queene to France,from whence ſhe came,

And him to Pumfret; where,as all you know,
Harmeleſſe *Richard* was murthered traiterouſly.
Warw. Father,the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the Houſe of *Lancaſter* the Crowne.
Yorke. Which now they hold by force,and not by right:
For *Richard*,the firſt Sonnes Heire,being dead,
The Iſſue of the next Sonne ſhould haue reign'd.
Salisb. But *William* of Hatfield dyed without an Heire.
Yorke. The third Sonne,Duke of Clarence,
From whoſe Line I clayme the Crowne,
Had Iſſue *Phillip*, a Daughter,
Who marryed *Edmond Mortimer*,Earle of March:
Edmond had Iſſue,*Roger*,Earle of March;
Roger had Iſſue,*Edmond*,*Anne*,and *Elianor*.
Salisb. This *Edmond*,in the Reigne of *Bullingbrooke*,
As I haue read, layd clayme vnto the Crowne,
And but for *Owen Glendour*, had beene King;
Who kept him in Captiuitie, till he dyed.
But,to the reſt.
Yorke. His eldeſt Siſter,*Anne*,
My Mother,being Heire vnto the Crowne,
Marryed *Richard*,Earle of Cambridge,
Who was to *Edmond Langley*,
Edward the thirds fift Sonnes Sonne;
By her I clayme the Kingdome:
She was Heire to *Roger*,Earle of March,
Who was the Sonne of *Edmond Mortimer*,
Who marryed *Phillip*, ſole Daughter
Vnto *Lionel*,Duke of Clarence.
So,if the Iſſue of the elder Sonne
Succeed before the younger, I am King.
Warw. What plaine proceedings is more plain then this?
Henry doth clayme the Crowne from *Iohn* of Gaunt,
The fourth Sonne, *Yorke* claymes it from the third:
Till *Lionels* Iſſue fayles,his ſhould not reigne.
It fayles not yet,but flouriſhes in thee,
And in thy Sonnes,faire ſlippes of ſuch a Stock.
Then Father *Salisbury*, kneele we together,
And in this priuate Plot be we the firſt,
That ſhall ſalute our rightfull Soueraigne
With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.
Both. Long liue our Soueraigne *Richard*, Englands King.
Yorke. We thanke you Lords:
But I am not your King,till I be Crown'd,
And that my Sword be ſtayn'd
With heart-blood of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*:
And that's not ſuddenly to be perform'd,
But with aduice and ſilent ſecrecie.
Doe you as I doe in theſe dangerous dayes,
Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes inſolence,
At *Beaufords* Pride,at *Somerſets* Ambition,
At *Buckingham*,and all the Crew of them,
Till they haue ſnar'd the Shepheard of the Flock,
That vertuous Prince,the good Duke *Humfrey*:
'Tis that they ſeeke; and they,in ſeeking that,
Shall finde their deaths,if *Yorke* can prophecie.
Salisb. My Lord,breake we off; we know your minde at full.
Warw. My heart aſſures me,that the Earle of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King.
Yorke. And *Neuill*,this I doe aſſure my ſelfe,
Richard ſhall liue to make the Earle of Warwick
The greateſt man in England, but the King.
Exeunt.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State, with Guard,to baniſh the Ducheſſe.

King. Stand forth Dame *Elianor Cobham*,
Gloſters Wife:
In ſight of God,and vs,your guilt is great,
Receiue the Sentence of the Law for ſinne,
Such as by Gods Booke are adiudg'd to death.
You foure from hence to Priſon,back againe;
From thence,vnto the place of Execution:
The Witch in Smithfield ſhall be burnt to aſhes,
And you three ſhall be ſtrangled on the Gallowes.
You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,
Deſpoyled of your Honor in your Life,
Shall,after three dayes open Penance done,
Liue in your Countrey here,in Baniſhment,
With Sir *Iohn Stanly*,in the Ile of Man.
Elianor. Welcome is Baniſhment,welcome were my Death.
Gloſt. *Elianor*,the Law thou ſeeſt hath iudged thee,
I cannot iuſtifie whom the Law condemnes:
Mine eyes are full of teares,my heart of griefe.
Ah *Humfrey*, this diſhonor in thine age,
Will bring thy head with ſorrow to the ground.
I beſeech your Maieſtie giue me leaue to goe;
Sorrow would ſollace,and mine Age would eaſe.
King. Stay *Humfrey*, Duke of Gloſter,
Ere thou goe, giue vp thy Staffe,
Henry will to himſelfe Protector be,
And God ſhall be my hope,my ſtay,my guide,
And Lanthorne to my feete:
And goe in peace,*Humfrey*, no leſſe belou'd,
Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.
Queene. I ſee no reaſon,why a King of yeeres
Should be to be protected like a Child,
God and King *Henry* gouerne Englands Realme:
Giue vp your Staffe,Sir,and the King his Realme.
Gloſt. My Staffe? Here,Noble *Henry*, is my Staffe:
As willingly doe I the ſame reſigne,
As ere thy Father *Henry* made it mine;
And euen as willingly at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiouſly receiue it.
Farewell good King: when I am dead,and gone,
May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.
Exit Gloſter.
Queene. Why now is *Henry* King,and *Margaret* Queen,
And *Humfrey*,Duke of Gloſter,ſcarce himſelfe,
That beares ſo ſhrewd a mayme: two Pulls at once;
His Lady baniſht,and a Limbe lopt off.
This Staffe of Honor raught,there let it ſtand,
Where it beſt fits to be,in *Henries* hand.
Suff. Thus droupes this loftie Pyne,& hangs his ſprayes,
Thus *Elianors* Pride dyes in her youngeſt dayes.
Yorke. Lords,let him goe.Pleaſe it your Maieſtie,
This is the day appointed for the Combat,
And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,
The Armorer and his Man,to enter the Liſts,
So pleaſe your Highneſſe to behold the fight.
Queene. I,good my Lord: for purpoſely therefore
Left I the Court,to ſee this Quarrell try'de.
King. A Gods Name ſee the Lyſts and all things fit,
Here let them end it,and God defend the right.
Yorke. I neuer ſaw a fellow worſe beſtead,
Or more afraid to fight,then is the Appellant,
The ſeruant of this Armorer,my Lords.

Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors,drinking to him ſo much, that hee is drunke; and he enters with a Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge faſtened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bagge,and Prentices drinking to him.

1.Neighbor. Here Neighbour *Horner*,I drinke to you in a Cup of Sack; and feare not Neighbor,you ſhall doe well enough.

2.Neighbor. And here Neighbour,here's a Cuppe of Charneco.

3.Neighbor. And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere Neighbor: drinke,and feare not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and Ile pledge you all, and a figge for *Peter*.

1.Prent. Here *Peter*, I drinke to thee, and be not afraid.

2.Prent. Be merry *Peter*, and feare not thy Maſter, Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thanke you all:drinke,and pray for me,I pray you, for I thinke I haue taken my laſt Draught in this World. Here *Robin*, and if I dye,I giue thee my Aporne; and *Will*, thou ſhalt haue my Hammer: and here *Tom*, take all the Money that I haue. O Lord bleſſe me. I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale with my Maſter, hee hath learnt ſo much fence already.

Salisb. Come,leaue your drinking,and fall to blowes. Sirrha,what's thy Name?

Peter. *Peter* forſooth.

Salisb. *Peter?* what more?

Peter. *Thumpe.*

Salisb. *Thumpe?* Then ſee thou thumpe thy Maſter well.

Armorer. Maſters, I am come hither as it were vpon my Mans inſtigation, to proue him a Knaue,and my ſelfe an honeſt man: and touching the Duke of Yorke,I will take my death, I neuer meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queene: and therefore *Peter* haue at thee with a downe-right blow.

Yorke. Diſpatch,this Knaues tongue begins to double. Sound Trumpets,Alarum to the Combattants.

They fight, and Peter ſtrikes him downe.

Armorer. Hold *Peter*,hold,I confeſſe,I confeſſe Treaſon.

Yorke. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God, and the good Wine in thy Maſters way.

Peter. O God,haue I ouercome mine Enemies in this preſence? O *Peter*,thou haſt preuayl'd in right.

King. Goe,take hence that Traytor from our ſight,
For by his death we doe perceiue his guilt,
And God in Iuſtice hath reueal'd to vs
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,
Which he had thought to haue murther'd wrongfully.
Come fellow,follow vs for thy Reward.
Sound a flouriſh. Exeunt.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in Mourning Cloakes.

Gloſt. Thus ſometimes hath the brighteſt day a Cloud:
And after Summer,euermore ſucceedes
Barren Winter,with his wrathfull nipping Cold;
So Cares and Ioyes abound,as Seaſons fleet.
Sirs,what's a Clock?
Seru. Tenne,my Lord.
Gloſt. Tenne is the houre that was appointed me,
To watch the comming of my puniſht Ducheſſe:
Vnneath may ſhee endure the Flintie Streets,
To treade them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet *Nell*,ill can thy Noble Minde abrooke
The abiect People,gazing on thy face,
With enuious Lookes laughing at thy ſhame,
That erſt did follow thy prowd Chariot-Wheeles,
When thou didſt ride in triumph through the ſtreets.
But ſoft,I thinke ſhe comes,and Ile prepare
My teare-ſtayn'd eyes,to ſee her Miſeries.

Enter the Ducheſſe in a white Sheet,and a Taper burning in her hand, with the Sheriſe and Officers.

Seru. So pleaſe your Grace, wee'le take her from the Sheriſe.
Gloſter. No, ſtirre not for your liues, let her paſſe by.
Elianor. Come you,my Lord,to ſee my open ſhame?
Now thou do'ſt Penance too. Looke how they gaze,
See how the giddy multitude doe point,
And nodde their heads,and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah *Gloſter*,hide thee from their hatefull lookes,
And in thy Cloſet pent vp, rue my ſhame,
And banne thine Enemies,both mine and thine.
Gloſt. Be patient,gentle *Nell*, forget this griefe.
Elianor. Ah *Gloſter*, teach me to forget my ſelfe:
For whileſt I thinke I am thy married Wife,
And thou a Prince,Protector of this Land;
Me thinkes I ſhould not thus be led along,
Mayl'd vp in ſhame,with Papers on my back,
And follow'd with a Rabble, that reioyce
To ſee my teares, and heare my deepe-fet groanes.
The ruthleſſe Flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I ſtart,the enuious people laugh,
And bid me be aduiſed how I treade.
Ah *Humfrey*,can I beare this ſhamefull yoake?
Troweſt thou,that ere Ile looke vpon the World,
Or count them happy,that enioyes the Sunne?
No: Darke ſhall be my Light,and Night my Day.
To thinke vpon my Pompe,ſhall be my Hell.
Sometime Ile ſay,I am Duke *Humfreyes* Wife,
And he a Prince,and Ruler of the Land:
Yet ſo he rul'd,and ſuch a Prince he was,
As he ſtood by,whileſt I,his forlorne Ducheſſe,
Was made a wonder,and a pointing ſtock
To euery idle Raſcall follower.
But be thou milde,and bluſh not at my ſhame,
Nor ſtirre at nothing,till the Axe of Death
Hang ouer thee,as ſure it ſhortly will.
For *Suffolke*,he that can doe all in all
With her,that hateth thee and hates vs all,
And *Yorke*,and impious *Beauford*,that falſe Prieſt,
Haue all lym'd Buſhes to betray thy Wings,
And flye thou how thou canſt,they'le tangle thee.
But feare not thou,vntill thy foot be ſnar'd,
Nor neuer ſeeke preuention of thy foes.
Gloſt. Ah *Nell*,forbeare:thou aymeſt all awry.
I muſt offend,before I be attainted:
And had I twentie times ſo many foes,
And each of them had twentie times their power,
All theſe could not procure me any ſcathe,
So long as I am loyall,true,and crimeleſſe.
Would'ſt haue me reſcue thee from this reproach?

Why yet thy ſcandall were not wipt away,
But I in danger for the breach of Law.
Thy greateſt helpe is quiet, gentle *Nell:*
I pray thee ſort thy heart to patience,
Theſe few dayes wonder will be quickly worne.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I ſummon your Grace to his Maieſties Parliament,
Holden at Bury, the firſt of this next Moneth.

Gloſt. And my conſent ne're ask'd herein before?
This is cloſe dealing. Well, I will be there.
My *Nell,* I take my leaue: and Maſter Sherife,
Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commiſſion.

Sh. And't pleaſe your Grace, here my Commiſſion ſtayes:
And Sir *Iohn Stanly* is appointed now,
To take her with him to the Ile of Man.

Gloſt. Muſt you, Sir *Iohn,* protect my Lady here?

Stanly. So am I giuen in charge, may't pleaſe your Grace.

Gloſt. Entreat her not the worſe, in that I pray
You vſe her well: the World may laugh againe,
And I may liue to doe you kindneſſe, if you doe it her.
And ſo Sir *Iohn,* farewell.

Elianor. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell?

Gloſt. Witneſſe my teares, I cannot ſtay to ſpeake.

Exit Gloſter.

Elianor. Art thou gone to? all comfort goe with thee,
For none abides with me: my Ioy, is Death;
Death, at whoſe Name I oft haue beene afear'd,
Becauſe I wiſh'd this Worlds eternitie,
Stanley, I prethee goe, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I begge no fauor;
Onely conuey me where thou art commanded.

Stanley. Why, Madame, that is to the Ile of Man,
There to be vs'd according to your State.

Elianor. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And ſhall I then be vs'd reproachfully?

Stanley. Like to a Ducheſſe, and Duke *Humfreyes* Lady,
According to that State you ſhall be vs'd.

Elianor. Sherife farewell, and better then I fare,
Although thou haſt beene Conduct of my ſhame.

Sherife. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.

Elianor. I, I, farewell, thy Office is diſcharg'd:
Come *Stanley,* ſhall we goe?

Stanley. Madame, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,
And goe we to attyre you for our Iourney.

Elianor. My ſhame will not be ſhifted with my Sheet:
No, it will hang vpon my richeſt Robes,
And ſhew it ſelfe, attyre me how I can.
Goe, leade the way, I long to ſee my Priſon. *Exeunt*

Sound a Senet. Enter King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke,
Yorke, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwicke,
to the Parliament.

King. I muſe my Lord of Gloſter is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmoſt man,
What e're occaſion keepes him from vs now.

Queene. Can you not ſee? or will ye not obſerue
The ſtrangeneſſe of his alter'd Countenance?
With what a Maieſtie he beares himſelfe,
How inſolent of late he is become,
How prowd, how peremptorie, and vnlike himſelfe.
We know the time ſince he was milde and affable,
And if we did but glance a farre-off Looke,
Immediately he was vpon his Knee,
That all the Court admir'd him for ſubmiſſion.
But meet him now, and be it in the Morne,
When euery one will giue the time of day,
He knits his Brow, and ſhewes an angry Eye,
And paſſeth by with ſtiffe vnbowed Knee,
Diſdaining dutie that to vs belongs.
Small Curres are not regarded when they grynne,
But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,
And *Humfrey* is no little Man in England.
Firſt note, that he is neere you in diſcent,
And ſhould you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me ſeemeth then, it is no Pollicie,
Reſpecting what a rancorous minde he beares,
And his aduantage following your deceaſe,
That he ſhould come about your Royall Perſon,
Or be admitted to your Highneſſe Councell.
By flatterie hath he wonne the Commons hearts:
And when he pleaſe to make Commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are ſhallow-rooted,
Suffer them now, and they'le o're-grow the Garden,
And choake the Herbes for want of Husbandry.
The reuerent care I beare vnto my Lord,
Made me collect theſe dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a Womans feare:
Which feare, if better Reaſons can ſupplant,
I will ſubſcribe, and ſay I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
Reproue my allegation, if you can,
Or elſe conclude my words effectuall.

Suff. Well hath your Highneſſe ſeene into this Duke:
And had I firſt beene put to ſpeake my minde,
I thinke I ſhould haue told your Graces Tale.
The Ducheſſe, by his ſubornation,
Vpon my Life began her diuelliſh practiſes:
Or if he were not priuie to thoſe Faults,
Yet by reputing of his high diſcent,
As next the King, he was ſucceſſiue Heire,
And ſuch high vaunts of his Nobilitie,
Did inſtigate the Bedlam braine-ſick Ducheſſe,
By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraignes fall.
Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe,
And in his ſimple ſhew he harbours Treaſon.
The Fox barkes not, when he would ſteale the Lambe.
No, no, my Soueraigne, *Glouſter* is a man
Vnſounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,
Deuiſe ſtrange deaths, for ſmall offences done?

Yorke. And did he not, in his Protectorſhip,
Leuie great ſummes of Money through the Realme,
For Souldiers pay in France, and neuer ſent it?
By meanes whereof, the Townes each day reuolted.

Buck. Tut, theſe are petty faults to faults vnknowne,
Which time will bring to light in ſmooth Duke *Humfrey.*

King. My Lords at once: the care you haue of vs,
To mowe downe Thornes that would annoy our Foot,
Is worthy prayſe: but ſhall I ſpeake my conſcience,
Our Kinſman *Gloſter* is as innocent,
From meaning Treaſon to our Royall Perſon,
As is the ſucking Lambe, or harmeleſſe Doue:
The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well giuen,
To dreame on euill, or to worke my downefall.

Qu. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?
Seemes he a Doue? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For hee's diſpoſed as the hatefull Rauen.
Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is ſurely lent him,

For hee's enclin'd as is the rauenous Wolues.
Who cannot ſteale a ſhape, that meanes deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,
Hangs on the cutting ſhort that fraudfull man.

Enter Somerſet.

Som. All health vnto my gracious Soueraigne.

King. Welcome Lord *Somerſet:* What Newes from France?

Som. That all your Intereſt in thoſe Territories,
Is vtterly bereft you: all is loſt.

King. Cold Newes, Lord *Somerſet:* but Gods will be done.

Yorke. Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,
As firmely as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my Bloſſomes blaſted in the Bud,
And Caterpillers eate my Leaues away:
But I will remedie this geare ere long,
Or ſell my Title for a glorious Graue.

Enter Glouceſter.

Gloſt. All happineſſe vnto my Lord the King:
Pardon, my Liege, that I haue ſtay'd ſo long.

Suff. Nay *Gloſter,* know that thou art come too ſoone,
Vnleſſe thou wert more loyall then thou art:
I doe arreſt thee of High Treaſon here.

Gloſt. Well *Suffolke,* thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arreſt:
A Heart vnſpotted, is not eaſily daunted.
The pureſt Spring is not ſo free from mudde,
As I am cleare from Treaſon to my Soueraigne.
Who can accuſe me? wherein am I guiltie?

Yorke. 'Tis thought, my Lord,
That you tooke Bribes of France,
And being Protector, ſtay'd the Souldiers pay,
By meanes whereof, his Highneſſe hath loſt France.

Gloſt. Is it but thought ſo?
What are they that thinke it?
I neuer rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,
Nor euer had one penny Bribe from France.
So helpe me God, as I haue watcht the Night,
I, Night by Night, in ſtudying good for England.
That Doyt that ere I wreſted from the King,
Or any Groat I hoorded to my vſe,
Be brought againſt me at my Tryall day.
No: many a Pound of mine owne proper ſtore,
Becauſe I would not taxe the needie Commons,
Haue I diſ-purſed to the Garriſons,
And neuer ask'd for reſtitution.

Card. It ſerues you well, my Lord, to ſay ſo much.

Gloſt. I ſay no more then truth, ſo helpe me God.

Yorke. In your Protectorſhip, you did deuiſe
Strange Tortures for Offendors, neuer heard of,
That England was defam'd by Tyrannie.

Gloſt. Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector,
Pittie was all the fault that was in me:
For I ſhould melt at an Offendors teares,
And lowly words were Ranſome for their fault:
Vnleſſe it were a bloody Murtherer,
Or foule felonious Theefe, that fleec'd poore paſſengers,
I neuer gaue them condigne puniſhment.
Murther indeede, that bloodie ſinne, I tortur'd
Aboue the Felon, or what Treſpas elſe.

Suff. My Lord, theſe faults are eaſie, quickly anſwer'd:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,
Whereof you cannot eaſily purge your ſelfe.
I doe arreſt you in his Highneſſe Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall
To keepe, vntill your further time of Tryall.

King. My Lord of Gloſter, 'tis my ſpeciall hope,
That you will cleare your ſelfe from all ſuſpence,
My Conſcience tells me you are innocent.

Gloſt. Ah gracious Lord, theſe dayes are dangerous:
Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition,
And Charitie chas'd hence by Rancours hand;
Foule Subornation is predominant,
And Equitie exil'd your Highneſſe Land.
I know, their Complot is to haue my Life:
And if my death might make this Iland happy,
And proue the Period of their Tyrannie,
I would expend it with all willingneſſe.
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
For thouſands more, that yet ſuſpect no perill,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.
Beaufords red ſparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice,
And *Suffolks* cloudie Brow his ſtormie hate;
Sharpe *Buckingham* vnburthens with his tongue,
The enuious Load that lyes vpon his heart:
And dogged *Yorke,* that reaches at the Moone,
Whoſe ouer-weening Arme I haue pluckt back,
By falſe accuſe doth leuell at my Life.
And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the reſt,
Cauſeleſſe haue lay'd diſgraces on my head,
And with your beſt endeuour haue ſtirr'd vp
My liefeſt Liege to be mine Enemie:
I, all of you haue lay'd your heads together,
My ſelfe had notice of your Conuenticles,
And all to make away my guiltleſſe Life.
I ſhall not want falſe Witneſſe, to condemne me,
Nor ſtore of Treaſons, to augment my guilt:
The ancient Prouerbe will be well effected,
A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.

Card. My Liege, his rayling is intollerable.
If thoſe that care to keepe your Royall Perſon
From Treaſons ſecret Knife, and Traytors Rage,
Be thus vpbrayded, chid, and rated at,
And the Offendor graunted ſcope of ſpeech,
'Twill make them coole in zeale vnto your Grace.

Suff. Hath he not twit our Soueraigne Lady here
With ignominious words, though Clarkely coucht?
As if ſhe had ſuborned ſome to ſweare
Falſe allegations, to o'rethrow his ſtate.

Qu. But I can giue the loſer leaue to chide.

Gloſt. Farre truer ſpoke then meant: I loſe indeede,
Beſhrew the winners, for they play'd me falſe,
And well ſuch loſers may haue leaue to ſpeake.

Buck. Hee'le wreſt the ſence, and hold vs here all day.
Lord Cardinall, he is your Priſoner.

Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him ſure.

Gloſt. Ah, thus King *Henry* throwes away his Crutch,
Before his Legges be firme to beare his Body.
Thus is the Shepheard beaten from thy ſide,
And Wolues are gnarling, who ſhall gnaw thee firſt.
Ah that my feare were falſe, ah that it were;
For good King *Henry,* thy decay I feare. *Exit Gloſter.*

King. My Lords, what to your wiſdomes ſeemeth beſt,
Doe, or vndoe, as if our ſelfe were here.

Queene. What, will your Highneſſe leaue the Parliament?

King. I *Margaret:* my heart is drown'd with griefe,
Whoſe floud begins to flowe within mine eyes;
My Body round engyrt with miſerie:

For what's more miſerable then Diſcontent?
Ah Vnckle *Humfrey*, in thy face I ſee
The Map of Honor,Truth,and Loyaltie:
And yet, good *Humfrey*, is the houre to come,
That ere I prou'd thee falſe,or fear'd thy faith.
What lowring Starre now enuies thy eſtate?
That theſe great Lords,and *Margaret* our Queene,
Doe ſeeke ſubuerſion of thy harmeleſſe Life.
Thou neuer didſt them wrong,nor no man wrong:
And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,
And binds the Wretch,and beats it when it ſtrayes,
Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-houſe;
Euen ſo remorſeleſſe haue they borne him hence:
And as the Damme runnes lowing vp and downe,
Looking the way her harmeleſſe young one went,
And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings loſſe;
Euen ſo my ſelfe bewayles good *Gloſters* caſe
With ſad vnhelpefull teares, and with dimn'd eyes;
Looke after him,and cannot doe him good:
So mightie are his vowed Enemies.
His fortunes I will weepe, and 'twixt each groane,
Say,who's a Traytor? *Gloſter* he is none. *Exit.*

Queene. Free Lords:
Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames:
Henry,my Lord,is cold in great Affaires,
Too full of fooliſh pittie: and *Gloſters* ſhew
Beguiles him,as the mournefull Crocodile
With ſorrow ſnares relenting paſſengers;
Or as the Snake,roll'd in a flowring Banke,
With ſhining checker'd ſlough doth ſting a Child,
That for the beautie thinkes it excellent.
Beleeue me Lords,were none more wiſe then I,
And yet herein I iudge mine owne Wit good;
This *Gloſter* ſhould be quickly rid the World,
To rid vs from the feare we haue of him.

Card. That he ſhould dye,is worthie pollicie,
But yet we want a Colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by courſe of Law.

Suff. But in my minde,that were no pollicie:
The King will labour ſtill to ſaue his Life,
The Commons haply riſe,to ſaue his Life;
And yet we haue but triuiall argument,
More then miſtruſt,that ſhewes him worthy death.

Yorke. So that by this,you would not haue him dye.

Suff. Ah *Yorke*,no man aliue,ſo faine as I.

Yorke. 'Tis *Yorke* that hath more reaſon for his death.
But my Lord Cardinall,and you my Lord of Suffolke,
Say as you thinke,and ſpeake it from your Soules:
Wer't not all one,an emptie Eagle were ſet,
To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte,
As place Duke *Humfrey* for the Kings Protector?

Queene. So the poore Chicken ſhould be ſure of death.

Suff. Madame 'tis true: and wer't not madneſſe then,
To make the Fox ſurueyor of the Fold?
Who being accus'd a craftie Murtherer,
His guilt ſhould be but idly poſted ouer,
Becauſe his purpoſe is not executed.
No: let him dye,in that he is a Fox,
By nature prou'd an Enemie to the Flock,
Before his Chaps be ſtayn'd with Crimſon blood,
As *Humfrey* prou'd by Reaſons to my Liege.
And doe not ſtand on Quillets how to ſlay him:
Be it by Gynnes,by Snares,by Subtletie,
Sleeping,or Waking,'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit,
Which mates him firſt,that firſt intends deceit.

Queene. Thrice Noble *Suffolke*,'tis reſolutely ſpoke.

Suff. Not reſolute,except ſo much were done,
For things are often ſpoke, and ſeldome meant,
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preſerue my Soueraigne from his Foe,
Say but the word,and I will be his Prieſt.

Card. But I would haue him dead,my Lord of Suffolke,
Ere you can take due Orders for a Prieſt:
Say you conſent,and cenſure well the deed,
And Ile prouide his Executioner,
I tender ſo the ſafetie of my Liege.

Suff. Here is my Hand,the deed is worthy doing.

Queene. And ſo ſay I.

Yorke. And I: and now we three haue ſpoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.

Enter a Poſte.

Poſt. Great Lords,from Ireland am I come amaine,
To ſignifie,that Rebels there are vp,
And put the Engliſhmen vnto the Sword.
Send Succours(Lords)and ſtop the Rage betime,
Before the Wound doe grow vncurable;
For being greene,there is great hope of helpe.

Card. A Breach that craues a quick expedient ſtoppe.
What counſaile giue you in this weightie cauſe?

Yorke. That *Somerſet* be ſent as Regent thither:
'Tis meet that luckie Ruler be imploy'd,
Witneſſe the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If *Yorke*,with all his farre-fet pollicie,
Had beene the Regent there,in ſtead of me,
He neuer would haue ſtay'd in France ſo long.

Yorke. No,not to loſe it all,as thou haſt done.
I rather would haue loſt my Life betimes,
Then bring a burthen of dis-honour home,
By ſtaying there ſo long,till all were loſt.
Shew me one skarre,character'd on thy Skinne,
Mens fleſh preſeru'd ſo whole,doe ſeldome winne.

Qu. Nay then,this ſparke will proue a raging fire,
If Wind and Fuell be brought,to feed it with:
No more,good *Yorke*; ſweet *Somerſet* be ſtill.
Thy fortune *Yorke*, hadſt thou beene Regent there,
Might happily haue prou'd farre worſe then his.

Yorke. What,worſe then naught? nay,then a ſhame take all.

Somerſet. And in the number, thee, that wiſheſt ſhame.

Card. My Lord of Yorke,trie what your fortune is:
Th'vnciuill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,
And temper Clay with blood of Engliſhmen.
To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,
Collected choycely,from each Countie ſome,
And tri'e your hap againſt the Iriſhmen?

Yorke. I will,my Lord,ſo pleaſe his Maieſtie.

Suff. Why,our Authoritie is his conſent,
And what we doe eſtabliſh,he confirmes:
Then,Noble *Yorke*,take thou this Taske in hand.

Yorke. I am content: Prouide me Souldiers,Lords,
Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.

Suff. A charge,Lord *Yorke*,that I will ſee perform'd.
But now returne we to the falſe Duke *Humfrey*.

Card. No more of him: for I will deale with him,
That henceforth he ſhall trouble vs no more:
And ſo breake off,the day is almoſt ſpent,
Lord *Suffolke*,you and I muſt talke of that euent.

Yorke. My Lord of Suffolke,within foureteene dayes
At Briſtow I expect my Souldiers,
For there Ile ſhippe them all for Ireland.

Suff. Ile ſee it truly done,my Lord of Yorke. *Exeunt.*

Manet Yorke.

Yorke. Now *Yorke*,or neuer,ſteele thy fearfull thoughts,
And change miſdoubt to reſolution;
Be that thou hop'ſt to be,or what thou art;
Reſigne to death,it is not worth th'enioying:
Let pale-fac't feare keepe with the meane-borne man,
And finde no harbor in a Royall heart.
Faſter thẽ Spring-time ſhowres,comes thoght on thoght,
And not a thought,but thinkes on Dignitie.
My Brayne,more buſie then the laboring Spider,
Weaues tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.
Well Nobles,well: 'tis politikely done,
To ſend me packing with an Hoaſt of men:
I feare me,you but warme the ſtarued Snake,
Who cheriſht in your breaſts,will ſting your hearts.
'Twas men I lackt,and you will giue them me;
I take it kindly: yet be well aſſur'd,
You put ſharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nouriſh a mightie Band,
I will ſtirre vp in England ſome black Storme,
Shall blowe ten thouſand Soules to Heauen,or Hell:
And this fell Tempeſt ſhall not ceaſe to rage,
Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head,
Like to the glorious Sunnes tranſparant Beames,
Doe calme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe.
And for a miniſter of my intent,
I haue ſeduc'd a head-ſtrong Kentiſhman,
Iohn Cade of Aſhford,
To make Commotion,as full well he can,
Vnder the Title of *Iohn Mortimer*.
In Ireland haue I ſeene this ſtubborne *Cade*
Oppoſe himſelfe againſt a Troupe of Kernes,
And fought ſo long,till that his thighes with Darts
Were almoſt like a ſharpe-quill'd Porpentine:
And in the end being reſcued,I haue ſeene
Him capre vpright,like a wilde Moriſco,
Shaking the bloody Darts,as he his Bells.
Full often,like a ſhag-hayr'd craftie Kerne,
Hath he conuerſed with the Enemie,
And vndiſcouer'd,come to me againe,
And giuen me notice of their Villanies.
This Deuill here ſhall be my ſubſtitute;
For that *Iohn Mortimer*,which now is dead,
In face,in gate,in ſpeech he doth reſemble.
By this,I ſhall perceiue the Commons minde,
How they affect the Houſe and Clayme of *Yorke*.
Say he be taken,rackt,and tortured;
I know,no paine they can inflict vpon him,
Will make him ſay,I mou'd him to thoſe Armes.
Say that he thriue,as 'tis great like he will,
Why then from Ireland come I with my ſtrength,
And reape the Harueſt which that Raſcall ſow'd.
For *Humfrey*; being dead,as he ſhall be,
And *Henry* put apart: the next for me. *Exit.*

Enter two or three running ouer the Stage,from the Murther of Duke Humfrey.

1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know
We haue diſpatcht the Duke,as he commanded.

2. Oh,that it were to doe: what haue we done?
Didſt euer heare a man ſo penitent? *Enter Suffolke.*

1. Here comes my Lord.

Suff. Now Sirs,haue you diſpatcht this thing?

1. I,my good Lord,hee's dead.

Suff. Why that's well ſaid.Goe,get you to my Houſe,
I will reward you for this venturous deed:
The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.
Haue you layd faire the Bed? Is all things well,
According as I gaue directions?

1. 'Tis,my good Lord.

Suff. Away,be gone. *Exeunt.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King,the Queene, Cardinall,Suffolke,Somerſet,with Attendants.

King. Goe call our Vnckle to our preſence ſtraight:
Say,we intend to try his Grace to day,
If he be guiltie,as 'tis publiſhed.

Suff. Ile call him preſently,my Noble Lord. *Exit.*

King. Lords take your places: and I pray you all
Proceed no ſtraiter 'gainſt our Vnckle *Gloſter*,
Then from true euidence,of good eſteeme,
He be approu'd in practiſe culpable.

Queene. God forbid any Malice ſhould preuayle,
That faultleſſe may condemne a Noble man:
Pray God he may acquit him of ſuſpition.

King. I thanke thee *Nell*, theſe wordes content mee much.

Enter Suffolke.

How now? why look'ſt thou pale? why trembleſt thou?
Where is our Vnckle? what's the matter,*Suffolke*?

Suff. Dead in his Bed,my Lord: *Gloſter* is dead.

Queene. Marry God forfend.

Card. Gods ſecret Iudgement: I did dreame to Night,
The Duke was dumbe,and could not ſpeake a word.

King ſounds.

Qu. How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords,the King is dead.

Som. Rere vp his Body,wring him by the Noſe.

Qu. Runne,goe,helpe,helpe: Oh *Henry* ope thine eyes.

Suff. He doth reuiue againe, Madame be patient.

King. Oh Heauenly God.

Qu. How fares my gracious Lord?

Suff. Comfort my Soueraigne, gracious *Henry* comfort.

King. What,doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me?
Came he right now to ſing a Rauens Note,
Whoſe diſmall tune bereft my Vitall powres:
And thinkes he,that the chirping of a Wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breaſt,
Can chaſe away the firſt-conceiued ſound?
Hide not thy poyſon with ſuch ſugred words,
Lay not thy hands on me: forbeare I ſay,
Their touch affrights me as a Serpents ſting.
Thou balefull Meſſenger,out of my ſight:
Vpon thy eye-balls,murderous Tyrannie
Sits in grim Maieſtie,to fright the World.
Looke not vpon me,for thine eyes are wounding;
Yet doe not goe away: come Baſiliske,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy ſight:
For in the ſhade of death,I ſhall finde ioy;
In life,but double death,now *Gloſter's* dead.

Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus?
Although the Duke was enemie to him,
Yet he moſt Chriſtian-like laments his death:
And for my ſelfe,Foe as he was to me,
Might liquid teares,or heart-offending groanes,
Or blood-conſuming ſighes recall his Life;

I would be blinde with weeping, ſicke with grones,
Looke pale as Prim-roſe with blood-drinking ſighes,
And all to haue the Noble Duke aliue.
What know I how the world may deeme of me?
For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends:
It may be iudg'd I made the Duke away,
So ſhall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded,
And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:
This get I by his death: Aye me vnhappie,
To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie.
King. Ah woe is me for Gloſter, wretched man.
Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.
What, Doſt thou turne away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathſome Leaper, looke on me.
What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deafe?
Be poyſonous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene.
Is all thy comfort ſhut in Gloſters Tombe?
Why then Dame *Elianor* was neere thy ioy.
Erect his Statue, and worſhip it,
And make my Image but an Ale-houſe ſigne.
Was I for this nye wrack'd vpon the Sea,
And twice by aukward winde from Englands banke
Droue backe againe vnto my Natiue Clime.
What boaded this? but well fore-warning winde
Did ſeeme to ſay, ſeeke not a Scorpions Neſt,
Nor ſet no footing on this vnkinde Shore.
What did I then? But curſt the gentle guſts,
And he that loos'd them forth their Brazen Caues,
And bid them blow towards Englands bleſſed ſhore,
Or turne our Sterne vpon a dreadfull Rocke:
Yet Æolus would not be a murtherer,
But left that hatefull office vnto thee.
The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me,
Knowing that thou wouldſt haue me drown'd on ſhore
With teares as ſalt as Sea, through thy vnkindneſſe.
The ſplitting Rockes cowr'd in the ſinking ſands,
And would not daſh me with their ragged ſides,
Becauſe thy flinty heart more hard then they,
Might in thy Pallace, periſh *Elianor.*
As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes,
When from thy Shore, the Tempeſt beate vs backe,
I ſtood vpon the Hatches in the ſtorme:
And when the duskie sky, began to rob
My earneſt-gaping-ſight of thy Lands view,
I tooke a coſtly Iewell from my necke,
A Hart it was bound in with Diamonds,
And threw it towards thy Land: The Sea receiu'd it,
And ſo I wiſh'd thy body might my Heart:
And euen with this, I loſt faire Englands view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart,
And call'd them blinde and duskie Spectacles,
For loſing ken of *Albions* wiſhed Coaſt.
How often haue I tempted Suffolkes tongue
(The agent of thy foule inconſtancie)
To ſit and watch me as *Aſcanius* did,
When he to madding *Dido* would vnfold
His Fathers Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy.
Am I not witcht like her? Or thou not falſe like him?
Aye me, I can no more: Dye *Elinor*,
For *Henry* weepes, that thou doſt liue ſo long.

Noyſe within. Enter Warwicke, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty Soueraigne,
That good Duke *Humfrey* Traiterouſly is murdred
By Suffolke, and the Cardinall *Beaufords* meanes:
The Commons like an angry Hiue of Bees
That want their Leader, ſcatter vp and downe,
And care not who they ſting in his reuenge.
My ſelfe haue calm'd their ſpleenfull mutinie,
Vntill they heare the order of his death.
King. That he is dead good Warwick, 'tis too true,
But how he dyed, God knowes, not *Henry*:
Enter his Chamber, view his breathleſſe Corpes,
And comment then vpon his ſodaine death.
War. That ſhall I do my Liege; Stay Salsburie
With the rude multitude, till I returne.
King. O thou that iudgeſt all things, ſtay my thoghts:
My thoughts, that labour to perſwade my ſoule,
Some violent hands were laid on *Humfries* life:
If my ſuſpect be falſe, forgiue me God,
For iudgement onely doth belong to thee:
Faine would I go to chafe his palie lips,
With twenty thouſand kiſſes, and to draine
Vpon his face an Ocean of ſalt teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbe deafe trunke,
And with my fingers feele his hand, vnfeeling:
But all in vaine are theſe meane Obſequies,
Bed put forth.
And to ſuruey his dead and earthy Image:
What were it but to make my ſorrow greater?
Warw. Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this body.
King. That is to ſee how deepe my graue is made,
For with his ſoule fled all my worldly ſolace:
For ſeeing him, I ſee my life in death.
War. As ſurely as my ſoule intends to liue
With that dread King that tooke our ſtate vpon him,
To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull curſe,
I do beleeue that violent hands were laid
Vpon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.
Suf. A dreadfull Oath, ſworne with a ſolemn tongue:
What inſtance giues Lord Warwicke for his vow.
War. See how the blood is ſetled in his face.
Oft haue I ſeene a timely-parted Ghoſt,
Of aſhy ſemblance, meager, pale, and bloodleſſe,
Being all deſcended to the labouring heart,
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the ſame for aydance 'gainſt the enemy,
Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth,
To bluſh and beautifie the Cheeke againe.
But ſee, his face is blacke, and full of blood:
His eye-balles further out, than when he liued,
Staring full gaſtly, like a ſtrangled man:
His hayre vprear'd, his noſtrils ſtretcht with ſtrugling:
His hands abroad diſplay'd, as one that graſpt
And tugg'd for Life, and was by ſtrength ſubdude.
Looke on the ſheets his haire (you ſee) is ſticking,
His well proportion'd Beard, made ruffe and rugged,
Like to the Summers Corne by Tempeſt lodged:
It cannot be but he was murdred heere,
The leaſt of all theſe ſignes were probable.
Suf. Why Warwicke, who ſhould do the D. to death?
My ſelfe and *Beauford* had him in protection,
And we I hope ſir, are no murtherers.
War. But both of you were vowed D. Humfries foes,
And you (forſooth) had the good Duke to keepe:
Tis like you would not feaſt him like a friend,
And 'tis well ſeene, he found an enemy.
Queen. Than you belike ſuſpect theſe Noblemen,
As guilty of Duke *Humfries* timeleſſe death.

Warw. Who finds the Heyfer dead, and bleeding freſh,
And ſees faſt-by, a Butcher with an Axe,
But will ſuſpect, 'twas he that made the ſlaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the Puttocks Neſt,
But may imagine how the Bird was dead,
Although the Kyte ſoare with vnbloudied Beake?
Euen ſo ſuſpitious is this Tragedie.
Qu. Are you the Butcher, *Suffolk*? where's your Knife?
Is *Beauford* tearm'd a Kyte? where are his Tallons?
Suff. I weare no Knife, to ſlaughter ſleeping men,
But here's a vengefull Sword, ruſted with eaſe,
That ſhall be ſcowred in his rancorous heart,
That ſlanders me with Murthers Crimſon Badge.
Say, if thou dar'ſt, prowd Lord of Warwickſhire,
That I am faultie in Duke *Humfreyes* death.
Warw. What dares not *Warwick*, if falſe *Suffolke* dare him?
Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit,
Nor ceaſe to be an arrogant Controller,
Though *Suffolke* dare him twentie thouſand times.
Warw. Madame be ſtill: with reuerence may I ſay,
For euery word you ſpeake in his behalfe,
Is ſlander to your Royall Dignitie.
Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,
If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord ſo much,
Thy Mother tooke into her blamefull Bed
Some ſterne vntutur'd Churle; and Noble Stock
Was graft with Crab-tree ſlippe, whoſe Fruit thou art,
And neuer of the *Neuils* Noble Race.
Warw. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
And I ſhould rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thouſand ſhames,
And that my Soueraignes preſence makes me milde,
I would, falſe murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee
Make thee begge pardon for thy paſſed ſpeech,
And ſay, it was thy Mother that thou meant'ſt,
That thou thy ſelfe waſt borne in Baſtardie;
And after all this fearefull Homage done,
Giue thee thy hyre, and ſend thy Soule to Hell,
Pernicious blood-ſucker of ſleeping men.
Suff. Thou ſhalt be waking, while I ſhed thy blood,
If from this preſence thou dar'ſt goe with me.
Warw. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence:
Vnworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,
And doe ſome ſeruice to Duke *Humfreyes* Ghoſt.
Exeunt.
King. What ſtronger Breſt-plate then a heart vntainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell iuſt;
And he but naked, though lockt vp in Steele,
Whoſe Conſcience with Iniuſtice is corrupted.
A noyſe within.
Queene. What noyſe is this?

Enter Suffolke and Warwicke, with their Weapons drawne.

King. Why how now Lords?
Your wrathfull Weapons drawne,
Here in our preſence? Dare you be ſo bold?
Why what tumultuous clamor haue we here?
Suff. The trayt'rous *Warwick*, with the men of Bury,
Set all vpon me, mightie Soueraigne.

Enter Salisbury.

Salisb. Sirs ſtand apart, the King ſhall know your minde.
Dread Lord, the Commons ſend you word by me,
Vnleſſe Lord *Suffolke* ſtraight be done to death,
Or baniſhed faire Englands Territories,
They will by violence teare him from your Pallace,
And torture him with grieuous lingring death.
They ſay, by him the good Duke *Humfrey* dy'de:
They ſay, in him they feare your Highneſſe death;
And meere inſtinct of Loue and Loyaltie,
Free from a ſtubborne oppoſite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his Baniſhment.
They ſay, in care of your moſt Royall Perſon,
That if your Highneſſe ſhould intend to ſleepe,
And charge, that no man ſhould diſturbe your reſt,
In paine of your diſlike, or paine of death;
Yet notwithſtanding ſuch a ſtrait Edict,
Were there a Serpent ſeene, with forked Tongue,
That ſlyly glyded towards your Maieſtie,
It were but neceſſarie you were wak't:
Leaſt being ſuffer'd in that harmefull ſlumber,
The mortall Worme might make the ſleepe eternall.
And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, where you will, or no,
From ſuch fell Serpents as falſe *Suffolke* is;
With whoſe inuenomed and fatall ſting,
Your louing Vnckle, twentie times his worth,
They ſay is ſhamefully bereft of life.
Commons within. An anſwer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury.
Suff. 'Tis like the Commons, rude vnpoliſht Hindes,
Could ſend ſuch Meſſage to their Soueraigne:
But you, my Lord, were glad to be imploy'd,
To ſhew how queint an Orator you are.
But all the Honor *Salisbury* hath wonne,
Is, that he was the Lord Embaſſador,
Sent from a ſort of Tinkers to the King.
Within. An anſwer from the King, or wee will all breake in.
King. Goe *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
I thanke them for their tender louing care;
And had I not beene cited ſo by them,
Yet did I purpoſe as they doe entreat:
For ſure, my thoughts doe hourely prophecie,
Miſchance vnto my State by *Suffolkes* meanes.
And therefore by his Maieſtie I ſweare,
Whoſe farre-vnworthie Deputie I am,
He ſhall not breathe infection in this ayre,
But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.
Qu. Oh *Henry*, let me pleade for gentle *Suffolke.*
King. Vngentle Queene, to call him gentle *Suffolke.*
No more I ſay: if thou do'ſt pleade for him,
Thou wilt but adde encreaſe vnto my Wrath.
Had I but ſayd, I would haue kept my Word;
But when I ſweare, it is irreuocable:
If after three dayes ſpace thou here bee'ſt found,
On any ground that I am Ruler of,
The World ſhall not be Ranſome for thy Life.
Come *Warwicke*, come good *Warwicke*, goe with mee,
I haue great matters to impart to thee. *Exit.*
Qu. Miſchance and Sorrow goe along with you,
Hearts Diſcontent, and ſowre Affliction,
Be play-fellowes to keepe you companie:
There's two of you, the Deuill make a third,
And three-fold Vengeance tend vpon your ſteps.
Suff. Ceaſe, gentle Queene, theſe Execrations,
And let thy *Suffolke* take his heauie leaue.

Queen. Fye Coward woman, and ſoft harted wretch,
Haſt thou not ſpirit to curſe thine enemy.

Suf. A plague vpon them: wherefore ſhould I curſſe them?
Would curſes kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,
I would inuent as bitter ſearching termes,
As curſt, as harſh, and horrible to heare,
Deliuer'd ſtrongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many ſignes of deadly hate,
As leane-fac'd enuy in her loathſome caue.
My tongue ſhould ſtumble in mine earneſt words,
Mine eyes ſhould ſparkle like the beaten Flint,
Mine haire be fixt an end, as one diſtract:
I, euery ioynt ſhould ſeeme to curſe and ban,
And euen now my burthen'd heart would breake
Should I not curſe them. Poyſon be their drinke.
Gall, worſe then Gall, the daintieſt that they taſte:
Their ſweeteſt ſhade, a groue of Cypreſſe Trees:
Their cheefeſt Proſpect, murd'ring Baſiliskes:
Their ſofteſt Touch, as ſmart as Lyzards ſtings:
Their Muſicke, frightfull as the Serpents hiſſe,
And boading Screech-Owles, make the Conſort full.
All the foule terrors in darke ſeated hell———

Q. Enough ſweet Suffolke, thou torment'ſt thy ſelfe,
And theſe dread curſes like the Sunne 'gainſt glaſſe,
Or like an ouer-charged Gun, recoile,
And turnes the force of them vpon thy ſelfe.

Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leaue?
Now by the ground that I am baniſh'd from,
Well could I curſe away a Winters night,
Though ſtanding naked on a Mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let graſſe grow,
And thinke it but a minute ſpent in ſport.

Qu. Oh, let me intreat thee ceaſe, giue me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournfull tea es:
Nor let the raine of heauen wet this place,
To waſh away my wofull Monuments.
Oh, could this kiſſe be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'ſt thinke vpon theſe by the Seale,
Through whom a thouſand ſighes are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my greefe,
'Tis but ſurmiz'd, whiles thou art ſtanding by,
As one that ſurfets, thinking on a want:
I will repeale thee, or be well aſſur'd,
Aduenture to be baniſhed my ſelfe:
And baniſhed I am, if but from thee.
Go, ſpeake not to me; euen now be gone.
Oh go not yet. Euen thus, two Friends condemn'd,
Embrace, and kiſſe, and take ten thouſand leaues,
Loather a hundred times to part then dye;
Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.

Suf. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times baniſhed,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the Land I care for, wer't thou thence,
A Wilderneſſe is populous enough,
So Suffolke had thy heauenly company:
For where thou art, there is the World it ſelfe,
With euery ſeuerall pleaſure in the World:
And where thou art not, Deſolation.
I can no more: Liue thou to ioy thy life;
My ſelfe no ioy in nought, but that thou liu'ſt.

Enter Vaux.

Queene. Whether goes *Vaux* ſo faſt? What newes I prethee?

Vaux. To ſignifie vnto his Maieſty,
That Cardinall *Beauford* is at point of death:
For ſodainly a greeuous ſickneſſe tooke him,
That makes him gaspe, and ſtare, and catch the aire,
Blaſpheming God, and curſing men on earth.
Sometime he talkes, as if Duke *Humfries* Ghoſt
Were by his ſide: Sometime, he calles the King,
And whiſpers to his pillow, as to him,
The ſecrets of his ouer-charged ſoule,
And I am ſent to tell his Maieſtie,
That euen now he cries alowd for him.

Qu. Go tell this heauy Meſſage to the King. *Exit*
Aye me! What is this World? What newes are theſe?
But wherefore greeue I at an houres poore loſſe,
Omitting Suffolkes exile, my ſoules Treaſure?
Why onely Suffolke mourne I not for thee?
And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares?
Theirs for the earths encreaſe, mine for my ſorrowes.
Now get thee hence, the King thou know'ſt is comming,
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot liue,
And in thy ſight to dye, what were it elſe,
But like a pleaſant ſlumber in thy lap?
Heere could I breath my ſoule into the ayre,
As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe,
Dying with mothers dugge betweene it's lips.
Where from thy ſight, I ſhould be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to cloſe vp mine eyes:
To haue thee with thy lippes to ſtop my mouth:
So ſhould'ſt thou eyther turne my flying ſoule,
Or I ſhould breathe it ſo into thy body,
And then it liu'd in ſweete Elizium.
To dye by thee, were but to dye in ieſt,
From thee to dye, were torture more then death:
Oh let me ſtay, befall what may befall.

Queen. Away: Though parting be a fretfull coroſiue,
It is applyed to a deathfull wound.
To France ſweet Suffolke: Let me heare from thee:
For whereſoere thou art in this worlds Globe,
Ile haue an *Iris* that ſhall finde thee out.

Suf. I go.

Qu. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A Iewell lockt into the wofulſt Caske,
That euer did containe a thing of worth,
Euen as a ſplitted Barke, ſo ſunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Qu. This way for me. *Exeunt*

Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwicke, to the Cardinal in bed.

King. How fare's my Lord? Speake *Beauford* to thy Soueraigne.

Ca. If thou beeſt death, Ile giue thee Englands Treaſure,
Enough to purchaſe ſuch another Iſland,
So thou wilt let me liue, and feele no paine.

King. Ah, what a ſigne it is of euill life,
Where death's approach is ſeene ſo terrible.

War. *Beauford*, it is thy Soueraigne ſpeakes to thee.

Beau. Bring me vnto my Triall when you will.
Dy'de he not in his bed? Where ſhould he dye?
Can I make men liue where they will or no?
Oh torture me no more, I will confeſſe.
Aliue againe? Then ſhew me where he is,
Ile giue a thouſand pound to looke vpon him.
He hath no eyes, the duſt hath blinded them.

Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it ſtands vpright,
Like Lime-twigs ſet to catch my winged ſoule:
Giue me ſome drinke, and bid the Apothecarie
Bring the ſtrong poyſon that I bought of him.

King. Oh thou eternall mouer of the heauens,
Looke with a gentle eye vpon this Wretch,
Oh beate away the buſie medling Fiend,
That layes ſtrong ſiege vnto this wretches ſoule,
And from his boſome purge this blacke diſpaire.

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

Sal. Diſturbe him not, let him paſſe peaceably.

King. Peace to his ſoule, if Gods good pleaſure be.
Lord Card'nall, if thou think'ſt on heauens bliſſe,
Hold vp thy hand, make ſignall of thy hope.
He dies and makes no ſigne: Oh God forgiue him.

War. So bad a death, argues a monſtrous life.

King. Forbeare to iudge, for we are ſinners all.
Cloſe vp his eyes, and draw the Curtaine cloſe,
And let vs all to Meditation. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolke, and others.

Lieu. The gaudy blabbing and remorſefull day,
Is crept into the boſome of the Sea:
And now loud houling Wolues arouſe the Iades
That dragge the Tragicke melancholy night:
Who with their drowſie, ſlow, and flagging wings
Cleape dead-mens graues, and from their miſty Iawes,
Breath foule contagious darkneſſe in the ayre:
Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,
For whilſt our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,
Heere ſhall they make their ranſome on the ſand,
Or with their blood ſtaine this diſcoloured ſhore.
Maiſter, this Priſoner freely giue I thee,
And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:
The other *Walter Whitmore* is thy ſhare.

1. Gent. What is my ranſome Maſter, let me know.

Ma. A thouſand Crownes, or elſe lay down your head

Mate. And ſo much ſhall you giue, or off goes yours.

Lieu. What thinke you much to pay 2000. Crownes,
And beare the name and port of Gentlemen?
Cut both the Villaines throats, for dy you ſhall:
The liues of thoſe which we haue loſt in fight,
Be counter-poys'd with ſuch a pettie ſumme.

1. Gent. Ile giue it ſir, and therefore ſpare my life.

2. Gent. And ſo will I, and write home for it ſtraight.

Whitm. I loſt mine eye in laying the prize aboord,
And therefore to reuenge it, ſhalt thou dye,
And ſo ſhould theſe, if I might haue my will.

Lieu. Be not ſo raſh, take ranſome, let him liue.

Suf. Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou ſhalt be payed.

Whit. And ſo am I: my name is *Walter Whitmore.*
How now? why ſtarts thou? What doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whoſe ſound is death:
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by Water I ſhould dye:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly ſounded.

Whit. *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is I care not,
Neuer yet did baſe diſhonour blurre our name,
But with our ſword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when Merchant-like I ſell reuenge,
Broke be my ſword, my Armes torne and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world.

Suf. Stay *Whitmore*, for thy Priſoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, *William de la Pole.*

Whit. The Duke of Suffolke, muffled vp in ragges?

Suf. I, but theſe ragges are no part of the Duke.

Lieu. But Ioue was neuer ſlaine as thou ſhalt be,
Obſcure and lowſie Swaine, King *Henries* blood.

Suf. The honourable blood of Lancaſter
Muſt not be ſhed by ſuch a iaded Groome:
Haſt thou not kiſt thy hand, and held my ſtirrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I ſhooke my head.
How often haſt thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,
When I haue feaſted with Queene *Margaret*?
Remember it, and let it make thee Creſt-falne,
I, and alay this thy abortiue Pride:
How in our voyding Lobby haſt thou ſtood,
And duly wayted for my comming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalfe,
And therefore ſhall it charme thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak Captaine, ſhall I ſtab the forlorn Swain.

Lieu. Firſt let my words ſtab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Baſe ſlaue, thy words are blunt, and ſo art thou.

Lieu. Conuey him hence, and on our long boats ſide,
Strike off his head. *Suf.* Thou dar'ſt not for thy owne.

Lieu. *Poole*, Sir *Poole*? Lord,
I kennell, puddle, ſinke, whoſe filth and dirt
Troubles the ſiluer Spring, where England drinkes:
Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth,
For ſwallowing the Treaſure of the Realme.
Thy lips that kiſt the Queene, ſhall ſweepe the ground:
And thou that ſmil'dſt at good Duke *Humfries* death,
Againſt the ſenſeleſſe windes ſhall grin in vaine,
Who in contempt ſhall hiſſe at thee againe.
And wedded be thou to the Hagges of hell,
For daring to affye a mighty Lord
Vnto the daughter of a worthleſſe King,
Hauing neyther Subiect, Wealth, nor Diadem:
By diuelliſh policy art thou growne great,
And like ambitious Sylla ouer-gorg'd,
With gobbets of thy Mother-bleeding heart.
By thee *Aniou* and *Maine* were ſold to France.
The falſe reuolting Normans thorough thee,
Diſdaine to call vs Lord, and *Piccardie*
Hath ſlaine their Gouernors, ſurpriz'd our Forts,
And ſent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.
The Princely Warwicke, and the *Neuils* all,
Whoſe dreadfull ſwords were neuer drawne in vaine,
As hating thee, and riſing vp in armes.
And now the Houſe of Yorke thruſt from the Crowne,
By ſhamefull murther of a guiltleſſe King,
And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,
Burnes with reuenging fire, whoſe hopefull colours
Aduance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, ſtriuing to ſhine;
Vnder the which is writ, *Inuitis nubibus.*
The Commons heere in Kent are vp in armes,
And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie,
Is crept into the Pallace of our King,
And all by thee: away, conuey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a God, to ſhoot forth Thunder
Vpon theſe paltry, ſeruile, abiect Drudges:
Small things make baſe men proud. This Villaine heere,
Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more
Then *Bargulus* the ſtrong Illyrian Pyrate.
Drones ſucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hiues:
It is impoſſible that I ſhould dye

By ſuch a lowly Vaſſall as thy ſelfe.
Thy words moue Rage, and not remorſe in me:
I go of Meſſage from the Queene to France:
I charge thee waft me ſafely croſſe the Channell.

Lieu. Water: W. Come Suffolke, I muſt waft thee to thy death.

Suf. Pine gelidus timor occupat artus, it is thee I feare.

Wal. Thou ſhalt haue cauſe to feare before I leaue thee.
What, are ye danted now? Now will ye ſtoope.

1. Gent. My gracious Lord intreat him, ſpeak him fair.

Suf. Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is ſterne and rough:
Vs'd to command, vntaught to pleade for fauour.
Farre be it, we ſhould honor ſuch as theſe
With humble ſuite: no, rather let my head
Stoope to the blocke, then theſe knees bow to any,
Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King:
And ſooner dance vpon a bloody pole,
Then ſtand vncouer'd to the Vulgar Groome.
True Nobility, is exempt from feare:
More can I beare, then you dare execute.

Lieu. Hale him away, and let him talke no more:
Come Souldiers, ſhew what cruelty ye can.

Suf. That this my death may neuer be forgot.
Great men oft dye by vilde Bezonions.
A Romane Sworder, and Bandetto ſlaue
Murder'd ſweet *Tully.* *Brutus* Baſtard hand
Stab'd *Iulius Cæſar.* Sauage Iſlanders
Pompey the Great, and *Suffolke* dyes by Pyrats.

Exit Water with Suffolke.

Lieu. And as for theſe whoſe ranſome we haue ſet,
It is our pleaſure one of them depart:
Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.

Exit Lieutenant, and the reſt.

Manet the firſt Gent. *Enter Walter with the body.*

Wal. There let his head, and liueleſſe bodie lye,
Vntill the Queene his Miſtris bury it. *Exit Walter.*

1. Gent. O barbarous and bloudy ſpectacle,
His body will I beare vnto the King:
If he reuenge it not, yet will his Friends,
So will the Queene, that liuing, held him deere.

Enter Beuis, and Iohn Holland.

Beuis. Come and get thee a ſword, though made of a Lath, they haue bene vp theſe two dayes.

Hol. They haue the more neede to ſleepe now then.

Beuis. I tell thee, *Iacke Cade* the Cloathier, meanes to dreſſe the Common-wealth and turne it, and ſet a new nap vpon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thred-bare. Well, I ſay, it was neuer merrie world in England, ſince Gentlemen came vp.

Beuis. O miſerable Age: Vertue is not regarded in Handy-crafts men.

Hol. The Nobilitie thinke ſcorne to goe in Leather Aprons.

Beuis. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good Workemen.

Hol. True: and yet it is ſaid, Labour in thy Vocation: which is as much to ſay, as let the Magiſtrates be labouring men, and therefore ſhould we be Magiſtrates.

Beuis. Thou haſt hit it: for there's no better ſigne of a braue minde, then a hard hand.

Hol. I ſee them, I ſee them: There's *Beſts* Sonne, the Tanner of Wingham.

Beuis. Hee ſhall haue the skinnes of our enemies, to make Dogges Leather of.

Hol. And Dicke the Butcher.

Beuis. Then is ſin ſtrucke downe like an Oxe, and iniquities throate cut like a Calfe.

Hol. And Smith the Weauer.

Beu. Argo, their thred of life is ſpun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drumme. Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weauer, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. Wee *Iohn Cade,* ſo tearm'd of our ſuppoſed Father.

But. Or rather of ſtealing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our enemies ſhall faile before vs, inſpired with the ſpirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Command ſilence.

But. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a *Mortimer.*

But. He was an honeſt man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet.*

Butch. I knew her well, ſhe was a Midwife.

Cade. My wife deſcended of the *Lacies.*

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & ſold many Laces.

Weauer. But now of late, not able to trauell with her furr'd Packe, ſhe waſhes buckes here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable houſe.

But. I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he borne, vnder a hedge: for his Father had neuer a houſe but the Cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weauer. A muſt needs, for beggery is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

But. No queſtion of that: for I haue ſeene him whipt three Market dayes together.

Cade. I feare neither ſword, nor fire.

Wea. He neede not feare the ſword, for his Coate is of proofe.

But. But me thinks he ſhould ſtand in feare of fire, being burnt i'th hand for ſtealing of Sheepe.

Cade. Be braue then, for your Captaine is Braue, and Vowes Reformation. There ſhall be in England, ſeuen halfe peny Loaues ſold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot, ſhall haue ten hoopes, and I wil make it Fellony to drink ſmall Beere. All the Realme ſhall be in Common, and in Cheapſide ſhall my Palfrey go to graſſe: and when I am King, as King I will be.

All. God ſaue your Maieſty.

Cade. I thanke you good people. There ſhall bee no mony, all ſhall eate and drinke on my ſcore, and I will apparrell them all in one Liuery, that they may agree like Brothers, and worſhip me their Lord.

But. The firſt thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe ſhould be made Parchment; that Parchment being ſcribeld ore, ſhould vndoe a man. Some ſay the Bee ſtings, but I ſay, 'tis the Bees waxe: for I did but ſeale once to a thing, and I was neuer mine owne man ſince. How now? Who's there?

Enter a Clearke.

Weauer. The Clearke of Chartam: hee can write and reade, and caſt accompt.

Cade. O monſtrous.

Wea. We tooke him ſetting of boyes Copies.

Cade.

Cade. Here's a Villaine.

Wea. Ha's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't.

Cade. Nay then he is a Coniurer.

But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.

Cade. I am ſorry for't: The man is a proper man of mine Honour: vnleſſe I finde him guilty, he ſhall not die. Come hither ſirrah, I muſt examine thee: What is thy name?

Clearke. *Emanuell.*

But. They vſe to writ it on the top of Letters: 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Doſt thou vſe to write thy name? Or haſt thou a marke to thy ſelfe, like a honeſt plain dealing man?

Clearke. Sir I thanke God, I haue bin ſo well brought vp, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confeſt: away with him: he's a Villaine and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I ſay: Hang him with his Pen and Inke-horne about his necke.

Exit one with the Clearke

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our Generall?

Cade. Heere I am thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Humfrey Stafford* and his brother are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand villaine, ſtand, or Ile fell thee downe: he ſhall be encountred with a man as good as himſelfe. He is but a Knight, is a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equall him I will make my ſelfe a knight, preſently; Riſe vp Sir *Iohn Mortimer.* Now haue at him.

Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and ſcum of Kent,
Mark'd for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe,
Home to your Cottages: forſake this Groome.
The King is mercifull, if you reuolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.

Cade. As for theſe ſilken-coated ſlaues I paſſe not,
It is to you good people, that I ſpeake,
Ouer whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne:
For I am rightfull heyre vnto the Crowne.

Staff. Villaine, thy Father was a Playſterer,
And thou thy ſelfe a Sheareman, art thou not?

Cade. And *Adam* was a Gardiner.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this *Edmund Mortimer* Earle of March, married the Duke of *Clarence* daughter, did he not?

Staf. I ſir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That's falſe.

Cade. I, there's the queſtion; But I ſay, 'tis true:
The elder of them being put to nurſe,
Was by a begger-woman ſtolne away,
And ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age.
His ſonne am I, deny it if you can.

But. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he ſhall be King.

Wea. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers houſe, & the brickes are aliue at this day to teſtifie it: therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this baſe Drudges Wordes, that ſpeakes he knowes not what.

All. I marry will we: therefore get ye gone.

Bro. *Iacke Cade,* the D. of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lyes, for I inuented it my ſelfe. Go too Sirrah, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers ſake *Henry* the fift, (in whoſe time, boyes went to Span-counter for French Crownes) I am content he ſhall raigne, but Ile be Protector ouer him.

Butcher. And furthermore, wee'l haue the Lord *Sayes* head, for ſelling the Dukedome of *Maine.*

Cade And good reaſon: for thereby is England main'd And faine to go with a ſtaffe, but that my puiſſance holds it vp. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord *Say* hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch: & more then that, he can ſpeake French, and therefore hee is a Traitor.

Staf. O groſſe and miſerable ignorance.

Cade. Nay anſwer if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go too then, I ask but this: Can he that ſpeaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Councellour, or no?

All. No, no, and therefore wee'l haue his head.

Bro. Well, ſeeing gentle words will not preuayle,
Aſſaile them with the Army of the King.

Staf. Herald away, and throughout euery Towne,
Proclaime them Traitors that are vp with *Cade,*
That thoſe which flye before the battell ends,
May euen in their Wiues and Childrens ſight,
Be hang'd vp for example at their doores:
And you that be the Kings Friends follow me. *Exit.*

Cade. And you that loue the Commons, follow me:
Now ſhew your ſelues men, 'tis for Liberty.
We will not leaue one Lord, one Gentleman:
Spare none, but ſuch as go in clouted ſhooen,
For they are thrifty honeſt men, and ſuch
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

But. They are all in order, and march toward vs.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are moſt out of order. Come, march forward.

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are ſlaine. Enter Cade and the reſt.

Cade. Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Aſhford?

But. Heere ſir.

Cade. They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, & thou behaued'ſt thy ſelfe, as if thou hadſt beene in thine owne Slaughter-houſe: Therfore thus will I reward thee, the Lent ſhall bee as long againe as it is, and thou ſhalt haue a Licenſe to kill for a hundred lacking one.

But. I deſire no more.

Cade. And to ſpeake truth, thou deſeru'ſt no leſſe. This Monument of the victory will I beare, and the bodies ſhall be dragg'd at my horſe heeles, till I do come to London, where we will haue the Maiors ſword born before vs.

But. If we meane to thriue, and do good, breake open the Gaoles, and let out the Priſoners.

Cade. Feare not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with Suffolkes head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Queene. Oft haue I heard that greefe ſoftens the mind,

And makes it fearefull and degenerate,
Thinke therefore on reuenge, and ceaſe to weepe.
But who can ceaſe to weepe, and looke on this.
Heere may his head lye on my throbbing breſt:
But where's the body that I ſhould imbrace?

Buc. What anſwer makes your Grace to the Rebells Supplication?

King. Ile ſend ſome holy Biſhop to intreat:
For God forbid, ſo many ſimple ſoules
Should periſh by the Sword. And I my ſelfe,
Rather then bloody Warre ſhall cut them ſhort,
Will parley with *Iacke Cade* their Generall.
But ſtay, Ile read it ouer once againe.

Qu. Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this louely face,
Rul'd like a wandering Plannet ouer me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were vnworthy to behold the ſame.

King. Lord *Say*, *Iacke Cade* hath ſworne to huae thy head.

Say. I, but I hope your Highneſſe ſhall haue his.

King. How now Madam?
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death?
I feare me (Loue) if that I had beene dead,
Thou would'ſt not haue mourn'd ſo much for me.

Qu. No my Loue, I ſhould not mourne, but dye for thee.

Enter a Meſſenger.

King. How now? What newes? Why com'ſt thou in ſuch haſte?

Meſ. The Rebels are in Southwarke: Fly my Lord:
Iacke Cade proclaimes himſelfe Lord *Mortimer*,
Deſcended from the Duke of *Clarence* houſe,
And calles your Grace Vſurper, openly,
And vowes to Crowne himſelfe in Weſtminſter.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of Hindes and Pezants, rude and mercileſſe:
Sir *Humfrey Stafford*, and his Brothers death,
Hath giuen them heart and courage to proceede:
All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,
They call falſe Catterpillers, and intend their death.

Kin. Oh graceleſſe men: they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,
Vntill a power be rais'd to put them downe.

Qu. Ah were the Duke of Suffolke now aliue,
Theſe Kentiſh Rebels would be ſoone appeas'd.

King. Lord *Say*, the Traitors hateth thee,
Therefore away with vs to Killingworth.

Say. So might your Graces perſon be in danger:
The ſight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this Citty will I ſtay,
And liue alone as ſecret as I may.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. *Iacke Cade* hath gotten London-bridge.
The Citizens flye and forſake their houſes:
The Raſcall people, thirſting after prey,
Ioyne with the Traitor, and they ioyntly ſweare
To ſpoyle the City, and your Royall Court.

Buc. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horſe.

King. Come *Margaret*, God our hope will ſuccor vs.

Qu. My hope is gone, now Suffolke is deceaſt.

King. Farewell my Lord, truſt not the Kentiſh Rebels

Buc. Truſt no body for feare you betraid.

Say. The truſt I haue, is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and reſolute. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Scales vpon the Tower walking. Then enters two or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now? Is *Iacke Cade* ſlaine?

1.Cit. No my Lord, nor likely to be ſlaine:
For they haue wonne the Bridge,
Killing all thoſe that withſtand them:
The L. Maior craues ayd of your Honor from the Tower
To defend the City from the Rebels.

Scales. Such ayd as I can ſpare you ſhall command,
But I am troubled heere with them my ſelfe,
The Rebels haue aſſay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will ſend you *Mathew Goffe.*
Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Liues,
And ſo farwell, for I muſt hence againe. *Exeunt*

Enter Iacke Cade and the reſt, and ſtrikes his ſtaffe on London ſtone.

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,
And heere ſitting vpon London Stone,
I charge and command, that of the Cities coſt
The piſſing Conduit run nothing but Clarret Wine
This firſt yeare of our raigne.
And now henceforward it ſhall be Treaſon for any,
That calles me other then Lord *Mortimer.*

Enter a Soldier running.

Soul. *Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.*

Cade. Knocke him downe there. *They kill him.*

But. If this Fellow be wiſe, hee'l neuer call yee *Iacke Cade* more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.

Dicke. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:
But firſt, go and ſet London Bridge on fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come, let's away. *Exeunt omnes.*

Alarums. Mathew Goffe is ſlain, and all the reſt. Then enter Iacke Cade, with his Company.

Cade. So ſirs: now go ſome and pull down the Sauoy:
Others to'th Innes of Court, downe with them all.

But. I haue a ſuite vnto your Lordſhip.

Cade. Bee it a Lordſhippe, thou ſhalt haue it for that word.

But. Onely that the Lawes of England may come out of your mouth.

Iohn. Maſſe 'twill be ſore Law then, for he was thruſt in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay *Iohn*, it wil be ſtinking Law, for his breath ſtinkes with eating toaſted cheeſe.

Cade. I haue thought vpon it, it ſhall bee ſo. Away, burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth ſhall be the Parliament of England.

Iohn. Then we are like to haue biting Statutes
Vnleſſe his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things ſhall be in Common. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

Meſ. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord *Say*, which ſold the Townes in France. He that made vs pay one and twenty Fifteenes, and one ſhilling to the pound, the laſt Subſidie.

Enter George, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, hee ſhall be beheaded for it ten times: Ah thou Say, thou Surge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blanke of our Iuriſdiction Regall. What canſt thou anſwer to my Maieſty, for giuing vp of Normandie vnto Mounſieur *Baſimecu*, the Dolphine of France? Be it knowne vnto thee by theſe preſence, euen the preſence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the Beeſome that muſt ſweepe the Court cleane of ſuch filth as thou art: Thou haſt moſt traiterouſly corrupted the youth of the Realme, in erecting a Grammar Schoole: and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the Score and the Tally, thou haſt cauſed printing to be vs'd, and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou haſt built a Paper-Mill. It will be prooued to thy Face, that thou haſt men about thee, that vſually talke of a Nowne and a Verbe, and ſuch abhominable wordes, as no Chriſtian eare can endure to heare. Thou haſt appointed Iuſtices of Peace, to call poore men before them, about matters they were not able to anſwer. Moreouer, thou haſt put them in priſon, and becauſe they could not reade, thou haſt hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for that cauſe they haue beene moſt worthy to liue. Thou doſt ride in a foot-cloth, doſt thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'ſt not to let thy horſe weare a Cloake, when honeſter men then thou go in their Hoſe and Doublets.

Dicke. And worke in their ſhirt to, as my ſelfe for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.

Dic. What ſay you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he ſpeaks Latine.

Say. Heare me but ſpeake, and beare mee wher'e you will:
Kent, in the Commentaries *Cæſar* writ,
Is term'd the ciuel'ſt place of all this Iſle:
Sweet is the Covntry, becauſe full of Riches,
The People Liberall, Valiant, Actiue, Wealthy,
Which makes me hope you are not void of pitty.
I ſold not *Maine*, I loſt not *Normandie*,
Yet to recouer them would looſe my life:
Iuſtice with fauour haue I alwayes done,
Prayres and Teares haue mou'd me, Gifts could neuer.
When haue I ought exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,
Large gifts haue I beſtow'd on learned Clearkes,
Becauſe my Booke preferr'd me to the King.
And ſeeing Ignorance is the curſe of God,
Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heauen.
Vnleſſe you be poſſeſt with diuelliſh ſpirits,
You cannot but forbeare to murther me:
This Tongue hath parlied vnto Forraigne Kings
For your behoofe.

Cade. Tut, when ſtruck'ſt thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men haue reaching hands: oft haue I ſtruck
Thoſe that I neuer ſaw, and ſtrucke them dead.

Geo. O monſtrous Coward! What, to come behinde Folkes?

Say. Theſe cheekes are pale for watching for your good

Cade. Giue him a box o'th'eare, and that wil make 'em red againe.

Say. Long ſitting to determine poore mens cauſes,
Hath made me full of ſickneſſe and diſeaſes.

Cade. Ye ſhall haue a hempen Candle then, & the help of hatchet.

Dicke. Why doſt thou quiuer man?

Say. The Palſie, and not feare prouokes me.

Cade. Nay, he noddes at vs, as who ſhould ſay, Ile be euen with you. Ile ſee if his head will ſtand ſteddier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me: wherein haue I offended moſt?
Haue I affected wealth, or honor? Speake.
Are my Cheſts fill'd vp with extorted Gold?
Is my Apparrell ſumptuous to behold?
Whom haue I iniur'd, that ye ſeeke my death?
Theſe hands are free from guiltleſſe bloodſhedding,
This breaſt from harbouring foule deceitfull thoughts.
O let me liue.

Cade. I feele remorſe in my ſelfe with his words: but Ile bridle it: he ſhall dye, and it bee but for pleading ſo well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar vnder his Tongue, he ſpeakes not a Gods name. Goe, take him away I ſay, and ſtrike off his head preſently, and then breake into his Sonne in Lawes houſe, Sir *Iames Cromer*, and ſtrike off his head, and bring them both vppon two poles hither.

All. It ſhall be done.

Say. Ah Countrimen: If when you make your prair's,
God ſhould be ſo obdurate as your ſelues:
How would it fare with your departed ſoules,
And therefore yet relent, and ſaue my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the proudeſt Peere in the Realme, ſhall not weare a head on his ſhoulders, vnleſſe he pay me tribute: there ſhall not a maid be married, but ſhe ſhall pay to me her Maydenhead ere they haue it: Men ſhall hold of mee in Capite. And we charge and command, that their wiues be as free as heart can wiſh, or tongue can tell.

Dicke. My Lord,
When ſhall we go to Cheapſide, and take vp commodities vpon our billes?

Cade. Marry preſently.

All. O braue.

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this brauer:
Let them kiſſe one another: For they lou'd well
When they were aliue. Now part them againe,
Leaſt they conſult about the giuing vp
Of ſome more Townes in France. Soldiers,
Deferre the ſpoile of the Citie vntill night:
For with theſe borne before vs, in ſteed of Maces,
Will we ride through the ſtreets, & at euery Corner
Haue them kiſſe. Away. *Exit*

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade, and all his rabblement.

Cade. Vp Fiſh-ſtreete, downe Saint Magnes corner, kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames:

Sound a parley.

What noiſe is this I heare?
Dare any be ſo bold to ſound Retreat or Parley
When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Buc. Iheere they be, that dare and will diſturb thee:
Know *Cade*, we come Ambaſſadors from the King
Vnto the Commons, whom thou haſt miſled,
And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forſake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What ſay ye Countrimen, will ye relent
And yeeld to mercy, whil'ſt 'tis offered you,
Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths.
Who loues the King, and will imbrace his pardon,
Fling vp his cap, and ſay, God ſaue his Maieſty.
Who hateth him, and honors not his Father,
Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at vs, and paſſe by.

All. God ſaue the King, God ſaue the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye ſo braue? And you baſe Pezants, do ye beleeue him, will you needs be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath my ſword therefore broke through London gates, that you ſhould leaue me at the White-heart in Southwarke. I thought ye would neuer haue giuen out theſe Armes til you had recouered your ancient Freedome. But you are all Recreants and Daſtards, and delight to liue in ſlauerie to the Nobility. Let them breake your backes with burthens, take your houſes ouer your heads, rauiſh your Wiues and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will make ſhift for one, and ſo Gods Curſſe light vppon you all.

All. Wee'l follow *Cade*,
Wee'l follow *Cade*.

Clif Is *Cade* the ſonne of *Henry* the fift,
That thus you do exclaime you'l go with him.
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meaneſt of you Earles and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too:
Nor knowes he how to liue, but by the ſpoile,
Vnleſſe by robbing of your Friends, and vs.
Wer't not a ſhame, that whilſt you liue at iarre,
The fearfull French, whom you late vanquiſhed
Should make a ſtart ore-ſeas, and vanquiſh you?
Me thinkes alreadie in this ciuill broyle,
I ſee them Lording it in London ſtreets,
Crying *Villiago* vnto all they meete.
Better ten thouſand baſe-borne *Cades* miſcarry,
Then you ſhould ſtoope vnto a Frenchmans mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you haue loſt:
Spare England, for it is your Natiue Coaſt:
Henry hath mony, you are ſtrong and manly:
God on our ſide, doubt not of Victorie.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,
Wee'l follow the King, and Clifford.

Cade. Was euer Feather ſo lightly blowne too & fro, as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hales them to an hundred miſchiefes, and makes them leaue mee deſolate. I ſee them lay their heades together to ſurprize me. My ſword make way for me, for heere is no ſtaying: in deſpight of the diuels and hell, haue through the verie middeſt of you, and heauens and honor be witneſſe, that no want of reſolution in mee, but onely my Followers baſe and ignominious treaſons, makes me betake mee to my heeles. *Exit*

Buck. What, is he fled? Go ſome and follow him,
And he that brings his head vnto the King,
Shall haue a thouſand Crownes for his reward.
Exeunt ſome of them.

Follow me ſouldiers, wee'l deuiſe a meane,
To reconcile you all vnto the King. *Exeunt omnes.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queene, and Somerſet on the Tarras.

King. Was euer King that ioy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then I?
No ſooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King, at nine months olde.
Was neuer Subiect long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wiſh to be a Subiect.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Maieſty.

Kin. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor *Cade* ſurpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him ſtrong?

Enter Multitudes with Halters about their Neckes.

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,
And humbly thus with halters on their neckes,
Expect your Highneſſe doome of life, or death.

King. Then heauen ſet ope thy euerlaſting gates,
To entertaine my vowes of thankes and praiſe.
Souldiers, this day haue you redeem'd your liues,
And ſhew'd how well you loue your Prince & Countrey:
Continue ſtill in this ſo good a minde,
And *Henry* though he be infortunate,
Aſſure your ſelues will neuer be vnkinde:
And ſo with thankes, and pardon to you all,
I do diſmiſſe you to your ſeuerall Countries.

All. God ſaue the King, God ſaue the King.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Pleaſe it your Grace to be aduertiſed,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puiſſant and a mighty power
Of Gallow-glaſſes and ſtout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And ſtill proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Armes are onely to remoue from thee
The Duke of Somerſet, whom he tearmes a Traitor.

King. Thus ſtands my ſtate, 'twixt Cade and Yorke diſtreſt,
Like to a Ship, that hauing ſcap'd a Tempeſt,
Is ſtraight way calme, and boorded with a Pyrate.
But now is Cade driuen backe, his men diſpierc'd,
And now is Yorke in Armes, to ſecond him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
And aske him what's the reaſon of theſe Armes:
Tell him, Ile ſend Duke *Edmund* to the Tower,
And *Somerſet* we will commit thee thither,
Vntill his Army be diſmiſt from him.

Somerſet. My Lord,
Ile yeelde my ſelfe to priſon willingly,
Or vnto death, to do my Countrey good.

King. In any caſe, be not to rough in termes,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not ſo to deale,
As all things ſhall redound vnto your good.

King. Come wife, let's in, and learne to gouern better,
For yet may England curſe my wretched raigne.
Flouriſh. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fye on Ambitions: fie on my ſelfe, that haue a ſword, and yet am ready to famiſh. Theſe fiue daies haue I hid me in theſe Woods, and durſt not peepe out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I ſo hungry, that if I might haue a Leaſe of my life for a thouſand yeares, I could ſtay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall haue I climb'd into this Garden, to ſee if I can eate Graſſe, or picke a Sallet another while, which is not amiſſe to coole a mans ſtomacke this hot weather: and I think this word Sallet was borne to do me good: for many a time but for a Sallet, my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I haue beene dry, & brauely marching, it hath ſeru'd me inſteede of a quart pot to drinke in: and now the word Sallet muſt ſerue me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would liue turmoyled in the Court,
And may enioy ſuch quiet walkes as theſe?
This ſmall inheritance my Father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy.
I ſeeke not to waxe great by others warning,
Or gather wealth I care not with what enuy:
Sufficeth, that I haue maintaines my ſtate,
And ſends the poore well pleaſed from my gate.

Cade. Heere's the Lord of the ſoile come to ſeize me for a ſtray, for entering his Fee-ſimple without leaue. A Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make thee eate Iron like an Oſtridge, and ſwallow my Sword like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatſoere thou be,
I know thee not, why then ſhould I betray thee?
Is't not enough to breake into my Garden,
And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds:
Climbing my walles inſpight of me the Owner,
But thou wilt braue me with theſe ſawcie termes?

Cade. Braue thee? I by the beſt blood that euer was broach'd, and beard thee to. Looke on mee well, I haue eate no meate theſe fiue dayes, yet come thou and thy fiue men, and if I doe not leaue you all as dead as a doore naile, I pray God I may neuer eate graſſe more.

Iden. Nay, it ſhall nere be ſaid, while England ſtands,
That *Alexander Iden* an Eſquire of Kent,
Tooke oddes to combate a poore famiſht man.
Oppoſe thy ſtedfaſt gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canſt out-face me with thy lookes:
Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the leſſer:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fiſt,
Thy legge a ſticke compared with this Truncheon,
My foote ſhall fight with all the ſtrength thou haſt,
And if mine arme be heaued in the Ayre,
Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth:
As for words, whoſe greatneſſe anſwer's words,
Let this my ſword report what ſpeech forbeares.

Cade. By my Valour: the moſt compleate Champion that euer I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chines of Beefe, ere thou ſleepe in thy Sheath, I beſeech Ioue on my knees thou mayſt be turn'd to Hobnailes.

Heere they Fight.

O I am ſlaine, Famine and no other hath ſlaine me, let ten thouſand diuelles come againſt me, and giue me but the ten meales I haue loſt, and I'de defie them all. Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this houſe, becauſe the vnconquered ſoule of *Cade* is fled.

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I haue ſlain, that monſtrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede,
And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead.
Ne're ſhall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou ſhalt weare it as a Heralds coate,
To emblaze the Honor that thy Maſter got.

Cade. *Iden* farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, ſhe hath loſt her beſt man, and exhort all the World to be Cowards: For I that neuer feared any, am vanquiſhed by Famine, not by Valour. *Dyes.*

Id. How much thou wrong'ſt me, heauen be my iudge;
Die damned Wretch, the curſe of her that bare thee:
And as I thruſt thy body in with my ſword,
So wiſh I, I might thruſt thy ſoule to hell.
Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the heeles
Vnto a dunghill, which ſhall be thy graue,
And there cut off thy moſt vngracious head,
Which I will beare in triumph to the King,
Leauing thy trunke for Crowes to feed vpon. *Exit.*

Enter Yorke, and his Army of Iriſh, with Drum and Colours.

Yor. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And plucke the Crowne from feeble *Henries* head.
Ring Belles alowd, burne Bonfires cleare and bright
To entertaine great Englands lawfull King.
Ah *Sancta Maieſtas*! who would not buy thee deere?
Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule.
This hand was made to handle nought but Gold.
I cannot giue due action to my words,
Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it.
A Scepter ſhall it haue, haue I a ſoule,
On which Ile toſſe the Fleure-de-Luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom haue we heere? Buckingham to diſturbe me?
The king hath ſent him ſure: I muſt diſſemble.

Buc. Yorke, if thou meaneſt wel, I greet thee well.

Yor. *Humfrey* of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a Meſſenger, or come of pleaſure.

Buc. A Meſſenger from *Henry*, our dread Liege,
To know the reaſon of theſe Armes in peace.
Or why, thou being a Subiect, as I am,
Againſt thy Oath, and true Allegeance ſworne,
Should raiſe ſo great a power without his leaue?
Or dare to bring thy Force ſo neere the Court?

Yor. Scarſe can I ſpeake, my Choller is ſo great.
Oh I could hew vp Rockes, and fight with Flint,
I am ſo angry at theſe abiect tearmes.
And now like *Aiax Telamonius*,
On Sheepe or Oxen could I ſpend my furie.
I am farre better borne then is the king:
More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts.
But I muſt make faire weather yet a while,
Till *Henry* be more weake, and I more ſtrong.
Buckingham, I prethee pardon me,
That I haue giuen no anſwer all this while:
My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly.
The cauſe why I haue brought this Armie hither,

Is to remoue proud Somerſet from the King,
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.
Buc. That is too much preſumption on thy part:
But if thy Armes be to no other end,
The King hath yeelded vnto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerſet is in the Tower.
Yorke. Vpon thine Honor is he Priſoner?
Buck. Vpon mine Honor he is Priſoner.
Yorke. Then Buckingham I do diſmiſſe my Powres.
Souldiers, I thanke you all: diſperſe your ſelues:
Meet me to morrow in S. Georges Field,
You ſhall haue pay, and euery thing you wiſh.
And let my Soueraigne, vertuous *Henry,*
Command my eldeſt ſonne, nay all my ſonnes,
As pledges of my Fealtie and Loue,
Ile ſend them all as willing as I liue:
Lands, Goods, Horſe, Armor, any thing I haue
Is his to vſe, ſo Somerſet may die.
Buc. Yorke, I commend this kinde ſubmiſſion,
We twaine will go into his Highneſſe Tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harme to vs
That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme?
Yorke. In all ſubmiſſion and humility,
Yorke doth preſent himſelfe vnto your Highneſſe.
K. Then what intends theſe Forces thou doſt bring?
Yor. To heaue the Traitor Somerſet from hence,
And fight againſt that monſtrous Rebell *Cade,*
Who ſince I heard to be diſcomfited.

Enter Iden with Cades head.

Iden. If one ſo rude, and of ſo meane condition
May paſſe into the preſence of a King:
Loe, I preſent your Grace a Traitors head,
The head of *Cade,* whom I in combat ſlew.
King. The head of *Cade?* Great God, how iuſt art thou?
Oh let me view his Viſage being dead,
That liuing wrought me ſuch exceeding trouble.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that ſlew him?
Iden. I was, an't like your Maieſty.
King. How art thou call'd? And what is thy degree?
Iden. *Alexander Iden,* that's my name,
A poore Eſquire of Kent, that loues his King.
Buc. So pleaſe it you my Lord, 'twere not amiſſe
He were created Knight for his good ſeruice.
King. Iden, kneele downe, riſe vp a Knight:
We giue thee for reward a thouſand Markes,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs.
Iden. May *Iden* liue to merit ſuch a bountie,
And neuer liue but true vnto his Liege.

Enter Queene and Somerſet.

K. See Buckingham, Somerſet comes with th'Queene,
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.
Qu. For thouſand Yorkes he ſhall not hide his head,
But boldly ſtand, and front him to his face.
Yor. How now? is Somerſet at libertie?
Then Yorke vnloose thy long impriſoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart.
Shall I endure the ſight of Somerſet?
Falſe King, why haſt thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuſe?
King did I call thee? No: thou art not King:
Not fit to gouerne and rule multitudes,
Which dar'ſt not, no nor canſt not rule a Traitor.
That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:
Thy Hand is made to graſpe a Palmers ſtaffe,
And not to grace an awefull Princely Scepter.
That Gold, muſt round engirt theſe browes of mine,
Whoſe Smile and Frowne, like to *Achilles* Speare
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.
Heere is a hand to hold a Scepter vp,
And with the ſame to acte controlling Lawes:
Giue place: by heauen thou ſhalt rule no more
O're him, whom heauen created for thy Ruler.
Som. O monſtrous Traitor! I arreſt thee Yorke
Of Capitall Treaſon 'gainſt the King and Crowne:
Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.
York. Wold'ſt haue me kneele? Firſt let me ask of thee,
If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:
Sirrah, call in my ſonne to be my bale:
I know ere they will haue me go to Ward,
They'l pawne their ſwords of my infranchiſement.
Qu. Call hither *Clifford,* bid him come amaine,
To ſay, if that the Baſtard boyes of Yorke
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.
Yorke. O blood-beſpotted Neopolitan,
Out-caſt of *Naples,* Englands bloody Scourge,
The ſonnes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to thoſe
That for my Surety will refuſe the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, Ile warrant they'l make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Qu. And here comes *Clifford* to deny their baile.
Clif. Health, and all happineſſe to my Lord the King.
Yor. I thanke thee *Clifford:* Say, what newes with thee?
Nay, do not fright vs with an angry looke:
We are thy Soueraigne *Clifford,* kneele againe;
For thy miſtaking ſo, We pardon thee.
Clif. This is my King Yorke, I do not miſtake,
But thou miſtakes me much to thinke I do,
To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad.
King. I Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor
Makes him oppoſe himſelfe againſt his King.
Clif. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.
Qu. He is arreſted, but will not obey:
His ſonnes (he ſayes) ſhall giue their words for him.
Yor. Will you not Sonnes?
Edw. I Noble Father, if our words will ſerue.
Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons ſhal.
Clif. Why what a brood of Traitors haue we heere?
Yorke. Looke in a Glaſſe, and call thy Image ſo.
I am thy King, and thou a falſe-heart Traitor:
Call hither to the ſtake my two braue Beares,
That with the very ſhaking of their Chaines,
They may aſtoniſh theſe fell-lurking Curres,
Bid Salsbury and Warwicke come to me.

Enter the Earles of Warwicke, and Salisbury.

Clif. Are theſe thy Beares? Wee'l bate thy Bears to death,
And manacle the Berard in their Chaines,
If thou dar'ſt bring them to the bayting place.
Rich. Oft haue I ſeene a hot ore-weening Curre,
Run backe and bite, becauſe he was with-held,
Who being ſuffer'd with the Beares fell paw,
Hath clapt his taile, betweene his legges and cride,
And ſuch a peece of ſeruice will you do,

If you oppoſe your ſelues to match Lord Warwicke.
Clif. Hence heape of wrath, foule indigeſted lumpe,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy ſhape.
Yor. Nay we ſhall heate you thorowly anon.
Clif. Take heede leaſt by your heate you burne your ſelues:
King. Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salsbury, ſhame to thy ſiluer haire,
Thou mad miſleader of thy brain-ſicke ſonne,
What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffian?
And ſeeke for ſorrow with thy Spectacles?
Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?
If it be baniſht from the froſtie head,
Where ſhall it finde a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go digge a graue to finde out Warre,
And ſhame thine honourable Age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'ſt experience?
Or wherefore doeſt abuſe it, if thou haſt it?
For ſhame in dutie bend thy knee to me,
That bowes vnto the graue with mickle age.
Sal. My Lord, I haue conſidered with my ſelſe
The Title of this moſt renowned Duke,
And in my conſcience, do repute his grace
The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall ſeate.
King. Haſt thou not ſworne Allegeance vnto me?
Sal. I haue.
Ki. Canſt thou diſpenſe with heauen for ſuch an oath?
Sal. It is great ſinne, to ſweare vnto a ſinne:
But greater ſinne to keepe a ſinfull oath:
Who can be bound by any ſolemne Vow
To do a murd'rous deede, to rob a man,
To force a ſpotleſſe Virgins Chaſtitie,
To reaue the Orphan of his Patrimonie,
To wring the Widdow from her cuſtom'd right,
And haue no other reaſon for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a ſolemne Oath?
Qu. A ſubtle Traitor needs no Sophiſter.
King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himſelfe.
Yorke. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou haſt,
I am reſolu'd for death and dignitie.
Old Clif. The firſt I warrant thee, if dreames proue true
War. You were beſt to go to bed, and dreame againe,
To keepe thee from the Tempeſt of the field.
Old Clif. I am reſolu'd to beare a greater ſtorme,
Then any thou canſt coniure vp to day:
And that Ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy houſed Badge.
War. Now by my Fathers badge, old *Neuils* Creſt,
The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged ſtaffe,
This day Ile weare aloft my Burgonet,
As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar ſhewes,
That keepes his leaues in ſpight of any ſtorme,
Euen to affright thee with the view thereof.
Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,
And tread it vnder foot with all contempt,
Deſpight the Bearard, that protects the Beare.
Yo. Clif. And ſo to Armes victorious Father,
To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.
Rich. Fie, Charitie for ſhame, ſpeake not in ſpight,
For you ſhall ſup with Ieſu Chriſt to night.
Yo Clif. Foule ſtygmaticke that's more then thou canſt tell.
Ric. If not in heauen, you'l ſurely ſup in hell. *Exeunt*

Enter Warwicke.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles:
And if thou doſt not hide thee from the Beare,
Now when the angrie Trumpet ſounds alarum,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie ayre,
Clifford I ſay, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwicke is hoarſe with calling thee to armes.

Enter Yorke.

War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot.
Yor. The deadly handed Clifford ſlew my Steed:
But match to match I haue encountred him,
And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes
Euen of the bonnie beaſt he loued ſo well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of vs the time is come.
Yor. Hold Warwick: ſeek thee out ſome other chace
For I my ſelfe muſt hunt this Deere to death.
War. Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fightſt:
As I intend Clifford to thriue to day,
It greeues my ſoule to leaue theee vnaſſail'd. *Exit War.*
Clif. What ſeeſt thou in me Yorke?
Why doſt thou pauſe?
Yorke. With thy braue bearing ſhould I be in loue,
But that thou art ſo faſt mine enemie.
Clif. Nor ſhould thy proweſſe want praiſe & eſteeme,
But that 'tis ſhewne ignobly, and in Treaſon.
Yorke. So let it helpe me now againſt thy ſword,
As I in iuſtice, and true right expreſſe it.
Clif. My ſoule and bodie on the action both.
Yor. A dreadfull lay, addreſſe thee inſtantly.
Clif. La fin Corrone les eumenes.
Yor. Thus Warre hath giuen thee peace, for ỹ art ſtill,
Peace with his ſoule, heauen if it be thy will.

Enter yong Clifford.

Clif. Shame and Confuſion all is on the rout,
Feare frames diſorder, and diſorder wounds
Where it ſhould guard. O Warre, thou ſonne of hell,
Whom angry heauens do make their miniſter,
Throw in the frozen boſomes of our part,
Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier flye.
He that is truly dedicate to Warre,
Hath no ſelfe-loue: nor he that loues himſelfe,
Hath not eſſentially, but by circumſtance
The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,
And the premiſed Flames of the Laſt day,
Knit earth and heauen together.
Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blaſt,
Particularities, and pettie ſounds
To ceaſe. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Father)
To looſe thy youth in peace, and to atcheeue
The Siluer Liuery of aduiſed Age,
And in thy Reuerence, and thy Chaire-dayes, thus
To die in Ruffian battell? Euen at this ſight,
My heart is turn'd to ſtone: and while 'tis mine,
It ſhall be ſtony. Yorke, not our old men ſpares:
No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginall,
Shall be to me, euen as the Dew to Fire,
And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes,
Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax:
Henceforth, I will not haue to do with pitty.
Meet I an infant of the houſe of Yorke,
Into as many gobbits will I cut it
As wilde *Medea* yong *Abſirtis* did.
In cruelty, will I ſeeke out my Fame.
Come thou new ruine of olde Cliffords houſe:
As did *Æneas* old *Anchyſes* beare,
So beare I thee vpon my manly ſhoulders:
But then, *Æneas* bare a liuing loade;

Nothing ſo heauy as theſe woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerſet to fight.

Rich. So lye thou there:
For vnderneath an Ale-houſe paltry ſigne,
The Caſtle in S. *Albons*, Somerſet
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull ſtill:
Prieſts pray for enemies, but Princes kill.

Fight. Excurſions.

Enter King, Queene, and others.

Qu. Away my Lord, you are ſlow, for ſhame away.
King. Can we outrun the Heauens? Good *Margaret* ſtay.
Qu. What are you made of? You'l nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wiſedome, and defence,
To giue the enemy way, and to ſecure vs
By what we can, which can no more but flye.

Alarum a farre off.

If you be tane, we then ſhould ſee the bottome
Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply ſcape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We ſhall to London get, where you are lou'd,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be ſtopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my hearts on future miſcheefe ſet,
I would ſpeake blaſphemy ere bid you flye:
But flye you muſt: Vncureable diſcomfite
Reignes in the hearts of all our preſent parts.
Away for your releefe, and we will liue
To ſee their day, and them our Fortune giue.
Away my Lord, away. *Exeunt*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Yorke, Richard, Warwicke, and Soldiers, with Drum & Colours.

Yorke. Of Salsbury, who can report of him,
That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
Aged contuſions, and all bruſh of Time;
And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
Repaires him with Occaſion. This happy day
Is not it ſelfe, nor haue we wonne one foot,
If Salsbury be loſt.
Rich. My Noble Father:
Three times to day I holpe him to his horſe,
Three times beſtrid him: Thrice I led him off,
Perſwaded him from any further act:
But ſtill where danger was, ſtill there I met him,
And like rich hangings in a homely houſe,
So was his Will, in his old feeble body,
But Noble as he is, looke where he comes.

Enter Saliſbury.

Sal. Now by my Sword, well haſt thou fought to day:
By'th'Maſſe ſo did we all. I thanke you *Richard.*
God knowes how long it is I haue to liue:
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day
You haue defended me from imminent death.
Well Lords, we haue not got that which we haue,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being oppoſites of ſuch repayring Nature.
Yorke. I know our ſafety is to follow them,
For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,
To call a preſent Court of Parliament:
Let vs purſue him ere the Writs go forth.
What ſayes Lord Warwicke, ſhall we after them?
War. After them: nay before them if we can:
Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day.
Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come.
Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more ſuch dayes as theſe, to vs befall. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The third Part of Henry the Sixt, with the death of the Duke of YORKE.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Alarum.

Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, Norfolke, Mountague, Warwicke, and Souldiers.

Warwicke.

I Wonder how the King eſcap'd our hands?
Pl. While we purſu'd the Horſmen of ỹ North,
He ſlyly ſtole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whoſe Warlike eares could neuer brooke retreat,
Chear'd vp the drouping Army, and himſelfe.
Lord *Clifford* and Lord *Stafford* all a-breſt
Charg'd our maine Battailes Front: and breaking in,
Were by the Swords of common Souldiers ſlaine.
Edw. Lord *Staffords* Father, Duke of *Buckingham*,
Is either ſlaine or wounded dangerous.
I cleft his Beauer with a down-right blow:
That this is true (Father) behold his blood.
Mount. And Brother, here's the Earle of Wiltſhires (blood,
Whom I encountred as the Battels ioyn'd.
Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.
Plan. *Richard* hath beſt deſeru'd of all my ſonnes:
But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerſet?
Nor. Such hope haue all the line of *Iohn of Gaunt.*
Rich. Thus do I hope to ſhake King *Henries* head.
Warw. And ſo doe I, victorious Prince of *Yorke.*
Before I ſee thee ſeated in that Throne,
Which now the Houſe of *Lancaſter* vſurpes,
I vow by Heauen, theſe eyes ſhall neuer cloſe.
This is the Pallace of the fearefull King,
And this the Regall Seat: poſſeſſe it *Yorke*,
For this is thine, and not King *Henries* Heires.
Plant. Aſſiſt me then, ſweet *Warwick*, and I will,
For hither we haue broken in by force.
Norf. Wee'le all aſſiſt you: he that flyes, ſhall dye.
Plant. Thankes gentle *Norfolke*, ſtay by me my Lords,
And Souldiers ſtay and lodge by me this Night.

They goe vp.

Warw. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Vnleſſe he ſeeke to thruſt you out perforce.
Plant. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinkes we ſhall be of her counſaile,
By words or blowes here let vs winne our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's ſtay within this Houſe.
Warw. The bloody Parliament ſhall this be call'd,
Vnleſſe *Plantagenet*, Duke of Yorke, be King,
And baſhfull *Henry* depos'd, whoſe Cowardize
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.
Plant. Then leaue me not, my Lords be reſolute,
I meane to take poſſeſſion of my Right.
Warw. Neither the King, nor he that loues him beſt,
The prowdeſt hee that holds vp *Lancaſter*,
Dares ſtirre a Wing, if *Warwick* ſhake his Bells.
Ile plant *Plantagenet*, root him vp who dares:
Reſolue thee *Richard*, clayme the Engliſh Crowne.

Flouriſh. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Weſtmerland, Exeter, and the reſt.

Henry. My Lords, looke where the ſturdie Rebell ſits,
Euen in the Chayre of State: belike he meanes,
Backt by the power of *Warwicke*, that falſe Peere,
To aſpire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King.
Earle of Northumberland, he ſlew thy Father,
And thine, Lord *Clifford*, & you both haue vow'd reuenge
On him, his ſonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.
Northumb. If I be not, Heauens be reueng'd on me.
Clifford. The hope thereof, makes *Clifford* mourne in Steele.
Weſtm. What, ſhall we ſuffer this? lets pluck him down,
My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it.
Henry. Be patient, gentle Earle of Weſtmerland.
Clifford. Patience is for Poultroones, ſuch as he:
He durſt not ſit there, had your Father liu'd.
My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament
Let vs aſſayle the Family of *Yorke.*
North. Well haſt thou ſpoken, Couſin be it ſo.
Henry. Ah, know you not the Citie fauours them,
And they haue troupes of Souldiers at their beck?
Weſtm. But when the Duke is ſlaine, they'le quickly flye.
Henry. Farre be the thought of this from *Henries* heart,
To make a Shambles of the Parliament Houſe.
Couſin of Exeter, frownes, words, and threats,
Shall be the Warre that *Henry* meanes to vſe.
Thou factious Duke of Yorke deſcend my Throne,
And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet,
I am thy Soueraigne.
Yorke. I am thine.
Exet. For ſhame come downe, he made thee Duke of Yorke.
Yorke. It was my Inheritance, as the Earledome was.

Exet. Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne.
Warw. *Exeter* thou art a Traytor to the Crowne,
In following this vſurping *Henry.*
Clifford. Whom ſhould hee follow, but his naturall King?
Warw. True *Clifford,* that's *Richard* Duke of Yorke.
Henry. And ſhall I ſtand, and thou ſit in my Throne?
Yorke. It muſt and ſhall be ſo, content thy ſelfe.
Warw. Be Duke of Lancaſter, let him be King.
Weſtm. He is both King, and Duke of Lancaſter,
And that the Lord of Weſtmerland ſhall maintaine.
Warw. And *Warwick* ſhall diſproue it. You forget,
That we are thoſe which chas'd you from the field,
And ſlew your Fathers, and with Colours ſpread
Marcht through the Citie to the Pallace Gates.
Northumb. Yes *Warwicke,* I remember it to my griefe,
And by his Soule, thou and thy Houſe ſhall rue it.
Weſtm. *Plantagenet,* of thee and theſe thy Sonnes,
Thy Kinſmen, and thy Friends, Ile haue more liues
Then drops of bloud were in my Fathers Veines.
Cliff. Vrge it no more, leſt that in ſtead of words,
I ſend thee, *Warwicke,* ſuch a Meſſenger,
As ſhall reuenge his death, before I ſtirre.
Warw. Poore *Clifford,* how I ſcorne his worthleſſe Threats.
Plant. Will you we ſhew our Title to the Crowne?
If not, our Swords ſhall pleade it in the field.
Henry. What Title haſt thou Traytor to the Crowne?
My Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke,
Thy Grandfather *Roger Mortimer,* Earle of March.
I am the Sonne of *Henry* the Fift,
Who made the Dolphin and the French to ſtoupe,
And ſeiz'd vpon their Townes and Prouinces.
Warw. Talke not of France, ſith thou haſt loſt it all.
Henry. The Lord Protector loſt it, and not I:
When I was crown'd, I was but nine moneths old.
Rich. You are old enough now,
And yet me thinkes you looſe:
Father teare the Crowne from the Vſurpers Head.
Edward. Sweet Father doe ſo, ſet it on your Head.
Mount. Good Brother,
As thou lou'ſt and honoreſt Armes,
Let's fight it out, and not ſtand cauilling thus.
Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the King will flye.
Plant. Sonnes peace.
Henry. Peace thou, and giue King *Henry* leaue to ſpeake.
Warw. *Plantagenet* ſhal ſpeake firſt: Heare him Lords,
And be you ſilent and attentiue too,
For he that interrupts him, ſhall not liue.
Hen. Think'ſt thou, that I will leaue my Kingly Throne,
Wherein my Grandſire and my Father ſat?
No: firſt ſhall Warre vnpeople this my Realme;
I, and their Colours often borne in France,
And now in England, to our hearts great ſorrow,
Shall be my Winding-ſheet. Why faint you Lords?
My Title's good, and better farre then his.
Warw. Proue it *Henry,* and thou ſhalt be King.
Hen. *Henry* the Fourth by Conqueſt got the Crowne.
Plant. 'Twas by Rebellion againſt his King.
Henry. I know not what to ſay, my Titles weake:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?
Plant. What then?
Henry. And if he may, then am I lawfull King:
For *Richard,* in the view of many Lords,
Reſign'd the Crowne to *Henry* the Fourth,
Whoſe Heire my Father was, and I am his.
Plant. He roſe againſt him, being his Soueraigne,
And made him to reſigne his Crowne perforce.
Warw. Suppoſe, my Lords, he did it vnconſtrayn'd,
Thinke you 'twere preiudiciall to his Crowne?
Exet. No: for he could not ſo reſigne his Crowne,
But that the next Heire ſhould ſucceed and reigne.
Henry. Art thou againſt vs, Duke of Exeter?
Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
Plant. Why whiſper you, my Lords, and anſwer not?
Exet. My Conſcience tells me he is lawfull King.
Henry. All will reuolt from me, and turne to him.
Northumb. *Plantagenet,* for all the Clayme thou lay'ſt,
Thinke not, that *Henry* ſhall be ſo depos'd.
Warw. Depos'd he ſhall be, in deſpight of all.
Northumb. Thou art deceiu'd:
'Tis not thy Southerne power
Of Eſſex, Norfolke, Suffolke, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus preſumptuous and prowd,
Can ſet the Duke vp in deſpight of me.
Clifford. King *Henry,* be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and ſwallow me aliue,
Where I ſhall kneele to him that ſlew my Father.
Henry. Oh *Clifford,* how thy words reuiue my heart.
Plant. *Henry* of Lancaſter, reſigne thy Crowne:
What mutter you, or what conſpire you Lords?
Warw. Doe right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the Houſe with armed men,
And ouer the Chayre of State, where now he ſits,
Write vp his Title with vſurping blood.

He ſtampes with his foot, and the Souldiers ſhew themſelues.

Henry. My Lord of Warwick, heare but one word,
Let me for this my life time reigne as King.
Plant. Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine Heires,
And thou ſhalt reigne in quiet while thou liu'ſt.
Henry. I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*
Enioy the Kingdome after my deceaſe.
Clifford. What wrong is this vnto the Prince, your Sonne?
Warw. What good is this to England, and himſelfe?
Weſtm. Baſe, fearefull, and deſpayring *Henry.*
Clifford. How haſt thou iniur'd both thy ſelfe and vs?
Weſtm. I cannot ſtay to heare theſe Articles.
Northumb. Nor I.
Clifford. Come Couſin, let vs tell the Queene theſe Newes.
Weſtm. Farwell faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whoſe cold blood no ſparke of Honor bides.
Northumb. Be thou a prey vnto the Houſe of *Yorke,*
And dye in Bands, for this vnmanly deed.
Cliff. In dreadfull Warre may'ſt thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandon'd and deſpis'd.
Warw. Turne this way *Henry,* and regard them not.
Exeter. They ſeeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeeld.
Henry. Ah *Exeter.*
Warw. Why ſhould you ſigh, my Lord?
Henry. Not for my ſelfe Lord *Warwick,* but my Sonne,
Whom I vnnaturally ſhall diſ-inherite.
But be it as it may: I here entayle
The Crowne to thee and to thine Heires for euer,
Conditionally, that heere thou take an Oath,
To ceaſe this Ciuill Warre: and whil'ſt I liue,

To

To honor me as thy King, and Soueraigne:
And neyther by Treaſon nor Hoſtilitie,
To ſeeke to put me downe, and reigne thy ſelfe.
Plant. This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.
Warw. Long liue King *Henry: Plantagenet* embrace him.
Henry. And long liue thou, and theſe thy forward Sonnes.
Plant. Now *Yorke* and *Lancaſter* are reconcil'd.
Exet. Accurſt be he that ſeekes to make them foes.

Senet. Here they come downe.

Plant. Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Caſtle.
Warw. And Ile keepe London with my Souldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolke with my followers.
Mount. And I vnto the Sea, from whence I came.
Henry. And I with griefe and ſorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queene.

Exeter. Heere comes the Queene,
Whoſe Lookes bewray her anger:
Ile ſteale away.
Henry. *Exeter* ſo will I.
Queene. Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.
Henry. Be patient gentle Queene, and I will ſtay.
Queene. Who can be patient in ſuch extreames?
Ah wretched man, would I had dy'de a Maid?
And neuer ſeene thee, neuer borne thee Sonne,
Seeing thou haſt prou'd ſo vnnaturall a Father.
Hath he deſeru'd to looſe his Birth-right thus?
Hadſt thou but lou'd him halfe ſo well as I,
Or felt that paine which I did for him once,
Or nouriſht him, as I did with my blood;
Thou would'ſt haue left thy deareſt heart-blood there,
Rather then haue made that ſauage Duke thine Heire,
And diſ-inherited thine onely Sonne.
Prince. Father, you cannot diſ-inherite me:
If you be King, why ſhould not I ſucceede?
Henry. Pardon me *Margaret,* pardon me ſweet Sonne,
The Earle of Warwick and the Duke enforc't me.
Quee. Enforc't thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forc't?
I ſhame to heare thee ſpeake: ah timorous Wretch,
Thou haſt vndone thy ſelfe, thy Sonne, and me,
And giu'n vnto the Houſe of *Yorke* ſuch head,
As thou ſhalt reigne but by their ſufferance.
To entayle him and his Heires vnto the Crowne,
What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,
And creepe into it farre before thy time?
Warwick is Chancelor, and the Lord of Callice,
Sterne *Falconbridge* commands the Narrow Seas,
The Duke is made Protector of the Realme,
And yet ſhalt thou be ſafe? Such ſafetie findes
The trembling Lambe, inuironned with Wolues.
Had I beene there, which am a ſilly Woman,
The Souldiers ſhould haue toſs'd me on their Pikes,
Before I would haue granted to that Act.
But thou preferr'ſt thy Life, before thine Honor.
And ſeeing thou do'ſt, I here diuorce my ſelfe,
Both from thy Table *Henry,* and thy Bed,
Vntill that Act of Parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my Sonne is diſ-inherited.
The Northerne Lords, that haue forſworne thy Colours,
Will follow mine, if once they ſee them ſpread:
And ſpread they ſhall be, to thy foule diſgrace,
And vtter ruine of the Houſe of *Yorke.*
Thus doe I leaue thee: Come Sonne, let's away,
Our Army is ready; come, wee'le after them.
Henry. Stay gentle *Margaret,* and heare me ſpeake.
Queene. Thou haſt ſpoke too much already: get thee gone.
Henry. Gentle Sonne *Edward,* thou wilt ſtay me?
Queene. I, to be murther'd by his Enemies.
Prince. When I returne with victorie to the field,
Ile ſee your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.
Queene. Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.
Henry. Poore Queene,
How loue to me, and to her Sonne,
Hath made her breake out into termes of Rage.
Reueng'd may ſhe be on that hatefull Duke,
Whoſe haughtie ſpirit, winged with deſire,
Will coſt my Crowne, and like an emptie Eagle,
Tyre on the fleſh of me, and of my Sonne.
The loſſe of thoſe three Lords torments my heart:
Ile write vnto them, and entreat them faire;
Come Couſin, you ſhall be the Meſſenger.
Exet. And I, I hope, ſhall reconcile them all. *Exit.*

Flouriſh. Enter Richard, Edward, and Mountague.

Richard. Brother, though I bee youngeſt, giue mee leaue.
Edward. No, I can better play the Orator.
Mount. But I haue reaſons ſtrong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. Why how now Sonnes, and Brother, at a ſtrife?
What is your Quarrell? how began it firſt?
Edward. No Quarrell, but a ſlight Contention.
Yorke. About what?
Rich. About that which concernes your Grace and vs,
The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.
Yorke. Mine Boy? not till King *Henry* be dead.
Richard. Your Right depends not on his life, or death.
Edward. Now you are Heire, therefore enioy it now:
By giuing the Houſe of *Lancaſter* leaue to breathe,
It will out-runne you, Father, in the end.
Yorke. I tooke an Oath, that hee ſhould quietly reigne.
Edward. But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken:
I would breake a thouſand Oathes, to reigne one yeere.
Richard. No: God forbid your Grace ſhould be forſworne.
Yorke. I ſhall be, if I clayme by open Warre.
Richard. Ile proue the contrary, if you'le heare mee ſpeake.
Yorke. Thou canſt not, Sonne: it is impoſſible.
Richard. An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke
Before a true and lawfull Magiſtrate,
That hath authoritie ouer him that ſweares.
Henry had none, but did vſurpe the place.
Then ſeeing 'twas he that made you to depoſe,
Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and friuolous.
Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinke,
How ſweet a thing it is to weare a Crowne,
Within whoſe Circuit is *Elizium,*
And all that Poets faine of Bliſſe and Ioy.
Why doe we linger thus? I cannot reſt,
Vntill the White Roſe that I weare, be dy'de
Euen in the luke-warme blood of *Henries* heart.
Yorke. *Richard* ynough: I will be King, or dye.
Brother, thou ſhalt to London preſently,
And whet on *Warwick* to this Enterpriſe.

Thou *Richard* ſhalt to the Duke of Norfolke,
And tell him priuily of our intent.
You *Edward* ſhall vnto my Lord *Cobham*,
With whom the Kentiſhmen will willingly riſe.
In them I truſt: for they are Souldiors,
Wittie, courteous, liberall, full of ſpirit.
While you are thus imploy'd, what reſteth more?
But that I ſeeke occaſion how to riſe,
And yet the King not priuie to my Drift,
Nor any of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*.

Enter Gabriel.

But ſtay, what Newes? Why comm'ſt thou in ſuch poſte?
Gabriel. The Queene,
With all the Northerne Earles and Lords,
Intend here to beſiege you in your Caſtle.
She is hard by, with twentie thouſand men:
And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord.
Yorke. I, with my Sword.
What? think'ſt thou, that we feare them?
Edward and *Richard*, you ſhall ſtay with me,
My Brother *Mountague* ſhall poſte to London.
Let Noble *Warwicke*, *Cobham*, and the reſt,
Whom we haue left Protectors of the King,
With powrefull Pollicie ſtrengthen themſelues,
And truſt not ſimple *Henry*, nor his Oathes.
Mount. Brother, I goe: Ile winne them, feare it not.
And thus moſt humbly I doe take my leaue.
Exit Mountague.

Enter Mortimer, and his Brother.

York. Sir *Iohn*, and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine Vnckles,
You are come to Sandall in a happie houre.
The Armie of the Queene meane to beſiege vs.
Iohn. Shee ſhall not neede, wee'le meete her in the field.
Yorke. What, with fiue thouſand men?
Richard. I, with fiue hundred, Father, for a neede.
A Woman's generall: what ſhould we feare?
A March afarre off.
Edward. I heare their Drummes:
Let's ſet our men in order,
And iſſue forth, and bid them Battaile ſtraight.
Yorke. Fiue men to twentie: though the oddes be great,
I doubt not, Vnckle, of our Victorie.
Many a Battaile haue I wonne in France,
When as the Enemie hath beene tenne to one:
Why ſhould I not now haue the like ſucceſſe?
Alarum. Exit.

Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

Rutland. Ah, whither ſhall I flye, to ſcape their hands?
Ah Tutor, looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter Clifford.

Clifford. Chaplaine away, thy Prieſthood ſaues thy life.
As for the Brat of this accurſed Duke,
Whoſe Father ſlew my Father, he ſhall dye.
Tutor. And I, my Lord, will beare him company.
Clifford. Souldiers, away with him.
Tutor. Ah *Clifford*, murther not this innocent Child,
Leaſt thou be hated both of God and Man. *Exit.*

Clifford. How now? is he dead alreadie?
Or is it feare, that makes him cloſe his eyes?
Ile open them.
Rutland. So looks the pent-vp Lyon o're the Wretch,
That trembles vnder his deuouring Pawes:
And ſo he walkes, inſulting o're his Prey,
And ſo he comes, to rend his Limbes aſunder.
Ah gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy Sword,
And not with ſuch a cruell threatning Looke.
Sweet *Clifford* heare me ſpeake, before I dye:
I am too meane a ſubiect for thy Wrath,
Be thou reueng'd on men, and let me liue.
Clifford. In vaine thou ſpeak'ſt, poore Boy:
My Fathers blood hath ſtopt the paſſage
Where thy words ſhould enter.
Rutland. Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,
He is a man, and *Clifford* cope with him.
Clifford. Had I thy Brethren here, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge ſufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd vp thy fore-fathers Graues,
And hung their rotten Coffins vp in Chaynes,
It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my heart.
The ſight of any of the Houſe of *Yorke*,
Is as a furie to torment my Soule:
And till I root out their accurſed Line,
And leaue not one aliue, I liue in Hell.
Therefore---
Rutland. Oh let me pray, before I take my death:
To thee I pray; ſweet *Clifford* pitty me.
Clifford. Such pitty as my Rapiers point affords.
Rutland. I neuer did thee harme: why wilt thou ſlay me?
Clifford. Thy Father hath.
Rutland. But 'twas ere I was borne.
Thou haſt one Sonne, for his ſake pitty me,
Leaſt in reuenge thereof, ſith God is iuſt,
He be as miſerably ſlaine as I.
Ah, let me liue in Priſon all my dayes,
And when I giue occaſion of offence,
Then let me dye, for now thou haſt no cauſe.
Clifford. No cauſe? thy Father ſlew my Father: therefore dye.
Rutland. Dij faciant laudis ſumma ſit iſta tua.
Clifford. Plantagenet, I come *Plantagenet*:
And this thy Sonnes blood cleauing to my Blade,
Shall ruſt vpon my Weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this, doe make me wipe off both. *Exit.*

Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. The Army of the Queene hath got the field:
My Vnckles both are ſlaine, in reſcuing me;
And all my followers, to the eager foe
Turne back, and flye, like Ships before the Winde,
Or Lambes purſu'd by hunger-ſtarued Wolues.
My Sonnes, God knowes what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they haue demean'd themſelues
Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death.
Three times did *Richard* make a Lane to me,
And thrice cry'de, Courage Father, fight it out:
And full as oft came *Edward* to my ſide,
With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt,
In blood of thoſe that had encountred him:
And when the hardyeſt Warriors did retyre,
Richard cry'de, Charge, and giue no foot of ground,
And cry'de, A Crowne, or elſe a glorious Tombe,

A Scepter, or an Earthly Sepulchre.
With this we charg'd againe: but out alas,
We bodg'd againe, as I haue ſeene a Swan
With bootleſſe labour ſwimme againſt the Tyde,
And ſpend her ſtrength with ouer-matching Waues.
A ſhort Alarum within.

Ah hearke, the fatall followers doe purſue,
And I am faint, and cannot flye their furie:
And were I ſtrong, I would not ſhunne their furie.
The Sands are numbred, that makes vp my Life,
Here muſt I ſtay, and here my Life muſt end.

Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland,
the young Prince, and Souldiers.

Come bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchleſſe furie to more rage:
I am your Butt, and I abide your Shot.
Northumb. Yeeld to our mercy, proud *Plantagenet*.
Clifford. I, to ſuch mercy, as his ruthleſſe Arme
With downe-right payment, ſhew'd vnto my Father.
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an Euening at the Noone-tide Prick.
Yorke. My aſhes, as the Phœnix, may bring forth
A Bird, that will reuenge vpon you all:
And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heauen,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what, multitudes, and feare?
Cliff. So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,
So Doues doe peck the Faulcons piercing Tallons,
So deſperate Theeues, all hopeleſſe of their Liues,
Breathe out Inuectiues 'gainſt the Officers.
Yorke. Oh *Clifford*, but bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy thought ore-run my former time:
And if thou canſt, for bluſhing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that ſlanders him with Cowardice,
Whoſe frowne hath made thee faint and flye ere this.
Clifford. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckler with thee blowes twice two for one.
Queene. Hold valiant *Clifford*, for a thouſand cauſes
I would prolong a while the Traytors Life:
Wrath makes him deafe; ſpeake thou *Northumberland*.
Northumb. Hold *Clifford*, doe not honor him ſo much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a Curre doth grinne,
For one to thruſt his Hand betweene his Teeth,
When he might ſpurne him with his Foot away?
It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages,
And tenne to one, is no impeach of Valour.
Clifford. I, I, ſo ſtriues the Woodcocke with the Gynne.
Northumb. So doth the Connie ſtruggle in the Net.
York. So triumph Theeues vpon their conquer'd Booty,
So True men yeeld with Robbers, ſo o're-matcht.
Northumb. What would your Grace haue done vnto him now?
Queene. Braue Warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him ſtand vpon this Mole-hill here,
That raught at Mountaines with out-ſtretched Armes,
Yet parted but the ſhadow with his Hand.
What, was it you that would be Englands King?
Was't you that reuell'd in our Parliament,
And made a Preachment of your high Deſcent?
Where are your Meſſe of Sonnes, to back you now?
The wanton *Edward*, and the luſtie *George*?
And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigie,
Dickie, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce
Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies?
Or with the reſt, where is your Darling, *Rutland*?
Looke *Yorke*, I ſtayn'd this Napkin with the blood
That valiant *Clifford*, with his Rapiers point,
Made iſſue from the Boſome of the Boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I giue thee this to drie thy Cheekes withall.
Alas poore *Yorke*, but that I hate thee deadly,
I ſhould lament thy miſerable ſtate.
I prythee grieue, to make me merry, *Yorke*.
What, hath thy fierie heart ſo parcht thine entrayles,
That not a Teare can fall, for *Rutlands* death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou ſhould'ſt be mad:
And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.
Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may ſing and dance.
Thou would'ſt be fee'd, I ſee, to make me ſport:
Yorke cannot ſpeake, vnleſſe he weare a Crowne.
A Crowne for *Yorke*; and Lords, bow lowe to him:
Hold you his hands, whileſt I doe ſet it on.
I marry Sir, now lookes he like a King:
I, this is he that tooke King *Henries* Chaire,
And this is he was his adopted Heire.
But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*
Is crown'd ſo ſoone, and broke his ſolemne Oath?
As I bethinke me, you ſhould not be King,
Till our King *Henry* had ſhooke hands with Death.
And will you pale your head in *Henries* Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diademe,
Now in his Life, againſt your holy Oath?
Oh 'tis a fault too too vnpardonable.
Off with the Crowne; and with the Crowne, his Head,
And whileſt we breathe, take time to doe him dead.
Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers ſake.
Queene. Nay ſtay, let's heare the Orizons hee makes.
Yorke. Shee-Wolfe of France,
But worſe then Wolues of France,
Whoſe Tongue more poyſons then the Adders Tooth:
How ill-beſeeming is it in thy Sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,
Vpon their Woes, whom Fortune captiuates?
But that thy Face is Vizard-like, vnchanging,
Made impudent with vſe of euill deedes.
I would aſſay, prowd Queene, to make thee bluſh.
To tell thee whence thou cam'ſt, of whom deriu'd,
Were ſhame enough, to ſhame thee,
Wert thou not ſhameleſſe.
Thy Father beares the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Ieruſalem,
Yet not ſo wealthie as an Engliſh Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to inſult?
It needes not, nor it bootes thee not, prowd Queene,
Vnleſſe the Adage muſt be verify'd,
That Beggers mounted, runne their Horſe to death.
'Tis Beautie that doth oft make Women prowd,
But God he knowes, thy ſhare thereof is ſmall.
'Tis Vertue, that doth make them moſt admir'd,
The contrary, doth make thee wondred at.
'Tis Gouernment that makes them ſeeme Diuine,
The want thereof, makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as oppoſite to euery good,
As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs,
Or as the South to the *Septentrion*.
Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide,

How could'ſt thou drayne the Life-blood of the Child,
To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be ſeene to beare a Womans face?
Women are ſoft, milde, pittifull, and flexible;
Thou, ſterne, obdurate, flintie, rough, remorſeleſſe.
Bidſt thou me rage? why now thou haſt thy wiſh.
Would'ſt haue me weepe? why now thou haſt thy will.
For raging Wind blowes vp inceſſant ſhowers,
And when the Rage allayes, the Raine begins.
Theſe Teares are my ſweet *Rutlands* Obſequies,
And euery drop cryes vengeance for his death,
'Gainſt thee fell *Clifford*, and thee falſe French-woman.

Northumb. Beſhrew me, but his paſſions moues me ſo,
That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares.

Yorke. That Face of his,
The hungry Caniballs would not haue toucht,
Would not haue ſtayn'd with blood:
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
Oh, tenne times more then Tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthleſſe Queene, a hapleſſe Fathers Teares:
This Cloth thou dipd'ſt in blood of my ſweet Boy,
And I with Teares doe waſh the blood away.
Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boaſt of this,
And if thou tell'ſt the heauie ſtorie right,
Vpon my Soule, the hearers will ſhed Teares:
Yea, euen my Foes will ſhed faſt-falling Teares,
And ſay, Alas, it was a pittious deed.
There, take the Crowne, and with the Crowne, my Curſe,
And in thy need, ſuch comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy too cruell hand.
Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the World,
My Soule to Heauen, my Blood vpon your Heads.

Northumb. Had he been ſlaughter-man to all my Kinne,
I ſhould not for my Life but weepe with him,
To ſee how inly Sorrow gripes his Soule.

Queen. What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland?*
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quickly drie thy melting Teares.

Clifford. Heere's for my Oath, heere's for my Fathers Death.

Queene. And heere's to right our gentle-hearted King.

Yorke. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God,
My Soule flyes through theſe wounds, to ſeeke out thee.

Queene. Off with his Head, and ſet it on Yorke Gates,
So *Yorke* may ouer-looke the Towne of Yorke.

Flouriſh. Exit.

A March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edward. I wonder how our Princely Father ſcap't:
Or whether he be ſcap't away, or no,
From *Cliffords* and *Northumberlands* purſuit?
Had he been ta'ne, we ſhould haue heard the newes;
Had he beene ſlaine, we ſhould haue heard the newes:
Or had he ſcap't, me thinkes we ſhould haue heard
The happy tidings of his good eſcape.
How fares my Brother? why is he ſo ſad?

Richard. I cannot ioy, vntill I be reſolu'd
Where our right valiant Father is become.
I ſaw him in the Battaile range about,
And watcht him how he ſingled *Clifford* forth.
Me thought he bore him in the thickeſt troupe,
As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat,
Or as a Beare encompaſs'd round with Dogges:
Who hauing pincht a few, and made them cry,
The reſt ſtand all aloofe, and barke at him.
So far'd our Father with his Enemies,
So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father:
Me thinkes 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne.
See how the Morning opes her golden Gates,
And takes her farwell of the glorious Sunne.
How well reſembles it the prime of Youth,
Trimm'd like a Yonker, prauncing to his Loue?

Ed. Dazle mine eyes, or doe I ſee three Sunnes?

Rich. Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne,
Not ſeperated with the racking Clouds,
But ſeuer'd in a pale cleare-ſhining Skye.
See, ſee, they ioyne, embrace, and ſeeme to kiſſe,
As if they vow'd ſome League inuiolable.
Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne:
In this, the Heauen figures ſome euent.

Edward. 'Tis wondrous ſtrange,
The like yet neuer heard of.
I thinke it cites vs (Brother) to the field,
That wee, the Sonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,
Each one alreadie blazing by our meedes,
Should notwithſtanding ioyne our Lights together,
And ouer-ſhine the Earth, as this the World.
What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare
Vpon my Targuet three faire ſhining Sunnes.

Richard. Nay, beare three Daughters:
By your leaue, I ſpeake it,
You loue the Breeder better then the Male.

Enter one blowing.

But what art thou, whoſe heauie Lookes fore-tell
Some dreadfull ſtory hanging on thy Tongue?

Meſſ. Ah, one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was ſlaine,
Your Princely Father, and my louing Lord.

Edward. Oh ſpeake no more, for I haue heard too much.

Richard. Say how he dy'de, for I will heare it all.

Meſſ. Enuironed he was with many foes,
And ſtood againſt them, as the hope of Troy
Againſt the Greekes, that would haue entred Troy.
But *Hercules* himſelfe muſt yeeld to oddes:
And many ſtroakes, though with a little Axe,
Hewes downe and fells the hardeſt-tymber'd Oake.
By many hands your Father was ſubdu'd,
But onely ſlaught'red by the irefull Arme
Of vn-relenting *Clifford*, and the Queene:
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high deſpight,
Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept,
The ruthleſſe Queene gaue him, to dry his Cheekes,
A Napkin, ſteeped in the harmeleſſe blood
Of ſweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* ſlaine:
And after many ſcornes, many foule taunts,
They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke
They ſet the ſame, and there it doth remaine,
The ſaddeſt ſpectacle that ere I view'd.

Edward. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone, wee haue no Staffe, no Stay.
Oh *Clifford*, boyſt'rous *Clifford*, thou haſt ſlaine
The flowre of Europe, for his Cheualrie,
And trecherouſly haſt thou vanquiſht him,
For hand to hand he would haue vanquiſht thee.
Now my Soules Pallace is become a Priſon:
Ah, would ſhe breake from hence, that this my body

Might in the ground be cloſed vp in reſt:
For neuer henceforth ſhall I ioy againe:
Neuer, oh neuer ſhall I ſee more ioy.

Rich. I cannot weepe: for all my bodies moyſture
Scarſe ſerues to quench my Furnace-burning hart:
Nor can my tongue vnloade my hearts great burthen,
For ſelfe-ſame winde that I ſhould ſpeake withall,
Is kindling coales that fires all my breſt,
And burnes me vp with flames, that tears would quench.
To weepe, is to make leſſe the depth of greefe:
Teares then for Babes; Blowes, and Reuenge for mee.
Richard, I beare thy name, Ile venge thy death,
Or dye renowned by attempting it.

Ed. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His Dukedome, and his Chaire with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird,
Shew thy deſcent by gazing 'gainſt the Sunne:
For Chaire and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdome ſay,
Either that is thine, or elſe thou wer't not his.

March. Enter Warwicke, Mar'queſſe Mountacute, and their Army.

Warwick. How now faire Lords? What faire? What newes abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwicke, if we ſhould recompt
Our balefull newes, and at each words deliuerance
Stab Poniards in our fleſh, till all were told,
The words would adde more anguiſh then the wounds.
O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is ſlaine.

Edw. O Warwicke, Warwicke, that *Plantagenet*
Which held thee deerely, as his Soules Redemption,
Is by the ſterne Lord *Clifford* done to death.

War. Ten dayes ago, I drown'd theſe newes in teares.
And now to adde more meaſure to your woes,
I come to tell you things ſith then befalne.
After the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your braue Father breath'd his lateſt gaſpe,
Tydings, as ſwiftly as the Poſtes could runne,
Were brought me of your Loſſe, and his Depart.
I then in London, keeper of the King,
Muſter'd my Soldiers, gathered flockes of Friends,
Marcht toward S. Albons, to intercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along:
For by my Scouts, I was aduertiſed
That ſhe was comming with a full intent
To daſh our late Decree in Parliament,
Touching King *Henries* Oath, and your Succeſsion:
Short Tale to make, we at S. Albons met,
Our Battailes ioyn'd, and both ſides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldneſſe of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queene,
That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Spleene.
Or whether 'twas report of her ſucceſſe,
Or more then common feare of *Cliffords* Rigour,
Who thunders to his Captiues, Blood and Death,
I cannot iudge: but to conclude with truth,
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
Our Souldiers like the Night-Owles lazie flight,
Or like a lazie Threſher with a Flaile,
Fell gently downe, as if they ſtrucke their Friends.
I cheer'd them vp with iuſtice of our Cauſe,
With promiſe of high pay, and great Rewards:
But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight,
And we (in them) no hope to win the day,
So that we fled: the King vnto the Queene,
Lord *George*, your Brother, Norfolke, and my Selfe,
In haſte, poſt haſte, are come to ioyne with you:
For in the Marches heere we heard you were,
Making another Head, to fight againe.

Ed. Where is the Duke of Norfolke, gentle Warwick?
And when came *George* from Burgundy to England?

War. Some ſix miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers,
And for your Brother he was lately ſent
From your kinde Aunt Dutcheſſe of Burgundie,
With ayde of Souldiers to this needfull Warre.

Rich. 'Twas oddes belike, when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft haue I heard his praiſes in Purſuite,
But ne're till now, his Scandall of Retire.

War. Nor now my Scandall *Richard*, doſt thou heare:
For thou ſhalt know this ſtrong right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint *Henries* head,
And wring the awefull Scepter from his Fiſt,
Were he as famous, and as bold in Warre,
As he is fam'd for Mildneſſe, Peace, and Prayer.

Rich. I know it well Lord Warwick, blame me not,
'Tis loue I beare thy glories make me ſpeake:
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our Coates of Steele,
And wrap our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,
Numb'ring our Aue-Maries with our Beads?
Or ſhall we on the Helmets of our Foes
Tell our Deuotion with reuengefull Armes?
If for the laſt, ſay I, and to it Lords.

War. Why therefore Warwick came to ſeek you out,
And therefore comes my Brother *Mountague*:
Attend me Lords, the proud inſulting Queene,
With *Clifford*, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their Feather, many moe proud Birds,
Haue wrought the eaſie-melting King, like Wax.
He ſwore conſent to your Succeſſion,
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament.
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To fruſtrate both his Oath, and what beſide
May make againſt the houſe of Lancaſter.
Their power (I thinke) is thirty thouſand ſtrong:
Now, if the helpe of Norfolke, and my ſelfe,
With all the Friends that thou braue Earle of March,
Among'ſt the louing Welſhmen can'ſt procure,
Will but amount to fiue and twenty thouſand,
Why Via, to London will we march,
And once againe, beſtride our foaming Steeds,
And once againe cry Charge vpon our Foes,
But neuer once againe turne backe and flye.

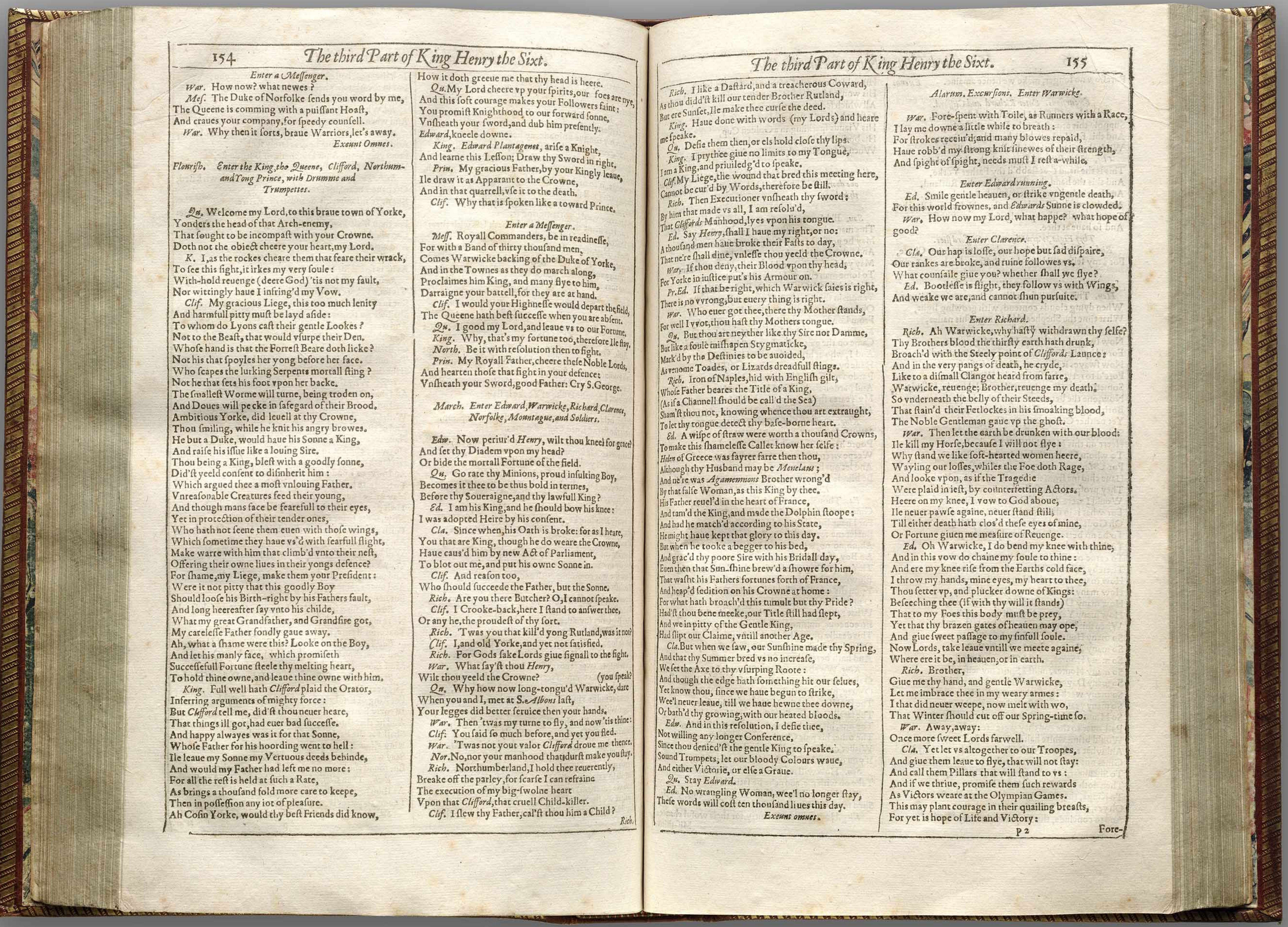
Rich. I, now me thinks I heare great Warwick ſpeak;
Ne're may he liue to ſee a Sun-ſhine day,
That cries Retire, if Warwicke bid him ſtay.

Ed. Lord Warwicke, on thy ſhoulder will I leane,
And when thou failſt (as God forbid the houre)
Muſt *Edward* fall, which perill heauen forefend.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke:
The next degree, is Englands Royall Throne:
For King of England ſhalt thou be proclaim'd
In euery Burrough as we paſſe along,
And he that throwes not vp his cap for ioy,
Shall for the Fault make forfeit of his head.
King *Edward*, valiant *Richard Mountague*:
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renowne,
But ſound the Trumpets, and about our Taske.

Rich. Then *Clifford*, were thy heart as hard as Steele,
As thou haſt ſhewne it flintie by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to giue thee mine.

Ed. Then ſtrike vp Drums, God and S. George for vs.



Enter a Meſſenger.

War. How now? what newes?
Meſ. The Duke of Norfolke ſends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puiſſant Hoaſt,
And craues your company, for ſpeedy counſell.
War. Why then it ſorts, braue Warriors, let's away.
Exeunt Omnes.

Flouriſh. Enter the King, the Queene, Clifford, Northum- and Yong Prince, with Drumme and Trumpettes.

Qu. Welcome my Lord, to this braue town of Yorke,
Yonders the head of that Arch-enemy,
That ſought to be incompaſt with your Crowne.
Doth not the obiect cheere your heart, my Lord.
K. I, as the rockes cheare them that feare their wrack,
To ſee this ſight, it irkes my very ſoule:
With-hold reuenge (deere God) 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly haue I infring'd my Vow.
Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmfull pitty muſt be layd aſide:
To whom do Lyons caſt their gentle Lookes?
Not to the Beaſt, that would vſurpe their Den.
Whoſe hand is that the Forreſt Beare doth licke?
Not his that ſpoyles her yong before her face.
Who ſcapes the lurking Serpents mortall ſting?
Not he that ſets his foot vpon her backe.
The ſmalleſt Worme will turne, being troden on,
And Doues will pecke in ſafegard of their Brood.
Ambitious Yorke, did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou ſmiling, while he knit his angry browes.
He but a Duke, would haue his Sonne a King,
And raiſe his iſſue like a louing Sire.
Thou being a King, bleſt with a goodly ſonne,
Did'ſt yeeld conſent to diſinherit him:
Which argued thee a moſt vnlouing Father.
Vnreaſonable Creatures feed their young,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not ſeene them euen with thoſe wings,
Which ſometime they haue vs'd with fearfull flight,
Make warre with him that climb'd vnto their neſt,
Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence?
For ſhame, my Liege, make them your Preſident:
Were it not pitty that this goodly Boy
Should looſe his Birth-right by his Fathers fault,
And long heereafter ſay vnto his childe,
What my great Grandfather, and Grandſire got,
My careleſſe Father fondly gaue away.
Ah, what a ſhame were this? Looke on the Boy,
And let his manly face, which promiſeth
Succeſſefull Fortune ſteele thy melting heart,
To hold thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.
King. Full well hath *Clifford* plaid the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force:
But *Clifford* tell me, did'ſt thou neuer heare,
That things ill got, had euer bad ſucceſſe.
And happy alwayes was it for that Sonne,
Whoſe Father for his hoording went to hell:
Ile leaue my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinde,
And would my Father had left me no more:
For all the reſt is held at ſuch a Rate,
As brings a thouſand fold more care to keepe,
Then in poſſeſſion any iot of pleaſure.
Ah Coſin Yorke, would thy beſt Friends did know,
How it doth greeue me that thy head is heere.
Qu. My Lord cheere vp your ſpirits, our foes are nye,
And this ſoft courage makes your Followers faint:
You promiſt Knighthood to our forward ſonne,
Vnſheath your ſword, and dub him preſently.
Edward, kneele downe.
King. *Edward Plantagenet*, ariſe a Knight,
And learne this Leſſon; Draw thy Sword in right.
Prin. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as Apparant to the Crowne,
And in that quarrell, vſe it to the death.
Clif. Why that is ſpoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Royall Commanders, be in readineſſe,
For with a Band of thirty thouſand men,
Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke,
And in the Townes as they do march along,
Proclaimes him King, and many flye to him,
Darraigne your battell, for they are at hand.
Clif. I would your Highneſſe would depart the field,
The Queene hath beſt ſucceſſe when you are abſent.
Qu. I good my Lord, and leaue vs to our Fortune.
King. Why, that's my fortune too, therefore Ile ſtay.
North. Be it with reſolution then to fight.
Prin. My Royall Father, cheere theſe Noble Lords,
And hearten thoſe that fight in your defence:
Vnſheath your Sword, good Father: Cry S. George.

March. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, Clarence, Norfolke, Mountague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now periur'd *Henry*, wilt thou kneel for grace?
And ſet thy Diadem vpon my head?
Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field.
Qu. Go rate thy Minions, proud inſulting Boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes,
Before thy Soueraigne, and thy lawfull King?
Ed. I am his King, and he ſhould bow his knee:
I was adopted Heire by his conſent.
Cla. Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heare,
You that are King, though he do weare the Crowne,
Haue caus'd him by new Act of Parliament,
To blot out me, and put his owne Sonne in.
Clif. And reaſon too,
Who ſhould ſucceede the Father, but the Sonne.
Rich. Are you there Butcher? O, I cannot ſpeake.
Clif. I Crooke-back, here I ſtand to anſwer thee,
Or any he, the proudeſt of thy ſort.
Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd yong Rutland, was it not?
Clif. I, and old Yorke, and yet not ſatisfied.
Rich. For Gods ſake Lords giue ſignall to the fight.
War. What ſay'ſt thou *Henry*,
Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne? (you ſpeak?
Qu. Why how now long-tongu'd Warwicke, dare
When you and I, met at S. *Albons* laſt,
Your legges did better ſeruice then your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine:
Clif. You ſaid ſo much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'Twas not yout valor *Clifford* droue me thence.
Nor. No, nor your manhood that durſt make you ſtay.
Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reuerently,
Breake off the parley, for ſcarſe I can refraine
The execution of my big-ſwolne heart
Vpon that *Clifford*, that cruell Child-killer.
Clif. I ſlew thy Father, cal'ſt thou him a Child?

Rich. I like a Daſtard, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didd'ſt kill our tender Brother Rutland,
But ere Sunſet, Ile make thee curſe the deed.
King. Haue done with words (my Lords) and heare me ſpeake.
Qu. Defie them then, or els hold cloſe thy lips.
King. I prythee giue no limits to my Tongue,
I am a King, and priuiledg'd to ſpeake.
Clif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be ſtill.
Rich. Then Executioner vnſheath thy ſword:
By him that made vs all, I am reſolu'd,
That *Cliffords* Manhood, lyes vpon his tongue.
Ed. Say *Henry*, ſhall I haue my right, or no:
A thouſand men haue broke their Faſts to day,
That ne're ſhall dine, vnleſſe thou yeeld the Crowne.
War. If thou deny, their Blood vpon thy head,
For Yorke in iuſtice put's his Armour on.
Pr. Ed. If that be right, which Warwick ſaies is right,
There is no vvrong, but euery thing is right.
War. Who euer got thee, there thy Mother ſtands,
For well I vvot, thou haſt thy Mothers tongue.
Qu. But thou art neyther like thy Sire nor Damme,
But like a foule miſhapen Stygmaticke,
Mark'd by the Deſtinies to be auoided,
As venome Toades, or Lizards dreadfull ſtings.
Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with Engliſh gilt,
Whoſe Father beares the Title of a King,
(As if a Channell ſhould be call'd the Sea)
Sham'ſt thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy baſe-borne heart.
Ed. A wiſpe of ſtraw were worth a thouſand Crowns,
To make this ſhameleſſe Callet know her ſelfe:
Helen of Greece was fayrer farre then thou,
Although thy Husband may be *Menelaus*;
And ne're was *Agamemnons* Brother wrong'd
By that falſe Woman, as this King by thee.
His Father reuel'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dolphin ſtoope:
And had he match'd according to his State,
He might haue kept that glory to this day.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And grac'd thy poore Sire with his Bridall day,
Euen then that Sun-ſhine brew'd a ſhowre for him,
That waſht his Fathers fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd ſedition on his Crowne at home:
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?
Had'ſt thou bene meeke, our Title ſtill had ſlept,
And we in pitty of the Gentle King,
Had ſlipt our Claime, vntill another Age.
Cla. But when we ſaw, our Sunſhine made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer bred vs no increaſe,
We ſet the Axe to thy vſurping Roote:
And though the edge hath ſomething hit our ſelues,
Yet know thou, ſince we haue begun to ſtrike,
Wee'l neuer leaue, till we haue hewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing, with our heated bloods.
Edw. And in this reſolution, I defie thee,
Not willing any longer Conference,
Since thou denied'ſt the gentle King to ſpeake.
Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours waue,
And either Victorie, or elſe a Graue.
Qu. Stay *Edward.*
Ed. No wrangling Woman, wee'l no longer ſtay,
Theſe words will coſt ten thouſand liues this day.
Exeunt omnes.

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter Warwicke.

War. Fore-ſpent with Toile, as Runners with a Race,
I lay me downe a little while to breath:
For ſtrokes receiu'd, and many blowes repaid,
Haue robb'd my ſtrong knit ſinewes of their ſtrength,
And ſpight of ſpight, needs muſt I reſt a-while.

Enter Edward running.

Ed. Smile gentle heauen, or ſtrike vngentle death,
For this world frownes, and *Edwards* Sunne is clowded.
War. How now my Lord, what happe? what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our hap is loſſe, our hope but ſad diſpaire,
Our rankes are broke, and ruine followes vs.
What counſaile giue you? whether ſhall we flye?
Ed. Bootleſſe is flight, they follow vs with Wings,
And weake we are, and cannot ſhun purſuite.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah Warwicke, why haſt thou withdrawn thy ſelfe?
Thy Brothers blood the thirſty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the Steely point of *Cliffords* Launce:
And in the very pangs of death, he cryde,
Like to a diſmall Clangor heard from farre,
Warwicke, reuenge; Brother, reuenge my death.
So vnderneath the belly of their Steeds,
That ſtain'd their Fetlockes in his ſmoaking blood,
The Noble Gentleman gaue vp the ghoſt.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
Ile kill my Horſe, becauſe I will not flye:
Why ſtand we like ſoft-hearted women heere,
Wayling our loſſes, whiles the Foe doth Rage,
And looke vpon, as if the Tragedie
Were plaid in ieſt, by counterfetting Actors.
Heere on my knee, I vow to God aboue,
Ile neuer pawſe againe, neuer ſtand ſtill,
Till either death hath clos'd theſe eyes of mine,
Or Fortune giuen me meaſure of Reuenge.
Ed. Oh Warwicke, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in this vow do chaine my ſoule to thine:
And ere my knee riſe from the Earths cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou ſetter vp, and plucker downe of Kings:
Beſeeching thee (if with thy will it ſtands)
That to my Foes this body muſt be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heauen may ope,
And giue ſweet paſſage to my ſinfull ſoule.
Now Lords, take leaue vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen, or in earth.
Rich. Brother,
Giue me thy hand, and gentle Warwicke,
Let me imbrace thee in my weary armes:
I that did neuer weepe, now melt with wo,
That Winter ſhould cut off our Spring-time ſo.
War. Away, away:
Once more ſweet Lords farwell.
Cla. Yet let vs altogether to our Troopes,
And giue them leaue to flye, that will not ſtay:
And call them Pillars that will ſtand to vs:
And if we thriue, promiſe them ſuch rewards
As Victors weare at the Olympian Games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breaſts,
For yet is hope of Life and Victory:

Foreſlow no longer, make we hence amaine. *Exeunt*

Excurſions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now *Clifford*, I haue ſingled thee alone,
Suppoſe this arme is for the Duke of Yorke,
And this for Rutland, both bound to reuenge,
Wer't thou inuiron'd with a Brazen wall.

Clif. Now *Richard*, I am with thee heere alone,
This is the hand that ſtabb'd thy Father Yorke,
And this the hand, that ſlew thy Brother Rutland,
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheeres theſe hands, that ſlew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like vpon thy ſelfe,
And ſo haue at thee.

They Fight, Warwicke comes, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay Warwicke, ſingle out ſome other Chace,
For I my ſelfe will hunt this Wolfe to death. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

Hen. This battell fares like to the mornings Warre,
When dying clouds contend, with growing light,
What time the Shepheard blowing of his nailes,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now ſwayes it this way, like a Mighty Sea,
Forc'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winde:
Now ſwayes it that way, like the ſelfe-ſame Sea,
Forc'd to retyre by furie of the Winde.
Sometime, the Flood preuailes; and than the Winde:
Now, one the better: then, another beſt;
Both tugging to be Victors, breſt to breſt:
Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered.
So is the equall poiſe of this fell Warre.
Heere on this Mole-hill will I ſit me downe,
To whom God will, there be the Victorie:
For *Margaret* my Queene, and *Clifford* too
Haue chid me from the Battell: Swearing both,
They proſper beſt of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if Gods good will were ſo;
For what is in this world, but Greefe and Woe.
Oh God! me thinkes it were a happy life,
To be no better then a homely Swaine,
To ſit vpon a hill, as I do now,
To carue out Dialls queintly, point by point,
Thereby to ſee the Minutes how they runne:
How many makes the Houre full compleate,
How many Houres brings about the Day,
How many Dayes will finiſh vp the Yeare,
How many Yeares, a Mortall man may liue.
When this is knowne, then to diuide the Times:
So many Houres, muſt I tend my Flocke;
So many Houres, muſt I take my Reſt:
So many Houres, muſt I Contemplate:
So many Houres, muſt I Sport my ſelfe:
So many Dayes, my Ewes haue bene with yong:
So many weekes, ere the poore Fooles will Eane:
So many yeares, ere I ſhall ſheere the Fleece:
So Minutes, Houres, Dayes, Monthes, and Yeares,
Paſt ouer to the end they were created,
Would bring white haires, vnto a Quiet graue.
Ah! what a life were this? How ſweet? how louely?
Giues not the Hawthorne buſh a ſweeter ſhade
To Shepheards, looking on their ſilly Sheepe,
Then doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopie
To Kings, that feare their Subiects treacherie?
Oh yes, it doth; a thouſand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,
His cold thinne drinke out of his Leather Bottle,
His wonted ſleepe, vnder a freſh trees ſhade,
All which ſecure, and ſweetly he enioyes,
Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:
His Viands ſparkling in a Golden Cup,
His bodie couched in a curious bed,
When Care, Miſtruſt, and Treaſon waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Sonne that hath kill'd his Father, at one doore: and a Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at another doore.

Son. Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,
This man whom hand to hand I ſlew in fight,
May be poſſeſſed with ſome ſtore of Crownes,
And I that (haply) take them from him now,
May yet (ere night) yeeld both my Life and them
To ſome man elſe, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face,
Whom in this Conflict, I (vnwares) haue kill'd:
Oh heauy times! begetting ſuch Euents.
From London, by the King was I preſt forth,
My Father being the Earle of Warwickes man,
Came on the part of Yorke, preſt by his Maſter:
And I, who at his hands receiu'd my life,
Haue by my hands, of Life bereaued him.
Pardon me God, I knew not what I did:
And pardon Father, for I knew not thee.
My Teares ſhall wipe away theſe bloody markes:
And no more words, till they haue flow'd their fill.

King. O pitteous ſpectacle! O bloody Times!
Whiles Lyons Warre, and battaile for their Dennes,
Poore harmleſſe Lambes abide their enmity.
Weepe wretched man: Ile ayde thee Teare for Teare,
And let our hearts and eyes, like Ciuill Warre,
Be blinde with teares, and break ore-charg'd with griefe.

Enter Father, bearing of his Sonne.

Fa. Thou that ſo ſtoutly hath reſiſted me,
Giue me thy Gold, if thou haſt any Gold:
For I haue bought it with an hundred blowes.
But let me ſee: Is this our Foe-mans face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine onely Sonne.
Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw vp thine eye: ſee, ſee, what ſhowres ariſe,
Blowne with the windie Tempeſt of my heart,
Vpon thy wounds, that killes mine Eye, and Heart.
O pitty God, this miſerable Age!
What Stragems? how fell? how Butcherly?
Erreoneous, mutinous, and vnnaturall,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget?
O Boy! thy Father gaue thee life too ſoone,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

King. Wo aboue wo: greefe, more thẽ common greefe
O that my death would ſtay theſe ruthfull deeds:
O pitty, pitty, gentle heauen pitty:
The Red Roſe and the White are on his face,
The fatall Colours of our ſtriuing Houſes:
The one, his purple Blood right well reſembles,
The other his pale Cheekes (me thinkes) preſenteth:
Wither one Roſe, and let the other flouriſh:
If you contend, a thouſand liues muſt wither.

Son. How will my Mother, for a Fathers death
Take on with me, and ne're be ſatisfi'd?

Fa. How will my Wife, for ſlaughter of my Sonne,
Shed ſeas of Teares, and ne're be ſatisfi'd?

King. How will the Country, for theſe woful chances,
Miſ-thinke

Miſ-thinke the King, and not be ſatisfied?

Son. Was euer ſonne, ſo rew'd a Fathers death?

Fath. Was euer Father ſo bemoan'd his Sonne?

Hen. Was euer King ſo greeu'd for Subiects woe?
Much is your ſorrow; Mine, ten times ſo much.

Son. Ile beare thee hence, where I may weepe my fill.

Fath. Theſe armes of mine ſhall be thy winding ſheet:
My heart (ſweet Boy) ſhall be thy Sepulcher,
For from my heart, thine Image ne're ſhall go.
My ſighing breſt, ſhall be thy Funerall bell;
And ſo obſequious will thy Father be,
Men for the loſſe of thee, hauing no more,
As *Priam* was for all his Valiant Sonnes,
Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I haue murthered where I ſhould not kill. *Exit*

Hen. Sad-hearted-men, much ouergone with Care;
Heere ſits a King, more wofull then you are.

Alarums. Excurſions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.

Prin. Fly Father, flye: for all your Friends are fled.
And Warwicke rages like a chafed Bull:
Away, for death doth hold vs in purſuite.

Qu. Mount you my Lord, towards Barwicke poſt amaine;
Edward and *Richard* like a brace of Grey-hounds,
Hauing the fearfull flying Hare in ſight,
With fiery eyes, ſparkling for very wrath,
And bloody ſteele graſpt in their yrefull hands
Are at our backes, and therefore hence amaine.

Exet. Away: for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, ſtay not to expoſtulate, make ſpeed,
Or elſe come after, Ile away before.

Hen. Nay take me with thee, good ſweet Exeter:
Not that I feare to ſtay, but loue to go
Whether the Queene intends. Forward, away. *Exeunt*

A lowd alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.

Clif. Heere burnes my Candle out; I, heere it dies,
Which whiles it laſted, gaue King *Henry* light.
O Lancaſter! I feare thy ouerthrow,
More then my Bodies parting with my Soule:
My Loue and Feare, glew'd many Friends to thee,
And now I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melts,
Impairing *Henry*, ſtrength'ning miſproud Yorke;
And whether flye the Gnats, but to the Sunne?
And who ſhines now, but *Henries* Enemies?
O Phœbus! had'ſt thou neuer giuen conſent,
That *Phaeton* ſhould checke thy fiery Steeds,
Thy burning Carre neuer had ſcorch'd the earth.
And *Henry*, had'ſt thou ſway'd as Kings ſhould do,
Or as thy Father, and his Father did,
Giuing no ground vnto the houſe of Yorke,
They neuer then had ſprung like Sommer Flyes:
I, and ten thouſand in this luckleſſe Realme,
Hed left no mourning Widdowes for our death,
And thou this day, had'ſt kept thy Chaire in peace.
For what doth cherriſh Weeds, but gentle ayre?
And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootleſſe are Plaints, and Cureleſſe are my Wounds:
No way to flye, nor ſtrength to hold out flight:
The Foe is mercileſſe, and will not pitty:
For at their hands I haue deſeru'd no pitty.
The ayre hath got into my deadly Wounds,
And much effuſe of blood, doth make me faint:
Come *Yorke*, and *Richard*, *Warwicke*, and the reſt,
I ſtab'd your Fathers boſomes; Split my breſt.

Alarum & Retreat. Enter Edward Warwicke, Richard, and Soldiers, Montague, & Clarence.

Ed. Now breath we Lords, good fortune bids vs pauſe,
And ſmooth the frownes of War, with peacefull lookes:
Some Troopes purſue the bloody-minded Queene,
That led calme *Henry*, though he were a King,
As doth a Saile, fill'd with a fretting Guſt
Command an Argoſie to ſtemme the Waues.
But thinke you (Lords) that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impoſsible he ſhould eſcape:
(For though before his face I ſpeake the words)
Your Brother *Richard* markt him for the Graue.
And whereſoere he is, hee's ſurely dead. *Clifford grones*

Rich. Whoſe ſoule is that which takes hir heauy leaue?
A deadly grone, like life and deaths departing.
See who it is.

Ed. And now the Battailes ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vſed.

Rich. Reuoke that doome of mercy, for 'tis *Clifford*,
Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch
In hewing Rutland, when his leaues put forth,
But ſet his murth'ring knife vnto the Roote,
From whence that tender ſpray did ſweetly ſpring,
I meane our Princely Father, Duke of Yorke.

War. From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down yͤ head,
Your Fathers head, which *Clifford* placed there:
In ſtead whereof, let this ſupply the roome,
Meaſure for meaſure, muſt be anſwered.

Ed. Bring forth that fatall Schreechowle to our houſe,
That nothing ſung but death, to vs and ours:
Now death ſhall ſtop his diſmall threatning ſound,
And his ill-boading tongue, no more ſhall ſpeake.

War. I thinke is vnderſtanding is bereft:
Speake *Clifford*, doſt thou know who ſpeakes to thee?
Darke cloudy death ore-ſhades his beames of life,
And he nor ſees, nor heares vs, what we ſay.

Rich. O would he did, and ſo (perhaps) he doth,
'Tis but his policy to counterfet,
Becauſe he would auoid ſuch bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gaue our Father.

Cla If ſo thou think'ſt,
Vex him with eager Words.

Rich. *Clifford*, aske mercy, and obtaine no grace.

Ed. *Clifford*, repent in bootleſſe penitence.

War. *Clifford*, deuiſe excuſes for thy faults.

Cla. While we deuiſe fell Tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didd'ſt loue Yorke, and I am ſon to Yorke.

Edw. Thou pittied'ſt Rutland, I will pitty thee.

Cla. Where's Captaine *Margaret*, to fence you now?

War. They mocke thee *Clifford*,
Sweare as thou was't wont.

Ric. What, not an Oath? Nay then the world go's hard
When *Clifford* cannot ſpare his Friends an oath:
I know by that he's dead, and by my Soule,
If this right hand would buy two houres life,
That I (in all deſpight) might rayle at him,
This hand ſhould chop it off: & with the iſſuing Blood
Stifle the Villaine, whoſe vnſtanched thirſt
Yorke, and yong Rutland could not ſatisfie

War. I, but he's dead. Of with the Traitors head,
And reare it in the place your Fathers ſtands.
And now to London with Triumphant march,

There to be crowned Englands Royall King:
From whence, ſhall Warwicke cut the Sea to France,
And aske the Ladie *Bona* for thy Queene:
So ſhalt thou ſinow both theſe Lands together,
And hauing France thy Friend, thou ſhalt not dread
The ſcattred Foe, that hopes to riſe againe:
For though they cannot greatly ſting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them buz to offend thine eares:
Firſt, will I ſee the Coronation,
And then to Britanny Ile croſſe the Sea,
To effect this marriage, ſo it pleaſe my Lord.

Ed. Euen as thou wilt ſweet Warwicke, let it bee:
For in thy ſhoulder do I builde my Seate;
And neuer will I vndertake the thing
Wherein thy counſaile and conſent is wanting:
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Glouceſter,
And *George* of Clarence; *Warwicke* as our Selfe,
Shall do, and vndo as him pleaſeth beſt.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, *George* of Gloſter,
For Gloſters Dukedome is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a fooliſh obſeruation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloſter: Now to London,
To ſee theſe Honors in poſſeſſion. *Exeunt*

Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey, with Croſſe-bowes in their hands.

(our ſelues:
Sink. Vnder this thicke growne brake, wee'l ſhrowd
For through this Laund anon the Deere will come,
And in this couert will we make our Stand,
Culling the principall of all the Deere.

Hum. Ile ſtay aboue the hill, ſo both may ſhoot.

Sink. That cannot be, the noiſe of thy Croſſe-bow
Will ſcarre the Heard, and ſo my ſhoot is loſt:
Heere ſtand we both, and ayme we at the beſt:
And for the time ſhall not ſeeme tedious,
Ile tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this ſelfe-place, where now we meane to ſtand.

Sink. Heere comes a man, let's ſtay till he be paſt:

Enter the King with a Prayer booke.

Hen. From Scotland am I ſtolne euen of pure loue,
To greet mine owne Land with my wiſhfull ſight:
No *Harry*, *Harry*, 'tis no Land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee,
Thy Balme waſht off, wherewith thou was Annointed:
No bending knee will call thee *Cæſar* now,
No humble ſuters preaſe to ſpeake for right:
No, not a man comes for redreſſe of thee:
For how can I helpe them, and not my ſelfe?

Sink. I, heere's a Deere, whoſe skin's a Keepers Fee:
This is the quondam King; Let's ſeize vpon him.

Hen. Let me embrace the ſower Aduerſaries,
For Wiſe men ſay, it is the wiſeſt courſe.

Hum. Why linger we? Let vs lay hands vpon him.

Sink. Forbeare a-while, wee'l heare a little more.

Hen. My Queene and Son are gone to France for aid:
And (as I heare) the great Commanding Warwicke
I: thither gone, to craue the French Kings Siſter
To wife for *Edward*. If this newes be true,
Poore Queene, and Sonne, your labour is but loſt:
For Warwicke is a ſubtle Orator:
And *Lewis* a Prince ſoone wonne with mouing words:
By this account then, *Margaret* may winne him,
For ſhe's a woman to be pittied much:
Her ſighes will make a batt'ry in his breſt,
Her teares will pierce into a Marble heart:
The Tyger will be milde, whiles ſhe doth mourne;
And *Nero* will be tainted with remorſe,
To heare and ſee her plaints, her Briniſh Teares.
I, but ſhee's come to begge, Warwicke to giue:
Shee on his left ſide, crauing ayde for *Henrie*;
He on his right, asking a wife for *Edward*.
Shee Weepes, and ſayes, her *Henry* is depos'd;
He Smiles, and ſayes, his *Edward* is inſtaul'd;
That ſhe (poore Wretch) for greefe can ſpeake no more:
Whiles Warwicke tels his Title, ſmooths the Wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty ſtrength,
And in concluſion winnes the King from her,
With promiſe of his Siſter, and what elſe,
To ſtrengthen and ſupport King *Edwards* place.
O *Margaret*, thus 'twill be, and thou (poore ſoule)
Art then forſaken, as thou went'ſt forlorne.

Hum. Say, what art thou talk'ſt of Kings & Queens?

King. More then I ſeeme, and leſſe then I was born to:
A man at leaſt, for leſſe I ſhould not be:
And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?

Hum. I, but thou talk'ſt, as if thou wer't a King.

King. Why ſo I am (in Minde) and that's enough.

Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?

King. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head:
Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indian ſtones:
Nor to be ſeene: my Crowne, is call'd Content,
A Crowne it is, that ſildome Kings enioy.

Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
Your Crowne Content, and you, muſt be contented
To go along with vs. For (as we thinke)
You are the king King *Edward* hath depos'd:
And we his ſubiects, ſworne in all Allegeance,
Will apprehend you, as his Enemie.

King. But did you neuer ſweare, and breake an Oath.

Hum. No, neuer ſuch an Oath, nor will not now.

King. Where did you dwell when I was K. of England?

Hum. Heere in this Country, where we now remaine.

King. I was annointed King at nine monthes old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:
And you were ſworne true Subiects vnto me:
And tell me then, haue you not broke your Oathes?

Sin. No, for we were Subiects, but while you wer king

King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man?
Ah ſimple men, you know not what you ſweare:
Looke, as I blow this Feather from my Face,
And as the Ayre blowes it to me againe,
Obeying with my winde when I do blow,
And yeelding to another, when it blowes,
Commanded alwayes by the greater guſt:
Such is the lightneſſe of you, common men.
But do not breake your Oathes, for of that ſinne,
My milde intreatie ſhall not make you guiltie.
Go where you will, the king ſhall be commanded,
And be you kings, command, and Ile obey.

Sinklo. We are true Subiects to the king,
King *Edward*.

King. So would you be againe to *Henrie*,
If he were ſeated as king *Edward* is.

Sinklo. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,
To go with vs vnto the Officers.

King. In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obeyd,
And what God will, that let your King performe,
And what he will, I humbly yeeld vnto. *Exeunt*

Enter K. Edward, Gloſter, Clarence, Lady Gray.

King. Brother of Gloſter, at S. Albons field

This

This Ladyes Husband, Sir *Richard Grey*, was ſlaine,
His Land then ſeiz'd on by the Conqueror,
Her ſuit is now, to repoſſeſſe thoſe Lands,
Which wee in Iuſtice cannot well deny,
Becauſe in Quarrell of the Houſe of *Yorke*,
The worthy Gentleman did loſe his Life.

Rich. Your Highneſſe ſhall doe well to graunt her ſuit:
It were diſhonor to deny it her.

King. It were no leſſe, but yet Ile make a pawſe.

Rich. Yea, is it ſo:
I ſee the Lady hath a thing to graunt,
Before the King will graunt her humble ſuit.

Clarence. Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keepes the winde?

Rich. Silence.

King. Widow, we will conſider of your ſuit,
And come ſome other time to know our minde.

Wid. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay:
May it pleaſe your Highneſſe to reſolue me now,
And what your pleaſure is, ſhall ſatisfie me.

Rich. I Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands,
And if what pleaſes him, ſhall pleaſure you:
Fight cloſer, or good faith you'le catch a Blow.

Clarence. I feare her not, vnleſſe ſhe chance to fall.

Rich. God forbid that, for hee'le take vantages.

King. How many Children haſt thou, Widow? tell me.

Clarence. I thinke he meanes to begge a Child of her.

Rich. Nay then whip me: hee'le rather giue her two.

Wid. Three, my moſt gracious Lord.

Rich. You ſhall haue foure, if you'le be rul'd by him.

King. 'Twere pittie they ſhould loſe their Fathers Lands.

Wid. Be pittifull, dread Lord, and graunt it then.

King. Lords giue vs leaue, Ile trye this Widowes wit.

Rich. I, good leaue haue you, for you will haue leaue,
Till Youth take leaue, and leaue you to the Crutch.

King. Now tell me, Madame, doe you loue your Children?

Wid. I, full as dearely as I loue my ſelfe.

King. And would you not doe much to doe them good?

Wid. To doe them good, I would ſuſtayne ſome harme.

King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them good.

Wid. Therefore I came vnto your Maieſtie.

King. Ile tell you how theſe Lands are to be got.

Wid. So ſhall you bind me to your Highneſſe ſeruice.

King. What ſeruice wilt thou doe me, if I giue them?

Wid. What you command, that reſts in me to doe.

King. But you will take exceptions to my Boone.

Wid. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it.

King. I, but thou canſt doe what I meane to aske.

Wid. Why then I will doe what your Grace commands.

Rich. Hee plyes her hard, and much Raine weares the Marble.

Clar. As red as fire? nay then, her Wax muſt melt.

Wid. Why ſtoppes my Lord? ſhall I not heare my Taske?

King. An eaſie Taske, 'tis but to loue a King.

Wid. That's ſoone perform'd, becauſe I am a Subiect.

King. Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely giue thee.

Wid. I take my leaue with many thouſand thankes.

Rich. The Match is made, ſhee ſeales it with a Curſie.

King. But ſtay thee, 'tis the fruits of loue I meane.

Wid. The fruits of Loue, I meane, my louing Liege.

King. I, but I feare me in another ſence.
What Loue, think'ſt thou, I ſue ſo much to get?

Wid. My loue till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue graunts.

King. No, by my troth, I did not meane ſuch loue.

Wid. Why then you meane not, as I thought you did.

King. But now you partly may perceiue my minde.

Wid. My minde will neuer graunt what I perceiue
Your Highneſſe aymes at, if I ayme aright.

King. To tell thee plaine, I ayme to lye with thee.

Wid. To tell you plaine, I had rather lye in Priſon.

King. Why then thou ſhalt not haue thy Husbands Lands.

Wid. Why then mine Honeſtie ſhall be my Dower,
For by that loſſe, I will not purchaſe them.

King. Therein thou wrong'ſt thy Children mightily.

Wid. Herein your Highneſſe wrongs both them & me:
But mightie Lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the ſadneſſe of my ſuit:
Pleaſe you diſmiſſe me, eyther with I, or no.

King. I, if thou wilt ſay I to my requeſt;
No, if thou do'ſt ſay No to my demand.

Wid. Then No, my Lord: my ſuit is at an end.

Rich. The Widow likes him not, ſhee knits her Browes.

Clarence. Hee is the blunteſt Wooer in Chriſtendome.

King. Her Looks doth argue her replete with Modeſty,
Her Words doth ſhew her Wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge Soueraigntie,
One way, or other, ſhee is for a King,
And ſhee ſhall be my Loue, or elſe my Queene.
Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queene?

Wid. 'Tis better ſaid then done, my gracious Lord:
I am a ſubiect fit to ieaſt withall,
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

King. Sweet Widow, by my State I ſweare to thee,
I ſpeake no more then what my Soule intends,
And that is, to enioy thee for my Loue.

Wid. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto:
I know, I am too meane to be your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

King. You cauill, Widow, I did meane my Queene.

Wid. 'Twill grieue your Grace, my Sonnes ſhould call you Father.

King. No more, then when my Daughters
Call thee Mother.
Thou art a Widow, and thou haſt ſome Children,
And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor,
Haue other-ſome. Why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the Father vnto many Sonnes:
Anſwer no more, for thou ſhalt be my Queene.

Rich. The Ghoſtly Father now hath done his Shrift.

Clarence. When hee was made a Shriuer, 'twas for ſhift.

King. Brothers, you muſe what Chat wee two haue had.

Rich. The Widow likes it not, for ſhee lookes very ſad.

King. You'ld thinke it ſtrange, if I ſhould marrie her.

Clarence. To who, my Lord?

King. Why *Clarence*, to my ſelfe.

Rich. That would be tenne dayes wonder at the leaſt.
Clarence. That's a day longer then a Wonder laſts.
Rich. By ſo much is the Wonder in extremes.
King. Well,ieaſt on Brothers: I can tell you both,
Her ſuit is grauuted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your Foe is taken,
And brought your Priſoner to your Pallace Gate.
King. See that he be conuey'd vnto the Tower:
And goe wee Brothers to the man that tooke him,
To queſtion of his apprehenſion.
Widow goe you along: Lords vſe her honourable.
Exeunt.
Manet Richard.
Rich. I,*Edward* will vſe Women honourably:
Would he were waſted,Marrow,Bones,and all,
That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may ſpring,
To croſſe me from the Golden time I looke for:
And yet,betweene my Soules deſire,and me,
The luſtfull *Edwards* Title buryed,
Is *Clarence*, *Henry*,and his Sonne young *Edward*,
And all the vnlook'd-for Iſſue of their Bodies,
To take their Roomes,ere I can place my ſelfe:
A cold premeditation for my purpoſe.
Why then I doe but dreame on Soueraigntie,
Like one that ſtands vpon a Promontorie,
And ſpyes a farre-off ſhore,where hee would tread,
Wiſhing his foot were equall with his eye,
And chides the Sea,that ſunders him from thence,
Saying,hee'le lade it dry,to haue his way:
So doe I wiſh the Crowne,being ſo farre off,
And ſo I chide the meanes that keepes me from it,
And ſo (I ſay) Ile cut the Cauſes off,
Flattering me with impoſſibilities:
My Eyes too quicke,my Heart o're-weenes too much,
Vnleſſe my Hand and Strength could equall them.
Well,ſay there is no Kingdome then for *Richard*:
What other Pleaſure can the World affoord?
Ile make my Heauen in a Ladies Lappe,
And decke my Body in gay Ornaments,
And 'witch ſweet Ladies with my Words and Lookes.
Oh miſerable Thought! and more vnlikely,
Then to accompliſh twentie Golden Crownes.
Why Loue forſwore me in my Mothers Wombe:
And for I ſhould not deale in her ſoft Lawes,
Shee did corrupt frayle Nature with ſome Bribe,
To ſhrinke mine Arme vp like a wither'd Shrub,
To make an enuious Mountaine on my Back,
Where ſits Deformitie to mocke my Body;
To ſhape my Legges of an vnequall ſize,
To diſ-proportion me in euery part:
Like to a Chaos, or an vn-lick'd Beare-whelpe,
That carryes no impreſſion like the Damme.
And am I then a man to be belou'd?
Oh monſtrous fault,to harbour ſuch a thought.
Then ſince this Earth affoords no Ioy to me,
But to command,to check,to o're-beare ſuch,
As are of better Perſon then my ſelfe:
Ile make my Heauen,to dreame vpon the Crowne,
And whiles I liue,t'account this World but Hell,
Vntill my mis-ſhap'd Trunke, that beares this Head,
Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne.
And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
For many Liues ſtand betweene me and home:
And I,like one loſt in a Thornie Wood,
That rents the Thornes,and is rent with the Thornes,
Seeking a way,and ſtraying from the way,
Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,
But toyling deſperately to finde it out,
Torment my ſelfe,to catch the Engliſh Crowne:
And from that torment I will free my ſelfe,
Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.
Why I can ſmile,and murther whiles I ſmile,
And cry,Content,to that which grieues my Heart,
And wet my Cheekes with artificiall Teares,
And frame my Face to all occaſions.
Ile drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid ſhall,
Ile ſlay more gazers then the Baſiliske,
Ile play the Orator as well as *Neſtor*,
Deceiue more ſlyly then *Vliſſes* could,
And like a *Synon*,take another Troy.
I can adde Colours to the Camelion,
Change ſhapes with *Proteus*, for aduantages,
And ſet the murtherous *Macheuill* to Schoole.
Can I doe this,and cannot get a Crowne?
Tut,were it farther off,Ile plucke it downe. *Exit.*

Flouriſh.
Enter Lewis the French King, his Siſter Bona, his Admirall, call'd Bourbon: Prince Edward, Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Oxford. Lewis ſits, and riſeth vp againe.

Lewis. Faire Queene of England,worthy *Margaret*,
Sit downe with vs: it ill beſits thy State,
And Birth, that thou ſhould'ſt ſtand,while *Lewis* doth ſit.
Marg. No,mightie King of France: now *Margaret*
Muſt ſtrike her ſayle,and learne a while to ſerue,
Where Kings command. I was (I muſt confeſſe)
Great Albions Queene,in former Golden dayes:
But now miſchance hath trod my Title downe,
And with diſ-honor layd me on the ground,
Where I muſt take like Seat vnto my fortune,
And to my humble Seat conforme my ſelfe.
Lewis. Why ſay, faire Queene, whence ſprings this deepe deſpaire?
Marg. From ſuch a cauſe,as fills mine eyes with teares,
And ſtops my tongue,while heart is drown'd in cares.
Lewis. What ere it be,be thou ſtill like thy ſelfe,
And ſit thee by our ſide. *Seats her by him.*
Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoake,
But let thy dauntleſſe minde ſtill ride in triumph,
Ouer all miſchance.
Be plaine,Queene *Margaret*,and tell thy griefe,
It ſhall be eas'd,if France can yeeld reliefe.
Marg. Thoſe gracious words
Reuiue my drooping thoughts,
And giue my tongue-ty'd ſorrowes leaue to ſpeake.
Now therefore be it knowne to Noble *Lewis*,
That *Henry*,ſole poſſeſſor of my Loue,
Is,of a King,become a baniſht man,
And forc'd to liue in Scotland a Forlorne;
While prowd ambitious *Edward*,Duke of Yorke,
Vſurpes the Regall Title,and the Seat
Of Englands true anoynted lawfull King.
This is the cauſe that I,poore *Margaret*,
With this my Sonne,Prince *Edward*, *Henries* Heire,
Am come to craue thy iuſt and lawfull ayde:
And if thou faile vs,all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to helpe,but cannot helpe:
Our

Our People,and our Peeres,are both mis-led,
Our Treaſure ſeiz'd,our Souldiors put to flight,
And (as thou ſeeſt) our ſelues in heauie plight.
Lewis. Renowned Queene,
With patience calme the Storme,
While we bethinke a meanes to breake it off.
Marg. The more wee ſtay, the ſtronger growes our Foe.
Lewis. The more I ſtay, the more Ile ſuccour thee.
Marg. O,but impatience waiteth on true ſorrow.
And ſee where comes the breeder of my ſorrow.

Enter Warwicke.

Lewis. What's hee approacheth boldly to our preſence?
Marg. Our Earle of Warwicke, *Edwards* greateſt Friend.
Lewis. Welcome braue *Warwicke*, what brings thee to France? *Hee deſcends. Shee ariſeth.*
Marg. I now begins a ſecond Storme to riſe,
For this is hee that moues both Winde and Tyde.
Warw. From worthy *Edward*,King of Albion,
My Lord and Soueraigne,and thy vowed Friend,
I come (in Kindneſſe, and vnfayned Loue)
Firſt,to doe greetings to thy Royall Perſon,
And then to craue a League of Amitie:
And laſtly,to confirme that Amitie
With Nuptiall Knot,if thou vouchſafe to graunt
That vertuous Lady *Bona*,thy faire Siſter,
To Englands King,in lawfull Marriage.
Marg. If that goe forward,*Henries* hope is done.
Warw. And gracious Madame, *Speaking to Bona.*
In our Kings behalfe,
I am commanded,with your leaue and fauor,
Humbly to kiſſe your Hand, and with my Tongue
To tell the paſſion of my Soueraignes Heart;
Where Fame,late entring at his heedfull Eares,
Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image,and thy Vertue.
Marg. King *Lewis*,and Lady *Bona*,heare me ſpeake,
Before you anſwer *Warwicke*. His demand
Springs not from *Edwards* well-meant honeſt Loue,
But from Deceit, bred by Neceſſitie:
For how can Tyrants ſafely gouerne home,
Vnleſſe abroad they purchaſe great allyance?
To proue him Tyrant,this reaſon may ſuffice,
That *Henry* liueth ſtill: but were hee dead,
Yet here Prince *Edward* ſtands,King *Henries* Sonne.
Looke therefore *Lewis*,that by this League and Mariage
Thou draw not on thy Danger,and Dis-honor:
For though Vſurpers ſway the rule a while,
Yet Heau'ns are iuſt,and Time ſuppreſſeth Wrongs.
Warw. Iniurious *Margaret*.
Edw. And why not Queene?
Warw. Becauſe thy Father *Henry* did vſurpe,
And thou no more art Prince,then ſhee is Queene.
Oxf. Then *Warwicke* diſanulls great *Iohn* of Gaunt,
Which did ſubdue the greateſt part of Spaine;
And after *Iohn* of Gaunt,*Henry* the Fourth,
Whoſe Wiſdome was a Mirror to the wiſeſt:
And after that wiſe Prince,*Henry* the Fift,
Who by his Proweſſe conquered all France:
From theſe,our *Henry* lineally deſcends.
Warw. *Oxford*,how haps it in this ſmooth diſcourſe,
You told not,how *Henry* the Sixt hath loſt
All that,which *Henry* the Fift had gotten:
Me thinkes theſe Peeres of France ſhould ſmile at that.
But for the reſt: you tell a Pedigree
Of threeſcore and two yeeres,a ſilly time
To make preſcription for a Kingdomes worth.
Oxf. Why *Warwicke*,canſt thou ſpeak againſt thy Liege,
Whom thou obeyd'ſt thirtie and ſix yeeres,
And not bewray thy Treaſon with a Bluſh?
Warw. Can *Oxford*,that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler Falſehood with a Pedigree?
For ſhame leaue *Henry*,and call *Edward* King.
Oxf. Call him my King, by whoſe iniurious doome
My elder Brother,the Lord *Aubrey Vere*
Was done to death? and more then ſo,my Father,
Euen in the downe-fall of his mellow'd yeeres,
When Nature brought him to the doore of Death?
No *Warwicke*,no: while Life vpholds this Arme,
This Arme vpholds the Houſe of *Lancaſter*.
Warw. And I the Houſe of *Yorke*.
Lewis. Queene *Margaret*,Prince *Edward*,and *Oxford*,
Vouchſafe at our requeſt,to ſtand aſide,
While I vſe further conference with *Warwicke*.
They ſtand aloofe.
Marg. Heauens graunt, that *Warwickes* wordes bewitch him not.
Lew. Now *Warwicke*,tell me euen vpon thy conſcience
Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loth
To linke with him,that were not lawfull choſen.
Warw. Thereon I pawne my Credit, and mine Honor.
Lewis. But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye?
Warw. The more,that *Henry* was vnfortunate.
Lewis. Then further: all diſſembling ſet aſide,
Tell me for truth,the meaſure of his Loue
Vnto our Siſter *Bona*.
War. Such it ſeemes,
As may beſeeme a Monarch like himſelfe.
My ſelfe haue often heard him ſay,and ſweare,
That this his Loue was an externall Plant,
Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground,
The Leaues and Fruit maintain'd with Beauties Sunne,
Exempt from Enuy, but not from Diſdaine,
Vnleſſe the Lady *Bona* quit his paine.
Lewis. Now Siſter,let vs heare your firme reſolue.
Bona. Your graunt,or your denyall,ſhall be mine.
Yet I confeſſe,that often ere this day, *Speaks to War.*
When I haue heard your Kings deſert recounted,
Mine eare hath tempted iudgement to deſire.
Lewis. Then *Warwicke*, thus:
Our Siſter ſhall be *Edwards*.
And now forthwith ſhall Articles be drawne,
Touching the Ioynture that your King muſt make,
Which with her Dowrie ſhall be counter-poys'd:
Draw neere,Queene *Margaret*,and be a witneſſe,
That *Bona* ſhall be Wife to the Engliſh King.
Pr.Edw. To *Edward*, but not to the Engliſh King.
Marg. Deceitfull *Warwicke*,it was thy deuice,
By this alliance to make void my ſuit:
Before thy comming,*Lewis* was *Henries* friend.
Lewis. And ſtill is friend to him,and *Margaret*.
But if your Title to the Crowne be weake,
As may appeare by *Edwards* good ſucceſſe:
Then 'tis but reaſon,that I be releas'd
From giuing ayde,which late I promiſed.
Yet ſhall you haue all kindneſſe at my hand,
That your Eſtate requires,and mine can yeeld.
Warw. *Henry* now liues in Scotland,at his eaſe;
Where

Where hauing nothing, nothing can he loſe.
And as for you your ſelfe (our quondam Queene)
You haue a Father able to maintaine you,
And better 'twere, you troubled him, then France.
Mar. Peace impudent, and ſhameleſſe Warwicke,
Proud ſetter vp, and puller downe of Kings,
I will not hence, till with my Talke and Teares
(Both full of Truth) I make King *Lewis* behold
Thy ſlye conueyance, and thy Lords falſe loue,
Poſt blowing a horne Within.
For both of you are Birds of ſelfe-ſame Feather.
Lewes. Warwicke, this is ſome poſte to vs, or thee.
Enter the Poſte.
Poſt. My Lord Ambaſſador,
Theſe Letters are for you. *Speakes to Warwick,*
Sent from your Brother Marqueſſe *Montague.*
Theſe from our King, vnto your Maieſty. *To Lewis.*
And Madam, theſe for you: *To Margaret*
From whom, I know not.
They all reade their Letters.
Oxf. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Miſtris
Smiles at her newes, while *Warwicke* frownes at his.
Prince Ed. Nay marke how *Lewis* ſtampes as he were netled. I hope, all's for the beſt.
Lew. Warwicke, what are thy Newes?
And yours, faire Queene.
Mar. Mine ſuch, as fill my heart with vnhop'd ioyes.
War. Mine full of ſorrow, and hearts diſcontent.
Lew. What? has your King married the Lady *Grey*?
And now to ſooth your Forgery, and his,
Sends me a Paper to perſwade me Patience?
Is this th'Alliance that he ſeekes with France?
Dare he preſume to ſcorne vs in this manner?
Mar. I told your Maieſty as much before:
This proueth *Edwards* Loue, and Warwickes honeſty.
War. King *Lewis*, I heere proteſt in ſight of heauen,
And by the hope I haue of heauenly bliſſe,
That I am cleere from this miſdeed of *Edwards*;
No more my King, for he diſhonors me,
But moſt himſelfe, if he could ſee his ſhame.
Did I forget, that by the Houſe of Yorke
My Father came vntimely to his death?
Did I let paſſe th'abuſe done to my Neece?
Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?
Did I put *Henry* from his Natiue Right?
And am I guerdon'd at the laſt, with Shame?
Shame on himſelfe, for my Deſert is Honor.
And to repaire my Honor loſt for him,
I heere renounce him, and returne to *Henry.*
My Noble Queene, let former grudges paſſe,
And henceforth, I am thy true Seruitour:
I will reuenge his wrong to Lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former ſtate.
Mar. Warwicke,
Theſe words haue turn'd my Hate, to Loue,
And I forgiue, and quite forget old faults,
And ioy that thou becom'ſt King *Henries* Friend.
War. So much his Friend, I, his vnfained Friend,
That if King *Lewis* vouchſafe to furniſh vs
With ſome few Bands of choſen Soldiours,
Ile vndertake to Land them on our Coaſt,
And force the Tyrant from his ſeat by Warre.
'Tis not his new-made Bride ſhall ſuccour him,
And as for *Clarence*, as my Letters tell me,
Hee's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton Luſt, then Honor,
Or then for ſtrength and ſafety of our Country.
Bona. Deere Brother, how ſhall *Bona* be reueng'd,
But by thy helpe to this diſtreſſed Queene?
Mar. Renowned Prince, how ſhall Poore *Henry* liue,
Vnleſſe thou reſcue him from foule diſpaire?
Bona. My quarrel, and this Engliſh Queens, are one.
War. And mine faire Lady *Bona*, ioynes with yours.
Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and *Margarets.*
Therefore, at laſt, I firmely am reſolu'd
You ſhall haue ayde.
Mar. Let me giue humble thankes for all, at once.
Lew. Then Englands Meſſenger, returne in Poſte,
And tell falſe *Edward*, thy ſuppoſed King,
That *Lewis* of France, is ſending ouer Maskers
To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.
Thou ſeeſt what's paſt, go feare thy King withall.
Bona. Tell him, in hope hee'l proue a widower ſhortly,
I weare the Willow Garland for his ſake.
Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde aſide,
And I am ready to put Armor on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vn-Crowne him, er't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone. *Exit Poſt.*
Lew. But Warwicke,
Thou and Oxford, with fiue thouſand men
Shall croſſe the Seas, and bid falſe *Edward* battaile:
And as occaſion ſerues, this Noble Queen
And Prince, ſhall follow with a freſh Supply.
Yet ere thou go, but anſwer me one doubt:
What Pledge haue we of thy firme Loyalty?
War. This ſhall aſſure my conſtant Loyalty,
That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,
Ile ioyne mine eldeſt daughter, and my Ioy,
To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.
Mar. Yes, I agree, and thanke you for your Motion.
Sonne *Edward*, ſhe is Faire and Vertuous,
Therefore delay not, giue thy hand to Warwicke,
And with thy hand, thy faith irreuocable,
That onely Warwickes daughter ſhall be thine.
Prin. Ed. Yes, I accept her, for ſhe well deſerues it,
And heere to pledge my Vow, I giue my hand.
He giues his hand to Warw.
Lew. Why ſtay we now? Theſe ſoldiers ſhalbe leuied,
And thou Lord Bourbon, our High Admirall
Shall waft them ouer with our Royall Fleete.
I long till *Edward* fall by Warres miſchance,
For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.
Exeunt. Manet Warwicke.
War. I came from *Edward* as Ambaſſador,
But I returne his ſworne and mortall Foe:
Matter of Marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull Warre ſhall anſwer his demand.
Had he none elſe to make a ſtale but me?
Then none but I, ſhall turne his Ieſt to Sorrow.
I was the Cheefe that rais'd him to the Crowne,
And Ile be Cheefe to bring him downe againe:
Not that I pitty *Henries* miſery,
But ſeeke Reuenge on *Edwards* mockery. *Exit.*

Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerſet, and Mountague.

Rich. Now tell me Brother *Clarence*, what thinke you
Of this new Marriage with the Lady *Gray*?
Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?
Cla. Alas, you know, tis farre from hence to France,
How

How could he ſtay till *Warwicke* made returne?
Som. My Lords, forbeare this talke: heere comes the King.
Flouriſh.
Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Stafford, Haſtings: foure ſtand on one ſide, and foure on the other.

Rich. And his well-choſen Bride.
Clarence. I minde to tell him plainly what I thinke.
King. Now Brother of Clarence,
How like you our Choyce,
That you ſtand penſiue, as halfe malecontent?
Clarence. As well as *Lewis* of France,
Or the Earle of Warwicke,
Which are ſo weake of courage, and in iudgement,
That they'le take no offence at our abuſe.
King. Suppoſe they take offence without a cauſe:
They are but *Lewis* and *Warwicke*, I am *Edward*,
Your King and *Warwickes*, and muſt haue my will.
Rich. And ſhall haue your will, becauſe our King:
Yet haſtie Marriage ſeldome proueth well.
King. Yea, Brother *Richard*, are you offended too?
Rich. Not I: no:
God forbid, that I ſhould wiſh them ſeuer'd,
Whom God hath ioyn'd together:
I, and 'twere pittie, to ſunder them,
That yoake ſo well together.
King. Setting your skornes, and your miſlike aſide,
Tell me ſome reaſon, why the Lady *Grey*
Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene?
And you too, *Somerſet*, and *Mountague*,
Speake freely what you thinke.
Clarence. Then this is mine opinion:
That King *Lewis* becomes your Enemie,
For mocking him about the Marriage
Of the Lady *Bona.*
Rich. And *Warwicke*, doing what you gaue in charge,
Is now dis-honored by this new Marriage.
King. What, if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be appeas'd,
By ſuch inuention as I can deuiſe?
Mount. Yet, to haue ioyn'd with France in ſuch alliance,
Would more haue ſtrength'ned this our Commonwealth
'Gainſt forraine ſtormes, then any home-bred Marriage.
Haſt. Why, knowes not *Mountague*, that of it ſelfe,
England is ſafe, if true within it ſelfe?
Mount. But the ſafer, when 'tis back'd with France.
Haſt. 'Tis better vſing France, then truſting France:
Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Seas,
Which he hath giu'n for fence impregnable,
And with their helpes, onely defend our ſelues:
In them, and in our ſelues, our ſafetie lyes.
Clar. For this one ſpeech, Lord *Haſtings* well deſerues
To haue the Heire of the Lord *Hungerford.*
King. I, what of that? it was my will, and graunt,
And for this once, my Will ſhall ſtand for Law.
Rich. And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done well,
To giue the Heire and Daughter of Lord *Scales*
Vnto the Brother of your louing Bride;
Shee better would haue fitted me, or *Clarence*:
But in your Bride you burie Brotherhood.
Clar. Or elſe you would not haue beſtow'd the Heire
Of the Lord *Bonuill* on your new Wiues Sonne,
And leaue your Brothers to goe ſpeede elſewhere.
King. Alas, poore *Clarence*: is it for a Wife
That thou art malecontent? I will prouide thee.
Clarence. In chuſing for your ſelfe,
You ſhew'd your iudgement:
Which being ſhallow, you ſhall giue me leaue
To play the Broker in mine owne behalfe;
And to that end, I ſhortly minde to leaue you.
King. Leaue me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King,
And not be ty'd vnto his Brothers will.
Lady Grey. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Maieſtie
To rayſe my State to Title of a Queene,
Doe me but right, and you muſt all confeſſe,
That I was not ignoble of Deſcent,
And meaner then my ſelfe haue had like fortune.
But as this Title honors me and mine,
So your diſlikes, to whom I would be pleaſing,
Doth cloud my ioyes with danger, and with ſorrow.
King. My Loue, forbeare to fawne vpon their frownes:
What danger, or what ſorrow can befall thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy conſtant friend,
And their true Soueraigne, whom they muſt obey?
Nay, whom they ſhall obey, and loue thee too,
Vnleſſe they ſeeke for hatred at my hands:
Which if they doe, yet will I keepe thee ſafe,
And they ſhall feele the vengeance of my wrath.
Rich. I heare, yet ſay not much, but thinke the more.

Enter a Poſte.

King. Now Meſſenger, what Letters, or what Newes from France?
Poſt. My Soueraigne Liege, no Letters, & few words,
But ſuch, as I (without your ſpeciall pardon)
Dare not relate.
King. Goe too, wee pardon thee:
Therefore, in briefe, tell me their words,
As neere as thou canſt gueſſe them.
What anſwer makes King *Lewis* vnto our Letters?
Poſt. At my depart, theſe were his very words:
Goe tell falſe *Edward*, the ſuppoſed King,
That *Lewis* of France is ſending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.
King. Is *Lewis* ſo braue? belike he thinkes me *Henry.*
But what ſaid Lady *Bona* to my Marriage?
Poſt. Theſe were her words, vtt'red with mild diſdaine:
Tell him, in hope hee'le proue a Widower ſhortly,
Ile weare the Willow Garland for his ſake.
King. I blame not her; ſhe could ſay little leſſe:
She had the wrong. But what ſaid *Henries* Queene?
For I haue heard, that ſhe was there in place.
Poſt. Tell him (quoth ſhe)
My mourning Weedes are done,
And I am readie to put Armour on.
King. Belike ſhe minds to play the Amazon.
But what ſaid *Warwicke* to theſe iniuries?
Poſt. He, more incens'd againſt your Maieſtie,
Then all the reſt, diſcharg'd me with theſe words:
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him, er't be long.
King. Ha? durſt the Traytor breath out ſo prowd words?
Well, I will arme me, being thus fore-warn'd:
They ſhall haue Warres, and pay for their preſumption.
But ſay, is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret*?
Poſt. I, gracious Soueraigne,
They are ſo link'd in friendſhip,
That yong Prince *Edward* marryes *Warwicks* Daughter.
Clarence. Belike, the elder;
Clarence will haue the younger.
Now

Now Brother King farewell,and ſit you faſt,
For I will hence to *Warwickes* other Daughter,
That though I want a Kingdome, yet in Marriage
I may not proue inferior to your ſelfe.
You that loue me,and *Warwicke*, follow me.
Exit Clarence,and Somerſet followes.
Rich. Not I:
My thoughts ayme at a further matter:
I ſtay not for the loue of *Edward*,but the Crowne.
King. *Clarence* and *Somerſet* both gone to *Warwicke*?
Yet am I arm'd againſt the worſt can happen:
And haſte is needfull in this deſp'rate caſe.
Pembrooke and *Stafford*, you in our behalfe
Goe leuie men,and make prepare for Warre;
They are alreadie,or quickly will be landed:
My ſelfe in perſon will ſtraight follow you.
Exeunt Pembrooke and Stafford.
But ere I goe,*Haſtings* and *Mountague*
Reſolue my doubt: you twaine,of all the reſt,
Are neere to *Warwicke*,by bloud,and by allyance:
Tell me,if you loue *Warwicke* more then me;
If it be ſo,then both depart to him:
I rather wiſh you foes,then hollow friends.
But if you minde to hold your true obedience,
Giue me aſſurance with ſome friendly Vow,
That I may neuer haue you in ſuſpect.
Mount. So God helpe *Mountague*, as hee proues true.
Haſt. And *Haſtings*,as hee fauours *Edwards* cauſe.
King. Now,Brother *Richard*,will you ſtand by vs?
Rich. I, in deſpight of all that ſhall withſtand you.
King. Why ſo: then am I ſure of Victorie.
Now therefore let vs hence,and loſe no howre,
Till wee meet *Warwicke*,with his forreine powre.
Exeunt.

Enter Warwicke and Oxford in England,
with French Souldiors.

Warw. Truſt me,my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers ſwarme to vs.
Enter Clarence and Somerſet.
But ſee where *Somerſet* and *Clarence* comes:
Speake ſuddenly,my Lords,are wee all friends?
Clar. Feare not that,my Lord.
Warw. Then gentle *Clarence*,welcome vnto *Warwicke*,
And welcome *Somerſet*: I hold it cowardize,
To reſt miſtruſtfull,where a Noble Heart
Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in ſigne of Loue;
Elſe might I thinke,that *Clarence*,*Edwards* Brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings:
But welcome ſweet *Clarence*,my Daughter ſhall be thine.
And now,what reſts? but in Nights Couerture,
Thy Brother being careleſſely encamp'd,
His Souldiors lurking in the Towne about,
And but attended by a ſimple Guard,
Wee may ſurprize and take him at our pleaſure,
Our Scouts haue found the aduenture very eaſie:
That as *Vlyſſes*, and ſtout *Diomede*,
With ſleight and manhood ſtole to *Rheſus* Tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatall Steeds;
So wee,well couer'd with the Nights black Mantle,
At vnawares may beat downe *Edwards* Guard,
And ſeize himſelfe: I ſay not,ſlaughter him,
For I intend but onely to ſurprize him.
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the Name of *Henry*,with your Leader.
They all cry,Henry.
Why then,let's on our way in ſilent ſort,
For *Warwicke* and his friends,God and Saint *George*.
Exeunt.

Enter three Watchmen to guard the Kings Tent.

1.*Watch.* Come on my Maſters,each man take his ſtand,
The King by this,is ſet him downe to ſleepe.
2.*Watch.* What,will he not to Bed?
1.*Watch.* Why,no:for he hath made a ſolemne Vow,
Neuer to lye and take his naturall Reſt,
Till *Warwicke*,or himſelfe,be quite ſuppreſt.
2.*Watch.* To morrow then belike ſhall be the day,
If *Warwicke* be ſo neere as men report.
3.*Watch.* But ſay,I pray,what Noble man is that,
That with the King here reſteth in his Tent?
1.*Watch.* 'Tis the Lord *Haſtings*, the Kings chiefeſt friend.
3.*Watch.* O,is it ſo? but why commands the King,
That his chiefe followers lodge in Townes about him,
While he himſelfe keepes in the cold field?
2.*Watch.* 'Tis the more honour,becauſe more dangerous.
3.*Watch.* I,but giue me worſhip, and quietneſſe,
I like it better then a dangerous honor.
If *Warwicke* knew in what eſtate he ſtands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.
1.*Watch.* Vnleſſe our Halberds did ſhut vp his paſſage.
2.*Watch.* I: wherefore elſe guard we his Royall Tent,
But to defend his Perſon from Night-foes?

Enter Warwicke, Clarence,Oxford,Somerſet,
and French Souldiors,ſilent all.

Warw. This is his Tent,and ſee where ſtand his Guard:
Courage my Maſters: Honor now, or neuer:
But follow me,and *Edward* ſhall be ours.
1.*Watch.* Who goes there?
2.*Watch.* Stay,or thou dyeſt.
Warwicke and the reſt cry all,Warwicke,Warwicke,
and ſet vpon the Guard,who flye,crying,Arme,Arme,
Warwicke and the reſt following them.

The Drumme playing,and Trumpet ſounding.
Enter Warwicke,Somerſet,and the reſt,bringing the King
out in his Gowne,ſitting in a Chaire: Richard
and Haſtings flyes ouer the Stage.
Som. What are they that flye there?
Warw. *Richard* and *Haſtings*: let them goe, heere is the Duke.
K.Edw. The Duke?
Why *Warwicke*, when wee parted,
Thou call'dſt me King.
Warw. I,but the caſe is alter'd.
When you diſgrac'd me in my Embaſſade,
Then I degraded you from being King,
And come now to create you Duke of Yorke.
Alas,how ſhould you gouerne any Kingdome,
That know not how to vſe Embaſſadors,
Nor how to be contented with one Wife,
Nor how to vſe your Brothers Brotherly,
Nor how to ſtudie for the Peoples Welfare,
Nor how to ſhrowd your ſelfe from Enemies?

K.Edw. Yea,Brother of Clarence,
Art thou here too?
Nay then I ſee,that *Edward* needs muſt downe.
Yet *Warwicke*, in deſpight of all miſchance,
Of thee thy ſelfe,and all thy Complices,
Edward will alwayes beare himſelfe as King:
Though Fortunes mallice ouerthrow my State,
My minde exceedes the compaſſe of her Wheele.
Warw. Then for his minde, be *Edward* Englands King,

Takes off his Crowne.

But *Henry* now ſhall weare the Engliſh Crowne,
And be true King indeede: thou but the ſhadow.
My Lord of Somerſet, at my requeſt,
See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be conuey'd
Vnto my Brother Arch-Biſhop of Yorke:
When I haue fought with *Pembrooke*,and his fellowes,
Ile follow you, and tell what anſwer
Lewis and the Lady *Bona* ſend to him.
Now for a-while farewell good Duke of Yorke.
They leade him out forcibly.
K.Ed. What Fates impoſe,that men muſt needs abide;
It boots not to reſiſt both winde and tide. *Exeunt.*
Oxf. What now remaines my Lords for vs to do,
But march to London with our Soldiers?
War. I,that's the firſt thing that we haue to do,
To free King *Henry* from impriſonment,
And ſee him ſeated in the Regall Throne. *exit.*

Enter Riuers,and Lady Gray.

Riu. Madam,what makes you in this ſodain change?
Gray. Why Brother *Riuers*,are you yet to learne
What late misfortune is befalne King *Edward*?
Riu. What loſſe of ſome pitcht battell
Againſt *Warwicke*?
Gray. No,but the loſſe of his owne Royall perſon.
Riu. Then is my Soueraigne ſlaine?
Gray. I almoſt ſlaine,for he is taken priſoner,
Either betrayd by falſhood of his Guard,
Or by his Foe ſurpriz'd at vnawares:
And as I further haue to vnderſtand,
Is new committed to the Biſhop of Yorke,
Fell Warwickes Brother, and by that our Foe.
Riu. Theſe Newes I muſt confeſſe are full of greefe,
Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may,
Warwicke may looſe, that now hath wonne the day.
Gray. Till then,faire hope muſt hinder liues decay:
And I the rather waine me from diſpaire
For loue of *Edwards* Off-ſpring in my wombe:
This is it that makes me bridle paſſion,
And beare with Mildneſſe my misfortunes croſſe:
I,I, for this I draw in many a teare,
And ſtop the riſing of blood-ſucking ſighes,
Leaſt with my ſighes or teares, I blaſt or drowne
King *Edwards* Fruite, true heyre to th'Engliſh Crowne.
Riu. But Madam,
Where is Warwicke then become?
Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To ſet the Crowne once more on *Henries* head,
Gueſſe thou the reſt, King *Edwards* Friends muſt downe.
But to preuent the Tyrants violence,
(For truſt not him that hath once broken Faith)
Ile hence forthwith vnto the Sanctuary,
To ſaue (at leaſt) the heire of *Edwards* right:
There ſhall I reſt ſecure from force and fraud:
Come therefore let vs flye,while we may flye,
If Warwicke take vs,we are ſure to dye. *exeunt.*

Enter Richard,Lord Haſtings,and Sir William
Stanley.

Rich. Now my Lord *Haſtings*,and Sir *William Stanley*
Leaue off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this cheefeſt Thicket of the Parke.
Thus ſtand the caſe: you know our King,my Brother,
Is priſoner to the Biſhop here,at whoſe hands
He hath good vſage,and great liberty,
And often but attended with weake guard,
Come hunting this way to diſport himſelfe.
I haue aduertis'd him by ſecret meanes,
That if about this houre he make this way,
Vnder the colour of his vſuall game,
He ſhall heere finde his Friends with Horſe and Men,
To ſet him free from his Captiuitie.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntſman
with him.

Huntſman. This way my Lord,
For this way lies the Game.
King Edw. Nay this way man,
See where the Huntſmen ſtand.
Now Brother of Gloſter, Lord Haſtings,and the reſt,
Stand you thus cloſe to ſteale the Biſhops Deere?
Rich. Brother,the time and caſe,requireth haſt,
Your horſe ſtands ready at the Parke-corner.
King Ed. But whether ſhall we then?
Haſt. To Lyn my Lord,
And ſhipt from thence to Flanders.
Rich. Wel gueſt beleeue me,for that was my meaning
K.Ed. *Stanley*,I will requite thy forwardneſſe.
Rich. But wherefore ſtay we? 'tis no time to talke.
K.Ed. Huntſman, what ſay'ſt thou?
Wilt thou go along?
Huntſ. Better do ſo,then tarry and be hang'd.
Rich. Come then away,lets ha no more adoo.
K.Ed. Biſhop farwell,
Sheeld thee from *Warwickes* frowne,
And pray that I may re-poſſeſſe the Crowne. *exeunt*

Flouriſh. *Enter King Henry the ſixt, Clarence, Warwicke,*
Somerſet, young Henry, Oxford, Mountague,
and Lieutenant.

K.Hen. M.Lieutenant,now that God and Friends
Haue ſhaken *Edward* from the Regall ſeate,
And turn'd my captiue ſtate to libertie,
My feare to hope,my ſorrowes vnto ioyes,
At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?
Lieu. Subiects may challenge nothing of their Sou'rains
But,if an humble prayer may preuaile,
I then craue pardon of your Maieſtie.
K.Hen. For what, Lieutenant? For well vſing me?
Nay,be thou ſure,Ile well requite thy kindneſſe.
For that it made my impriſonment,a pleaſure:
I, ſuch a pleaſure,as incaged Birds
Conceiue; when after many moody Thoughts,
At laſt, by Notes of Houſhold harmonie,
They quite forget their loſſe of Libertie.

But *Warwicke*,after God,thou ſet'ſt me free,
And chiefely therefore,I thanke God,and thee,
He was the Author,thou the Inſtrument.
Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes ſpight,
By liuing low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this bleſſed Land
May not be puniſht with my thwarting ſtarres,
Warwicke,although my Head ſtill weare the Crowne,
I here reſigne my Gouernment to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
Warw. Your Grace hath ſtill beene fam'd for vertuous,
And now may ſeeme as wiſe as vertuous,
By ſpying and auoiding Fortunes malice,
For few men rightly temper with the Starres:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chuſing me,when *Clarence* is in place.
Clar. No *Warwicke*,thou art worthy of the ſway,
To whom the Heau'ns in thy Natiuitie,
Adiudg'd an Oliue Branch,and Lawrell Crowne,
As likely to be bleſt in Peace and Warre:
And therefore I yeeld thee my free conſent.
Warw. And I chuſe *Clarence* onely for Protector.
King.Warwick and *Clarence*,giue me both your Hands:
Now ioyne your Hands,& with your Hands your Hearts,
That no diſſention hinder Gouernment:
I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my ſelfe will lead a priuate Life,
And in deuotion ſpend my latter dayes,
To ſinnes rebuke,and my Creators prayſe.
Warw. What anſweres *Clarence* to his Soueraignes will?
Clar. That he conſents, if *Warwicke* yeeld conſent,
For on thy fortune I repoſe my ſelfe.
*Warw.*Why then,though loth,yet muſt I be content:
Wee'le yoake together,like a double ſhadow
To *Henries* Body,and ſupply his place;
I meane,in bearing weight of Gouernment,
While he enioyes the Honor,and his eaſe.
And *Clarence*,now then it is more then needfull,
Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a Traytor,
And all his Lands and Goods confiſcate.
Clar. What elſe? and that Succeſſion be determined.
Warw. I,therein *Clarence* ſhall not want his part.
King. But with the firſt,of all your chiefe affaires,
Let me entreat (for I command no more)
That *Margaret* your Queene, and my Sonne *Edward*,
Be ſent for,to returne from France with ſpeed:
For till I ſee them here, by doubtfull feare,
My ioy of libertie is halfe eclips'd.
Clar. It ſhall bee done, my Soueraigne, with all ſpeede.
King. My Lord of Somerſet,what Youth is that,
Of whom you ſeeme to haue ſo tender care?
Somerſ. My Liege, it is young *Henry*, Earle of Richmond.
King. Come hither,Englands Hope:
Layes his Hand on his Head.
If ſecret Powers ſuggeſt but truth
To my diuining thoughts,
This prettie Lad will proue our Countries bliſſe.
His Lookes are full of peacefull Maieſtie,
His Head by nature fram'd to weare a Crowne,
His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himſelfe
Likely in time to bleſſe a Regall Throne:
Make much of him,my Lords; for this is hee
Muſt helpe you more,then you are hurt by mee.

Enter a Poſte.

Warw. What newes, my friend?
Poſte. That *Edward* is eſcaped from your Brother,
And fled (as hee heares ſince) to Burgundie.
Warw. Vnſauorie newes: but how made he eſcape?
Poſte. He was conuey'd by *Richard*,Duke of Gloſter,
And the Lord *Haſtings*,who attended him
In ſecret ambuſh,on the Forreſt ſide,
And from the Biſhops Huntſmen reſcu'd him:
For Hunting was his dayly Exerciſe.
Warw. My Brother was too careleſſe of his charge.
But let vs hence,my Soueraigne,to prouide
A ſalue for any ſore,that may betide. *Exeunt.*

Manet Somerſet, Richmond, and Oxford.

*Som.*My Lord,I like not of this flight of *Edwards*:
For doubtleſſe,*Burgundie* will yeeld him helpe,
And we ſhall haue more Warres befor't be long.
As *Henries* late preſaging Prophecie
Did glad my heart,with hope of this young *Richmond*:
So doth my heart miſ-giue me, in theſe Conflicts,
What may befall him,to his harme and ours,
Therefore,Lord *Oxford*,to preuent the worſt,
Forthwith wee'le ſend him hence to Brittanie,
Till ſtormes be paſt of Ciuill Enmitie.
Oxf. I: for if *Edward* re-poſſeſſe the Crowne,
'Tis like that *Richmond*,with the reſt,ſhall downe.
Som. It ſhall be ſo: he ſhall to Brittanie.
Come therefore,let's about it ſpeedily. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter Edward, Richard, Haſtings, and Souldiers.

*Edw.*Now Brother *Richard*,Lord *Haſtings*,and the reſt,
Yet thus farre Fortune maketh vs amends,
And ſayes,that once more I ſhall enterchange
My wained ſtate,for *Henries* Regall Crowne.
Well haue we paſ'd, and now re-paſ'd the Seas,
And brought deſired helpe from Burgundie.
What then remaines,we being thus arriu'd
From Rauenſpurre Hauen,before the Gates of Yorke,
But that we enter,as into our Dukedome?
Rich. The Gates made faſt?
Brother, I like not this.
For many men that ſtumble at the Threſhold,
Are well fore-told,that danger lurkes within.
*Edw.*Tuſh man,aboadments muſt not now affright vs:
By faire or foule meanes we muſt enter in,
For hither will our friends repaire to vs.
Haſt. My Liege, Ile knocke once more,to ſummon them.

Enter on the Walls, the Maior of Yorke, and his Brethren.

Maior. My Lords,
We were fore-warned of your comming,
And ſhut the Gates,for ſafetie of our ſelues;
For now we owe allegeance vnto *Henry*.
Edw. But,Maſter Maior,if *Henry* be your King,
Yet *Edward*,at the leaſt,is Duke of Yorke.
Maior. True, my good Lord, I know you for no leſſe.
*Edw.*Why,and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,
As being well content with that alone.

Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Noſe,
Hee'le ſoone finde meanes to make the Body follow.
Haſt. Why,Maſter Maior,why ſtand you in a doubt?
Open the Gates,we are King *Henries* friends.
Maior. I, ſay you ſo? the Gates ſhall then be opened.
He deſcends.
Rich. A wiſe ſtout Captaine,and ſoone perſwaded.
*Haſt.*The good old man would faine that all were wel,
So 'twere not long of him: but being entred,
I doubt not I,but we ſhall ſoone perſwade
Both him,and all his Brothers,vnto reaſon.

Enter the Maior, and two Aldermen.

Edw. So,Maſter Maior: theſe Gates muſt not be ſhut,
But in the Night,or in the time of Warre.
What,feare not man,but yeeld me vp the Keyes,
Takes his Keyes.
For *Edward* will defend the Towne,and thee,
And all thoſe friends,that deine to follow mee.

March. Enter Mountgomerie, with Drumme and Souldiers.

Rich. Brother,this is Sir *Iohn Mountgomerie*,
Our truſtie friend,vnleſſe I be deceiu'd.
Edw. Welcome Sir *Iohn*: but why come you in Armes?
Mount. To helpe King *Edward* in his time of ſtorme,
As euery loyall Subiect ought to doe.
Edw. Thankes good *Mountgomerie*:
But we now forget our Title to the Crowne,
And onely clayme our Dukedome,
Till God pleaſe to ſend the reſt.
Mount. Then fare you well,for I will hence againe,
I came to ſerue a King,and not a Duke:
Drummer ſtrike vp,and let vs march away.
The Drumme begins to march.
Edw. Nay ſtay,Sir *Iohn*,a while, and wee'le debate
By what ſafe meanes the Crowne may be recouer'd.
Mount. What talke you of debating? in few words,
If you'le not here proclaime your ſelfe our King,
Ile leaue you to your fortune,and be gone,
To keepe them back,that come to ſuccour you.
Why ſhall we fight,if you pretend no Title?
Rich. Why Brother, wherefore ſtand you on nice points?
Edw. When wee grow ſtronger,
Then wee'le make our Clayme:
Till then,'tis wiſdome to conceale our meaning.
Haſt. Away with ſcrupulous Wit, now Armes muſt rule.
*Rich.*And fearleſſe minds clyme ſooneſt vnto Crowns.
Brother,we will proclaime you out of hand,
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.
*Edw.*Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,
And *Henry* but vſurpes the Diademe.
Mount. I,now my Soueraigne ſpeaketh like himſelfe,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion.
*Haſt.*Sound Trumpet,*Edward* ſhal be here proclaim'd:
Come,fellow Souldior, make thou proclamation.
Flouriſh. Sound.
Soul. Edward *the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of England and France,and Lord of Ireland,&c.*
*Mount.*And whoſoe're gainſayes King *Edwards* right,
By this I challenge him to ſingle fight.
Throwes downe his Gauntlet.
All. Long liue *Edward* the Fourth.

Edw. Thankes braue *Mountgomery*,
And thankes vnto you all:
If fortune ſerue me,Ile requite this kindneſſe.
Now for this Night,let's harbor here in Yorke:
And when the Morning Sunne ſhall rayſe his Carre
Aboue the Border of this Horizon,
Wee'le forward towards *Warwicke*,and his Mates;
For well I wot,that *Henry* is no Souldier.
Ah froward *Clarence*,how euill it beſeemes thee,
To flatter *Henry*, and forſake thy Brother?
Yet as wee may,wee'le meet both thee and *Warwicke*.
Come on braue Souldiors: doubt not of the Day,
And that once gotten,doubt not of large Pay. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter the King, Warwicke, Mountague, Clarence, Oxford, and Somerſet.

War. What counſaile,Lords? *Edward* from Belgia,
With haſtie Germanes,and blunt Hollanders,
Hath paſ'd in ſafetie through the Narrow Seas,
And with his troupes doth march amaine to London,
And many giddie people flock to him.
King. Let's leuie men,and beat him backe againe.
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being ſuffer'd,Riuers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickſhire I haue true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre,
Thoſe will I muſter vp: and thou Sonne *Clarence*
Shalt ſtirre vp in Suffolke,Norfolke,and in Kent,
The Knights and Gentlemen,to come with thee,
Thou Brother *Mountague*,in Buckingham,
Northampton,and in Leiceſterſhire,ſhalt find
Men well enclin'd to heare what thou command'ſt.
And thou,braue *Oxford*,wondrous well belou'd,
In Oxfordſhire ſhalt muſter vp thy friends.
My Soueraigne,with the louing Citizens,
Like to his Iland,gyrt in with the Ocean,
Or modeſt *Dyan*,circled with her Nymphs,
Shall reſt in London,till we come to him:
Faire Lords take leaue,and ſtand not to reply.
Farewell my Soueraigne.
King. Farewell my *Hector*,and my Troyes true hope.
Clar. In ſigne of truth,I kiſſe your Highneſſe Hand.
King. Well-minded *Clarence*,be thou fortunate.
Mount. Comfort,my Lord,and ſo I take my leaue.
Oxf. And thus I ſeale my truth,and bid adieu.
King. Sweet *Oxford*,and my louing *Mountague*,
And all at once,once more a happy farewell.
War. Farewell,ſweet Lords,let's meet at Couentry.
Exeunt.
King. Here at the Pallace will I reſt a while.
Couſin of *Exeter*,what thinkes your Lordſhip?
Me thinkes,the Power that *Edward* hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.
Exet. The doubt is,that he will ſeduce the reſt.
King. That's not my feare,my meed hath got me fame:
I haue not ſtopt mine eares to their demands,
Nor poſted off their ſuites with ſlow delayes,
My pittie hath beene balme to heale their wounds,
My mildneſſe hath allay'd their ſwelling griefes,
My mercie dry'd their water-flowing teares.
I haue not been deſirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppreſt them with great Subſidies,
Nor forward of reuenge,though they much err'd.
Then why ſhould they loue *Edward* more then me?
No *Exeter*,theſe Graces challenge Grace:

And when the Lyon fawnes vpon the Lambe,
The Lambe will neuer ceaſe to follow him.
Shout within, A Lancaſter, A Lancaſter.
Exet. Hearke, hearke, my Lord, what Shouts are theſe?
Enter Edward and his Souldiers.

Edw. Seize on the ſhamefac'd *Henry*, beare him hence,
And once againe proclaime vs King of England.
You are the Fount, that makes ſmall Brookes to flow,
Now ſtops thy Spring, my Sea ſhall ſuck them dry,
And ſwell ſo much the higher, by their ebbe.
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not ſpeake.
Exit with King Henry.
And Lords, towards Couentry bend we our courſe,
Where peremptorie *Warwicke* now remaines:
The Sunne ſhines hot, and if we vſe delay,
Cold biting Winter marres our hop'd-for Hay.
Rich. Away betimes, before his forces ioyne,
And take the great-growne Traytor vnawares:
Braue Warriors, march amaine towards Couentry.
Exeunt.

Enter Warwicke, the Maior of Couentry, two Meſſengers, and others vpon the Walls.

War. Where is the Poſt that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honeſt fellow?
Meſſ. 1. By this at Dunſmore, marching hitherward.
War. How farre off is our Brother *Mountague*?
Where is the Poſt that came from *Mountague*?
Meſſ. 2. By this at Daintry, with a puiſſant troope.
Enter Someruile.
War. Say *Someruile*, what ſayes my louing Sonne?
And by thy gueſſe, how nigh is *Clarence* now?
Someru. At Southam I did leaue him with his forces,
And doe expect him here ſome two howres hence.
War. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I heare his Drumme.
Someru. It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lyes:
The Drum your Honor heares, marcheth from *Warwicke*.
War. Who ſhould that be? belike vnlook'd for friends.
Someru. They are at hand, and you ſhall quickly know.

March. Flouriſh. Enter Edward, Richard, and Souldiers.
Edw. Goe, Trumpet, to the Walls, and ſound a Parle.
Rich. See how the ſurly *Warwicke* mans the Wall.
War. Oh vnbid ſpight, is ſportfull *Edward* come?
Where ſlept our Scouts, or how are they ſeduc'd,
That we could heare no newes of his repayre.
Edw. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou ope the Citie Gates,
Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,
Call *Edward* King, and at his hands begge Mercy,
And he ſhall pardon thee theſe Outrages?
War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confeſſe who ſet thee vp, and pluckt thee downe,
Call *Warwicke* Patron, and be penitent,
And thou ſhalt ſtill remaine the Duke of Yorke.
Rich. I thought at leaſt he would haue ſaid the King,
Or did he make the Ieaſt againſt his will?
War. Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift?
Rich. I, by my faith, for a poore Earle to giue,
Ile doe thee ſeruice for ſo good a gift.
War. 'Twas I that gaue the Kingdome to thy Brother.
Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwickes* gift.
War. Thou art no *Atlas* for ſo great a weight:
And Weakeling, *Warwicke* takes his gift againe,
And *Henry* is my King, *Warwicke* his Subiect.
Edw. But *Warwickes* King is *Edwards* Priſoner:
And gallant *Warwicke*, doe but anſwer this,
What is the Body, when the Head is off?
Rich. Alas, that *Warwicke* had no more fore-caſt,
But whiles he thought to ſteale the ſingle Ten,
The King was ſlyly finger'd from the Deck:
You left poore *Henry* at the Biſhops Pallace,
And tenne to one you'le meet him in the Tower.
Edw. 'Tis euen ſo, yet you are *Warwicke* ſtill.
Rich. Come *Warwicke*,
Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe:
Nay when? ſtrike now, or elſe the Iron cooles.
War. I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,
And with the other, fling it at thy face,
Then beare ſo low a ſayle, to ſtrike to thee.
Edw. Sayle how thou canſt,
Haue Winde and Tyde thy friend,
This Hand, faſt wound about thy coale-black hayre,
Shall, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut off,
Write in the duſt this Sentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing *Warwicke* now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drumme and Colours.

War. Oh chearefull Colours, ſee where *Oxford* comes.
Oxf. *Oxford, Oxford*, for *Lancaſter*.
Rich. The Gates are open, let vs enter too.
Edw. So other foes may ſet vpon our backs.
Stand we in good array: for they no doubt
Will iſſue out againe, and bid vs battaile;
If not, the Citie being but of ſmall defence,
Wee'le quickly rowze the Traitors in the ſame.
War. Oh welcome *Oxford*, for we want thy helpe.

Enter Mountague, with Drumme and Colours.

Mount. *Mountague, Mountague*, for *Lancaſter*.
Rich. Thou and thy Brother both ſhall buy this Treaſon
Euen with the deareſt blood your bodies beare.
Edw. The harder matcht, the greater Victorie,
My minde preſageth happy gaine, and Conqueſt.

Enter Somerſet, with Drumme and Colours.

Som. *Somerſet, Somerſet*, for *Lancaſter*.
Rich. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerſet,
Haue ſold their Liues vnto the Houſe of *Yorke*,
And thou ſhalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drumme and Colours.

War. And loe, where *George* of Clarence ſweepes along,
Of force enough to bid his Brother Battaile:
With whom, in vpright zeale to right, preuailes
More then the nature of a Brothers Loue.
Come *Clarence*, come: thou wilt, if *Warwicke* call.
Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this meanes?
Looke here, I throw my infamie at thee:
I will not ruinate my Fathers Houſe,
Who gaue his blood to lyme the ſtones together,
And ſet vp *Lancaſter*. Why, troweſt thou, *Warwicke*,
That *Clarence* is ſo harſh, ſo blunt, vnnaturall,
To bend the fatall Inſtruments of Warre

Againſt his Brother, and his lawfull King.
Perhaps thou wilt obiect my holy Oath:
To keepe that Oath, were more impietie,
Then *Iephah*, when he ſacrific'd his Daughter.
I am ſo ſorry for my Treſpas made,
That to deſerue well at my Brothers hands,
I here proclayme my ſelfe thy mortall foe:
With reſolution, whereſoe're I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou ſtirre abroad)
To plague thee, for thy foule mis-leading me.
And ſo, prowd-hearted *Warwicke*, I defie thee,
And to my Brother turne my bluſhing Cheekes.
Pardon me *Edward*, I will make amends:
And *Richard*, doe not frowne vpon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more vnconſtant.
Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belou'd,
Then if thou neuer hadſt deſeru'd our hate.
Rich. Welcome good *Clarence*, this is Brother-like.
Warw. Oh paſſing Traytor, periur'd and vniuſt.
Edw. What *Warwicke*,
Wilt thou leaue the Towne, and fight?
Or ſhall we beat the Stones about thine Eares?
Warw. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet preſently,
And bid thee Battaile, *Edward*, if thou dar'ſt.
Edw. Yes *Warwicke*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way:
Lords to the field: Saint *George*, and Victorie. *Exeunt.*
March. Warwicke and his companie followes.

Alarum, and Excurſions. Enter Edward bringing forth Warwicke wounded.

Edw. So, lye thou there: dye thou, and dye our feare,
For *Warwicke* was a Bugge that fear'd vs all.
Now *Mountague* ſit faſt, I ſeeke for thee,
That *Warwickes* Bones may keepe thine companie.
Exit.
Warw. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is Victor, *Yorke*, or *Warwicke*?
Why aske I that? my mangled body ſhewes,
My blood, my want of ſtrength, my ſicke heart ſhewes,
That I muſt yeeld my body to the Earth,
And by my fall, the conqueſt to my foe.
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the Axes edge,
Whoſe Armes gaue ſhelter to the Princely Eagle,
Vnder whoſe ſhade the ramping Lyon ſlept,
Whoſe top-branch ouer-peer'd *Ioues* ſpreading Tree,
And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull Winde.
Theſe Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle,
Haue beene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne,
To ſearch the ſecret Treaſons of the World:
The Wrinckles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood,
Were lik'ned oft to Kingly Sepulchers:
For who liu'd King, but I could digge his Graue?
And who durſt ſmile, when *Warwicke* bent his Brow?
Loe, now my Glory ſmear'd in duſt and blood.
My Parkes, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had,
Euen now forſake me; and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.
Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Duſt?
And liue we how we can, yet dye we muſt.

Enter Oxford and Somerſet.

Som. Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, wert thou as we are,
We might recouer all our Loſſe againe:
The Queene from France hath brought a puiſſant power.
Euen now we heard the newes: ah, could'ſt thou flye.
Warw. Why then I would not flye. Ah *Mountague*,
If thou be there, ſweet Brother, take my Hand,
And with thy Lippes keepe in my Soule a while.
Thou lou'ſt me not: for, Brother, if thou didſt,
Thy teares would waſh this cold congealed blood,
That glewes my Lippes, and will not let me ſpeake.
Come quickly *Mountague*, or I am dead.
Som. Ah *Warwicke*, *Mountague* hath breath'd his laſt,
And to the lateſt gaſpe, cry'd out for *Warwicke*:
And ſaid, Commend me to my valiant Brother.
And more he would haue ſaid, and more he ſpoke,
Which ſounded like a Cannon in a Vault,
That mought not be diſtinguiſht: but at laſt,
I well might heare, deliuered with a groane,
Oh farewell *Warwicke*.
Warw. Sweet reſt his Soule:
Flye Lords, and ſaue your ſelues,
For *Warwicke* bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen.
Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queenes great power.
Here they beare away his Body. Exeunt.

Flouriſh. Enter King Edward in triumph, with Richard, Clarence, and the reſt.
King. Thus farre our fortune keepes an vpward courſe,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of Victorie:
But in the midſt of this bright-ſhining Day,
I ſpy a black ſuſpicious threatning Cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,
Ere he attaine his eaſefull Weſterne Bed:
I meane, my Lords, thoſe powers that the Queene
Hath rays'd in Gallia, haue arriued our Coaſt,
And, as we heare, march on to fight with vs.
Clar. A little gale will ſoone diſperſe that Cloud,
And blow it to the Source from whence it came,
Thy very Beames will dry thoſe Vapours vp,
For euery Cloud engenders not a Storme.
Rich. The Queene is valued thirtie thouſand ſtrong,
And *Somerſet*, with *Oxford*, fled to her:
If ſhe haue time to breathe, be well aſſur'd
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.
King. We are aduertis'd by our louing friends,
That they doe hold their courſe toward Tewksbury.
We hauing now the beſt at Barnet field,
Will thither ſtraight, for willingneſſe rids way,
And as we march, our ſtrength will be augmented:
In euery Countie as we goe along,
Strike vp the Drumme, cry courage, and away. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. March. Enter the Queene, young Edward, Somerſet, Oxford, and Souldiers.
Qu. Great Lords, wiſe men ne'r ſit and waile their loſſe,
But chearely ſeeke how to redreſſe their harmes.
What though the Maſt be now blowne ouer-boord,
The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor loſt,
And halfe our Saylors ſwallow'd in the flood?
Yet liues our Pilot ſtill. Is't meet, that hee
Should leaue the Helme, and like a fearefull Lad,
With tearefull Eyes adde Water to the Sea,
And giue more ſtrength to that which hath too much,
Whiles in his moane, the Ship ſplits on the Rock,
Which Induſtrie and Courage might haue ſau'd?
Ah what a ſhame, ah what a fault were this.
Say *Warwicke* was our Anchor: what of that?

And *Mountague* our Top-Maſt: what of him?
Our ſlaught'red friends,the Tackles: what of theſe?
Why is not *Oxford* here,another Anchor?
And *Somerſet*, another goodly Maſt?
The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings?
And though vnskilfull,why not *Ned* and I,
For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge?
We will not from the Helme,to ſit and weepe,
But keepe our Courſe (though the rough Winde ſay no)
From Shelues and Rocks,that threaten vs with Wrack.
As good to chide the Waues,as ſpeake them faire.
And what is *Edward*,but a ruthleſſe Sea?
What *Clarence*,but a Quick-ſand of Deceit?
And *Richard*,but a raged fatall Rocke?
All theſe,the Enemies to our poore Barke.
Say you can ſwim,alas 'tis but a while:
Tread on the Sand,why there you quickly ſinke,
Beſtride the Rock,the Tyde will waſh you off,
Or elſe you famiſh,that's a three-fold Death.
This ſpeake I (Lords) to let you vnderſtand,
If caſe ſome one of you would flye from vs,
That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,
More then with ruthleſſe Waues,with Sands and Rocks.
Why courage then,what cannot be auoided,
'Twere childiſh weakeneſſe to lament,or feare.

Prince. Me thinkes a Woman of this valiant Spirit,
Should,if a Coward heard her ſpeake theſe words,
Infuſe his Breaſt with Magnanimitie,
And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.
I ſpeake not this, as doubting any here:
For did I but ſuſpect a fearefull man,
He ſhould haue leaue to goe away betimes,
Leaſt in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like ſpirit to himſelfe.
If any ſuch be here, as God forbid,
Let him depart,before we neede his helpe.

Oxf. Women and Children of ſo high a courage,
And Warriors faint,why 'twere perpetuall ſhame.
Oh braue young Prince: thy famous Grandfather
Doth liue againe in thee; long may'ſt thou liue,
To beare his Image,and renew his Glories.

Som. And he that will not fight for ſuch a hope,
Goe home to Bed,and like the Owle by day,
If he ariſe, be mock'd and wondred at.

Qu. Thankes gentle *Somerſet*,ſweet *Oxford* thankes.

Prince. And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing elſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Prepare you Lords,for *Edward* is at hand,
Readie to fight: therefore be reſolute.

Oxf. I thought no leſſe: it is his Policie,
To haſte thus faſt,to finde vs vnprouided.

Som. But hee's deceiu'd,we are in readineſſe.

Qu. This cheares my heart,to ſee your forwardneſſe.

Oxf. Here pitch our Battaile,hence we will not budge.

Flouriſh,and march. Enter Edward, Richard,
Clarence, and Souldiers.

Edw. Braue followers,yonder ſtands the thornie Wood,
Which by the Heauens aſſiſtance,and your ſtrength,
Muſt by the Roots be hew'ne vp yet ere Night.
I need not adde more fuell to your fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:
Giue ſignall to the fight,and to it Lords.

Qu. Lords,Knights,and Gentlemen,what I ſhould ſay,
My teares gaine-ſay: for euery word I ſpeake,
Ye ſee I drinke the water of my eye.
Therefore no more but this: *Henry* your Soueraigne
Is Priſoner to the Foe,his State vſurp'd,
His Realme a ſlaughter-houſe,his Subiects ſlaine,
His Statutes cancell'd,and his Treaſure ſpent:
And yonder is the Wolfe,that makes this ſpoyle.
You fight in Iuſtice: then in Gods Name,Lords,
Be valiant,and giue ſignall to the fight.

Alarum,Retreat,Excurſions. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter Edward, Richard, Queene, Clarence,
Oxford, Somerſet.

Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles.
Away with *Oxford* to Hames Caſtle ſtraight:
For *Somerſet*,off with his guiltie Head.
Goe beare them hence,I will not heare them ſpeake.

Oxf. For my part,Ile not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I,but ſtoupe with patience to my fortune.

Exeunt.

Qu. So part we ſadly in this troublous World,
To meet with Ioy in ſweet Ieruſalem.

Edw. Is Proclamation made,That who finds *Edward*,
Shall haue a high Reward,and he his Life?

Rich. It is,and loe where youthfull *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant,let vs heare him ſpeake.
What? can ſo young a Thorne begin to prick?
Edward,what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
For bearing Armes,for ſtirring vp my Subiects,
And all the trouble thou haſt turn'd me to?

Prince. Speake like a Subiect,prowd ambitious *Yorke*.
Suppoſe that I am now my Fathers Mouth,
Reſigne thy Chayre, and where I ſtand,kneele thou,
Whil'ſt I propoſe the ſelfe-ſame words to thee,
Which (Traytor) thou would'ſt haue me anſwer to.

Qu. Ah, that thy Father had beene ſo reſolu'd.

Rich. That you might ſtill haue worne the Petticoat,
And ne're haue ſtolne the Breech from *Lancaſter*.

Prince. Let *Æſop* fable in a Winters Night,
His Curriſh Riddles ſorts not with this place.

Rich. By Heauen,Brat,Ile plague ye for that word.

Qu. I,thou waſt borne to be a plague to men.

Rich. For Gods ſake,take away this Captiue Scold.

Prince. Nay,take away this ſcolding Crooke-backe, rather.

Edw. Peace wilfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue.

Clar. Vntutor'd Lad,thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my dutie,you are all vndutifull:
Laſciuious *Edward*,and thou periur'd *George*,
And thou miſ-ſhapen *Dicke*,I tell ye all,
I am your better,Traytors as ye are,
And thou vſurp'ſt my Fathers right and mine.

Edw. Take that,the likeneſſe of this Rayler here.

Stabs him.

Rich. Sprawl'ſt thou? take that,to end thy agonie.

Rich. ſtabs him.

Clar. And ther's for twitting me with periurie.

Clar. ſtabs him.

Qu. Oh,kill me too.

Rich. Marry,and ſhall. *Offers to kill her.*

Edw. Hold,*Richard*,hold,for we haue done too much.

Rich. Why

Rich. Why ſhould ſhee liue, to fill the World with words.

Edw. What? doth ſhee ſwowne? vſe meanes for her recouerie.

Rich. *Clarence* excuſe me to the King my Brother:
Ile hence to London on a ſerious matter,
Ere ye come there, be ſure to heare ſome newes.

Cla. What? what?

Rich Tower,the Tower. *Exit.*

Qu. Oh *Ned*,ſweet *Ned*, ſpeake to thy Mother Boy.
Can'ſt thou not ſpeake? O Traitors, Murtherers!
They that ſtabb'd *Cæſar*,ſhed no blood at all:
Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame,
If this foule deed were by, to equall it.
He was a Man; this (in reſpect) a Childe,
And Men, ne're ſpend their fury on a Childe.
What's worſe then Murtherer, that I may name it?
No,no, my heart will burſt,and if I ſpeake,
And I will ſpeake, that ſo my heart may burſt.
Butchers and Villaines, bloudy Caniballes,
How ſweet a Plant haue you vntimely cropt:
You haue no children (Butchers) if you had,
The thought of them would haue ſtirr'd vp remorſe,
But if you euer chance to haue a Childe,
Looke in his youth to haue him ſo cut off.
As deathſmen you haue rid this ſweet yong Prince.

King. Away with her,go beare her hence perforce.

Qu. Nay, neuer beare me hence,diſpatch me heere:
Here ſheath thy Sword,Ile pardon thee my death:
What? wilt thou not? Then *Clarence* do it thou.

Cla. By heauen,I will not do thee ſo much eaſe.

Qu. Good *Clarence* do: ſweet *Clarence* do thou do it.

Cla. Did'ſt thou not heare me ſweare I would not do it?

Qu. I, but thou vſeſt to forſweare thy ſelfe.
'Twas Sin before, but now 'tis Charity.
What wilt ỹ not? Where is that diuels butcher *Richard*?
Hard fauor'd *Richard*? *Richard*,where art thou?
Thou art not heere; Murther is thy Almeſ-deed:
Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're put'ſt backe.

Ed. Away I ſay,I charge ye beare her hence,

Qu. So come to you,and yours,as to this Prince.

Exit Queene.

Ed. Where's *Richard* gone.

Cla. To London all in poſt,and as I gueſſe,
To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.

Ed. He's ſodaine if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence, diſcharge the common ſort
With Pay and Thankes,and let's away to London,
And ſee our gentle Queene how well ſhe fares,
By this (I hope) ſhe hath a Sonne for me. *Exit.*

Enter Henry the ſixt, and Richard,with the Lieutenant
on the Walles.

Rich. Good day, my Lord,what at your Booke ſo hard?

Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I ſhould ſay rather,
Tis ſinne to flatter, Good was little better:
'Good Gloſter,and good Deuill, were alike,
And both prepoſterous: therefore, not Good Lord.

Rich. Sirra, leaue vs to our ſelues, we muſt conferre.

Hen. So flies the wreakleſſe ſhepherd from ỹ Wolfe:
So firſt the harmleſſe Sheepe doth yeeld his Fleece,
And next his Throate, vnto the Butchers Knife.
What Scene of death hath *Roſcius* now to Acte?

Rich. Suſpition alwayes haunts the guilty minde,
The Theefe doth feare each buſh an Officer,

Hen. The Bird that hath bin limed in a buſh,
With trembling wings miſdoubteth euery buſh;
And I the hapleſſe Male to one ſweet Bird,
Haue now the fatall Obiect in my eye,
Where my poore yong was lim'd,was caught,and kill'd.

Rich. Why what a peeuiſh Foole was that of Creet,
That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle,
And yet for all his wings, the Foole was drown'd.

Hen. I *Dedalus*, my poore Boy *Icarus*,
Thy Father *Minos*, that deni'de our courſe,
The Sunne that ſear'd the wings of my ſweet Boy.
Thy Brother *Edward*, and thy Selfe, the Sea
Whoſe enuious Gulfe did ſwallow vp his life:
Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words,
My breſt can better brooke thy Daggers point,
Then can my eares that Tragicke Hiſtory.
But wherefore doſt thou come? Is't for my Life?

Rich. Think'ſt thou I am an Executioner?

Hen. A Perſecutor I am ſure thou art,
If murthering Innocents be Executing,
Why then thou art an Executioner.

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his preſumption.

Hen. Hadſt thou bin kill'd, when firſt ỹ didſt preſume,
Thou had'ſt not liu'd to kill a Sonne of mine:
And thus I propheſie, that many a thouſand,
Which now miſtruſt no parcell of my feare,
And many an old mans ſighe, and many a Widdowes,
And many an Orphans water-ſtanding-eye,
Men for their Sonnes, Wiues for their Husbands,
Orphans, for their Parents timeles death,
Shall rue the houre that euer thou was't borne.
The Owle ſhriek'd at thy birth, an euill ſigne,
The Night-Crow cry'de, aboding luckleſſe time,
Dogs howl'd,and hiddeous Tempeſt ſhook down Trees:
The Rauen rook'd her on the Chimnies top,
And chatt'ring Pies in diſmall Diſcords ſung:
Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine,
And yet brought forth leſſe then a Mothers hope,
To wit,an indigeſted and deformed lumpe,
Not like the fruit of ſuch a goodly Tree.
Teeth had'ſt thou in thy head, when thou was't borne,
To ſignifie, thou cam'ſt to bite the world:
And if the reſt be true, which I haue heard,
Thou cam'ſt——

Rich. Ile heare no more:
Dye Prophet in thy ſpeech, *Stabbes him.*
For this (among'ſt the reſt) was I ordain'd.

Hen. I,and for much more ſlaughter after this,
O God forgiue my ſinnes, and pardon thee. *Dyes.*

Rich. What? will the aſpiring blood of Lancaſter
Sinke in the ground? I thought it would haue mounted.
See how my ſword weepes for the poore Kings death.
O may ſuch purple teares be alway ſhed
From thoſe that wiſh the downfall of our houſe.
If any ſparke of Life be yet remaining,
Downe,downe to hell,and ſay I ſent thee thither.

Stabs him againe.

I that haue neyther pitty,loue,nor feare,
Indeed 'tis true that *Henrie* told me of:
For I haue often heard my Mother ſay,
I came into the world with my Legges forward.
Had I not reaſon (thinke ye) to make haſt,
And ſeeke their Ruine, that vſurp'd our Right?
The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cri'de
O Ieſus bleſſe vs, he is borne with teeth,

And ſo I was, which plainly ſignified,
That I ſhould ſnarle, and bite, and play the dogge:
Then ſince the Heauens haue ſhap'd my Body ſo,
Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to anſwer it.
I haue no Brother, I am like no Brother:
And this word [Loue] which Gray-beards call Diuine,
Be reſident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am my ſelfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keept'ſt me from the Light,
But I will ſort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzze abroad ſuch Propheſies,
That *Edward* ſhall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
King *Henry*, and the Prince his Son are gone,
Clarence thy turne is next, and then the reſt,
Counting my ſelfe but bad, till I be beſt.
Ile throw thy body in another roome,
And Triumph *Henry*, in thy day of Doome. *Exit.*

Flouriſh. Enter King, Queene, Clarence, Richard, Haſtings, Nurſe, and Attendants.

King. Once more we ſit in Englands Royall Throne,
Re-purchac'd with the Blood of Enemies:
What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumnes Corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerſet, threefold Renowne,
For hardy and vndoubted Champions:
Two *Cliffords*, as the Father and the Sonne,
And two Northumberlands: two brauer men,
Ne're ſpurr'd their Courſers at the Trumpets ſound.
With them, the two braue Beares, *Warwick* & *Montague*,
That in their Chaines fetter'd the Kingly Lyon,
And made the Forreſt tremble when they roar'd.
Thus haue we ſwept Suſpition from our Seate,
And made our Footſtoole of Security.
Come hither *Beſſe*, and let me kiſſe my Boy:
Yong *Ned*, for thee, thine Vnckles, and my ſelfe,
Haue in our Armors watcht the Winters night,
Went all afoote in Summers ſcalding heate,
That thou might'ſt repoſſeſſe the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours thou ſhalt reape the gaine.

Rich. Ile blaſt his Harueſt, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This ſhoulder was ordain'd ſo thicke, to heaue,
And heaue it ſhall ſome waight, or breake my backe,
Worke thou the way, and that ſhalt execute.

King. *Clarence* and *Gloſter*, loue my louely Queene,
And kis your Princely Nephew Brothers both.

Cla. The duty that I owe vnto your Maieſty,
I Seale vpon the lips of this ſweet Babe.

Cla. Thanke Noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thanks.

Rich. And that I loue the tree frõ whence ỹ ſprang'ſt:
Witneſſe the louing kiſſe I giue the Fruite,
To ſay the truth, ſo *Iudas* kiſt his maſter,
And cried all haile, when as he meant all harme.

King. Now am I ſeated as my ſoule delights,
Hauing my Countries peace, and Brothers loues.

Cla. What will your Grace haue done with *Margaret*,
Reynard her Father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Ieruſalem,
And hither haue they ſent it for her ranſome.

King. Away with her, and waft her hence to France:
And now what reſts, but that we ſpend the time
With ſtately Triumphes, mirthfull Comicke ſhewes,
Such as befits the pleaſure of the Court.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farwell ſowre annoy,
For heere I hope begins our laſting ioy. *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.

The Tragedy of Richard the Third: with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Boſworth Field.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloſter, ſolus.

Now is the Winter of our Diſcontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
And all the clouds that lowr'd vpon our houſe
In the deepe boſome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
Our bruiſed armes hung vp for Monuments;
Our ſterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Meaſures.
Grim-viſag'd Warre, hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled Front:
And now, in ſtead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fright the Soules of fearfull Aduerſaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,
To the laſciuious pleaſing of a Lute.
But I, that am not ſhap'd for ſportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glaſſe:
I, that am Rudely ſtampt, and want loues Maieſty,
To ſtrut before a wonton ambling Nymph:
I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,
Cheated of Feature by diſſembling Nature,
Deform'd, vn-finiſh'd, ſent before my time
Into this breathing World, ſcarſe halfe made vp,
And that ſo lamely and vnfaſhionable,
That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them.
Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)
Haue no delight to paſſe away the time,
Vnleſſe to ſee my Shadow in the Sunne,
And deſcant on mine owne Deformity.
And therefore, ſince I cannot proue a Louer,
To entertaine theſe faire well ſpoken dayes,
I am determined to proue a Villaine,
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſe dayes.
Plots haue I laide, Inductions dangerous,
By drunken Propheſies, Libels, and Dreames,
To ſet my Brother *Clarence* and the King
In deadly hate, the one againſt the other:
And if King *Edward* be as true and iuſt,
As I am Subtle, Falſe, and Treacherous,
This day ſhould *Clarence* cloſely be mew'd vp:
About a Propheſie, which ſayes that G,
Of *Edwards* heyres the murtherer ſhall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my ſoule, here *Clarence* comes.

Enter Clarence, and Brakenbury, guarded.

Brother, good day: What meanes this armed guard
That waites vpon your Grace?

Cla. His Maieſty tendring my perſons ſafety,
Hath appointed this Conduct, to conuey me to th'Tower

Rich. Vpon what cauſe?

Cla. Becauſe my name is *George*.

Rich. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
He ſhould for that commit your Godfathers.
O belike, his Maieſty hath ſome intent,
That you ſhould be new Chriſtned in the Tower.
But what's the matter *Clarence*, may I know?

Cla. Yea *Richard*, when I know: but I proteſt
As yet I do not: But as I can learne,
He hearkens after Propheſies and Dreames,
And from the Croſſe-row pluckes the letter G:
And ſayes, a Wizard told him, that by G,
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be.
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought, that I am he.
Theſe (as I learne) and ſuch like toyes as theſe,
Hath moou'd his Highneſſe to commit me now.

Rich. Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women:
'Tis not the King that ſends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Grey* his Wife, *Clarence* 'tis ſhee.
That tempts him to this harſh Extremity.
Was it not ſhee, and that good man of Worſhip,
Anthony Woodeulle her Brother there,
That made him ſend Lord *Haſtings* to the Tower?
From whence this preſent day he is deliuered?
We are not ſafe *Clarence*, we are not ſafe.

Cla. By heauen, I thinke there is no man ſecure
But the Queenes Kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King, and Miſtris *Shore*.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord *Haſtings* was, for her deliuery?

Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her Liuery.
The iealous ore-worne Widdow, and her ſelfe,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Goſsips in our Monarchy.

Bra. I beſeech your Graces both to pardon me,
His Maieſty hath ſtraightly giuen in charge,
That no man ſhall haue priuate Conference
(Of what degree ſoeuer) with your Brother.

Rich. Euen ſo,and pleaſe your Worſhip *Brakenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we ſay :
We ſpeake no Treaſon man ; We ſay the King
Is wiſe and vertuous, and his Noble Queene
Well ſtrooke in yeares, faire,and not iealious.
We ſay, that *Shores* Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a paſsing pleaſing tongue:
And that the Queenes Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
How ſay you ſir? can you deny all this ?
Bra. With this (my Lord) my ſelfe haue nought to doo.
Rich. Naught to do with Miſtris *Shore*?
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Excepting one) were beſt to do it ſecretly alone.
Bra. What one, my Lord ?
Rich. Her Husband Knaue,would'ſt thou betray me?
Bra. I do beſeech your Grace
To pardon me, and withall forbeare
Your Conference with the Noble Duke.
Cla. We know thy charge *Brakenbury*,and wil obey.
Rich. We are the Queenes abiects,and muſt obey.
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatſoe're you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King *Edwards* Widdow,Siſter,
I will performe it to infranchiſe you.
Meane time, this deepe diſgrace in Brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaſeth neither of vs well.
Rich. Well,your impriſonment ſhall not be long,
I will deliuer you, or elſe lye for you :
Meane time, haue patience.
Cla. I muſt perforce : Farewell. *Exit Clar.*
Rich Go treade the path that thou ſhalt ne're return:
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I do loue thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy Soule to Heauen,
If Heauen will take the preſent at our hands.
But who comes heere? the new deliuered *Haſtings*?

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.
Rich. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine :
Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,
How hath your Lordſhip brook'd impriſonment?
Haſt. With patience(Noble Lord)as priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall liue (my Lord) to giue them thankes
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment.
Rich. No doubt,no doubt,and ſo ſhall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your Enemies,are his,
And haue preuail'd as much on him,as you,
Haſt. More pitty,that the Eagles ſhould be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzards play at liberty.
Rich. What newes abroad ?
Haſt. No newes ſo bad abroad,as this at home :
The King is ſickly,weake,and melancholly,
And his Phyſitians feare him mightily.
Rich. Now by S.Iohn,that Newes is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an euill Diet long,
And ouer-much conſum'd his Royall Perſon:
'Tis very greeuous to be thought vpon.
Where is he, in his bed ?
Haſt. He is.
Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.
Exit Haſtings.
He cannot liue I hope, and muſt not dye,
Till *George* be pack'd with poſt-horſe vp to Heauen.
Ile in to vrge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
With Lyes well ſteel'd with weighty Arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue :
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to buſsle in.
For then, Ile marry Warwickes yongeſt daughter.
What though I kill'd her Husband,and her Father,
The readieſt way to make the Wench amends,
Is to become her Husband,and her Father :
The which will I,not all ſo much for loue,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marrying her, which I muſt reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horſe to Market :
Clarence ſtill breathes, *Edward* ſtill liues and raignes,
When they are gone, then muſt I count my gaines. *Exit*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Coarſe of Henrie the ſixt with Halberds to guard it, Lady Anne being the Mourner.

Anne. Set downe,ſet downe your honourable load,
If Honor may be ſhrowded in a Herſe;
Whil'ſt I a-while obſequiouſly lament
Th'vntimely fall of Vertuous Lancaſter.
Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale Aſhes of the Houſe of Lancaſter;
Thou bloodleſſe Remnant of that Royall Blood,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghoſt,
To heare the Lamentations of poore *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy ſlaughtred Sonne,
Stab'd by the ſelfeſame hand that made theſe wounds.
Loe,in theſe windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the helpleſſe Balme of my poore eyes.
O curſed be the hand that made theſe holes :
Curſed the Heart, that had the heart to do it:
Curſed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:
More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,
Then I can wiſh to Wolues,to Spiders,Toades,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues.
If euer he haue Childe, Abortiue be it,
Prodigeous, and vntimely brought to light,
Whoſe vgly and vnnaturall Aſpect
May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,
And that be Heyre to his vnhappineſſe.
If euer he haue Wife, let her be made
More miſerable by the death of him,
Then I am made by my young Lord,and thee.
Come now towards Chertſey with your holy Lode,
Taken from Paules, to be interred there.
And ſtill as you are weary of this waight,
Reſt you,whiles I lament King *Henries* Coarſe.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloſter.

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarſe, & ſet it down.
An. What blacke Magitian coniures vp this Fiend,
To ſtop deuoted charitable deeds ?
Rich. Villaines ſet downe the Coarſe,or by S.Paul,
Ile make a Coarſe of him that diſobeyes.

Gen. My Lord ſtand backe,and let the Coffin paſſe.
Rich. Vnmanner'd Dogge,
Stand'ſt thou when I commaund :
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my breſt,
Or by S.Paul Ile ſtrike thee to my Foote,
And ſpurne vpon thee Begger for thy boldneſſe.
Anne. What do you tremble? are you all affraid ?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,
And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.
Auant thou dreadfull miniſter of Hell ;
Thou had'ſt but power ouer his Mortall body,
His Soule thou canſt not haue: Therefore be gone.
Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity,be not ſo curſt.
An. Foule Diuell,
For Gods ſake hence, and trouble vs not,
For thou haſt made the happy earth thy Hell :
Fill'd it with curſing cries,and deepe exclaimes :
If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy Butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen, ſee,ſee dead *Henries* wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afreſh.
Bluſh,bluſh, thou lumpe of fowle Deformitie:
For 'tis thy preſence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwels.
Thy Deeds inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this Deluge moſt vnnaturall.
O God! which this Blood mad'ſt, reuenge his death:
O Earth! which this Blood drink'ſt, reuenge his death.
Either Heau'n with Lightning ſtrike the murth'rer dead :
Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou doſt ſwallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-gouern'd arme hath butchered.
Rich. Lady,you know no Rules of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Bleſſings for Curſes.
An. Villaine,thou know'ſt nor law of God nor Man,
No Beaſt ſo fierce,but knowes ſome touch of pitty.
Rich. But I know none,and therefore am no Beaſt.
An. O wonderfull,when diuels tell the truth !
Rich. More wonderfull,when Angels are ſo angry :
Vouchſafe (diuine perfection of a Woman)
Of theſe ſuppoſed Crimes,to giue me leaue
By circumſtance, but to acquit my ſelfe.
An. Vouchſafe (defus'd infection of man)
Of theſe knowne euils, but to giue me leaue
By circumſtance, to curſe thy curſed Selfe.
Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee,let me haue
Some patient leyſure to excuſe my ſelfe.
An. Fouler then heart can thinke thee,
Thou can'ſt make no excuſe currant,
But to hang thy ſelfe.
Rich. By ſuch diſpaire, I ſhould accuſe my ſelfe.
An. And by diſpairing ſhalt thou ſtand excuſed,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy ſelfe,
That did'ſt vnworthy ſlaughter vpon others.
Rich. Say that I ſlew them not.
An. Then ſay they were not ſlaine :
But dead they are, and diuelliſh ſlaue by thee.
Rich. I did not kill your Husband.
An. Why then he is aliue.
Rich. Nay,he is dead, and ſlaine by Edwards hands.
An. In thy foule throat thou Ly'ſt,
Queene *Margaret* ſaw
Thy murd'rous Faulchion ſmoaking in his blood :
The which, thou once didd'ſt bend againſt her breſt,
But that thy Brothers beate aſide the point.
Rich. I was prouoked by her ſland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt, vpon my guiltleſſe Shoulders.
An. Thou was't prouoked by thy bloody minde,
That neuer dream'ſt on ought but Butcheries:
Did'ſt thou not kill this King ?
Rich. I graunt ye.
An. Do'ſt grant me Hedge-hogge,
Then God graunt me too
Thou may'ſt be damned for that wicked deede,
O he was gentle, milde,and vertuous.
Rich. The better for the King of heauen that hath him.
An. He is in heauen,where thou ſhalt neuer come.
Rich. Let him thanke me, that holpe to ſend him thither :
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
An. And thou vnfit for any place,but hell.
Rich. Yes one place elſe,if you will heare me name it.
An. Some dungeon.
Rich. Your Bed-chamber.
An. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lyeſt.
Rich. So will it Madam,till I lye with you.
An. I hope ſo.
Rich. I know ſo. But gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leaue this keene encounter of our wittes,
And fall ſomething into a ſlower method.
Is not the cauſer of the timeleſſe deaths
Of theſe *Plantagenets*, *Henrie* and *Edward*,
As blamefull as the Executioner.
An. Thou was't the cauſe,and moſt accurſt effect.
Rich. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect :
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my ſleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might liue one houre in your ſweet boſome.
An. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,
Theſe Nailes ſhould rent that beauty from my Cheekes.
Rich. Theſe eyes could not endure yͤ beauties wrack,
You ſhould not blemiſh it, if I ſtood by ;
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that : It is my day, my life.
An. Blacke night ore-ſhade thy day,& death thy life.
Rich. Curſe not thy ſelfe faire Creature,
Thou art both.
An. I would I were, to be reueng'd on thee.
Rich. It is a quarrell moſt vnnaturall,
To be reueng'd on him that loueth thee.
An. It is a quarrell iuſt and reaſonable,
To be reueng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.
Rich. He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband.
An. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
Rich. He liues,that loues thee better then he could.
An. Name him.
Rich. *Plantagenet.*
An. Why that was he.
Rich. The ſelfeſame name, but one of better Nature.
An. Where is he ?
Rich. Heere : *Spits at him.*
Why doſt thou ſpit at me.
An. Would it were mortall poyſon, for thy ſake.
Rich. Neuer came poyſon from ſo ſweet a place.
An. Neuer hung poyſon on a fowler Toade.
Out of my ſight, thou doſt infect mine eyes.
Rich. Thine eyes (ſweet Lady)haue infected mine.
An. Would they were Baſiliskes,to ſtrike thee dead.
Rich. I would they were,that I might dye at once:
For now they kill me with a liuing death.
Thoſe eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne ſalt Teares;

Sham'd their Aſpects with ſtore of childiſh drops:
Theſe eyes, which neuer ſhed remorſefull teare,
No, when my Father Yorke, and *Edward* wept,
To heare the pittious moane that Rutland made
When black-fac'd *Clifford* ſhooke his ſword at him.
Nor when thy warlike Father like a Childe,
Told the ſad ſtorie of my Fathers death,
And twenty times, made pauſe to ſob and weepe:
That all the ſtanders by had wet their cheekes
Like Trees bedaſh'd with raine. In that ſad time,
My manly eyes did ſcorne an humble teare:
And what theſe ſorrowes could not thence exhale,
Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping.
I neuer ſued to Friend, nor Enemy:
My Tongue could neuer learne ſweet ſmoothing word.
But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
My proud heart ſues, and prompts my tongue to ſpeake.
She lookes ſcornfully at him.
Teach not thy lip ſuch Scorne; for it was made
For kiſſing Lady, not for ſuch contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
Loe heere I lend thee this ſharpe-pointed Sword,
Which if thou pleaſe to hide in this true breſt,
And let the Soule forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly ſtroke,
And humbly begge the death vpon my knee,
He layes his breſt open, ſhe offers at with his ſword.
Nay do not pauſe: For I did kill King *Henrie*,
But 'twas thy Beauty that prouoked me.
Nay now diſpatch: 'Twas I that ſtabb'd yong *Edward*,
But 'twas thy Heauenly face that ſet me on.
She fals the Sword.
Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me.

An. Ariſe Diſſembler, though I wiſh thy death,
I will not be thy Executioner.

Rich. Then bid me kill my ſelfe, and I will do it.

An. I haue already.

Rich. That was in thy rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
This hand, which for thy loue, did kill thy Loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer Loue,
To both their deaths ſhalt thou be acceſſary.

An. I would I knew thy heart.

Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

An. I feare me, both are falſe.

Rich. Then neuer Man was true.

An. Well, well, put vp your Sword.

Rich. Say then my Peace is made.

An. That ſhalt thou know heereafter.

Rich. But ſhall I liue in hope.

An. All men I hope liue ſo.
Vouchſafe to weare this Ring.

Rich. Looke how my Ring incompaſſeth thy Finger,
Euen ſo thy Breſt incloſeth my poore heart:
Weare both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore deuoted Seruant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doſt confirme his happineſſe for euer.

An. What is it?

Rich. That it may pleaſe you leaue theſe ſad deſignes,
To him that hath moſt cauſe to be a Mourner,
And preſently repayre to Crosbie Houſe:
Where (after I haue ſolemnly interr'd
At Chertſey Monaſt'ry this Noble King,
And wet his Graue with my Repentant Teares)
I will with all expedient duty ſee you,
For diuers vnknowne Reaſons, I beſeech you,
Grant me this Boon.

An. With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent.
Treſſel and *Barkley*, go along with me.

Rich. Bid me farwell.

An. 'Tis more then you deſerue:
But ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue ſaide farewell already.
Exit two with Anne.

Gent. Towards Chertſey, Noble Lord?

Rich. No: to White Friars, there attend my comming
Exit Coarſ

Was euer woman in this humour woo'd?
Was euer woman in this humour wonne?
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What? I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father,
To take her in her hearts extreameſt hate,
With curſes in her mouth, Teares in her eyes,
The bleeding witneſſe of my hatred by,
Hauing God, her Conſcience, and theſe bars againſt me,
And I, no Friends to backe my ſuite withall,
But the plaine Diuell, and diſſembling lookes?
And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing.
Hah!
Hath ſhe forgot alreadie that braue Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I (ſome three monthes ſince)
Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury?
A ſweeter, and a louelier Gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigallity of Nature:
Yong, Valiant, Wiſe, and (no doubt) right Royal,
The ſpacious World cannot againe affoord:
And will ſhe yet abaſe her eyes on me,
That cropt the Golden prime of this ſweet Prince,
And made her Widdow to a wofull Bed?
On me, whoſe All not equals *Edwards* Moytie?
On me, that halts, and am miſhapen thus?
My Dukedome, to a Beggerly denier!
I do miſtake my perſon all this while:
Vpon my life ſhe findes (although I cannot)
My ſelfe to be a maru'llous proper man.
Ile be at Charges for a Looking-glaſſe,
And entertaine a ſcore or two of Taylors,
To ſtudy faſhions to adorne my body:
Since I am crept in fauour with my ſelfe,
I will maintaine it with ſome little coſt.
But firſt Ile turne yon Fellow in his Graue,
And then returne lamenting to my Loue.
Shine out faire Sunne, till I haue bought a glaſſe,
That I may ſee my Shadow as I paſſe. *exit.*

Scena Tertia.

*Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Riuers,
and Lord Gray.*

Riu. Haue patience Madam, ther's no doubt his Maieſty
Will ſoone recouer his accuſtom'd health.

Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worſe,
Therefore for Gods ſake entertaine good comfort,
And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes

Qu. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Gray. No other harme, but loſſe of ſuch a Lord.

Qu. The loſſe of ſuch a Lord, includes all harmes.

Gray. The Heauens haue bleſt you with a goodly Son,
To be your Comforter, when he is gone.

Qu. Ah! he is yong; and his minority
Is put vnto the truſt of *Richard Glouſter*,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.

Riu. Is it concluded he ſhall be Protector?

Qu. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But ſo it muſt be, if the King miſcarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.

Buc. Good time of day vnto your Royall Grace.

Der. God make your Maieſty ioyful, as you haue bin

Qu. The Counteſſe *Richmond*, good my L. of *Derby*.
To your good prayer, will ſcarſely ſay, Amen.
Yet *Derby*, notwithſtanding ſhee's your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord aſſur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Der. I do beſeech you, either not beleeue
The enuious ſlanders of her falſe Accuſers:
Or if ſhe be accus'd on true report,
Beare with her weakneſſe, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward ſickneſſe, and no grounded malice.

Qu. Saw you the King to day my Lord of *Derby*.

Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Are come from viſiting his Maieſty.

Que. What likelyhood of his amendment Lords.

Buc. Madam good hope, his Grace ſpeaks chearfully.

Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?

Buc. I Madam, he deſires to make attonement;
Betweene the Duke of Glouſter, and your Brothers,
And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,
And ſent to warne them to his Royall preſence.

Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be,
I feare our happineſſe is at the height.

Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong, and I will not indure it,
Who is it that complaines vnto the King,
That I (forſooth) am ſterne, and loue them not?
By holy *Paul*, they loue his Grace but lightly,
That fill his eares with ſuch diſſentious Rumors.
Becauſe I cannot flatter, and looke faire,
Smile in mens faces, ſmooth, deceiue, and cogge,
Ducke with French nods, and Apiſh curteſie,
I muſt be held a rancorous Enemy.
Cannot a plaine man liue, and thinke no harme,
But thus his ſimple truth muſt be abus'd,
With ſilken, ſlye, inſinuating Iackes?

Grey. To who in all this preſence ſpeaks your Grace?

Rich. To thee, that haſt nor Honeſty, nor Grace:
When haue I iniur'd thee? When done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?
A plague vpon you all. His Royall Grace
(Whom God preſerue better then you would wiſh)
Cannot be quiet ſcarſe a breathing while,
But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints.

Qu. Brother of Glouſter, you miſtake the matter:
The King on his owne Royall diſpoſition,
(And not prouok'd by any Sutor elſe)
Ayming (belike) at your interiour hatred,
That in your outward action ſhewes it ſelfe
Againſt my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe,
Makes him to ſend, that he may learne the ground.

Rich. I cannot tell, the world is growne ſo bad,
That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not pearch.
Since euerie Iacke became a Gentleman,
There's many a gentle perſon made a Iacke.

Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother
You enuy my aduancement, and my friends: (Gloſter
God grant we neuer may haue neede of you.

Rich. Meane time, God grants that I haue need of you.
Our Brother is impriſon'd by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgrac'd, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, while great Promotions
Are daily giuen to ennoble thoſe
That ſcarſe ſome two dayes ſince were worth a Noble.

Qu. By him that rais'd me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I inioy'd,
I neuer did incenſe his Maieſtie
Againſt the Duke of *Clarence*, but haue bin
An earneſt aduocate to plead for him.
My Lord you do me ſhamefull iniurie,
Falſely to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.

Rich. You may deny that you were not the meane
Of my Lord *Haſtings* late impriſonment.

Riu. She may my Lord, for——

Rich. She may Lord *Riuers*, why who knowes not ſo?
She may do more ſir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe Honors on your high deſert.
What may ſhe not, ſhe may, I marry may ſhe.

Riu. What marry may ſhe?

Ric. What marrie may ſhe? Marrie with a King,
A Batcheller, and a handſome ſtripling too,
I wis your Grandam had a worſer match.

Qu. My Lord of Glouſter, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffes:
By heauen, I will acquaint his Maieſtie
Of thoſe groſſe taunts that oft I haue endur'd.
I had rather be a Countrie ſeruant maide
Then a great Queene, with this condition,
To be ſo baited, ſcorn'd, and ſtormed at,
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. And leſned be that ſmall, God I beſeech him,
Thy honor, ſtate, and ſeate, is due to me.

Rich. What? threat you me with telling of the King?
I will auouch't in preſence of the King:
I dare aduenture to be ſent to th'Towre.
'Tis time to ſpeake,
My paines are quite forgot.

Margaret. Out Diuell,
I do remember them too well:
Thou killd'ſt my Husband *Henrie* in the Tower,
And *Edward* my poore Son, at Tewkesburie.

Rich. Ere you were Queene,
I, or your Husband King:
I was a packe-horſe in his great affaires:
A weeder out of his proud Aduerſaries,
A liberall rewarder of his Friends,
To royalize his blood, I ſpent mine owne.

Margaret. I and much better blood
Then his, or thine.

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband *Grey*
Were factious, for the Houſe of *Lancaſter*;
And *Riuers*, ſo were you: Was not your Husband,
In *Margarets* Battaile, at Saint *Albons*, ſlaine?
Let me put in your mindes, if you forget
What you haue beene ere this, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.
Q.M. A murth'rous Villaine, and ſo ſtill thou art.
Rich. Poore *Clarence* did forſake his Father *Warwicke*,
I, and forſwore himſelfe (which Ieſu pardon.)
Q.M. Which God reuenge.
Rich. To fight on *Edwards* partie, for the Crowne,
And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were Flint, like *Edwards*,
Or *Edwards* ſoft and pittifull, like mine;
I am too childiſh fooliſh for this World.
Q.M. High thee to Hell for ſhame, & leaue this World
Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdome is.
Riu. My Lord of Gloſter: in thoſe buſie dayes,
Which here you vrge, to proue vs Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Soueraigne King,
So ſhould we you, if you ſhould be our King.
Rich. If I ſhould be? I had rather be a Pedler:
Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.
Qu. As little ioy (my Lord) as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould enioy, were you this Countries King,
As little ioy you may ſuppoſe in me,
That I enioy, being the Queene thereof.
Q.M. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am ſhee, and altogether ioyleſſe:
I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out,
In ſharing that which you haue pill'd from me:
Which off you trembles not, that lookes on me?
If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subiects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebells.
Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away. (ſight?
Rich. Foule wrinckled Witch, what mak'ſt thou in my
Q.M. But repetition of what thou haſt marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee goe.
Rich. Wert thou not baniſhed, on paine of death?
Q.M. I was: but I doe find more paine in baniſhment,
Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode.
A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'ſt to me,
And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegeance:
This Sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the Pleaſures you vſurpe, are mine.
Rich. The Curſe my Noble Father layd on thee,
When thou didſt Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper,
And with thy ſcornes drew'ſt Riuers from his eyes,
And then to dry them, gau'ſt the Duke a Clowt,
Steep'd in the faultleſſe blood of prettie *Rutland*:
His Curſes then, from bitterneſſe of Soule,
Denounc'd againſt thee, are all falne vpon thee:
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.
Qu. So iuſt is God, to right the innocent.
Haſt. O, 'twas the fouleſt deed to ſlay that Babe,
And the moſt mercileſſe, that ere was heard of.
Riu. Tyrants themſelues wept when it was reported.
Dorſ. No man but prophecied reuenge for it.
Buck. *Northumberland*, then preſent, wept to ſee it.
Q.M. What? were you ſnarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you all your hatred now on me?
Did *Yorkes* dread Curſe preuaile ſo much with Heauen,
That *Henries* death, my louely *Edwards* death,
Their Kingdomes loſſe, my wofull Baniſhment,
Should all but anſwer for that peeuiſh Brat?
Can Curſes pierce the Clouds, and enter Heauen?
Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quick Curſes.
Though not by Warre, by Surfet dye your King,
As ours by Murther, to make him a King.
Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales,
For *Edward* our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales,
Dye in his youth, by like vntimely violence.
Thy ſelfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out-liue thy glory, like my wretched ſelfe:
Long may'ſt thou liue, to wayle thy Childrens death,
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now,
Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art ſtall'd in mine.
Long dye thy happie dayes, before thy death,
And after many length'ned howres of griefe,
Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene.
Riuers and *Dorſet*, you were ſtanders by,
And ſo waſt thou, Lord *Haſtings*, when my Sonne
Was ſtab'd with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may liue his naturall age,
But by ſome vnlook'd accident cut off.
Rich. Haue done thy Charme, ỳ hateful wither'd Hagge.
Q.M. And leaue out thee? ſtay Dog, for ỳ ſhalt heare me.
If Heauen haue any grieuous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh vpon thee,
O let them keepe it, till thy ſinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace.
The Worme of Conſcience ſtill begnaw thy Soule,
Thy Friends ſuſpect for Traytors while thou liu'ſt,
And take deepe Traytors for thy deareſt Friends:
No ſleepe cloſe vp that deadly Eye of thine,
Vnleſſe it be while ſome tormenting Dreame
Affrights thee with a Hell of ougly Deuills.
Thou eluiſh mark'd, abortiue rooting Hogge,
Thou that waſt ſeal'd in thy Natiuitie
The ſlaue of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell:
Thou ſlander of thy heauie Mothers Wombe,
Thou loathed Iſſue of thy Fathers Loynes,
Thou Ragge of Honor, thou deteſted--
Rich. *Margaret.*
Q.M. *Richard.* *Rich.* Ha.
Q.M. I call thee not.
Rich. I cry thee mercie then: for I did thinke,
That thou hadſt call'd me all theſe bitter names.
Q.M. Why ſo I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curſe.
Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret.*
Qu. Thus haue you breath'd your Curſe againſt your ſelf.
Q.M. Poore painted Queen, vain flouriſh of my fortune,
Why ſtrew'ſt thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,
Whoſe deadly Web enſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whet'ſt a Knife to kill thy ſelfe:
The day will come, that thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe this poyſonous Bunch-backt Toade.
Haſt. Falſe boding Woman, end thy frantick Curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme, thou moue our patience.
Q.M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.
Ri. Were you wel ſeru'd, you would be taught your duty.
Q.M To ſerue me well, you all ſhould do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subiects:
O ſerue me well, and teach your ſelues that duty.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhee is lunaticke.
Q.M. Peace Maſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of Honor is ſcarce currant.

O that your yong Nobility could iudge
What 'twere to loſe it, and be miſerable.
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall, they daſh themſelues to peeces.
Rich. Good counſaile marry, learne it, learne it Marqueſſe.
Dor. It touches you my Lord, as much as me.
Rich. I, and much more: but I was borne ſo high:
Our ayerie buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the Sunne.
Mar. And turnes the Sun to ſhade: alas, alas,
Witneſſe my Sonne, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright out-ſhining beames, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternall darkneſſe folded vp.
Your ayery buildeth in our ayeries Neſt:
O God that ſeeſt it, do not ſuffer it,
As it is wonne with blood, loſt be it ſo.
Buc. Peace, peace for ſhame: If not, for Charity.
Mar. Vrge neither charity, nor ſhame to me:
Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And ſhamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.
My Charity is outrage, Life my ſhame,
And in that ſhame, ſtill liue my ſorrowes rage.
Buc. Haue done, haue done.
Mar. O Princely Buckingham, Ile kiſſe thy hand,
In ſigne of League and amity with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy Noble houſe:
Thy Garments are not ſpotted with our blood:
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my curſe.
Buc. Nor no one heere: for Curſes neuer paſſe
The lips of thoſe that breath them in the ayre.
Mar. I will not thinke but they aſcend the sky,
And there awake Gods gentle ſleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heede of yonder dogge:
Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.
Haue not to do with him, beware of him,
Sinne, death, and hell haue ſet their markes on him,
And all their Miniſters attend on him.
Rich. What doth ſhe ſay, my Lord of Buckingham.
Buc. Nothing that I reſpect my gracious Lord.
Mar. What doſt thou ſcorne me
For my gentle counſell?
And ſooth the diuell that I warne thee from.
O but remember this another day:
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorrow:
And ſay (poore *Margaret*) was a Propheteſſe:
Liue each of you the ſubiects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
Buc. My haire doth ſtand an end to heare her curſes.
Riu. And ſo doth mine, I muſe why ſhe's at libertie.
Rich. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I haue done to her.
Mar. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Rich. Yet you haue all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot, to do ſomebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for *Clarence*, he is well repayed:
He is frank'd vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them, that are the cauſe thereof.
Riu. A vertuous, and a Chriſtian-like concluſion
To pray for them that haue done ſcath to vs.
Rich. So do I euer, being well aduis'd.
Speakes to himſelfe.
For had I curſt now, I had curſt my ſelfe.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Maieſty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.
Qu. *Catesby* I come, Lords will you go with mee.
Riu. We wait vpon your Grace.
Exeunt all but Gloſter.

Rich. I do the wrong, and firſt begin to brawle.
The ſecret Miſcheefes that I ſet abroach,
I lay vnto the greeuous charge of others.
Clarence, who I indeede haue caſt in darkneſſe,
I do beweepe to many ſimple Gulles,
Namely to *Derby*, *Haſtings*, *Buckingham*,
And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies,
That ſtirre the King againſt the Duke my Brother.
Now they beleeue it, and withall whet me
To be reueng'd on *Riuers*, *Dorſet*, *Grey*.
But then I ſigh, and with a peece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill:
And thus I cloath my naked Villanie
With odde old ends, ſtolne forth of holy Writ,
And ſeeme a Saint, when moſt I play the deuill.

Enter two murtherers.

But ſoft, heere come my Executioners,
How now my hardy ſtout reſolued Mates,
Are you now going to diſpatch this thing?
Vil. We are my Lord, and come to haue the Warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Ric. Well thought vpon, I haue it heare about me:
When you haue done, repayre to *Crosby* place;
But ſirs be ſodaine in the execution,
Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade;
For *Clarence* is well ſpoken, and perhappes
May moue your hearts to pitty, if you marke him.
Vil. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not ſtand to prate,
Talkers are no good dooers, be aſſur'd:
We go to vſe our hands, and not our tongues.
Rich. Your eyes drop Mill-ſtones, when Fooles eyes fall Teares:
I like you Lads, about your buſineſſe ſtraight.
Go, go, diſpatch.
Vil. We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

Keep. Why lookes your Grace ſo heauily to day.
Cla. O, I haue paſt a miſerable night,
So full of fearefull Dreames, of vgly ſights,
That as I am a Chriſtian faithfull man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy daies:
So full of diſmall terror was the time.
Keep. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me
Cla. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to croſſe to Burgundy,
And in my company my Brother Glouſter,
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,
Vpon the Hatches: There we look'd toward England,
And cited vp a thouſand heauy times,

During the warres of Yorke and Lancaſter
That had befalne vs. As we pac'd along
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Glouſter ſtumbled, and in falling
Strooke me (that thought to ſtay him) ouer-boord,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noiſe of water in mine eares,
What ſights of vgly death within mine eyes.
Me thoughts, I ſaw a thouſand fearfull wrackes:
A thouſand men that Fiſhes gnaw'd vpon:
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
Ineſtimable Stones, vnvalewed Iewels,
All ſcattred in the bottome of the Sea,
Some lay in dead-mens Sculles, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in ſcorne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes,
That woo'd the ſlimy bottome of the deepe,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay ſcattred by.

Keep. Had you ſuch leyſure in the time of death
To gaze vpon theſe ſecrets of the deepe?

Cla. Me thought I had, and often did I ſtriue
To yeeld the Ghoſt: but ſtill the enuious Flood
Stop'd in my ſoule, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vaſt, and wand'ring ayre:
But ſmother'd it within my panting bulke,
Who almoſt burſt, to belch it in the Sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this ſore Agony?

Clar. No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life.
O then, began the Tempeſt to my Soule.
I paſt (me thought) the Melancholly Flood,
With that ſowre Ferry-man which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night.
The firſt that there did greet my Stranger-ſoule,
Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwicke,
Who ſpake alowd: What ſcourge for Periurie,
Can this darke Monarchy affoord falſe *Clarence*?
And ſo he vaniſh'd. Then came wand'ring by,
A Shadow like an Angell, with bright hayre
Dabbel'd in blood, and he ſhriek'd out alowd
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, periur'd *Clarence*,
That ſtabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:
Seize on him Furies, take him vnto Torment.
With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends
Inuiron'd me, and howled in mine eares
Such hiddeous cries, that with the very Noiſe,
I (trembling) wak'd, and for a ſeaſon after,
Could not beleeue, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Impreſſion made my Dreame.

Keep. No maruell Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am affraid (me thinkes) to heare you tell it.

Cla. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I haue done theſe things
(That now giue euidence againſt my Soule)
For *Edwards* ſake, and ſee how he requits mee.
O God! if my deepe prayres cannot appeaſe thee,
But thou wilt be aueng'd on my miſdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O ſpare my guiltleſſe Wife, and my poore children.
Keeper, I prythee ſit by me a-while,
My Soule is heauy, and I faine would ſleepe.

Keep. I will my Lord, God giue your Grace good reſt.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Bra. Sorrow breakes Seaſons, and repoſing houres,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide night:
Princes haue but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle,
And for vnfelt Imaginations
They often feele a world of reſtleſſe Cares:
So that betweene their Titles, and low Name,
There's nothing differs, but the outward fame.

Enter two Murtherers.

1. Mur. Ho, who's heere?

Bra. What would'ſt thou Fellow? And how camm'ſt thou hither.

2. Mur. I would ſpeak with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my Legges.

Bra. What ſo breefe?

1. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:
Let him ſee our Commiſſion, and talke no more. *Reads*

Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliuer
The Noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands.
I will not reaſon what is meant heereby,
Becauſe I will be guiltleſſe from the meaning.
There lies the Duke aſleepe, and there the Keyes.
Ile to the King, and ſignifie to him,
That thus I haue reſign'd to you my charge. *Exit.*

1 You may ſir, 'tis a point of wiſedome:
Far you well.

2 What, ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleepes.

1 No: hee'l ſay 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes

2 Why he ſhall neuer wake, vntill the great Iudgement day.

1 Why then hee'l ſay, we ſtab'd him ſleeping.

2 The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred a kinde of remorſe in me.

1 What? art thou affraid?

2 Not to kill him, hauing a Warrant,
But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me.

1 I thought thou had'ſt bin reſolute.

2 So I am, to let him liue.

1 Ile backe to the Duke of Glouſter, and tell him ſo.

2 Nay, I prythee ſtay a little:
I hope this paſſionate humor of mine, will change,
It was wont to hold me but while one tels twenty.

1 How do'ſt thou feele thy ſelfe now?

2 Some certaine dregges of conſcience are yet within mee.

1 Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.

2 Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.

1 Where's thy conſcience now.

2 O, in the Duke of Glouſters purſe.

1 When hee opens his purſe to giue vs our Reward, thy Conſcience flyes out.

2 'Tis no matter, let it goe: There's few or none will entertaine it.

1 What if it come to thee againe?

2 Ile not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward: A man cannot ſteale, but it accuſeth him: A man cannot Sweare, but it Checkes him: A man cannot lye with his Neighbours Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a bluſhing ſhamefac'd ſpirit, that mutinies in a mans boſome: It filles a man full of Obſtacles. It made me once reſtore a Purſſe of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any man that keepes it: It is turn'd out of Townes and Citties for a dangerous thing, and euery man that means to liue well, endeuours to truſt to himſelfe, and liue vvithout it.

1 'Tis euen now at my elbow, perſwading me not to kill the Dkue.

2 Take the diuell in thy minde, and beleeue him not:
He would inſinuate with thee but to make thee ſigh.

1 I am ſtrong fram'd, he cannot preuaile with me.

2 Spoke like a tall man, that reſpects thy reputation.
Come, ſhall we fall to worke?

1 Take him on the Coſtard, with the hiltes of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malmeſey-Butte in the next roome.

2 O excellent deuice; and make a ſop of him.

1 Soft, he wakes.

2 Strike.

1 No, wee'l reaſon with him.

Cla. Where art thou Keeper? Giue me a cup of wine.

2 You ſhall haue Wine enough my Lord anon.

Cla. In Gods name, what art thou?

1 A man, as you are.

Cla. But not as I am Royall.

1 Nor you as we are, Loyall.

Cla. Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.

Cla. How darkly, and how deadly doſt thou ſpeake?
Your eyes do menace me: why looke you pale?
Who ſent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2 To, to, to——

Cla. To murther me?

Both. I, I.

Cla. You ſcarſely haue the hearts to tell me ſo,
And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it.
Wherein my Friends haue I offended you?

1 Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

Cla. I ſhall be reconcil'd to him againe.

2 Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

Cla. Are you drawne forth among a world of men
To ſlay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the Euidence that doth accuſe me?
What lawfull Queſt haue giuen their Verdict vp
Vnto the frowning Iudge? Or who pronounc'd
The bitter ſentence of poore *Clarence* death,
Before I be conuict by courſe of Law?
To threaten me with death, is moſt vnlawfull.
I charge you, as you hope for any goodneſſe,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed you vndertake is damnable.

1 What we will do, we do vpon command.

2 And he that hath commanded, is our King.

Cla. Erroneous Vaſſals, the great King of Kings
Hath in the Table of his Law commanded
That thou ſhalt do no murther. Will you then
Spurne at his Edict, and fulfill a Mans?
Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand,
To hurle vpon their heads that breake his Law.

2 And that ſame Vengeance doth he hurle on thee,
For falſe Forſwearing, and for murther too:
Thou did'ſt receiue the Sacrament, to fight
In quarrell of the Houſe of Lancaſter.

1 And like a Traitor to the name of God,
Did'ſt breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,
Vnrip'ſt the Bowels of thy Sou'raignes Sonne.

2 Whom thou was't ſworne to cheriſh and defend.

1 How canſt thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs,
When thou haſt broke it in ſuch deere degree?

Cla. Alas! for whoſe ſake did I that ill deede?
For *Edward*, for my Brother, for his ſake.
He ſends you not to murther me for this:
For in that ſinne, he is as deepe as I.
If God will be auenged for the deed,
O know you yet, he doth it publiquely,
Take not the quarrell from his powrefull arme:
He needs no indirect, or lawleſſe courſe,
To cut off thoſe that haue offended him.

1 Who made thee then a bloudy miniſter,
When gallant ſpringing braue *Plantagenet*,
That Princely Nouice was ſtrucke dead by thee?

Cla. My Brothers loue, the Diuell, and my Rage.

1 Thy Brothers Loue, our Duty, and thy Faults,
Prouoke vs hither now, to ſlaughter thee.

Cla. If you do loue my Brother, hate not me:
I am his Brother, and I loue him well.
If you are hyr'd for meed, go backe againe,
And I will ſend you to my Brother Glouſter:
Who ſhall reward you better for my life,
Then *Edward* will for tydings of my death.

2 You are deceiu'd,
Your Brother Glouſter hates you.

Cla. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deere:
Go you to him from me.

1 I ſo we will.

Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke,
Bleſt his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme,
He little thought of this diuided Friendſhip:
Bid Glouſter thinke on this, and he will weepe.

1 I Milſtones, as he leſſoned vs to weepe.

Cla. O do not ſlander him, for he is kinde.

1 Right, as Snow in Harueſt:
Come, you deceiue your ſelfe,
'Tis he that ſends vs to deſtroy you heere.

Cla. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,
And hugg'd me in his armes, and ſwore with ſobs,
That he would labour my deliuery.

1 Why ſo he doth, when he deliuers you
From this earths thraldome, to the ioyes of heauen.

2 Make peace with God, for you muſt die my Lord.

Cla. Haue you that holy feeling in your ſoules,
To counſaile me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your owne ſoules ſo blinde,
That you will warre with God, by murd'ring me.
O ſirs conſider, they that ſet you on
To do this deede, will hate you for the deede.

2 What ſhall we do?

Clar. Relent, and ſaue your ſoules:
Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,
Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two ſuch murtherers as your ſelues came to you,
Would not intreat for life, as you would begge
Were you in my diſtreſſe.

1 Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womaniſh.

Cla. Not to relent, is beaſtly, ſauage, diuelliſh:
My Friend, I ſpy ſome pitty in thy lookes:
O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer,
Come thou on my ſide, and intreate for mee,
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.

2 Looke behinde you, my Lord.

1 Take that, and that, if all this will not do, *Stabs him.*
Ile drowne you in the Malmeſey-But within. *Exit.*

2 A bloody deed, and deſperately diſpatcht:
How faine (like *Pilate*) would I waſh my hands
Of this moſt greeuous murther. *Enter 1. Murtherer*

1 How now? what mean'ſt thou that thou help'ſt me not? By Heauen the Duke ſhall know how ſlacke you haue beene.

2.*Mur*.I would he knew that I had ſau'd his brother,
Take thou the Fee,and tell him what I ſay,
For I repent me that the Duke is ſlaine. *Exit.*
1.*Mur*. So do not I: go Coward as thou art.
Well,Ile go hide the body in ſome hole,
Till that the Duke giue order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meede,I will away,
For this will out,and then I muſt not ſtay. *Exit*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Flouriſh.
Enter the King ſicke,the Queene, Lord Marqueſſe Dorſet, Riuers,Haſtings, Catesby, Buckingham, Wooduill.

King. Why ſo: now haue I done a good daies work.
You Peeres,continue this vnited League:
I, euery day expect an Embaſſage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence.
And more to peace my ſoule ſhall part to heauen,
Since I haue made my Friends at peace on earth.
Dorſet and *Riuers*, take each others hand,
Diſſemble not your hatred, Sweare your loue.
Riu.By heauen,my ſoule is purg'd from grudging hate
And with my hand I ſeale my true hearts Loue.
Haſt. So thriue I,as I truly ſweare the like.
King. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Leſt he that is the ſupreme King of Kings
Confound your hidden falſhood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.
Haſt. So proſper I,as I ſweare perfect loue.
Ri. And I,as I loue *Haſtings* with my heart,
King. Madam,your ſelfe is not exempt from this:
Nor you Sonne *Dorſet*, *Buckingham* nor you;
You haue bene factious one againſt the other.
Wife,loue Lord *Haſtings*,let him kiſſe your hand,
And what you do,do it vnfeignedly.
Qu. There *Haſtings*,I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred,ſo thriue I,and mine.
King. *Dorſet*, imbrace him:
Haſtings, loue Lord Marqueſſe.
Dor. This interchange of loue,I heere proteſt
Vpon my part,ſhall be inuiolable.
Haſt. And ſo ſweare I.
King. Now Princely *Buckingham*,ſeale ẏ this league
With thy embracements to my wiues Allies,
And make me happy in your vnity.
Buc. When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
Vpon your Grace, but with all dutious loue,
Doth cheriſh you,and yours, God puniſh me
With hate in thoſe where I expect moſt loue,
When I haue moſt need to imploy a Friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a Friend,
Deepe,hollow,treacherous,and full of guile,
Be he vnto me: This do I begge of heauen,
When I am cold in loue,to you,or yours. *Embrace*
King. A pleaſing Cordiall, Princely *Buckingham*
Is this thy Vow, vnto my fickely heart:
There wanteth now our Brother Gloſter heere,
To make the bleſſed period of this peace.
Buc. And in good time,
Heere comes Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*,and the Duke.

Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloſter.

Rich.Good morrow to my Soueraigne King & Queen
And Princely Peeres,a happy time of day.
King, Happy indeed,as we haue ſpent the day:
Gloſter, we haue done deeds of Charity,
Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene theſe ſwelling wrong incenſed Peeres.
Rich. A bleſſed labour my moſt Soueraigne Lord:
Among this Princely heape, if any heere
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmize
Hold me a Foe: If I vnwillingly,or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne,
To any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his Friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmitie:
I hate it,and deſire all good mens loue,
Firſt Madam, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchaſe with my dutious ſeruice.
Of you my Noble Coſin Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs.
Of you and you, Lord *Riuers* and of *Dorſet*,
That all without deſert haue frown'd on me:
Of you Lord *Wooduill*, and Lord *Scales* of you,
Dukes,Earles, Lords, Gentlemen,indeed of all.
I do not know that Engliſhman aliue,
With whom my ſoule is any iot at oddes,
More then the Infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my Humility.
Qu. A holy day ſhall this be kept heereafter:
I would to God all ſtrifes were well compounded,
My Soueraigne Lord, I do beſeech your Highneſſe
To take our Brother *Clarence* to your Grace.
Rich. Why Madam,haue I offred loue for this,
To be ſo flowted in this Royall preſence?
Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead? *They*
You do him iniurie to ſcorne his Coarſe. *all ſtart.*
King. Who knowes not he is dead?
Who knowes he is?
Qu. All-ſeeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buc. Looke I ſo pale Lord *Dorſet*,as the reſt?
Dor. I my good Lord,and no man in the preſence,
But his red colour hath forſooke his cheekes.
King. Is *Clarence* dead? The Order was reuerſt.
Rich. But he (poore man) by your firſt order dyed,
And that a winged Mercurie did beare:
Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand,
That came too lagge to ſee him buried.
God grant, that ſome leſſe Noble,and leſſe Loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts,and not in blood,
Deſerue not worſe then wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet go currant from Suſpition.

Enter Earle of Derby.

Der. A boone my Soueraigne for my ſeruice done.
King. I prethee peace,my ſoule is full of ſorrow.
Der. I will not riſe, vnleſſe your Highnes heare me.
King. Then ſay at once,what is it thou requeſts.
Der. The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my ſeruants life,
Who ſlew to day a Riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolke.
King. Haue I a tongue to doome my Brothers death?
And ſhall that tongue giue pardon to a ſlaue?
My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,
And yet his puniſhment was bitter death.
Who

Who ſued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be aduis'd?
Who ſpoke of Brother-hood? who ſpoke of loue?
Who told me how the poore ſoule did forſake
The mighty Warwicke,and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me downe, he reſcued me:
And ſaid deare Brother liue,and be a King?
Who told me,when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen (almoſt) to death,how he did lap me
Euen in his Garments,and did giue himſelfe
(All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night?
All this from my Remembrance, brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your Carters,or your wayting Vaſſalls
Haue done a drunken Slaughter,and defac'd
The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
And I (vniuſtly too) muſt grant it you.
But for my Brother, not a man would ſpeake,
Nor I (vngracious) ſpeake vnto my ſelfe
For him poore Soule. The proudeſt of you all,
Haue bin beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you, would once begge for his life.
O God! I feare thy iuſtice will take hold
On me, and you; and mine,and yours for this.
Come *Haſtings* helpe me to my Cloſſet.
Ah poore *Clarence*. *Exeunt ſome with K.& Queen.*
Rich. This is the fruits of raſhnes: Markt you not,
How that the guilty Kindred of the Queene
Look'd pale,when they did heare of *Clarence* death.
O! they did vrge it ſtill vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. Come Lords will you go,
To comfort *Edward* with our company.
Buc. We wait vpon your Grace. *exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Dutcheſſe of Yorke, with the two children of Clarence.

Edw. Good Grandam tell vs,is our Father dead?
Dutch. No Boy.
Daugh. Why do weepe ſo oft? And beate your Breſt?
And cry, O *Clarence*, my vnhappy Sonne.
Boy. Why do you looke on vs,and ſhake your head,
And call vs Orphans,Wretches,Caſtawayes,
If that our Noble Father were aliue?
Dut. My pretty Coſins,you miſtake me both,
I do lament the ſickneſſe of the King,
As loath to loſe him, not your Fathers death:
It were loſt ſorrow to waile one that's loſt.
Boy. Then you conclude,(my Grandam) he is dead:
The King mine Vnckle is too blame for it.
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With earneſt prayers,all to that effect.
Daugh. And ſo will I.
Dut.Peace children peace,the King doth loue you wel.
Incapeable,and ſhallow Innocents,
You cannot gueſſe who caus'd your Fathers death.
Boy. Grandam we can: for my good Vnkle Gloſter
Told me,the King prouok'd to it by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to impriſon him;
And when my Vnckle told me ſo,he wept,
And pittied me,and kindly kiſt my cheeke:
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would loue me deerely as a childe.
Dut. Ah! that Deceit ſhould ſteale ſuch gentle ſhape,
And with a vertuous Vizor hide deepe vice.
He is my ſonne, I,and therein my ſhame,
Yet from my dugges,he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Thinke you my Vnkle did diſſemble Grandam?
Dut. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it. Hearke,what noiſe is this?

Enter the Queene with her haire about her ears, Riuers & Dorſet after her.

Qu. Ah! who ſhall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my Fortune,and torment my Selfe.
Ile ioyne with blacke diſpaire againſt my Soule,
And to my ſelfe,become an enemie.
Dut. What meanes this Scene of rude impatience?
Qu. To make an act of Tragicke violence.
Edward my Lord, thy Sonne,our King is dead.
Why grow the Branches,when the Roote is gone?
Why wither not the leaues that want their ſap?
If you will liue,Lament: if dye, be breefe,
That our ſwift-winged Soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient Subiects follow him,
To his new Kingdome of nere-changing night.
Dut. Ah ſo much intereſt haue in thy ſorrow,
As I had Title in thy Noble Husband:
I haue bewept a worthy Husbands death,
And liu'd with looking on his Images:
But now two Mirrors of his Princely ſemblance,
Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death,
And I for comfort,haue but one falſe Glaſſe,
That greeues me, when I ſee my ſhame in him.
Thou art a Widdow: yet thou art a Mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy Children left,
But death hath ſnatch'd my Husband from mine Armes,
And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence,and *Edward*. O, what cauſe haue I,
(Thine being but a moity of my moane)
To ouer-go thy woes, and drowne thy cries.
Boy. Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Fathers death:
How can we ayde you with our Kindred teares?
Daugh. Our fatherleſſe diſtreſſe was left vnmoan'd,
Your widdow-dolour, likewiſe be vnwept.
Qu. Giue me no helpe in Lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouern'd by the waterie Moone,
May ſend forth plenteous teares to drowne the World.
Ah, for my Husband,for my deere Lord *Edward*.
Chil. Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord *Clarence*.
Dut. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*.
Qu. What ſtay had I but *Edward*,and hee's gone?
Chil. What ſtay had we but *Clarence*? and he's gone.
Dut. What ſtayes had I,but they? and they are gone.
Qu. Was neuer widdow had ſo deere a loſſe.
Chil. Were neuer Orphans had ſo deere a loſſe.
Dut. Was neuer Mother had ſo deere a loſſe.
Alas! I am the Mother of theſe Greefes,
Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall.
She for an *Edward* weepes,and ſo do I:
I

I for a *Clarence* weepes, ſo doth not ſhee:
Theſe Babes for *Clarence* weepe, ſo do not they.
Alas! you three, on me threefold diſtreſt:
Power all your teares, I am your ſorrowes Nurſe,
And I will pamper it with Lamentation.

Dor. Comfort deere Mother, God is much diſpleas'd,
That you take with vnthankfulneſſe his doing.
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd vngratefull,
With dull vnwillingneſſe to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus oppoſite with heauen,
For it requires the Royall debt it lent you.

Riuers. Madam, bethinke you like a carefull Mother
Of the young Prince your ſonne: ſend ſtraight for him,
Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort liues.
Drowne deſperate ſorrow in dead *Edwards* graue,
And plant your ioyes in liuing *Edwards* Throne.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derbie, Haſtings, and Ratcliffe.

Rich. Siſter haue comfort, all of vs haue cauſe
To waile the dimming of our ſhining Starre:
But none can helpe our harmes by wayling them.
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercie,
I did not ſee your Grace. Humbly on my knee,
I craue your Bleſſing.

Dut. God bleſſe thee, and put meeknes in thy breaſt,
Loue Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.

Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That is the butt-end of a Mothers bleſſing;
I maruell that her Grace did leaue it out.

Buc. You clowdy-Princes, & hart-ſorowing-Peeres,
That beare this heauie mutuall loade of Moane,
Now cheere each other, in each others Loue:
Though we haue ſpent our Harueſt of this King,
We are to reape the Harueſt of his Sonne.
The broken rancour of your high-ſwolne hates,
But lately ſplinter'd, knit, and ioyn'd together,
Muſt gently be preſeru'd, cheriſht, and kept:
Me ſeemeth good, that with ſome little Traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be fet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.

Riuers. Why with ſome little Traine,
My Lord of Buckingham?

Buc. Marrie my Lord, leaſt by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of Malice ſhould breake out,
Which would be ſo much the more dangerous,
By how much the eſtate is greene, and yet vngouern'd.
Where euery Horſe beares his commanding Reine,
And may direct his courſe as pleaſe himſelfe,
As well the feare of harme, as harme apparant,
In my opinion, ought to be preuented.

Rich. I hope the King made peace with all of vs,
And the compact is firme, and true in me.

Riu. And ſo in me, and ſo (I thinke) in all.
Yet ſince it is but greene, it ſhould be put
To no apparant likely-hood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be vrg'd:
Therefore I ſay with Noble Buckingham,
That it is meete ſo few ſhould fetch the Prince.

Haſt. And ſo ſay I.

Rich. Then be it ſo, and go we to determine
Who they ſhall be that ſtrait ſhall poſte to London.
Madam, and you my Siſter, will you go
To giue your cenſures in this buſineſſe. *Exeunt.*

Manet Buckingham, and Richard.

Buc. My Lord, who euer iournies to the Prince,
For God ſake let not vs two ſtay at home:
For by the way, Ile ſort occaſion,
As Index to the ſtory we late talk'd of,
To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince.

Rich. My other ſelfe, my Counſailes Conſiſtory,
My Oracle, My Prophet, my deere Coſin,
I, as a childe, will go by thy direction,
Toward London then, for wee'l not ſtay behinde. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at the other.

1.Cit. Good morrow Neighbour, whether away ſo faſt?

2.Cit. I promiſe you, I ſcarſely know my ſelfe:
Heare you the newes abroad?

1. Yes, that the King is dead.

2. Ill newes byrlady, ſeldome comes the better:
I feare, I feare, 'twill proue a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbours, God ſpeed.

1. Giue you good morrow ſir.

3. Doth the newes hold of good king *Edwards* death?

2. I ſir, it is too true, God helpe the while.

3. Then Maſters looke to ſee a troublous world.

1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son ſhall reigne.

3. Woe to that Land that's gouern'd by a Childe.

2. In him there is a hope of Gouernment,
Which in his nonage, counſell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeares, himſelfe
No doubt ſhall then, and till then gouerne well.

1. So ſtood the State, when *Henry* the ſixt
Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.

3. Stood the State ſo? No, no, good friends, God wot
For then this Land was famouſly enrich'd
With politike graue Counſell; then the King
Had vertuous Vnkles to protect his Grace.

1. Why ſo hath this, both by his Father and Mother.

3. Better it were they all came by his Father:
Or by his Father there were none at all:
For emulation, who ſhall now be neereſt,
Will touch vs all too neere, if God preuent not.
O full of danger is the Duke of Glouſter,
And the Queenes Sons, and Brothers, haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This ſickly Land, might ſolace as before.

1. Come, come, we feare the worſt: all will be well.

3. When Clouds are ſeen, wiſemen put on their clokes;
When great leaues fall, then Winter is at hand;
When the Sun ſets, who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely ſtormes, makes men expect a Dearth:
All may be well; but if God ſort it ſo,
'Tis more then we deſerue, or I expect.

2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare:
You cannot reaſon (almoſt) with a man,
That lookes not heauily, and full of dread.

3. Before the dayes of Change, ſtill is it ſo,
By a diuine inſtinct, mens mindes miſtruſt
Enſuing

Purſuing danger: as by proofe we ſee
The Water ſwell before a boyſt'rous ſtorme:
But leaue it all to God. Whither away?

2 Marry we were ſent for to the Iuſtices.

3 And ſo was I: Ile beare you company. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Arch-biſhop, yong Yorke, the Queene, and the Dutcheſſe.

Arch. Laſt night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
And at Northampton they do reſt to night:
To morrow, or next day, they will be heere.

Dut. I long with all my heart to ſee the Prince:
I hope he is much growne ſince laſt I ſaw him.

Qu. But I heare no, they ſay my ſonne of Yorke
Ha's almoſt ouertane him in his growth.

Yorke. I Mother, but I would not haue it ſo.

Dut. Why my good Coſin, it is good to grow.

Yor. Grandam, one night as we did ſit at Supper,
My Vnkle *Riuers* talk'd how I did grow
More then my Brother. I, quoth my Vnkle Glouſter,
Small Herbes haue grace, great Weeds do grow apace.
And ſince, me thinkes I would not grow ſo faſt,
Becauſe ſweet Flowres are ſlow, and Weeds make haſt.

Dut. Good faith, good faith, the ſaying did not hold
In him that did obiect the ſame to thee.
He was the wretched'ſt thing when he was yong,
So long a growing, and ſo leyſurely,
That if his rule were true, he ſhould be gracious.

Yor. And ſo no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.

Dut. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.

Yor. Now by my troth, if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vnkles Grace, a flout,
To touch his growth, neerer then he toucht mine.

Dut. How my yong Yorke,
I prythee let me heare it.

Yor. Marry (they ſay) my Vnkle grew ſo faſt,
That he could gnaw a cruſt at two houres old,
'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would haue beene a byting Ieſt.

Dut. I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?

Yor. Grandam, his Nurſſe.

Dut. His Nurſe? why ſhe was dead, ere yͧ waſt borne.

Yor. If 'twere not ſhe, I cannot tell who told me.

Qu. A parlous Boy: go too, you are too ſhrew'd.

Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe.

Qu. Pitchers haue eares.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Arch. Heere comes a Meſſenger: What Newes?

Meſ. Such newes my Lord, as greeues me to report.

Qu. How doth the Prince?

Meſ. Well Madam, and in health.

Dut. What is thy Newes?

Meſſ. Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Grey*,
Are ſent to Pomfret, and with them,
Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, Priſoners.

Dut. Who hath committed them?

Meſ. The mighty Dukes, *Glouſter* and *Buckingham*.

Arch. For what offence?

Meſ. The ſumme of all I can, I haue diſclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lord.

Qu. Aye me! I ſee the ruine of my Houſe:
The Tyger now hath ſeiz'd the gentle Hinde,
Inſulting Tiranny beginnes to Iutt
Vpon the innocent and aweleſſe Throne:
Welcome Deſtruction, Blood, and Maſſacre,
I ſee (as in a Map) the end of all.

Dut. Accurſed, and vnquiet wrangling dayes,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My Husband loſt his life, to get the Crowne,
And often vp and downe my ſonnes were toſt
For me to ioy, and weepe, their gaine and loſſe.
And being ſeated, and Domeſticke broyles
Cleane ouer-blowne, themſelues the Conquerors,
Make warre vpon themſelues, Brother to Brother;
Blood to blood, ſelfe againſt ſelfe: O prepoſtorous
And franticke outrage, end thy damned ſpleene,
Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more.

Qu. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Madam, farwell.

Dut. Stay, I will go with you.

Qu. You haue no cauſe.

Arch. My gracious Lady go,
And thether beare your Treaſure and your Goodes,
For my part, Ile reſigne vnto your Grace
The Seale I keepe, and ſo betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

The Trumpets ſound.
Enter yong Prince, the Dukes of Gloceſter, and Buckingham, Lord Cardinall, with others.

Buc. Welcome ſweete Prince to London,
To your Chamber.

Rich. Welcome deere Coſin, my thoughts Soueraign
The wearie way hath made you Melancholly.

Prin. No Vnkle, but our croſſes on the way,
Haue made it tedious, weariſome, and heauie.
I want more Vnkles heere to welcome me.

Rich. Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeers
Hath not yet diu'd into the Worlds deceit:
No more can you diſtinguiſh of a man,
Then of his outward ſhew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart.
Thoſe Vnkles which you want, were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their Sugred words,
But look'd not on the poyſon of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from ſuch falſe Friends.

Prin. God keepe me from falſe Friends,
But they were none.

Rich. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo.Maior. God bleſſe your Grace, with health and happie dayes.

Prin. I thanke you, good my Lord, and thank you all:
I

I thought my Mother,and my Brother *Yorke*,
Would long,ere this,haue met vs on the way.
Fie,what a Slug is *Haſtings*,that he comes not
To tell vs,whether they will come,or no.

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Buck. And in good time, heere comes the ſweating Lord.
Prince. Welcome,my Lord: what, will our Mother come?
Haſt. On what occaſion God he knowes,not I;
The Queene your Mother,and your Brother *Yorke*,
Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince
Would faine haue come with me,to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce with-held.
Buck. Fie,what an indirect and peeuiſh courſe
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall,will your Grace
Perſwade the Queene,to ſend the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his Princely Brother preſently?
If ſhe denie, Lord *Haſtings* goe with him,
And from her iealous Armes pluck him perforce.
Card. My Lord of Buckingham,if my weake Oratorie
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anon expect him here: but if ſhe be obdurate
To milde entreaties,God forbid
We ſhould infringe the holy Priuiledge
Of bleſſed Sanctuarie: not for all this Land,
Would I be guiltie of ſo great a ſinne.
Buck. You are too ſenceleſſe obſtinate,my Lord,
Too ceremonious,and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the groſſeneſſe of this Age,
You breake not Sanctuarie,in ſeizing him:
The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
To thoſe,whoſe dealings haue deſeru'd the place,
And thoſe who haue the wit to clayme the place:
This Prince hath neyther claym'd it,nor deſeru'd it,
And therefore,in mine opinion,cannot haue it.
Then taking him from thence,that is not there,
You breake no Priuiledge,nor Charter there:
Oft haue I heard of Sanctuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children,ne're till now.
Card. My Lord,you ſhall o're-rule my mind for once.
Come on,Lord *Haſtings*,will you goe with me?
Haſt. I goe,my Lord. *Exit Cardinall and Haſtings.*
Prince. Good Lords,make all the ſpeedie haſt you may.
Say,Vnckle *Glocester*, if our Brother come,
Where ſhall we ſoiourne,till our Coronation?
Glo. Where it think'ſt beſt vnto your Royall ſelfe.
If I may counſaile you,ſome day or two
Your Highneſſe ſhall repoſe you at the Tower:
Then where you pleaſe,and ſhall be thought moſt fit
For your beſt health,and recreation.
Prince. I doe not like the Tower,of any place:
Did *Iulius Cæſar* build that place, my Lord?
Buck. He did,my gracious Lord,begin that place,
Which ſince,ſucceeding Ages haue re-edify'd.
Prince. Is it vpon record? or elſe reported
Succeſſiuely from age to age,he built it?
Buck. Vpon record,my gracious Lord.
Prince. But ſay,my Lord,it were not regiſtred,
Me thinkes the truth ſhould liue from age to age,
As 'twere retayl'd to all poſteritie,
Euen to the generall ending day.
Glo. So wiſe,ſo young,they ſay doe neuer liue long.
Prince. What ſay you,Vnckle?
Glo. I ſay,without Characters,Fame liues long.
Thus,like the formall Vice,Iniquitie,
I morallize two meanings in one word.
Prince. That *Iulius Cæſar* was a famous man,
With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,
His Wit ſet downe,to make his Valour liue:
Death makes no Conqueſt of his Conqueror,
For now he liues in Fame,though not in Life.
Ile tell you what,my Couſin *Buckingham*.
Buck. What,my gracious Lord?
Prince. And if I liue vntill I be a man,
Ile win our ancient Right in France againe,
Or dye a Souldier,as I liu'd a King.
Glo. Short Summers lightly haue a forward Spring.

Enter young Yorke,Haſtings,and Cardinall.

Buck. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of Yorke.
Prince. *Richard* of Yorke,how fares our Noble Brother?
Yorke. Well,my deare Lord,ſo muſt I call you now.
Prince. I,Brother,to our griefe,as it is yours:
Too late he dy'd,that might haue kept that Title,
Which by his death hath loſt much Maieſtie.
Glo. How fares our Couſin,Noble Lord of Yorke?
Yorke. I thanke you,gentle Vnckle. O my Lord,
You ſaid,that idle Weeds are faſt in growth:
The Prince,my Brother,hath out-growne me farre.
Glo. He hath,my Lord.
Yorke. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire Couſin,I muſt not ſay ſo.
Yorke. Then he is more beholding to you,then I.
Glo. He may command me as my Soueraigne,
But you haue power in me,as in a Kinſman.
Yorke. I pray you,Vnckle,giue me this Dagger.
Glo. My Dagger,little Couſin? with all my heart.
Prince. A Begger,Brother?
Yorke. Of my kind Vnckle,that I know will giue,
And being but a Toy,which is no griefe to giue.
Glo. A greater gift then that,Ile giue my Couſin.
Yorke. A greater gift? O,that's the Sword to it.
Glo. I,gentle Couſin,were it light enough.
Yorke. O then I ſee,you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things you'le ſay a Begger nay.
Glo. It is too weightie for your Grace to weare.
Yorke. I weigh it lightly,were it heauier.
Glo. What,would you haue my Weapon,little Lord?
Yorke. I would that I might thanke you, as,as,you call me.
Glo. How?
Yorke. Little.
Prince. My Lord of Yorke will ſtill be croſſe in talke:
Vnckle,your Grace knowes how to beare with him.
Yorke. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vnckle,my Brother mockes both you and me,
Becauſe that I am little,like an Ape,
He thinkes that you ſhould beare me on your ſhoulders.
Buck. With what a ſharpe prouided wit he reaſons:
To mittigate the ſcorne he giues his Vnckle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himſelfe:
So cunning,and ſo young,is wonderfull.
Glo. My Lord,wilt pleaſe you paſſe along?
My ſelfe,and my good Couſin *Buckingham*,
Will to your Mother,to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower,and welcome you.
Yorke. What,

Yorke. What,will you goe vnto the Tower,my Lord?
Prince. My Lord Protector will haue it ſo.
Yorke. I ſhall not ſleepe in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why,what ſhould you feare?
Yorke. Marry,my Vnckle *Clarence* angry Ghoſt:
My Grandam told me he was murther'd there.
Prince. I feare no Vnckles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue,I hope.
Prince. And if they liue,I hope I need not feare.
But come my Lord: and with a heauie heart,
Thinking on them,goe I vnto the Tower.
A Senet. Exeunt Prince,Yorke,Haſtings,and Dorſet.

Manet Richard,Buckingham,and Catesby.

Buck. Thinke you,my Lord,this little prating *Yorke*
Was not incenſed by his ſubtile Mother,
To taunt and ſcorne you thus opprobriouſly?
Glo. No doubt,no doubt: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy,
Bold,quicke,ingenious,forward,capable:
Hee is all the Mothers, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well,let them reſt: Come hither *Catesby*,
Thou art ſworne as deepely to effect what we intend,
As cloſely to conceale what we impart:
Thou know'ſt our reaſons vrg'd vpon the way.
What think'ſt thou? is it not an eaſie matter,
To make *William* Lord *Haſtings* of our minde,
For the inſtallment of this Noble Duke
In the Seat Royall of this famous Ile?
Cates. He for his fathers ſake ſo loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought againſt him.
Buck. What think'ſt thou then of *Stanley*? Will not hee?
Cates. Hee will doe all in all as *Haſtings* doth.
Buck. Well then, no more but this:
Goe gentle *Catesby*, and as it were farre off,
Sound thou Lord *Haſtings*,
How he doth ſtand affected to our purpoſe,
And ſummon him to morrow to the Tower,
To ſit about the Coronation.
If thou do'ſt finde him tractable to vs,
Encourage him,and tell him all our reaſons:
If he be leaden,ycie,cold,vnwilling,
Be thou ſo too,and ſo breake off the talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold diuided Councels,
Wherein thy ſelfe ſhalt highly be employ'd.
Rich. Commend me to Lord *William*: tell him *Catesby*,
His ancient Knot of dangerous Aduerſaries
To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Caſtle,
And bid my Lord,for ioy of this good newes,
Giue Miſtreſſe *Shore* one gentle Kiſſe the more.
Buck. Good *Catesby*,goe effect this buſineſſe ſoundly.
Cates. My good Lords both,with all the heed I can.
Rich. Shall we heare from you,*Catesby*,ere we ſleepe?
Cates. You ſhall, my Lord.
Rich. At *Crosby* Houſe,there ſhall you find vs both.
Exit Catesby.
Buck. Now, my Lord,
What ſhall wee doe, if wee perceiue
Lord *Haſtings* will not yeeld to our Complots?
Rich. Chop off his Head:
Something wee will determine:
And looke when I am King,clayme thou of me
The Earledome of Hereford,and all the moueables
Whereof the King,my Brother,was poſſeſt.
Buck. Ile clayme that promiſe at your Graces hand.
Rich. And looke to haue it yeelded with all kindneſſe.
Come,let vs ſuppe betimes,that afterwards
Wee may digeſt our complots in ſome forme.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter a Meſſenger to the Doore of Haſtings.

Meſſ. My Lord,my Lord.
Haſt. Who knockes?
Meſſ. One from the Lord *Stanley*.
Haſt. What is't a Clocke?
Meſſ. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Cannot my Lord *Stanley* ſleepe theſe tedious Nights?
Meſſ. So it appeares,by that I haue to ſay:
Firſt,he commends him to your Noble ſelfe.
Haſt. What then?
Meſſ. Then certifies your Lordſhip, that this Night
He dreamt, the Bore had raſed off his Helme:
Beſides,he ſayes there are two Councels kept;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th'other.
Therefore he ſends to know your Lordſhips pleaſure,
If you will preſently take Horſe with him,
And with all ſpeed poſt with him toward the North,
To ſhun the danger that his Soule diuines.
Haſt. Goe fellow,goe,returne vnto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the ſeperated Councell:
His Honor and my ſelfe are at the one,
And at the other,is my good friend *Catesby*;
Where nothing can proceede,that toucheth vs,
Whereof I ſhall not haue intelligence:
Tell him his Feares are ſhallow,without inſtance.
And for his Dreames,I wonder hee's ſo ſimple,
To truſt the mock'ry of vnquiet ſlumbers.
To flye the Bore,before the Bore purſues,
Were to incenſe the Bore to follow vs,
And make purſuit,where he did meane no chaſe.
Goe,bid thy Maſter riſe,and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he ſhall ſee the Bore will vſe vs kindly.
Meſſ. Ile goe,my Lord,and tell him what you ſay.
Exit.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord.
Haſt. Good morrow *Catesby*,you are early ſtirring:
What newes,what newes,in this our tott'ring State?
Cates. It is a reeling World indeed,my Lord:
And I beleeue will neuer ſtand vpright,
Till *Richard* weare the Garland of the Realme.
Haſt. How weare the Garland?
Doeſt thou meane the Crowne?
Cates. I,my good Lord.
Haſt. Ile haue this Crown of mine cut frõ my ſhoulders,
Before Ile ſee the Crowne ſo foule miſ-plac'd:
But canſt thou gueſſe,that he doth ayme at it?
Cates. I,

Cates. I,on my liſe, and hopes to find you forward,
Vpon his partie,for the gaine thereof:
And thereupon he ſends you this good newes,
That this ſame very day your enemies,
The Kindred of the Queene,muſt dye at Pomfret.
Haſt. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Becauſe they haue beene ſtill my aduerſaries:
But,that Ile giue my voice on *Richards* ſide,
To barre my Maſters Heires in true Deſcent,
God knowes I will not doe it,to the death.
Cates. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious minde.
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelue-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Maſters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their Tragedie.
Well *Catesby*,ere a fort-night make me older,
Ile ſend ſome packing,that yet thinke not on't.
Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to dye,my gracious Lord,
When men are vnprepar'd,and looke not for it.
Haſt. O monſtrous,monſtrous! and ſo falls it out
With *Riuers,Vaughan,Grey*: and ſo 'twill doe
With ſome men elſe,that thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou and I,who(as thou know'ſt) are deare
To Princely *Richard*,and to *Buckingham*.
Cates. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his Head vpon the Bridge.
Haſt. I know they doe,and I haue well deſeru'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on,come on,where is your Bore-ſpeare man?
Feare you the Bore,and goe ſo vnprouided?
Stan. My Lord good morrow,good morrow *Catesby*:
You may ieaſt on, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like theſe ſeuerall Councels,I.
Haſt. My Lord,I hold my Life as deare as yours,
And neuer in my dayes,I doe proteſt,
Was it ſo precious to me,as 'tis now:
Thinke you,but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo triumphant as I am?
*Sta.*The Lords at Pomfret,whẽ they rode from London,
Were iocund,and ſuppos'd their ſtates were ſure,
And they indeed had no cauſe to miſtruſt:
But yet you ſee,how ſoone the Day o're-caſt.
This ſudden ſtab of Rancour I miſdoubt:
Pray God (I ſay) I proue a needleſſe Coward.
What,ſhall we toward the Tower? the day is ſpent.
Haſt. Come,come,haue with you:
Wot you what,my Lord,
To day the Lords you talke of,are beheaded.
*Sta.*They,for their truth,might better wear their Heads,
Then ſome that haue accus'd them,weare their Hats.
But come,my Lord,let's away.

Enter a Purſuiuant.

Haſt. Goe on before, Ile talke with this good fellow.
Exit Lord Stanley,and Catesby.
How now,Sirrha? how goes the World with thee?
*Purſ.*The better,that your Lordſhip pleaſe to aske.
Haſt. I tell thee man,'tis better with me now,
Then when thou met'ſt me laſt,where now we meet:
Then was I going Priſoner to the Tower,
By the ſuggeſtion of the Queenes Allyes.
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy ſelfe)
This day thoſe Enemies are put to death,
And I in better ſtate then ere I was.
Purſ. God hold it, to your Honors good content.
Haſt. Gramercie fellow: there,drinke that for me.
Throwes him his Purſe.
Purſ. I thanke your Honor. *Exit Purſuiuant.*

Enter a Prieſt.

Prieſt. Well met,my Lord,I am glad to ſee your Honor.
Haſt. I thanke thee,good Sir *Iohn*,with all my heart.
I am in your debt,for your laſt Exerciſe:
Come the next Sabboth,and I will content you.
Prieſt. Ile wait vpon your Lordſhip.

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. What,talking with a Prieſt,Lord Chamberlaine?
Your friends at Pomfret,they doe need the Prieſt,
Your Honor hath no ſhriuing worke in hand.
Haſt. Good faith,and when I met this holy man,
The men you talke of,came into my minde.
What,goe you toward the Tower?
Buc. I doe,my Lord,but long I cannot ſtay there:
I ſhall returne before your Lordſhip,thence.
Haſt. Nay like enough,for I ſtay Dinner there.
Buc. And Supper too,although thou know'ſt it not.
Come,will you goe?
Haſt. Ile wait vpon your Lordſhip. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe,with Halberds,carrying the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

Riuers. Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*,let me tell thee this,
To day ſhalt thou behold a Subiect die,
For Truth,for Dutie,and for Loyaltie.
Grey. God bleſſe the Prince from all the Pack of you,
A Knot you are,of damned Blood-ſuckers.
Vaugh. You liue, that ſhall cry woe for this heereafter.
Rat. Diſpatch,the limit of your Liues is out.
Riuers. O Pomfret,Pomfret! O thou bloody Priſon!
Fatall and ominous to Noble Peeres:
Within the guiltie Cloſure of thy Walls,
Richard the Second here was hackt to death:
And for more ſlander to thy diſmall Seat,
Wee giue to thee our guiltleſſe blood to drinke.
Grey. Now *Margarets* Curſe is falne vpon our Heads,
When ſhee exclaim'd on *Haſtings*,you,and I,
For ſtanding by,when *Richard* ſtab'd her Sonne.
Riuers. Then curs'd ſhee *Richard*,
Then curs'd ſhee *Buckingham*,
Then curs'd ſhee *Haſtings*. Oh remember God,
To heare her prayer for them,as now for vs:
And for my Siſter,and her Princely Sonnes,
Be ſatisfy'd,deare God,with our true blood,
Which,as thou know'ſt,vniuſtly muſt be ſpilt.
Rat. Make haſte,the houre of death is expiate.
Riuers. Come *Grey*,come *Vaughan*,let vs here embrace.
Farewell,vntill we meet againe in Heauen.
Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Buckingham,Darby,Haſtings,Biſhop of Ely, Norfolke, Ratcliffe, Louell,with others, at a Table.

Haſt. Now Noble Peeres,the cauſe why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation:
In Gods Name ſpeake,when is the Royall day?
Buck. Is all things ready for the Royall time?
Darb. It is,and wants but nomination.
Ely. To morrow then I iudge a happie day.
*Buck.*Who knowes the Lord Protectors mind herein?
Who is moſt inward with the Noble Duke?
Ely. Your Grace,we thinke, ſhould ſooneſt know his minde.
Buck. We know each others Faces: for our Hearts,
He knowes no more of mine,then I of yours,
Or I of his,my Lord,then you of mine:
Lord *Haſtings*,you and he are neere in loue.
Haſt. I thanke his Grace,I know he loues me well:
But for his purpoſe in the Coronation,
I haue not ſounded him,nor he deliuer'd
His gracious pleaſure any way therein:
But you,my Honorable Lords,may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my Voice,
Which I preſume hee'le take in gentle part.

Enter Glouceſter.

Ely. In happie time,here comes the Duke himſelfe.
*Rich.*My Noble Lords,and Couſins all,good morrow:
I haue beene long a ſleeper: but I truſt,
My abſence doth neglect no great deſigne,
Which by my preſence might haue beene concluded.
Buck. Had you not come vpon your Q my Lord,
William,Lord *Haſtings*,had pronounc'd your part;
I meane your Voice,for Crowning of the King.
*Rich.*Then my Lord *Haſtings*,no man might be bolder,
His Lordſhip knowes me well,and loues me well,
My Lord of Ely,when I was laſt in Holborne,
I ſaw good Strawberries in your Garden there,
I doe beſeech you,ſend for ſome of them.
Ely. Mary and will,my Lord,with all my heart.
Exit Biſhop.
Rich. Couſin of Buckingham,a word with you.
Catesby hath ſounded *Haſtings* in our buſineſſe,
And findes the teſtie Gentleman ſo hot,
That he will loſe his Head,ere giue conſent
His Maſters Child,as worſhipfully he tearmes it,
Shall loſe the Royaltie of Englands Throne.
Buck. Withdraw your ſelfe a while,Ile goe with you.
Exeunt.
*Darb.*We haue not yet ſet downe this day of Triumph:
To morrow,in my iudgement,is too ſudden,
For I my ſelfe am not ſo well prouided,
As elſe I would be,were the day prolong'd.

Enter the Biſhop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloſter?
I haue ſent for theſe Strawberries.
*Ha.*His Grace looks chearfully & ſmooth this morning,
There's ſome conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with ſuch ſpirit.
I thinke there's neuer a man in Chriſtendome
Can leſſer hide his loue,or hate,then hee,
For by his Face ſtraight ſhall you know his Heart.
*Darb.*What of his Heart perceiue you in his Face,
By any liuelyhood he ſhew'd to day?
Haſt. Mary,that with no man here he is offended:
For were he,he had ſhewne it in his Lookes.

Enter Richard,and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all,tell me what they deſerue,
That doe conſpire my death with diuelliſh Plots
Of damned Witchcraft,and that haue preuail'd
Vpon my Body with their Helliſh Charmes.
Haſt. The tender loue I beare your Grace,my Lord,
Makes me moſt forward,in this Princely preſence,
To doome th'Offendors,whoſoe're they be:
I ſay,my Lord,they haue deſerued death.
Rich. Then be your eyes the witneſſe of their euill.
Looke how I am bewitch'd: behold,mine Arme
Is like a blaſted Sapling,wither'd vp:
And this is *Edwards* Wife,that monſtrous Witch,
Conſorted with that Harlot,Strumpet *Shore*,
That by their Witchcraft thus haue marked me.
Haſt. If they haue done this deed,my Noble Lord.
Rich. If? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,
Talk'ſt thou to me of Ifs: thou art a Traytor,
Off with his Head; now by Saint *Paul* I ſweare,
I will not dine,vntill I ſee the ſame.
Louell and *Ratcliffe*,looke that it be done: *Exeunt.*
The reſt that loue me, riſe, and follow me.

Manet Louell and Ratcliffe, with the Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Woe,woe for England, not a whit for me,
For I,too fond,might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame,the Bore did rowſe our Helmes,
And I did ſcorne it,and diſdaine to flye:
Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtarted,when he look'd vpon the Tower,
As loth to beare me to the ſlaughter-houſe.
O now I need the Prieſt,that ſpake to me:
I now repent I told the Purſuiuant,
As too triumphing,how mine Enemies
To day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I my ſelfe ſecure,in grace and fauour.
Oh *Margaret*,*Margaret*,now thy heauie Curſe
Is lighted on poore *Haſtings* wretched Head.
*Ra.*Come,come,diſpatch,the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a ſhort Shrift,he longs to ſee your Head.
Haſt. O momentarie grace of mortall men,
Which we more hunt for,then the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in ayre of your good Lookes,
Liues like a drunken Sayler on a Maſt,
Readie with euery Nod to tumble downe,
Into the fatall Bowels of the Deepe.
Lou. Come,come,diſpatch,'tis bootleſſe to exclaime.
Haſt. O bloody *Richard*: miſerable England,
I prophecie the fearefull'ſt time to thee,
That euer wretched Age hath look'd vpon.
Come,lead me to the Block,beare him my Head,
They ſmile at me, who ſhortly ſhall be dead.
Exeunt.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armour, marvellous ill-fauoured.

Richard. Come Couſin,
Caaſt thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then againe begin, and ſtop againe,
As if thou were diſtraught, and mad with terror?
Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery ſide,
Tremble and ſtart at wagging of a Straw:
Intending deepe ſuſpition, gaſtly Lookes
Are at my ſeruice, like enforced Smiles;
And both are readie in their Offices,
At any time to grace my Stratagemes.
But what, is *Catesby* gone?
Rich. He is, and ſee he brings the Maior along.

Enter the Maior, and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Maior.
Rich. Looke to the Draw-Bridge there.
Buck. Hearke, a Drumme.
Rich. *Catesby*, o're-looke the Walls.
Buck. Lord Maior, the reaſon we haue ſent.
Rich. Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies.
Buck. God and our Innocencie defend, and guard vs.

Enter Louell and Ratcliffe, with Haſtings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends: *Ratcliffe*, and *Louell.*
Louell. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traytor,
The dangerous and vnſuſpected *Haſtings.*
Rich. So deare I lou'd the man, that I muſt weepe:
I tooke him for the plaineſt harmeleſſe Creature,
That breath'd vpon the Earth, a Chriſtian.
Made him my Booke, wherein my Soule recorded
The Hiſtorie of all her ſecret thoughts.
So ſmooth he dawb'd his Vice with ſhew of Vertue,
That his apparant open Guilt omitted,
I meane, his Conuerſation with *Shores* Wife,
He liu'd from all attainder of ſuſpects.
Buck. Well, well, he was the couertſt ſheltred Traytor
That euer liu'd.
Would you imagine, or almoſt beleeue,
Wert not, that by great preſeruation
We liue to tell it, that the ſubtill Traytor
This day had plotted, in the Councell-Houſe,
To murther me, and my good Lord of Gloſter.
Maior. Had he done ſo?
Rich. What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels?
Or that we would, againſt the forme of Law,
Proceed thus raſhly in the Villaines death,
But that the extreme perill of the caſe,
The Peace of England, and our Perſons ſafetie,
Enforc'd vs to this Execution.
Maior. Now faire befall you, he deſeru'd his death,
And your good Graces both haue well proceeded,
To warne falſe Traytors from the like Attempts.
Buck. I neuer look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Miſtreſſe *Shore:*
Yet had we not determin'd he ſhould dye,
Vntill your Lordſhip came to ſee his end,
Which now the louing haſte of theſe our friends,
Something againſt our meanings, haue preuented;
Becauſe, my Lord, I would haue had you heard
The Traytor ſpeake, and timorouſly confeſſe
The manner and the purpoſe of his Treaſons:
That you might well haue ſignify'd the ſame
Vnto the Citizens, who haply may
Miſconſter vs in him, and wayle his death.
Ma. But, my good Lord, your Graces words ſhal ſerue,
As well as I had ſeene, and heard him ſpeake:
And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint our dutious Citizens
With all your iuſt proceedings in this caſe.
Rich. And to that end we wiſh'd your Lordſhip here,
T'auoid the Cenſures of the carping World.
Buck. Which ſince you come too late of our intent,
Yet witneſſe what you heare we did intend:
And ſo, my good Lord Maior, we bid farwell.
Exit Maior.
Rich. Goe after, after, Couſin *Buckingham.*
The Maior towards Guild-Hall hyes him in all poſte:
There, at your meeteſt vantage of the time,
Inferre the Baſtardie of *Edwards* Children:
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Onely for ſaying, he would make his Sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning indeed his Houſe,
Which, by the Signe thereof, was tearmed ſo.
Moreouer, vrge his hatefull Luxurie,
And beaſtiall appetite in chãge of Luſt,
Which ſtretcht vnto their Seruants, Daughters, Wiues,
Euen where his raging eye, or ſauage heart,
Without controll, luſted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus farre come neere my Perſon:
Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child
Of that inſatiate *Edward*; Noble *Yorke*,
My Princely Father, then had Warres in France,
And by true computation of the time,
Found, that the Iſſue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his Lineaments,
Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:
Yet touch this ſparingly, as 'twere farre off,
Becauſe, my Lord, you know my Mother liues.
Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,
Were for my ſelfe: and ſo, my Lord, adue.
Rich. If you thriue wel, bring them to Baynards Caſtle,
Where you ſhall finde me well accompanied
With reuerend Fathers, and well-learned Biſhops.
Buck. I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke
Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affoords.
Exit Buckingham.
Rich. Goe *Louell* with all ſpeed to Doctor *Shaw*,
Goe thou to Fryer *Peuker*, bid them both
Meet me within this houre at Baynards Caſtle. *Exit.*
Now will I goe to take ſome priuie order,
To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of ſight,
And to giue order, that no manner perſon
Haue any time recourſe vnto the Princes. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Scriuener.

Scr. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord *Haſtings*,
Which in a ſet Hand fairely is engroſs'd,
That it may be to day read o're in *Paules.*
And marke how well the ſequell hangs together:
Eleuen houres I haue ſpent to write it ouer,
For yeſter-night by *Catesby* was it ſent me,
The Precedent was full as long a doing,
And yet within theſe fiue houres *Haſtings* liu'd,
Vntainted, vnexamin'd, free, at libertie.
Here's a good World the while.
Who is ſo groſſe, that cannot ſee this palpable deuice?

Yet who ſo bold, but ſayes he ſees it not?
Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
When ſuch ill dealing muſt be ſeene in thought. *Exit.*

Enter Richard and Buckingham at ſeuerall Doores.

Rich. How now, how now, what ſay the Citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, ſay not a word.
Rich. Toucht you the Baſtardie of *Edwards* Children?
Buck I did, with his Contract with Lady *Lucy*,
And his Contract by Deputie in France,
Th'vnſatiate greedineſſe of his deſire,
And his enforcement of the Citie Wiues,
His Tyrannie for Trifles, his owne Baſtardie,
As being got, your Father then in France,
And his reſemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withall, I did inferre your Lineaments,
Being the right *Idea* of your Father,
Both in your forme, and Nobleneſſe of Minde:
Layd open all your Victories in Scotland,
Your Diſcipline in Warre, Wiſdome in Peace,
Your Bountie, Vertue, faire Humilitie:
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpoſe,
Vntoucht, or ſleightly handled in diſcourſe.
And when my Oratorie drew toward end,
I bid them that did loue their Countries good,
Cry, God ſaue *Richard*, Englands Royall King.
Rich. And did they ſo?
Buck. No, ſo God helpe me, they ſpake not a word,
But like dumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I ſaw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Maior, what meant this wilfull ſilence?
His anſwer was, the people were not vſed
To be ſpoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrg'd to tell my Tale againe:
Thus ſayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
But nothing ſpoke, in warrant from himſelfe.
When he had done, ſome followers of mine owne,
At lower end of the Hall, hurld vp their Caps,
And ſome tenne voyces cry'd, God ſaue King *Richard:*
And thus I tooke the vantage of thoſe few.
Thankes gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I,
This generall applauſe, and chearefull ſhowt,
Argues your wiſdome, and your loue to *Richard:*
And euen here brake off, and came away.
Rich. What tongue-leſſe Blockes were they,
Would they not ſpeake?
Will not the Maior then, and his Brethren, come?
Buck. The Maior is here at hand: intend ſome feare,
Be not you ſpoke with, but by mightie ſuit:
And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand,
And ſtand betweene two Church-men, good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile make a holy Deſcant:
And be not eaſily wonne to our requeſts,
Play the Maids part, ſtill anſwer nay, and take it.
Rich. I goe: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can ſay nay to thee for my ſelfe,
No doubt we bring it to a happie iſſue.
Buck. Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Maior knocks.

Enter the Maior, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be ſpoke withall.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. Now *Catesby*, what ſayes your Lord to my requeſt?
Catesby. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
To viſit him to morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to Meditation,
And in no Worldly ſuites would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy Exerciſe.
Buck. Returne, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, my ſelfe, the Maior and Aldermen,
In deepe deſignes, in matter of great moment,
No leſſe importing then our generall good,
Are come to haue ſome conference with his Grace.
Catesby. Ile ſignifie ſo much vnto him ſtraight. *Exit.*
Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*,
He is not lulling on a lewd Loue-Bed,
But on his Knees, at Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not ſleeping, to engroſſe his idle Body,
But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule.
Happie were England, would this vertuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Soueraigntie thereof.
But ſure I feare we ſhall not winne him to it.
Maior. Marry God defend his Grace ſhould ſay vs nay.
Buck. I feare he will: here *Catesby* comes againe.

Enter Catesby.

Now *Catesby*, what ſayes his Grace?
Catesby. He wonders to what end you haue aſſembled
Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He feares, my Lord, you meane no good to him.
Buck. Sorry I am, my Noble Couſin ſhould
Suſpect me, that I meane no good to him:
By Heauen, we come to him in perfit loue,
And ſo once more returne, and tell his Grace. *Exit.*
When holy and deuout Religious men
Are at their Beades, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So ſweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Richard aloft, betweene two Biſhops.

Maior. See where his Grace ſtands, tweene two Clergie men.
Buck. Two Props of Vertue, for a Chriſtian Prince,
To ſtay him from the fall of Vanitie:
And ſee a Booke of Prayer in his hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous *Plantagenet*, moſt gracious Prince,
Lend fauourable eare to our requeſts,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy Deuotion, and right Chriſtian Zeale.
Rich. My Lord, there needes no ſuch Apologie:
I doe beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earneſt in the ſeruice of my God,
Deferr'd the viſitation of my friends.
But leauing this, what is your Graces pleaſure?
Buck. Euen that (I hope) which pleaſeth God aboue,
And all good men, of this vngouern'd Ile.
Rich. I doe ſuſpect I haue done ſome offence,
That ſeemes diſgracious in the Cities eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You haue,my Lord:
Would it might pleaſe your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.
Rich. Elſe wherefore breathe I in a Chriſtian Land.
Buck. Know then,it is your fault,that you reſigne
The Supreme Seat, the Throne Maieſticall,
The Sceptred Office of your Anceſtors,
Your State of Fortune,and your Deaw of Birth,
The Lineall Glory of your Royall Houſe,
To the corruption of a blemiſht Stock;
Whiles in the mildneſſe of your ſleepie thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Countries good,
The Noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes:
His Face defac'd with skarres of Infamie,
His Royall Stock grafft with ignoble Plants,
And almoſt ſhouldred in the ſwallowing Gulfe
Of darke Forgetfulneſſe,and deepe Obliuion.
Which to recure,we heartily ſolicite
Your gracious ſelfe to take on you the charge
And Kingly Gouernment of this your Land:
Not as Protector,Steward,Subſtitute,
Or lowly Factor,for anothers gaine;
But as ſucceſſiuely,from Blood to Blood,
Your Right of Birth,your Empyrie,your owne.
For this,conſorted with the Citizens,
Your very Worſhipfull and louing friends,
And by their vehement inſtigation,
In this iuſt Cauſe come I to moue your Grace.
Rich. I cannot tell,if to depart in ſilence,
Or bitterly to ſpeake in your reproofe,
Beſt fitteth my Degree,or your Condition.
If not to anſwer, you might haply thinke,
Tongue-ty'd Ambition,not replying,yeelded
To beare the Golden Yoake of Soueraigntie,
Which fondly you would here impoſe on me.
If to reproue you for this ſuit of yours,
So ſeaſon'd with your faithfull loue to me,
Then on the other ſide I check'd my friends.
Therefore to ſpeake,and to auoid the firſt,
And then in ſpeaking,not to incurre the laſt,
Definitiuely thus I anſwer you.
Your loue deſerues my thankes, but my deſert
Vnmeritable,ſhunnes your high requeſt.
Firſt,if all Obſtacles were cut away,
And that my Path were euen to the Crowne,
As the ripe Reuenue,and due of Birth:
Yet ſo much is my pouertie of ſpirit,
So mightie, and ſo manie my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatneſſe,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie Sea;
Then in my Greatneſſe couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my Glory ſmother'd.
But God be thank'd,there is no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you,were there need:
The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit,
Which mellow'd by the ſtealing howres of time,
Will well become the Seat of Maieſtie,
And make (no doubt) vs happy by his Reigne.
On him I lay that,you would lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happie Starres,
Which God defend that I ſhould wring from him.
Buck. My Lord,this argues Conſcience in your Grace,
But the reſpects thereof are nice, and triuiall,
All circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay,that *Edward* is your Brothers Sonne,
So ſay we too,but not by *Edwards* Wife:
For firſt was he contract to Lady *Lucie*,
Your Mother liues a Witneſſe to his Vow;
And afterward by ſubſtitute betroth'd
To *Bona*,Siſter to the King of France.
Theſe both put off,a poore Petitioner,
A Care-cras'd Mother to a many Sonnes,
A Beautie-waining,and diſtreſſed Widow,
Euen in the after-noone of her beſt dayes,
Made prize and purchaſe of his wanton Eye,
Seduc'd the pitch,and height of his degree,
To baſe declenſion,and loath'd Bigamie.
By her,in his vnlawfull Bed,he got
This *Edward*,whom our Manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expoſtulate,
Saue that for reuerence to ſome aliue,
I giue a ſparing limit to my Tongue.
Then good,my Lord,take to your Royall ſelfe
This proffer'd benefit of Dignitie:
If not to bleſſe vs and the Land withall,
Yet to draw forth your Noble Anceſtrie
From the corruption of abuſing times,
Vnto a Lineall true deriued courſe.
Maior. Do good my Lord,your Citizens entreat you.
Buck. Refuſe not,mightie Lord,this proffer'd loue.
Catesb. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull ſuit.
Rich. Alas,why would you heape this Care on me?
I am vnfit for State,and Maieſtie:
I doe beſeech you take it not amiſſe,
I cannot,nor I will not yeeld to you.
Buck. If you refuſe it,as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depoſe the Child,your Brothers Sonne,
As well we know your tenderneſſe of heart,
And gentle,kinde,effeminate remorſe,
Which we haue noted in you to your Kindred,
And egally indeede to all Eſtates:
Yet know,where you accept our ſuit,or no,
Your Brothers Sonne ſhall neuer reigne our King,
But we will plant ſome other in the Throne,
To the diſgrace and downe-fall of your Houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leaue you.
Come Citizens,we will entreat no more. *Exeunt.*
Catesb. Call him againe,ſweet Prince,accept their ſuit:
If you denie them, all the Land will rue it.
Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares.
Call them againe,I am not made of Stones,
But penetrable to your kinde entreaties,
Albeit againſt my Conſcience and my Soule.

Enter Buckingham,and the reſt.

Couſin of Buckingham, and ſage graue men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To beare her burthen,where I will or no.
I muſt haue patience to endure the Load:
But if black Scandall,or foule-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the ſequell of your Impoſition,
Your meere enforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtaynes thereof;
For God doth know,and you may partly ſee,
How farre I am from the deſire of this.
Maior. God bleſſe your Grace, wee ſee it, and will ſay it.
Rich. In ſaying ſo,you ſhall but ſay the truth.
Buck. Then I ſalute you with this Royall Title,
Long liue King *Richard*,Englands worthie King.
All. Amen.
Buck. To morrow may it pleaſe you to be Crown'd.
Rich. Euen when you pleaſe,for you will haue it ſo.

Buck. To morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And ſo moſt ioyfully we take our leaue.
Rich. Come,let vs to our holy Worke againe.
Farewell my Couſins,farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Queene, Anne Ducheſſe of Glouceſter, the Ducheſſe of Yorke, and Marqueſſe Dorſet.

Duch.Yorke. Who meetes vs heere?
My Neece *Plantagenet*,
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloſter?
Now,for my Life,ſhee's wandring to the Tower,
On pure hearts loue,to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter,well met.
Anne. God giue your Graces both, a happie
And a ioyfull time of day.
Qu. As much to you,good Siſter: whither away?
Anne. No farther then the Tower,and as I gueſſe,
Vpon the like deuotion as your ſelues,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.
Qu. Kind Siſter thankes, wee'le enter all together:

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
Maſter Lieutenant, pray you, by your leaue,
How doth the Prince,and my young Sonne of *Yorke*?
Lieu. Right well,deare Madame: by your patience,
I may not ſuffer you to viſit them,
The King hath ſtrictly charg'd the contrary.
Qu. The King? who's that?
Lieu. I meane,the Lord Protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
Hath he ſet bounds betweene their loue,and me?
I am their Mother,who ſhall barre me from them?
Duch.Yorke. I am their Fathers Mother, I will ſee them.
Anne. Their Aunt I am in law,in loue their Mother:
Then bring me to their ſights, Ile beare thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee,on my perill.
Lieu. No,Madame, no; I may not leaue it ſo:
I am bound by Oath,and therefore pardon me.
Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,
And Ile ſalute your Grace of Yorke as Mother,
And reuerend looker on of two faire Queenes.
Come Madame,you muſt ſtraight to Weſtminſter,
There to be crowned *Richards* Royall Queene.
Qu. Ah,cut my Lace aſunder,
That my pent heart may haue ſome ſcope to beat,
Or elſe I ſwoone with this dead-killing newes.
Anne. Deſpightfull tidings,O vnpleaſing newes.
Dorſ. Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your Grace?
Qu. O *Dorſet*, ſpeake not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Deſtruction dogges thee at thy heeles,
Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.
If thou wilt out-ſtrip Death,goe croſſe the Seas,
And liue with *Richmond*,from the reach of Hell.
Goe hye thee,hye thee from this ſlaughter-houſe,
Leſt thou encreaſe the number of the dead,
And make me dye the thrall of *Margarets* Curſe,
Nor Mother, Wife,nor Englands counted Queene.
Stanley. Full of wiſe care,is this your counſaile,Madame:
Take all the ſwift aduantage of the howres:
You ſhall haue Letters from me to my Sonne,
In your behalfe,to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'ne tardie by vnwiſe delay.
Duch. Yorke. O ill diſperſing Winde of Miſerie,
O my accurſed Wombe,the Bed of Death:
A Cockatrice haſt thou hatcht to the World,
Whoſe vnauoided Eye is murtherous.
Stanley. Come, Madame, come, I in all haſte was ſent.
Anne. And I with all vnwillingneſſe will goe.
O would to God,that the incluſiue Verge
Of Golden Mettall,that muſt round my Brow,
Were red hot Steele,to ſeare me to the Braines,
Anoynted let me be with deadly Venome,
And dye ere men can ſay,God ſaue the Queene.
Qu. Goe,goe,poore ſoule,I enuie not thy glory,
To feed my humor,wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
Anne. No: why? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me,as I follow'd *Henries* Corſe,
When ſcarce the blood was well waſht from his hands,
Which iſſued from my other Angell Husband,
And that deare Saint,which then I weeping follow'd:
O,when I ſay I look'd on *Richards* Face,
This was my Wiſh: Be thou (quoth I) accurſt,
For making me,ſo young,ſo old a Widow:
And when thou wed'ſt,let ſorrow haunt thy Bed;
And be thy Wife,if any be ſo mad,
More miſerable, by the Life of thee,
Then thou haſt made me, by my deare Lords death.
Loe,ere I can repeat this Curſe againe,
Within ſo ſmall a time, my Womans heart
Groſſely grew captiue to his honey words,
And prou'd the ſubiect of mine owne Soules Curſe,
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from reſt:
For neuer yet one howre in his Bed
Did I enioy the golden deaw of ſleepe,
But with his timorous Dreames was ſtill awak'd.
Beſides,he hates me for my Father *Warwicke*,
And will (no doubt) ſhortly be rid of me.
Qu. Poore heart adieu,I pittie thy complaining.
Anne. No more, then with my ſoule I mourne for yours.
Dorſ. Farewell,thou wofull welcommer of glory.
Anne. Adieu, poore ſoule, that tak'ſt thy leaue of it.
Du.Y. Go thou to *Richmond*,& good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to *Richard*,and good Angels tend thee,
Go thou to Sanctuarie,and good thoughts poſſeſſe thee,
I to my Graue,where peace and reſt lye with mee.
Eightie odde yeeres of ſorrow haue I ſeene,
And each howres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.
Qu. Stay,yet looke backe with me vnto the Tower.
Pitty,you ancient Stones,thoſe tender Babes,
Whom Enuie hath immur'd within your Walls,
Rough Cradle for ſuch little prettie ones,
Rude ragged Nurſe,old ſullen Play-fellow,
For tender Princes: vſe my Babies well;
So fooliſh Sorrowes bids your Stones farewell.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Sound a Sennet. Enter Richard in pompe, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Louel.

Rich. Stand all apart. Couſin of **Buckingham.**
Buck. My gracious Soueraigne.
Rich. Giue me thy hand. *Sound.*
Thus high, by thy aduice, and thy aſſiſtance,
Is King *Richard* ſeated:
But ſhall we weare theſe Glories for a day?
Or ſhall they laſt, and we reioyce in them?
Buck. Still liue they, and for euer let them laſt.
Rich. Ah *Buckingham*, now doe I play the Touch,
To trie if thou be currant Gold indeed:
Young *Edward* liues, thinke now what I would ſpeake.
Buck. Say on my louing Lord.
Rich. Why *Buckingham*, I ſay I would be King.
Buck. Why ſo you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.
Rich. Ha? am I King? 'tis ſo: but *Edward* liues.
Buck. True, Noble Prince.
Rich. O bitter conſequence!
That *Edward* ſtill ſhould liue true Noble Prince.
Couſin, thou waſt not wont to be ſo dull.
Shall I be plaine? I wiſh the Baſtards dead,
And I would haue it ſuddenly perform'd.
What ſay'ſt thou now? ſpeake ſuddenly, be briefe.
Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleaſure.
Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindneſſe freezes:
Say, haue I thy conſent, that they ſhall dye?
Buc. Giue me ſome litle breath, ſome pawſe, deare Lord,
Before I poſitiuely ſpeake in this:
I will reſolue you herein preſently. *Exit Buck.*
Catesby. The King is angry, ſee he gnawes his Lippe.
Rich. I will conuerſe with Iron-witted Fooles,
And vnreſpectiue Boyes: none are for me,
That looke into me with conſiderate eyes,
High-reaching *Buckingham* growes circumſpect.
Boy.
Page. My Lord.
Rich. Know'ſt thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt vnto a cloſe exploit of Death?
Page. I know a diſcontented Gentleman,
Whoſe humble meanes match not his haughtie ſpirit:
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.
Rich. What is his Name?
Page. His Name, my Lord, is *Tirrell.*
Rich. I partly know the man: goe call him hither,
Boy. *Exit.*
The deepe reuoluing wittie *Buckingham*,
No more ſhall be the neighbor to my counſailes.
Hath he ſo long held out with me, vntyr'd,
And ſtops he now for breath? Well, be it ſo.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord *Stanley*, what's the newes?
Stanley. Know my louing Lord, the Marqueſſe *Dorſet*
As I heare, is fled to *Richmond*,
In the parts where he abides.
Rich. Come hither *Catesby*, rumor it abroad,
That *Anne* my Wife is very grieuous ſicke,
I will take order for her keeping cloſe.
Inquire me out ſome meane poore Gentleman,
Whom I will marry ſtraight to *Clarence* Daughter:
The Boy is fooliſh, and I feare not him.
Looke how thou dream'ſt: I ſay againe, giue out,
That *Anne*, my Queene, is ſicke, and like to dye.
About it, for it ſtands me much vpon
To ſtop all hopes, whoſe growth may dammage me.
I muſt be marryed to my Brothers Daughter,
Or elſe my Kingdome ſtands on brittle Glaſſe:
Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in
So farre in blood, that ſinne will pluck on ſinne,
Teare-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name *Tyrrel*?
Tyr. *Iames Tyrrel*, and your moſt obedient ſubiect.
Rich. Art thou indeed?
Tyr. Proue me, my gracious Lord.
Rich. Dar'ſt thou reſolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tyr. Pleaſe you:
But I had rather kill two enemies.
Rich. Why then thou haſt it: two deepe enemies,
Foes to my Reſt, and my ſweet ſleepes diſturbers,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tyrrel, I meane thoſe Baſtards in the Tower.
Tyr. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And ſoone Ile rid you from the feare of them.
Rich. Thou ſing'ſt ſweet Muſique:
Hearke, come hither *Tyrrel*,
Goe by this token: riſe, and lend thine Eare, *Whiſpers.*
There is no more but ſo: ſay it is done,
And I will loue thee, and preferre thee for it.
Tyr. I will diſpatch it ſtraight. *Exit.*

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I haue conſider'd in my minde,
The late requeſt that you did ſound me in.
Rich. Well, let that reſt: *Dorſet* is fled to *Richmond.*
Buck. I heare the newes, my Lord.
Rich. *Stanley*, hee is your Wiues Sonne: well, looke vnto it.
Buck. My Lord, I clayme the gift, my due by promiſe,
For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd,
Th'Earledome of Hertford, and the moueables,
Which you haue promiſed I ſhall poſſeſſe.
Rich. *Stanley* looke to your Wife: if ſhe conuey
Letters to *Richmond*, you ſhall anſwer it.
Buck. What ſayes your Highneſſe to my iuſt requeſt?
Rich. I doe remember me, *Henry* the Sixt
Did prophecie, that *Richmond* ſhould be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peeuiſh Boy.
A King perhaps.
Buck. May it pleaſe you to reſolue me in my ſuit.
Rich. Thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*
Buck. And is it thus? repayes he my deepe ſeruice
With ſuch contempt? made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on *Haſtings*, and be gone
To Brecnock, while my fearefull Head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,
The moſt arch deed of pittious maſſacre

That euer yet this Land was guilty of:
Dighton and *Forreſt*, who I did ſuborne
To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery,
Albeit they were fleſht Villaines, bloody Dogges,
Melted with tenderneſſe, and milde compaſſion,
Wept like to Children, in their deaths ſad Story.
O thus (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle Babes:
Thus, thus (quoth *Forreſt*) girdling one another
Within their Alablaſter innocent Armes:
Their lips were foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
And in their Summer Beauty kiſt each other.
A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,
Which one (quoth *Forreſt*) almoſt chang'd my minde:
But oh the Diuell, there the Villaine ſtopt:
When *Dighton* thus told on, we ſmothered
The moſt repleniſhed ſweet worke of Nature,
That from the prime Creation ere ſhe framed.
Hence both are gone with Conſcience and Remorſe,
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both,
To beare this tydings to the bloody King.

Enter Richard.

And heere he comes. All health my Soueraigne Lord.
Ric. Kinde *Tirrell*, am I happy in thy Newes.
Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge,
Beget your happineſſe, be happy then,
For it is done.
Rich. But did'ſt thou ſee them dead.
Tir. I did my Lord.
Rich. And buried gentle *Tirrell.*
Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them,
But where (to ſay the truth) I do not know.
Rich. Come to me *Tirrel* ſoone, and after Supper,
When thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death.
Meane time, but thinke how I may do the good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire.
Farewell till then.
Tir. I humbly take my leaue.
Rich. The Sonne of *Clarence* haue I pent vp cloſe,
His daughter meanly haue I matcht in marriage,
The Sonnes of *Edward* ſleepe in *Abrahams* boſome,
And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now for I know the Britaine *Richmond* aymes
At yong *Elizabeth* my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly on the Crowne,
To her go I, a iolly thriuing wooer.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Good or bad newes, that thou com'ſt in ſo bluntly?
Rat. Bad news my Lord, *Mourton* is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welſhmen
Is in the field, and ſtill his power encreaſeth.
Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neere,
Then Buckingham and his raſh leuied Strength.
Come, I haue learn'd, that fearfull commenting
Is leaden ſeruitor to dull delay.
Delay leds impotent and Snaile-pac'd Beggery:
Then fierie expedition be my wing,
Ioues Mercury, and Herald for a King:
Go muſter men: My counſaile is my Sheeld,
We muſt be breefe, when Traitors braue the Field.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. So now proſperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Heere in theſe Confines ſlily haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire induction, am I witneſſe to,
And will to France, hoping the conſequence
Will proue as bitter, blacke, and Tragicall.
Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes heere?

Enter Dutcheſſe and Queene.

Qu. Ah my poore Princes! ah my tender Babes:
My vnblowed Flowres, new appearing ſweets:
If yet your gentle ſoules flye in the Ayre,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your ayery wings,
And heare your mothers Lamentation.
Mar. Houer about her, ſay that right for right
Hath dim'd your Infant morne, to Aged night.
Dut. So many miſeries haue craz'd my voyce,
That my woe-wearied tongue is ſtill and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Mar. *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,
Edward for *Edward*, payes a dying debt.
Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flye from ſuch gentle Lambs,
And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe?
When didſt thou ſleepe, when ſuch a deed was done?
Mar. When holy *Harry* dyed, and my ſweet Sonne.
Dut. Dead life, blind ſight, poore mortall liuing ghoſt,
Woes Scene, Worlds ſhame, Graues due, by life vſurpt,
Breefe abſtract and record of tedious dayes,
Reſt thy vnreſt on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke with innocent blood.
Qu. Ah that thou would'ſt aſſoone affoord a Graue,
As thou canſt yeeld a melancholly ſeate:
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them heere,
Ah who hath any cauſe to mourne but wee?
Mar. If ancient ſorrow be moſt reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of ſigneurie,
And let my greefes frowne on the vpper hand
If ſorrow can admit Society.
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
I had a Husband, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'ſt an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'ſt a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill'd him.
Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'ſt kill him;
I had a *Rutland* too, thou hop'ſt to kill him.
Mar. Thou had'ſt a *Clarence* too,
And *Richard* kill'd him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept
A Hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death:
That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood:
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke:
That reignes in gauled eyes of weeping ſoules:
That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,
Thy wombe let looſe to chaſe vs to our graues.
O vpright, iuſt, and true-diſpoſing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curre

Prayes on the iſſue of his Mothers body,
And makes her Pue-fellow with others mone.
Dut. Oh *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes :
God witneſſe with me, I haue wept for thine.
Mar. Beare with me : I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*,
The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward:*
Yong Yorke, he is but boote, becauſe both they
Matcht not the high perfection of my loſſe.
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that ſtab'd my *Edward*,
And the beholders of this franticke play,
Th'adulterate *Haſtings*, *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
Vntimely ſmother'd in their dusky Graues.
Richard yet liues, Hels blacke Intelligencer,
Onely reſeru'd their Factor, to buy ſoules,
And ſend them thither : But at hand, at hand
Inſues his pittious and vnpittied end.
Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him ſodainly conuey'd from hence :
Cancell his bond of life, deere God I pray,
That I may liue and ſay, The Dogge is dead.
Qu. O thou did'ſt propheſie, the time would come,
That I ſhould wiſh for thee to helpe me curſe
That bottel'd Spider, that foule bunch-back'd Toad.
Mar. I call'd thee then, vaine flouriſh of my fortune:
I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen,
The preſentation of but what I was;
The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant;
One heau'd a high, to be hurl'd downe below :
A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes ;
A dreame of what thou waſt, a gariſh Flagge
To be the ayme of euery dangerous Shot ;
A ſigne of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble ;
A Queene in ieaſt, onely to fill the Scene.
Where is thy Husband now? Where be thy Brothers ?
Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein doſt thou Ioy ?
Who ſues, and kneeles, and ſayes, God ſaue the Queene ?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art.
For happy Wife, a moſt diſtreſſed Widdow :
For ioyfull Mother, one that wailes the name :
For one being ſued too, one that humbly ſues :
For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care :
For ſhe that ſcorn'd at me, now ſcorn'd of me :
For ſhe being feared of all, now fearing one :
For ſhe commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the courſe of Iuſtice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more but Thought of what thou waſt.
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
Thou didſt vſurpe my place, and doſt thou not
Vſurpe the iuſt proportion of my Sorrow ?
Now thy proud Necke, beares halfe my burthen'd yoke,
From which, euen heere I ſlip my wearied head,
And leaue the burthen of it all, on thee.
Farwell Yorkes wife, and Queene of ſad miſchance,
Theſe Engliſh woes, ſhall make me ſmile in France.
Qu. O thou well skill'd in Curſes, ſtay a-while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.
Mar. Forbeare to ſleepe the night, and faſt the day :
Compare dead happineſſe, with liuing woe :
Thinke that thy Babes were ſweeter then they were,
And he that ſlew them fowler then he is :
Bett'ring thy loſſe, makes the bad cauſer worſe,
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to Curſe.
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Mar. Thy woes will make them ſharpe,
And pierce like mine. *Exit Margaret.*
Dut. Why ſhould calamity be full of words?
Qu. Windy Atturnies to their Clients Woes,
Ayery ſucceeders of inteſtine ioyes,
Poore breathing Orators of miſeries,
Let them haue ſcope, though what they will impart,
Helpe nothing els, yet do they eaſe the hart.
Dut. If ſo then, be not Tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, let's ſmother
My damned Son, that thy two ſweet Sonnes ſmother'd.
The Trumpet ſounds, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter King Richard, and his Traine.

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?
Dut. O ſhe, that might haue intercepted thee
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed wombe,
From all the ſlaughters (Wretch) that thou haſt done.
Qu. Hid'ſt thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne
Where't ſhould be branded, if that right were right?
The ſlaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne,
And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers.
Tell me thou Villaine-ſlaue, where are my Children?
Dut. Thou Toad, thou Toade,
Where is thy Brother *Clarence*?
And little *Ned Plantagenet* his Sonne?
Qu. Where is the gentle *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*?
Dut. Where is kinde *Haſtings*?
Rich. A flouriſh Trumpets, ſtrike Alarum Drummes:
Let not the Heauens heare theſe Tell-tale women
Raile on the Lords Annointed. Strike I ſay.
Flouriſh. Alarums,
Either be patient, and intreat me fayre,
Or with the clamorous report of Warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
Dut. Art thou my Sonne?
Rich. I, I thanke God, my Father, and your ſelfe.
Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.
Rich. Madam, I haue a touch of your condition,
That cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Dut. O let me ſpeake.
Rich. Do then, but Ile not heare.
Dut: I will be milde, and gentle in my words.
Rich. And breefe (good Mother) for I am in haſt.
Dut. Art thou ſo haſty? I haue ſtaid for thee
(God knowes) in torment and in agony.
Rich. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?
Dut. No by the holy Rood, thou know'ſt it well,
Thou cam'ſt on earth, to make the earth my Hell.
A greeuous burthen was thy Birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancie.
Thy School-daies frightfull, deſp'rate, wilde, and furious,
Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous:
Thy Age confirm'd, proud, ſubtle, ſlye, and bloody,
More milde, but yet more harmfull ; Kinde in hatred :
What comfortable houre canſt thou name,
That euer grac'd me with thy company?
Rich. Faith none, but *Humfrey Hower*,
That call'd your Grace
To Breakefaſt once, forth of my company.
If I be ſo diſgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you Madam.
Strike vp the Drumme.
Dut. I prythee heare me ſpeake.

Rich.

Rich. You ſpeake too bitterly.
Dut. Heare me a word :
For I ſhall neuer ſpeake to thee againe.
Rich. So.
Dut. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods iuſt ordinance
Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror :
Or I with greefe and extreame Age ſhall periſh,
And neuer more behold thy face againe.
Therefore take with thee my moſt greeuous Curſe,
Which in the day of Battell tyre thee more
Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear'ſt.
My Prayers on the aduerſe party fight,
And there the little ſoules of *Edwards* Children,
Whiſper the Spirits of thine Enemies,
And promiſe them Succeſſe and Victory :
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end :
Shame ſerues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Qu. Though far more cauſe, yet much leſſe ſpirit to curſe
Abides in me, I ſay Amen to her.
Rich. Stay Madam, I muſt talke a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more ſonnes of the Royall Blood
For thee to ſlaughter. For my Daughters (*Richard*)
They ſhall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes :
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.
Rich. You haue a daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
Vertuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious?
Qu. And muſt ſhe dye for this? O let her liue,
And Ile corrupt her Manners, ſtaine her Beauty,
Slander my Selfe, as falſe to *Edwards* bed :
Throw ouer her the vaile of Infamy,
So ſhe may liue vnſcarr'd of bleeding ſlaughter,
I will confeſſe ſhe was not *Edwards* daughter.
Rich. Wrong not her Byrth, ſhe is a Royall Princeſſe.
Qu. To ſaue her life, Ile ſay ſhe is not ſo.
Rich. Her life is ſafeſt onely in her byrth.
Qu. And onely in that ſafety, dyed her Brothers.
Rich. Loe at their Birth, good ſtarres were oppoſite.
Qu. No, to their liues, ill friends were contrary.
Rich. All vnauoyded is the doome of Deſtiny.
Qu. True : when auoyded grace makes Deſtiny.
My Babes were deſtin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſt thee with a fairer life.
Rich. You ſpeake as if that I had ſlaine my Coſins?
Qu. Coſins indeed, and by their Vnckle couzend,
Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedome, Life,
Whoſe hand ſoeuer lanch'd their tender hearts,
Thy head (all indirectly) gaue direction.
No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy ſtone-hard heart,
To reuell in the Intrailes of my Lambes.
But that ſtill vſe of greefe, makes wilde greefe tame,
My tongue ſhould to thy eares not name my Boyes,
Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes :
And I in ſuch a deſp'rate Bay of death,
Like a poore Barke, of ſailes and tackling reft,
Ruſh all to peeces on thy Rocky boſome.
Rich. Madam, ſo thriue I in my enterprize
And dangerous ſucceſſe of bloody warres,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you and yours by me were harm'd.
Qu. What good is couer'd with the face of heauen,
To be diſcouered, that can do me good.
Rich. Th'aduancement of your children, gentle Lady
Qu. Vp to ſome Scaffold, there to loſe their heads.
Rich. Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,
The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory.
Qu. Flatter my ſorrow with report of it:
Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,
Canſt thou demiſe to any childe of mine.
Rich. Euen all I haue; I, and my ſelfe and all,
Will I withall indow a childe of thine:
So in the Lethe of thy angry ſoule,
Thou drowne the ſad remembrance of thoſe wrongs,
Which thou ſuppoſeſt I haue done to thee.
Qu. Be breefe, leaſt that the proceſſe of thy kindneſſe
Laſt longer telling then thy kindneſſe date.
Rich. Then know,
That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter.
Qu. My daughters Mother thinkes it with her ſoule.
Rich. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thou doſt loue my daughter from thy ſoule
So from thy Soules loue didſt thou loue her Brothers,
And from my hearts loue, I do thanke thee for it.
Rich. Be not ſo haſty to confound my meaning:
I meane that with my Soule I loue thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Well then, who doſt ỷ meane ſhallbe her King.
Rich. Euen he that makes her Queene :
Who elſe ſhould bee?
Qu. What, thou?
Rich. Euen ſo: How thinke you of it?
Qu. How canſt thou woo her?
Rich. That I would learne of you,
As one being beſt acquainted with her humour.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that ſlew her Brothers,
A paire of bleeding hearts : thereon ingraue
Edward and *Yorke*, then haply will ſhe weepe :
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometime *Margaret*
Did to thy Father, ſteept in Rutlands blood,
A hand-kercheefe, which ſay to her did dreyne
The purple ſappe from her ſweet Brothers body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.
If this inducement moue her not to loue,
Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds :
Tell her, thou mad'ſt away her Vnckle *Clarence*,
Her Vnckle *Riuers*, I (and for her ſake)
Mad'ſt quicke conueyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.
Rich. You mocke me Madam, this not the way
To win your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnleſſe thou could'ſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.
Ric. Say that I did all this for loue of her.
Qu. Nay then indeed ſhe cannot chooſe but hate thee
Hauing bought loue, with ſuch a bloody ſpoyle.
Rich. Looke what is done, cannot be now amended :
Men ſhall deale vnaduiſedly ſometimes,
Which after-houres giues leyſure to repent.
If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,
To make amends, Ile giue it to your daughter :
If I haue kill'd the iſſue of your wombe,
To quicken your encreaſe, I will beget
Mine yſſue of your blood, vpon your Daughter:
A Grandams name is little leſſe in loue,
Then is the doting Title of a Mother ;
They are as Children but one ſteppe below,
Euen of your mettall, of your very blood :
Of all one paine, ſaue for a night of groanes
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like ſorrow.
Your Children were vexation to your youth,

But mine ſhall be a comfort to your Age,
The loſſe you haue, is but a Sonne being King,
And by that loſſe, your Daughter is made Queene.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept ſuch kindneſſe as I can.
Dorſet your Sonne, that with a fearfull ſoule
Leads diſcontented ſteppes in Forraine ſoyle,
This faire Alliance, quickly ſhall call home
To high Promotions, and great Dignity.
The King that calles your beauteous Daughter Wife,
Familiarly ſhall call thy *Dorſet*, Brother:
Againe ſhall you be Mother to a King:
And all the Ruines of diſtreſſefull Times,
Repayr'd with double Riches of Content.
What? we haue many goodly dayes to ſee:
The liquid drops of Teares that you haue ſhed,
Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle,
Aduantaging their Loue, with intereſt
Often-times double gaine of happineſſe.
Go then (my Mother) to thy Daughter go,
Make bold her baſhfull yeares, with your experience,
Prepare her eares to heare a Woers Tale.
Put in her tender heart, th'aſpiring Flame
Of Golden Soueraignty: Acquaint the Princeſſe
With the ſweet ſilent houres of Marriage ioyes:
And when this Arme of mine hath chaſtiſed
The petty Rebell, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come,
And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:
To whom I will retaile my Conqueſt wonne,
And ſhe ſhalbe ſole Victoreſſe, *Caeſars Caeſar.*
  Qu. What were I beſt to ſay, her Fathers Brother
Would be her Lord? Or ſhall I ſay her Vnkle?
Or he that ſlew her Brothers, and her Vnkles?
Vnder what Title ſhall I woo for thee,
That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Loue,
Can make ſeeme pleaſing to her tender yeares?
  Rich. Inferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance.
  Qu. Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtil laſting warre.
  Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, intreats.
  Qu. That at her hands, which the kings King forbids.
  Rich. Say ſhe ſhall be a High and Mighty Queene.
  Qu. To vaile the Title, as her Mother doth.
  Rich. Say I will loue her euerlaſtingly.
  Qu. But how long ſhall that title euer laſt?
  Rich. Sweetly in force, vnto her faire liues end.
  Qu. But how long fairely ſhall her ſweet life laſt?
  Rich. As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it.
  Qu. As long as Hell and *Richard* likes of it.
  Rich. Say, I her Soueraigne, am her Subiect low.
  Qu. But ſhe your Subiect, lothes ſuch Soueraignty.
  Rich. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
  Qu. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt, being plainly told.
  Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my louing tale.
  Qu. Plaine and not honeſt, is too harſh a ſtyle.
  Rich. Your Reaſons are too ſhallow, and to quicke.
  Qu. O no, my Reaſons are too deepe and dead,
Too deepe and dead (poore Infants) in their graues,
Harpe on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings breake.
  Rich. Harpe not on that ſtring Madam, that is paſt.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.
  Qu. Prophan'd, diſhonor'd, and the third vſurpt.
  Rich. I ſweare.
  Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath:
Thy George prophan'd, hath loſt his Lordly Honor;
Thy Garter blemiſh'd, pawn'd his Knightly Vertue;
Thy Crowne vſurp'd, diſgrac'd his Kingly Glory:
If ſomething thou would'ſt ſweare to be beleeu'd,
Sweare then by ſomething, that thou haſt not wrong'd.
  Rich. Then by my Selfe.
  Qu. Thy Selfe, is ſelfe-miſvs'd.
  Rich. Now by the World.
  Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.
  Rich. My Fathers death.
  Qu. Thy life hath it diſhonor'd.
  Rich. Why then, by Heauen.
  Qu. Heanens wrong is moſt of all:
If thou didd'ſt feare to breake an Oath with him,
The vnity the King my husband made,
Thou had'ſt not broken, nor my Brothers died.
If thou had'ſt fear'd to breake an oath by him,
Th'Imperiall mettall, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had bene breathing heere,
Which now two tender Bed-fellowes for duſt,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.
What can'ſt thou ſweare by now.
  Rich. The time to come.
  Qu. That thou haſt wronged in the time ore-paſt:
For I my ſelfe haue many teares to waſh
Heereafter time, for time paſt, wrong'd by thee.
The Children liue, whoſe Fathers thou haſt ſlaughter'd,
Vngouern'd youth, to waile it with their age:
The Parents liue, whoſe Children thou haſt butcher'd,
Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou haſt
Miſvs'd ere vs'd, by times ill-vs'd repaſt.
  Rich. As I entend to proſper, and repent:
So thriue I in my dangerous Affayres
Of hoſtile Armes: My ſelfe, my ſelfe confound:
Heauen, and Fortune barre me happy houres:
Day, yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy reſt.
Be oppoſite all Planets of good lucke
To my proceeding, if with deere hearts loue,
Immaculate deuotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beautious Princely daughter.
In her, conſiſts my Happineſſe, and thine:
Without her, followes to my ſelfe, and thee;
Her ſelfe, the Land, and many a Chriſtian ſoule,
Death, Deſolation, Ruine, and Decay:
It cannot be auoyded, but by this;
It will not be auoyded, but by this.
Therefore deare Mother (I muſt call you ſo)
Be the Atturney of my loue to her:
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene;
Not my deſerts, but what I will deſerue:
Vrge the Neceſſity and ſtate of times,
And be not peeuiſh found, in great Deſignes.
  Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuel thus?
  Rich. I, if the Diuell tempt you to do good.
  Qu. Shall I forget my ſelfe, to be my ſelfe.
  Rich. I, if your ſelfes remembrance wrong your ſelfe.
  Qu. Yet thou didſt kil my Children.
  Rich. But in your daughters wombe I bury them.
Where in that Neſt of Spicery they will breed
Selues of themſelues, to your recomforture.
  Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
  Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed.
  Qu. I go, write to me very ſhortly,
And you ſhal vnderſtand from me her mind. *Exit Q.*
  Rich. Beare her my true loues kiſſe, and ſo farewell.
Relenting Foole, and ſhallow-changing Woman.

How now, what newes?

Enter Ratcliffe.

  Rat. Moſt mightie Soueraigne, on the Weſterne Coaſt
Rideth a puiſſant Nauie: to our Shores
Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends,
Vnarm'd, and vnreſolu'd to beat them backe.
'Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their Admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the aide
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them aſhore.
  Rich. Some light-foot friend poſt to ỹ Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliffe thy ſelfe, or *Catesby*, where is hee?
  Cat. Here, my good Lord.
  Rich. *Catesby*, flye to the Duke.
  Cat. I will, my Lord, with all conuenient haſte.
  Rich. *Catesby* come hither, poſte to Salisbury:
When thou com'ſt thither: Dull vnmindfull Villaine,
Why ſtay'ſt thou here, and go'ſt not to the Duke?
  Cat. Firſt, mighty Liege, tell me your Highneſſe pleaſure,
What from your Grace I ſhall deliuer to him.
  Rich. O true, good *Catesby*, bid him leuie ſtraight
The greateſt ſtrength and power that he can make,
And meet me ſuddenly at Salisbury.
  Cat. I goe. *Exit.*
  Rat. What, may it pleaſe you, ſhall I doe at Salisbury?
  Rich. Why, what would'ſt thou doe there, before I goe?
  Rat. Your Highneſſe told me I ſhould poſte before.
  Rich. My minde is chang'd:

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what newes with you?
  Sta. None, good my Liege, to pleaſe you with ỹ hearing,
Nor none ſo bad, but well may be reported.
  Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:
What need'ſt thou runne ſo many miles about,
When thou mayeſt tell thy Tale the neereſt way?
Once more, what newes?
  Stan. *Richmond* is on the Seas.
  Rich. There let him ſinke, and be the Seas on him,
White-liuer'd Runnagate, what doth he there?
  Stan. I know not, mightie Soueraigne, but by gueſſe.
  Rich. Well, as you gueſſe.
  Stan. Stirr'd vp by *Dorſet*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
He makes for England, here to clayme the Crowne.
  Rich. Is the Chayre emptie? is the Sword vnſway'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpoſſeſt?
What Heire of *Yorke* is there aliue, but wee?
And who is Englands King, but great *Yorkes* Heire?
Then tell me, what makes he vpon the Seas?
  Stan. Vnleſſe for that, my Liege, I cannot gueſſe.
  Rich. Vnleſſe for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot gueſſe wherefore the Welchman comes.
Thou wilt reuolt, and flye to him, I feare.
  Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore miſtruſt me not.
  Rich. Where is thy Power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Weſterne Shore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Shippes?
  Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
  Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,
When they ſhould ſerue their Soueraigne in the Weſt?
  Stan. They haue not been commanded, mighty King:
Pleaſeth your Maieſtie to giue me leaue,
Ile muſter vp my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Maieſtie ſhall pleaſe.
  Rich. I, thou would'ſt be gone, to ioyne with *Richmond*:
But Ile not truſt thee.
  Stan. Moſt mightie Soueraigne,
You haue no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtfull,
I neuer was, nor neuer will be falſe.
  Rich. Goe then, and muſter men: but leaue behind
Your Sonne *George Stanley*: looke your heart be firme,
Or elſe his Heads aſſurance is but fraile.
  Stan. So deale with him, as I proue true to you.
Exit Stanley.

Enter a Meſſenger.

  Meſſ. My gracious Soueraigne, now in Deuonſhire,
As I by friends am well aduertiſed,
Sir *Edward Courtney*, and the haughtie Prelate,
Biſhop of Exeter, his elder Brother,
With many moe Confederates, are in Armes.

Enter another Meſſenger.

  Meſſ. In Kent, my Liege, the *Guilfords* are in Armes,
And euery houre more Competitors
Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes ſtrong.

Enter another Meſſenger.

  Meſſ. My Lord, the Armie of great *Buckingham.*
  Rich. Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death,
He ſtriketh him.
There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes.
  Meſſ. The newes I haue to tell your Maieſtie,
Is, that by ſudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckinghams Armie is diſpers'd and ſcatter'd,
And he himſelfe wandred away alone,
No man knowes whither.
  Rich. I cry thee mercie:
There is my Purſe, to cure that Blow of thine.
Hath any well-aduiſed friend proclaym'd
Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?
  Meſſ. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Meſſenger.

  Meſſ. Sir *Thomas Louell*, and Lord Marqueſſe *Dorſet*,
'Tis ſaid, my Liege, in Yorkeſhire are in Armes:
But this good comfort bring I to your Highneſſe,
The Brittaine Nauie is diſpers'd by Tempeſt.
Richmond in Dorſetſhire ſent out a Boat
Vnto the ſhore, to aske thoſe on the Banks,
If they were his Aſſiſtants, yea, or no?
Who anſwer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*,
Vpon his partie: he miſtruſting them,
Hoys'd ſayle, and made his courſe againe for Brittaine.
  Rich. March on, march on, ſince we are vp in Armes,
If not to fight with forraine Enemies,
Yet to beat downe theſe Rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

  Cat. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the beſt newes: that the Earle of Richmond

Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,
Is colder Newes, but yet they muſt be told.
Rich. Away towards Salsbury, while we reaſon here,
A Royall batteil might be wonne and loſt:
Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salsbury, the reſt march on with me. *Floriſh. Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Chriſtopher.

Der. Sir *Chriſtopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the ſtye of the moſt deadly Bore,
My Sonne *George Stanley* is frankt vp in hold:
If I reuolt, off goes yong *Georges* head,
The feare of that, holds off my preſent ayde.
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Withall ſay, that the Queene hath heartily conſented
He ſhould eſpouſe *Elizabeth* hir daughter.
But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now?
Chri. At Penbroke, or at Hertford Weſt in Wales.
Der. What men of Name reſort to him.
Chri, Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned Souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, Sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembroke*, Sir *Iames Blunt*,
And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Der. Well hye thee to thy Lord: I kiſſe his hand,
My Letter will reſolue him of my minde.
Farewell. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led to Execution.

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me ſpeake with him?
Sher. No my good Lord, therefore be patient.
Buc. *Haſtings*, and *Edwards* children, *Gray* & *Riuers*,
Holy King *Henry*, and thy faire Sonne *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that haue miſcarried
By vnder-hand corrupted foule iniuſtice,
If that your moody diſcontented ſoules,
Do through the clowds behold this preſent houre,
Euen for reuenge mocke my deſtruction.
This is All-ſoules day (Fellow) is it not?
Sher. It is.
Buc. Why then Al-ſoules day, is my bodies doomſday
This is the day, which in King *Edwards* time
I wiſh'd might fall on me, when I was found
Falſe to his Children, and his Wiues Allies.
This is the day, wherein I wiſht to fall
By the falſe Faith of him whom moſt I truſted.
This, this All-ſoules day to my fearfull Soule,
Is the determin'd reſpit of my wrongs:
That high All-ſeer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head,
And giuen in earneſt, what I begg'd in ieſt.
Thus doth he force the ſwords of wicked men
To turne their owne points in their Maſters boſomes.
Thus *Margarets* curſe falles heauy on my necke:
When he (quoth ſhe) ſhall ſplit thy heart with ſorrow,
Remember *Margaret* was a Propheteſſe:
Come leade me Officers to the blocke of ſhame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.

Richm Fellowes in Armes, and my moſt louing Frends
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of Tyranny,
Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment;
And heere receiue we from our Father *Stanley*
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:
The wretched, bloody, and vſurping Boare,
(That ſpoyl'd your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines)
Swilles your warm blood like waſh, & makes his trough
In your embowel'd boſomes: This foule Swine
Is now euen in the Centry of this Iſle,
Ne're to the Towne of Leiceſter, as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march.
In Gods name cheerely on, couragious Friends,
To reape the Harueſt of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloody tryall of ſharpe Warre.
Oxf. Euery mans Conſcience is a thouſand men,
To fight againſt this guilty Homicide.
Her. I doubt not but his Friends will turne to vs.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,
Which in his deereſt neede will flye from him.
Richm. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True Hope is ſwift, and flyes with Swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter King Richard in Armes with Norfolke, Ratcliffe, and the Earle of Surrey.

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, euen here in Boſworth field,
My Lord of Surrey, why looke you ſo ſad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
Rich. My Lord of Norfolke.
Nor. Heere moſt gracious Liege.
Rich. Norfolke, we muſt haue knockes:
Ha, muſt we not?
Nor. We muſt both giue and take my louing Lord.
Rich. Vp with my Tent, heere wil I lye to night,
But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath deſcried the number of the Traitors?
Nor. Six or ſeuen thouſand is their vtmoſt power.
Rich. Why our Battalia trebbles that account:
Beſides, the Kings name is a Tower of ſtrength,
Which they vpon the aduerſe Faction want.
Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen,
Let vs ſuruey the vantage of the ground.
Call for ſome men of ſound direction:

Let's lacke no Diſcipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a buſie day. *Exeunt*

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorſet.

Richm. The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden ſet,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre,
Giues token of a goodly day to morrow.
Sir *William Brandon*, you ſhall beare my Standard:
Giue me ſome Inke and Paper in my Tent:
Ile draw the Forme and Modell of our Battaile,
Limit each Leader to his ſeuerall Charge,
And part in iuſt proportion our ſmall Power.
My Lord of Oxford, you Sir *William Brandon*,
And your Sir *Walter Herbert* ſtay with me:
The Earle of Pembroke keepes his Regiment;
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my goodnight to him,
And by the ſecond houre in the Morning,
Deſire the Earle to ſee me in my Tent:
Yet one thing more (good Captaine) do for me:
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Vnleſſe I haue miſtane his Colours much,
(Which well I am aſſur'd I haue not done)
His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at leaſt
South, from the mighty Power of the King.
Richm. If without perill it be poſſible,
Sweet *Blunt*, make ſome good meanes to ſpeak with him
And giue him from me, this moſt needfull Note.
Blunt. Vpon my life, my Lord, Ile vndertake it,
And ſo God giue you quiet reſt to night.
Richm. Good night good Captaine *Blunt*:
Come Gentlemen,
Let vs conſult vpon to morrowes Buſineſſe;
Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold.
They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolke, & Catesby.

Rich. What is't a Clocke?
Cat. It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.
King. I will not ſup to night,
Giue me ſome Inke and Paper:
What, is my Beauer eaſier then it was?
And all my Armour laid into my Tent?
Cat. It is my Liege: and all things are in readineſſe.
Rich. Good Norfolke, hye thee to thy charge,
Vſe carefull Watch, chooſe truſty Centinels.
Nor. I go my Lord.
Rich. Stir with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord. *Exit*
Rich. *Ratcliffe.*
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Send out a Purſuiuant at Armes
To *Stanleys* Regiment: bid him bring his power
Before Sun-riſing, leaſt his Sonne *George* fall
Into the blinde Caue of eternall night.
Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Giue me a Watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow:
Look that my Staues be ſound, & not too heauy. *Ratcliff.*
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Saw'ſt the melancholly Lord Northumberland?
Rat. *Thomas* the Earle of Surrey, and himſelfe,
Much about Cockſhut time, from Troope to Troope
Went through the Army, chearing vp the Souldiers.
King. So, I am ſatisfied: Giue me a Bowle of Wine,
I haue not that Alacrity of Spirit,
Nor cheere of Minde that I was wont to haue.
Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leaue me.
Ratcliffe, about the mid of night come to my Tent
And helpe to arme me. Leaue me I ſay. *Exit Ratclif.*

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Der. Fortune, and Victory ſit on thy Helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
Be to thy Perſon, Noble Father in Law.
Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?
Der. I by Attourney, bleſſe thee from thy Mother,
Who prayes continually for Richmonds good:
So much for that. The ſilent houres ſteale on,
And flakie darkeneſſe breakes within the Eaſt.
In breefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be,
Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning,
And put thy Fortune to th'Arbitrement
Of bloody ſtroakes, and mortall ſtaring Warre:
I, as I may, that which I would, I cannot,
With beſt aduantage will deceiue the time,
And ayde thee in this doubtfull ſhocke of Armes.
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leaſt being ſeene, thy Brother, tender *George*
Be executed in his Fathers ſight.
Farewell: the leyſure, and the fearfull time
Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Loue,
And ample enterchange of ſweet Diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundred Friends ſhould dwell vpon:
God giue vs leyſure for theſe rites of Loue.
Once more Adieu, be valiant, and ſpeed well.
Richm. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:
Ile ſtriue with troubled noiſe, to take a Nap,
Leſt leaden ſlumber peize me downe to morrow,
When I ſhould mount with wings of Victory:
Once more, good night kinde Lords, and Gentlemen.
Exeunt. Manet Richmond.
O thou, whoſe Captaine I account my ſelfe,
Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruiſing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh downe with a heauy fall,
Th'vſurping Helmets of our Aduerſaries:
Make vs thy miniſters of Chaſticement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy victory:
To thee I do commend my watchfull ſoule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me ſtill. *Sleeps.*
Enter the Ghoſt of Prince Edward, Sonne to Henry the ſixt.
Gh. to Ri. Let me ſit heauy on thy ſoule to morrow.
Thinke how thou ſtab'ſt me in my prime of youth
At Teukesbury: Diſpaire therefore, and dye.
Ghoſt to Richm. Be chearefull Richmond,
For the wronged Soules
Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe:
King *Henries* iſſue Richmond comforts thee.
Enter the Ghoſt of Henry the ſixt.
Ghoſt. When I was mortall, my Annointed body
By thee was punched full of holes;
Thinke on the Tower, and me: Diſpaire, and dye,
Harry the ſixt, bids thee diſpaire, and dye.
To Richm. Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror:
Harry that propheſied thou ſhould'ſt be King,
Doth comfort thee in ſleepe: Liue, and flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Clarence.

Ghoſt. Let me ſit heauy in thy ſoule to morrow.
I that was waſh'd to death with Fulſome Wine:
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betray'd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe Sword, diſpaire and dye.
To Richm. Thou off-ſpring of the houſe of Lancaſter
The wronged heyres of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, Liue and Flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſts of Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riu. Let me ſit heauy in thy ſoule to morrow,
Riuers, that dy'de at Pomfret: diſpaire, and dye.
Grey. Thinke vpon *Grey*, and let thy ſoule diſpaire.
Vaugh. Thinke vpon *Vaughan*, and with guilty feare
Let fall thy Lance, diſpaire and dye.
All to Richm. Awake,
And thinke our wrongs in *Richards* Boſome,
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.

Enter the Ghoſt of Lord Haſtings.

Gho. Bloody and guilty: guiltily awake,
And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord Haſtings: diſpaire, and dye.
Haſt. to Rich. Quiet vntroubled ſoule,
Awake, awake:
Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands ſake.

Enter the Ghoſts of the two yong Princes.

Ghoſts. Dreame on thy Couſins
Smothered in the Tower:
Let vs be laid within thy boſome *Richard*,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, ſhame, and death,
Thy Nephewes ſoule bids thee diſpaire and dye.
Ghoſts to Richm. Sleepe Richmond,
Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Ioy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue, and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Anne, his Wife.

Ghoſt to Rich. *Richard*, thy Wife,
That wretched *Anne* thy Wife,
That neuer ſlept a quiet houre with thee,
Now filles thy ſleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battaile, thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe Sword, diſpaire and dye:
Ghoſt to Richm. Thou quiet ſoule,
Sleepe thou a quiet ſleepe:
Dreame of Succeſſe, and Happy Victory,
Thy Aduerſaries Wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghoſt of Buckingham.

Ghoſt to Rich. The firſt was I
That help'd thee to the Crowne:
The laſt was I that felt thy Tyranny.
O, in the Battaile think on Buckingham,
And dye in terror of thy guiltineſſe.
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting diſpaire; diſpairing yeeld thy breath.
Ghoſt to Richm. I dyed for hope
Ere I could lend thee Ayde;
But cheere thy heart, and be thou not diſmayde:
God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds ſide,
And *Richard* fall in height of all his pride.

Richard ſtarts out of his dreame.

Rich. Giue me another Horſe, bind vp my Wounds:
Haue mercy Ieſu. Soft, I did but dreame.
O coward Conſcience! how doſt thou afflict me?
The Lights burne blew. It is not dead midnight.
Cold fearefull drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh.
What? do I feare my Selfe? There's none elſe by,
Richard loues *Richard*, that is, I am I.
Is there a Murtherer heere? No; Yes, I am:
Then flye; What from my Selfe? Great reaſon: why?
Leſt I Reuenge. What? my Selfe vpon my Selfe?
Alacke, I loue my Selfe. Wherefore? For any good
That I my Selfe, haue done vnto my Selfe?
O no. Alas, I rather hate my Selfe,
For hatefull Deeds committed by my Selfe.
I am a Villaine: yet I Lye, I am not.
Foole, of thy Selfe ſpeake well: Foole, do not flatter.
My Conſcience hath a thouſand ſeuerall Tongues,
And euery Tongue brings in a ſeuerall Tale,
And euerie Tale condemnes me for a Villaine;
Periurie, in the high'ſt Degree,
Murther, ſterne murther, in the dyr'ſt degree,
All ſeuerall ſinnes, all vs'd in each degree,
Throng all to'th'Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty.
I ſhall diſpaire, there is no Creature loues me;
And if I die, no ſoule ſhall pittie me.
Nay, wherefore ſhould they? Since that I my Selfe,
Finde in my Selfe, no pittie to my Selfe.
Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murther'd
Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
King. Who's there?
Rat. *Ratcliffe* my Lord, 'tis I: the early Village Cock
Hath twice done ſalutation to the Morne,
Your Friends are vp, and buckle on their Armour.
King. O *Ratcliffe*, I feare, I feare.
Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not affraid of Shadows.
King. By the Apoſtle *Paul*, ſhadowes to night
Haue ſtroke more terror to the ſoule of *Richard*,
Then can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand Souldiers
Armed in proofe, and led by ſhallow *Richmond*.
'Tis not yet neere day. Come go with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the Eaſe-dropper,
To heare if any meane to ſhrinke from me.

Exeunt Richard & Ratliffe.

Enter the Lords to Richmond ſitting in his Tent.

Richm. Good morrow Richmond.
Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie ſluggard heere?
Lords. How haue you ſlept my Lord?
Rich. The ſweeteſt ſleepe,
And faireſt boading Dreames,
That euer entred in a drowſie head,
Haue I ſince your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their Soules, whoſe bodies *Rich.* murther'd,
Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory:
I promiſe you my Heart is very iocond,
In the remembrance of ſo faire a dreame,
How farre into the Morning is it Lords?
Lor. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Rich. Why then 'tis time to Arme, and giue direction.

His Oration to his Souldiers.

More then I haue ſaid, louing Countrymen,
The leyſure and Inforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell vpon: yet remember this,

God, and our good cauſe, fight vpon our ſide,
The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged ſoules,
Like high rear'd Bulwarkes, ſtand before our Faces,
(*Richard* except) thoſe whom we fight againſt,
Had rather haue vs win, then him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloudy Tyrant, and a Homicide:
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood eſtabliſh'd;
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughter'd thoſe that were the meanes to help him:
A baſe foule Stone, made precious by the ſoyle
Of Englands Chaire, where he is falſely ſet:
One that hath euer beene Gods Enemy.
Then if you fight againſt Gods Enemy,
God will in iuſtice ward you as his Soldiers.
If you do ſweare to put a Tyrant downe,
You ſleepe in peace, the Tyrant being ſlaine:
If you do fight againſt your Countries Foes,
Your Countries Fat ſhall pay your paines the hyre.
If you do fight in ſafegard of your wiues,
Your wiues ſhall welcome home the Conquerors.
If you do free your Children from the Sword,
Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.
Then in the name of God and all theſe rights,
Aduance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ranſome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corpes on the earth's cold face.
But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
The leaſt of you ſhall ſhare his part thereof.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cheerefully,
God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

K. What ſaid Northumberland as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in Armes.
King. He ſaid the truth: and what ſaid Surrey then?
Rat. He ſmil'd and ſaid, the better for our purpoſe.
King. He was in the right, and ſo indeed it is.
Tell the clocke there. *Clocke ſtrikes.*
Giue me a Kalender: Who ſaw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he diſdaines to ſhine: for by the Booke
He ſhould haue brau'd the Eaſt an houre ago,
A blacke day will it be to ſomebody. *Ratcliffe.*
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sun will not be ſeene to day,
The sky doth frowne, and lowre vpon our Army.
I would theſe dewy teares were from the ground.
Not ſhine to day? Why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? For the ſelfe-ſame Heauen
That frownes on me, lookes ſadly vpon him.

Enter Norfolke.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come, buſtle, buſtle. Capariſon my horſe.
Call vp Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth my Soldiers to the plaine,
And thus my Battell ſhal be ordred.
My Foreward ſhall be drawne in length,
Conſiſting equally of Horſe and Foot:
Our Archers ſhall be placed in the mid'ſt;
Iohn Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas* Earle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of the Foot and Horſe.
They thus directed, we will fllow
In the maine Battell, whoſe puiſſance on either ſide
Shall be well-winged with our cheefeſt Horſe:
This, and Saint George to boote.
What think'ſt thou Norfolke.
Nor. A good direction warlike Soueraigne,
This found I on my Tent this Morning.

Iockey of Norfolke, be not ſo bold,
For Dickon thy maiſter is bought and ſold.

King. A thing deuiſed by the Enemy.
Go Gentlemen, euery man to his Charge,
Let not our babling Dreames affright our ſoules:
For Conſcience is a word that Cowards vſe,
Deuis'd at firſt to keepe the ſtrong in awe,
Our ſtrong armes be our Conſcience, Swords our Law.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too't pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to Hell.
What ſhall I ſay more then I haue inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A ſort of Vagabonds, Raſcals, and Run-awayes,
A ſcum of Brittaines, and baſe Lackey Pezants,
Whom their o're-cloyed Country vomits forth
To deſperate Aduentures, and aſſur'd Deſtruction.
You ſleeping ſafe, they bring you to vnreſt:
You hauing Lands, and bleſt with beauteous wiues,
They would reſtraine the one, diſtaine the other,
And who doth leade them, but a paltry Fellow?
Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers coſt,
A Milke-ſop, one that neuer in his life
Felt ſo much cold, as ouer ſhooes in Snow:
Let's whip theſe ſtraglers o're the Seas againe,
Laſh hence theſe ouer-weening Ragges of France,
Theſe famiſh'd Beggers, weary of their liues,
Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
For want of meanes (poore Rats) had hang'd themſelues.
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not theſe baſtard Britaines, whom our Fathers
Haue in their owne Land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the heires of ſhame.
Shall theſe enioy our Lands? lye with our Wiues?
Rauiſh our daughters? *Drum afarre off*
Hearke, I heare their Drumme,
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw your Arrowes to the head,
Spurre your proud Horſes hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken ſtaues.

Enter a Meſſenger.

What ſayes Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his power?
Meſ. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
King. Off with his ſonne *Georges* head.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is paſt the Marſh:
After the battaile, let *George Stanley* dye.
King. A thouſand hearts are great within my boſom.
Aduance our Standards, ſet vpon our Foes,
Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S. *George*
Inſpire vs with the ſpleene of fiery Dragons:
Vpon them, Victorie ſits on our helpes.

Alarum, excurſions. Enter Catesby.

Cat. Reſcue my Lord of Norfolke,
Reſcue, Reſcue:
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an oppoſite to euery danger:
His horſe is ſlaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Reſcue faire Lord, or elſe the day is loſt.

Alarums.

Enter Richard.

Rich. A Horſe, a Horſe, my Kingdome for a Horſe.
Cates. Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to a Horſe
Rich. Slaue, I haue ſet my life vpon a caſt,
And I will ſtand the hazard of the Dye:
I thinke there be ſixe Richmonds in the field,
Fiue haue I ſlaine to day, in ſtead of him.
A Horſe, a Horſe, my Kingdome for a Horſe.

Alatum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is ſlaine.

Retreat, and Flouriſh. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the Crowne, with diuers other Lords.

Richm. God, and your Armes
Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
The day is ours, the bloudy Dogge is dead.
Der. Couragious Richmond,
Well haſt thou acquit thee: Loe,
Heere theſe long vſurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloudy Wretch,
Haue I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
Weare it, and make much of it.
Richm. Great God of Heauen, ſay Amen to all.
But tell me, is yong *George Stanley* liuing?
Der. He is my Lord, and ſafe in Leiceſter Towne,
Whither (if you pleaſe) we may withdraw vs.
Richm. What men of name are ſlaine on either ſide?
Der. *Iohn* Duke of Norfolke, *Walter* Lord Ferris,
Sir *Robert Brokenbury*, and Sir *William Brandon.*
Richm. Interre their Bodies, as become their Births,
Proclaime a pardon to the Soldiers fled,
That in ſubmiſsion will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
We will vnite the White Roſe, and the Red.
Smile Heauen vpon this faire Coniunction,
That long haue frown'd vpon their Enmity:
What Traitor heares me, and ſayes not Amen?
England hath long beene mad, and ſcarr'd her ſelfe;
The Brother blindely ſhed the Brothers blood;
The Father, raſhly ſlaughtered his owne Sonne;
The Sonne compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire;
All this diuided Yorke and Lancaſter,
Diuided, in their dire Diuiſion.
O now, let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
The true Succeeders of each Royall Houſe,
By Gods faire ordinance, conioyne together:
And let thy Heires (God if thy will be ſo)
Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fac'd Peace,
With ſmiling Plenty, and faire Proſperous dayes.
Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,
That would reduce theſe bloudy dayes againe,
And make poore England weepe in Streames of Blood;
Let them not liue to taſte this Lands increaſe,
That would with Treaſon, wound this faire Lands peace.
Now Ciuill wounds are ſtopp'd, Peace liues agen;
That ſhe may long liue heere, God ſay, Amen. *Exeunt*

FINIS.

The Famous Hiſtory of the Life of King HENRY the Eight.

THE PROLOGUE.

I Come no more to make you laugh, Things now,
That beare a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of State and Woe:
Such Noble Scœnes, as draw the Eye to flow
We now preſent. Thoſe that can Pitty, heere
May (if they thinke it well) let fall a Teare,
The Subiect will deſerue it. Such as giue
Their Money out of hope they may beleeue,
May heere finde Truth too. Thoſe that come to ſee
Onely a ſhow or two, and ſo agree,
The Play may paſſe: If they be ſtill, and willing,
Ile vndertake may ſee away their ſhilling
Richly in two ſhort houres. Onely they
That come to heare a Merry, Bawdy Play,
A noyſe of Targets: Or to ſee a Fellow
In a long Motley Coate, garded with Yellow,
Will be deceyu'd. For gentle Hearers, know
To ranke our choſen Truth with ſuch a ſhow
As Foole, and Fight is, beſide forfeyting
Our owne Braines, and the Opinion that we bring
To make that onely true, we now intend,
Will leaue vs neuer an vnderſtanding Friend.
Therefore, for Goodneſſe ſake, and as you are knowne
The Firſt and Happieſt Hearers of the Towne,
Be ſad, as we would make ye. Thinke ye ſee
The very Perſons of our Noble Story,
As they were Liuing: Thinke you ſee them Great,
And follow'd with the generall throng, and ſweat
Of thouſand Friends: Then, in a moment, ſee
How ſoone this Mightineſſe, meets Miſery:
And if you can be merry then, Ile ſay,
A Man may weepe vpon his Wedding day.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke at one doore. At the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Aburgauenny.

Buckingham.
GOod morrow, and well met. How haue ye done
Since laſt we ſaw in France?
Norf. I thanke your Grace:
Healthfull, and euer ſince a freſh Admirer
Of what I ſaw there.
Buck. An vntimely Ague
Staid me a Priſoner in my Chamber, when
Thoſe Sunnes of Glory, thoſe two Lights of Men
Met in the vale of Andren.
Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde,
I was then preſent, ſaw them ſalute on Horſebacke,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their Embracement, as they grew together,
Which had they,
What foure Thron'd ones could haue weigh'd
Such a compounded one?
Buck. All the whole time
I was my Chambers Priſoner.
Nor. Then you loſt
The view of earthly glory: Men might ſay
Till this time Pompe was ſingle, but now married
To one aboue it ſelfe. Each following day
Became the next dayes maſter, till the laſt
Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,
All Clinquant all in Gold, like Heathen Gods
Shone downe the Engliſh; and to morrow, they
Made Britaine, India: Euery man that ſtood,
Shew d like a Mine. Their Dwarfiſh Pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too,
Not vs'd to toyle, did almoſt ſweat to beare
The Pride vpon them, that their very labour
Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske
Was cry'de incompareable; and th'enſuing night
Made it a Foole, and Begger. The two Kings
Equall in luſtre, were now beſt, now worſt
As preſence did preſent them: Him in eye,
Still him in praiſe, and being preſent both,
'Twas ſaid they ſaw but one, and no Diſcerner
Durſt wagge his Tongue in cenſure, when theſe Sunnes
(For ſo they phraſe 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd
The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe

Beyond thoughts Compaſſe, that former fabulous Storie
Being now ſeene, poſſible enough, got credit
That *Beuis* was beleeu'd.
Buc. Oh you go farre.
Nor. As I belong to worſhip, and affect
In Honor, Honeſty, the tract of eu'ry thing,
Would by a good Diſcourſer looſe ſome life,
Which Actions ſelfe, was tongue too.
Buc. All was Royall,
To the diſpoſing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gaue each thing view. The Office did
Diſtinctly his full Function: who did guide,
I meane who ſet the Body, and the Limbes
Of this great Sport together?
Nor. As you gueſſe:
One certes, that promiſes no Element
In ſuch a buſineſſe.
Buc. I pray you who, my Lord?
Nor. All this was ordred by the good Diſcretion
Of the right Reuerend Cardinall of Yorke.
Buc. The diuell ſpeed him: No mans Pye is freed
From his Ambitious finger. What had he
To do in theſe fierce Vanities? I wonder,
That ſuch a Keech can with his very bulke
Take vp the Rayes o'th'beneficiall Sun,
And keepe it from the Earth.
Nor. Surely Sir,
There's in him ſtuffe, that put's him to theſe ends:
For being not propt by Aunceſtry, whoſe grace
Chalkes Succeſſors their way; nor call'd vpon
For high feats done to'th'Crowne; neither Allied
To eminent Aſſiſtants; but Spider-like
Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O giues vs note,
The force of his owne merit makes his way
A guift that heauen giues for him, which buyes
A place next to the King.
Abur. I cannot tell
What Heauen hath giuen him: let ſome Grauer eye
Pierce into that, but I can ſee his Pride
Peepe through each part of him: whence ha's he that,
If not from Hell? The Diuell is a Niggard,
Or ha's giuen all before, and he begins
A new Hell in himſelfe.
Buc. Why the Diuell,
Vpon this French going out, tooke he vpon him
(Without the priuity o'th'King) t'appoint
Who ſhould attend on him? He makes vp the File
Of all the Gentry; for the moſt part ſuch
To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor
He meant to lay vpon: and his owne Letter
The Honourable Boord of Councell, out
Muſt fetch him in, he Papers.
Abur. I do know
Kinſmen of mine, three at the leaſt, that haue
By this, ſo ſicken'd their Eſtates, that neuer
They ſhall abound as formerly.
Buc. O many
Haue broke their backes with laying Mannors on 'em
For this great Iourney. What did this vanity
But miniſter communication of
A moſt poore iſſue.
Nor. Greeuingly I thinke,
The Peace betweene the French and vs, not valewes
The Coſt that did conclude it.
Buc. Euery man,
After the hideous ſtorme that follow'd, was
A thing Inſpir'd, and not conſulting, broke
Into a generall Propheſie; That this Tempeſt
Daſhing the Garment of this Peace, aboaded
The ſodaine breach on't.
Nor. Which is budded out,
For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at Burdeux.
Abur. Is it therefore
Th'Ambaſſador is ſilenc'd?
Nor. Marry is't.
Abur. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd?
At a ſuperfluous rate.
Buc. Why all this Buſineſſe
Our Reuerend Cardinall carried.
Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of the priuate difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I aduiſe you
(And take it from a heart, that wiſhes towards you
Honor, and plenteous ſafety) that you reade
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together; To conſider further, that
What his high Hatred would effect, wants not
A Miniſter in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's Reuengefull; and I know, his Sword
Hath a ſharpe edge: It's long, and't may be ſaide
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Boſome vp my counſell,
You'l finde it wholeſome. Loe, where comes that Rock
That I aduice your ſhunning.

Enter Cardinall Wolſey, the Purſe borne before him, certaine of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers: The Cardinall in his paſſage, fixeth his eye on Buckham, and Buckingham on him, both full of diſdaine.

Car. The Duke of *Buckinghams* Surueyor? Ha?
Where's his Examination?
Secr. Heere ſo pleaſe you.
Car. Is he in perſon, ready?
Secr. I, pleaſe your Grace.
Car. Well, we ſhall then know more, & *Buckingham*
Shall leſſen this bigge looke.
Exeunt Cardinall, and his Traine.
Buc. This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and I
Haue not the power to muzzle him, therefore beſt
Not wake him in his ſlumber. A Beggers booke,
Out-worths a Nobles blood.
Nor. What are you chaff'd?
Aske God for Temp'rance, that's th'appliance onely
Which your diſeaſe requires.
Buc. I read in's looks
Matter againſt me, and his eye reuil'd
Me as his abiect obiect, at this inſtant
He bores me with ſome tricke; He's gone to'th'King:
Ile follow, and out-ſtare him.
Nor. Stay my Lord,
And let your Reaſon with your Choller queſtion
What 'tis you go about: to climbe ſteepe hilles
Requires ſlow pace at firſt. Anger is like
A full hot Horſe, who being allow'd his way
Selfe-mettle tyres him: Not a man in England
Can aduiſe me like you: Be to your ſelfe,
As you would to your Friend.
Buc. Ile to the King,
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe

This *Ipſwich* fellowes inſolence; or proclaime,
There's difference in no perſons.
Norf. Be aduiſ'd;
Heat not a Furnace for your foe ſo hot
That it do ſindge your ſelfe. We may out-runne
By violent ſwiftneſſe that which we run at;
And loſe by ouer-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor til't run ore,
In ſeeming to augment it, waſts it: be aduiſ'd;
I ſay againe there is no Engliſh Soule
More ſtronger to direct you then your ſelfe;
If with the ſap of reaſon you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of paſſion.
Buck. Sir,
I am thankfull to you, and Ile goe along
By your preſcription: but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From ſincere motions, by Intelligence,
And proofes as cleere as Founts in *Iuly*, when
Wee ſee each graine of grauell; I doe know
To be corrupt and treaſonous.
Norf. Say not treaſonous.
Buck. To th'King Ile ſay't, & make my vouch as ſtrong
As ſhore of Rocke: attend. This holy Foxe,
Or Wolfe, or both (for he is equall rau'nous
As he is ſubtile, and as prone to miſchiefe,
As able to perform't) his minde, and place
Infecting one another, yea reciprocally,
Only to ſhew his pompe, as well in France,
As here at home, ſuggeſts the King our Maſter
To this laſt coſtly Treaty: Th'enterview,
That ſwallowed ſo much treaſure, and like a glaſſe
Did breake ith'wrenching.
Norf. Faith, and ſo it did.
Buck. Pray giue me fauour Sir: This cunning Cardinall
The Articles o'th' Combination drew
As himſelfe pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cride thus let be, to as much end,
As giue a Crutch to th'dead. But our Count-Cardinall
Has done this, and tis well: for worthy *Wolſey*
(Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this followes,
(Which as I take it, is a kinde of Puppie
To th'old dam Treaſon) *Charles* the Emperour,
Vnder pretence to ſee the Queene his Aunt,
(For twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whiſper *Wolſey*) here makes viſitation,
His feares were that the Interview betwixt
England and France, might through their amity
Breed him ſome preiudice; for from this League,
Peep'd harmes that menac'd him. Priuily
Deales with our Cardinal, and as I troa
Which I doe well; for I am ſure the Emperour
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made
And pau'd with gold: the Emperor thus deſir'd,
That he would pleaſe to alter the Kings courſe,
And breake the foreſaid peace. Let the King know
(As ſoone he ſhall by me) that thus the Cardinall
Does buy and ſell his Honour as he pleaſes,
And for his owne aduantage.
Norf. I am ſorry
To heare this of him; and could wiſh he were
Somthing miſtaken in't.
Buck. No, not a ſillable:
I doe pronounce him in that very ſhape
He ſhall appeare in proofe.

Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at Armes before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Brandon. Your Office Sergeant: execute it.
Sergeant. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earle
Of *Hertford, Stafford* and *Northampton*, I
Arreſt thee of High Treaſon, in the name
Of our moſt Soueraigne King.
Buck. Lo you my Lord,
The net has falne vpon me, I ſhall periſh
Vnder deuice, and practiſe.
Bran. I am ſorry,
To ſee you tane from liberty, to looke on
The buſines preſent. Tis his Highnes pleaſure
You ſhall to th' Tower.
Buck. It will helpe me nothing
To plead mine Innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'ſt part, black. The will of Heau'n
Be done in this and all things: I obey.
O my Lord *Aburgany*: Fare you well.
Bran. Nay, he muſt beare you company. The King
Is pleas'd you ſhall to th'Tower, till you know
How he determines further.
Abur. As the Duke ſaid,
The will of Heauen be done, and the Kings pleaſure
By me obey'd.
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach Lord *Mountacute*, and the Bodies
Of the Dukes Confeſſor, *Iohn de la Car*,
One *Gilbert Pecke*, his Councellour.
Buck. So, ſo;
Theſe are the limbs o'th' Plot: no more I hope.
Bra. A Monke o'th' *Chartreux*.
Buck: O *Michaell Hopkins*?
Bra. He.
Buck. My Surueyor is falce: The ore-great *Cardinall*
Hath ſhew'd him gold; my life is ſpand already:
I am the ſhadow of poore *Buckingham*,
Whoſe Figure euen this inſtant Clowd puts on,
By Darkning my cleere Sunne. My Lords farewell. *Exe.*

Scena Secunda.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinals ſhoulder, the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Louell: the Cardinall places himſelfe vnder the Kings feete on his right ſide.

King. My life it ſelfe, and the beſt heart of it,
Thankes you for this great care: I ſtood i'th' leuell
Of a full-charg'd confederacie, and giue thankes
To you that choak'd it. Let be cald before vs
That Gentleman of *Buckinghams*, in perſon,
Ile heare him his confeſſions iuſtifie,
And point by point the Treaſons of his Maiſter,
He ſhall againe relate.

A noyſe within crying roome for the Queene, vſher'd by the Duke of Norfolke. Enter the Queene, Norfolke and Suffolke: ſhe kneels. King riſeth from his State, takes her vp, kiſſes and placeth her by him.

Queen. Nay, we muſt longer kneele; I am a Suitor.
King. Ariſe, and take place by vs; halfe your Suit
Neuer name to vs; you haue halfe our power:

The other moity ere you aske is giuen,
Repeat your will, and take it,
Queen. Thanke your Maieſty
That you would loue your ſelfe, and in that loue
Not vnconſidered leaue your Honour, nor
The dignity of your Office; is the poynt
Of my Petition.
Kin. Lady mine proceed.
Queen. I am ſolicited not by a few,
And thoſe of true condition; That your Subiects
Are in great grieuance: There haue beene Commiſſions
Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although
My good Lord Cardinall, they vent reproches
Moſt bitterly on you, as putter on
Of theſe exactions: yet the King, our Maiſter (not
Whoſe Honor Heauen ſhield from ſoile; euen he eſcapes
Language vnmannerly; yea, ſuch which breakes
The ſides of loyalty, and almoſt appeares
In lowd Rebellion.
Norf. Not almoſt appeares,
It doth appeare; for, vpon theſe Taxations,
The Clothiers all not able to maintaine
The many to them longing, haue put off
The Spinſters, Carders, Fullers, Weauers, who
Vnfit for other life, compeld by hunger
And lack of other meanes, in deſperate manner
Daring th'euent too th'teeth, are all in vprore,
And danger ſerues among them.
Kin. Taxation?
Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinall,
You that are blam'd for it alike with vs,
Know you of this Taxation?
Card. Pleaſe you Sir,
I know but of a ſingle part in ought
Pertaines to th'State; and front but in that File
Where others tell ſteps with me.
Queen. No, my Lord?
You know no more then others? But you frame
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholſome
To thoſe which would not know them, and yet muſt
Perforce be their acquaintance. Theſe exactions
(Whereof my Soueraigne would haue note) they are
Moſt peſtilent to th'hearing, and to beare 'em,
The Backe is Sacrifice to th'load; They ſay
They are deuis'd by you, or elſe you ſuffer
Too hard an exclamation.
Kin. Still Exaction:
The nature of it, in what kinde let's know,
Is this Exaction?
Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am boldned
Vnder your promis'd pardon. The Subiects griefe
Comes through Commiſſions, which compels from each
The ſixt part of his Subſtance, to be leuied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your warres in France: this makes bold mouths,
Tongues ſpit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegeance in them; their curſes now
Liue where their prayers did: and it's come to paſſe,
This tractable obedience is a Slaue
To each incenſed Will: I would your Highneſſe
Would giue it quicke conſideration; for
There is no primer baſeneſſe.
Kin. By my life,
This is againſt our pleaſure.
Card. And for me,
I haue no further gone in this, then by
A ſingle voice, and that not paſt me, but
By learned approbation of the Iudges: If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor perſon, yet will be
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me ſay,
'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake
That Vertue muſt goe through: we muſt not ſtint
Our neceſſary actions, in the feare
To cope malicious Cenſurers, which euer,
As rau'nous Fiſhes doe a Veſſell follow
That is new trim'd; but benefit no further
Then vainly longing. What we oft doe beſt,
By ſicke Interpreters (once weake ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worſt, as oft
Hitting a groſſer quality, is cride vp
For our beſt Act: if we ſhall ſtand ſtill,
In feare our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,
We ſhould take roote here, where we ſit;
Or ſit State-Statues onely.
Kin. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themſelues from feare:
Things done without example, in their iſſue
Are to be fear'd. Haue you a Preſident
Of this Commiſſion? I beleeue, not any.
We muſt not rend our Subiects from our Lawes,
And ſticke them in our Will. Sixt part of each?
A trembling Contribution; why we take
From euery Tree, lop, barke, and part o'th' Timber:
And though we leaue it with a roote thus hackt,
The Ayre will drinke the Sap. To euery County
Where this is queſtion'd, ſend our Letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'de
The force of this Commiſſion: pray looke too't;
I put it to your care.
Card. A word with you.
Let there be Letters writ to euery Shire,
Of the Kings grace and pardon: the greeued Commons
Hardly conceiue of me. Let it be nois'd,
That through our Interceſſion, this Reuokement
And pardon comes: I ſhall anon aduiſe you
Further in the proceeding. *Exit Secret.*

Enter Surueyor.

Queen. I am ſorry, that the Duke of *Buckingham*
Is run in your diſpleaſure.
Kin. It grieues many:
The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a moſt rare Speaker,
To Nature none more bound; his trayning ſuch,
That he may furniſh and inſtruct great Teachers,
And neuer ſeeke for ayd out of himſelfe: yet ſee,
When theſe ſo Noble benefits ſhall proue
Not well diſpos'd, the minde growing once corrupt,
They turne to vicious formes, ten times more vgly
Then euer they were faire. This man ſo compleat,
Who was enrold 'mongſt wonders; and when we
Almoſt with rauiſh'd liſtning, could not finde
His houre of ſpeech, a minute: He, (my Lady)
Hath into monſtrous habits put the Graces
That once were his, and is become as blacke,
As if beſmear'd in hell. Sit by Vs, you ſhall heare
(This was his Gentleman in truſt) of him
Things to ſtrike Honour ſad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practiſes, whereof
We cannot feele too little, heare too much.

Card. Stand forth, & with bold ſpirit relate what you
Moſt like a carefull Subiect haue collected
Out of the Duke of *Buckingham*.
Kin. Speake freely.
Sur. Firſt, it was vſuall with him; euery day
It would infect his Speech: That if the King
Should without iſſue dye; hee'l carry it ſo
To make the Scepter his. Theſe very words
I'ue heard him vtter to his Sonne in Law,
Lord *Aburgany*, to whom by oth he menac'd
Reuenge vpon the *Cardinall*.
Card. Pleaſe your Highneſſe note
This dangerous conception in this point,
Not frended by his wiſh to your High perſon;
His will is moſt malignant, and it ſtretches
Beyond you to your friends.
Queen. My learn'd Lord *Cardinall*,
Deliuer all with Charity.
Kin. Speake on;
How grounded hee his Title to the Crowne
Vpon our faile; to this poynt haſt thou heard him,
At any time ſpeake ought?
Sur. He was brought to this,
By a vaine Propheſie of *Nicholas Henton*.
Kin. What was that *Henton*?
Sur. Sir, a *Chartreux* Fryer,
His Confeſſor, who fed him euery minute
With words of Soueraignty.
Kin. How know'ſt thou this?
Sur. Not long before your Higneſſe ſped to France,
The Duke being at the Roſe, within the Pariſh
Saint *Laurence Poultney*, did of me demand
What was the ſpeech among the Londoners,
Concerning the French Iourney. I replide,
Men feare the French would proue perfidious
To the Kings danger: preſently, the Duke
Said, 'twas the feare indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould proue the verity of certaine words
Spoke by a holy Monke, that oft, ſayes he,
Hath ſent to me, wiſhing me to permit
Iohn de la Car, my Chaplaine, a choyce howre
To heare from him a matter of ſome moment:
Whom after vnder the Commiſſions Seale,
He ſollemnly had ſworne, that what he ſpoke
My Chaplaine to no Creature liuing, but
To me, ſhould vtter, with demure Confidence,
This pauſingly enſu'de; neither the King, nor's Heyres
(Tell you the Duke) ſhall proſper, bid him ſtriue
To the loue o'th' Commonalty, the Duke
Shall gouerne England.
Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Dukes Surueyor, and loſt your Office
On the complaint o'th' Tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your ſpleene a Noble perſon,
And ſpoyle your nobler Soule; I ſay, take heed;
Yes, heartily beſeech you.
Kin. Let him on: Goe forward.
Sur. On my Soule, Ile ſpeake but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th'Diuels illuſions
The Monke might be deceiu'd, and that 'twas dangerous
For this to ruminate on this ſo farre, vntill
It forg'd him ſome deſigne, which being beleeu'd
It was much like to doe: He anſwer'd, Tuſh,
It can doe me no damage; adding further,
That had the King in his laſt Sickneſſe faild,
The Cardinals and Sir *Thomas Louels* heads
Should haue gone off.
Kin. Ha? What, ſo rancke? Ah, ha,
There's miſchiefe in this man; canſt thou ſay further?
Sur. I can my Liedge.
Kin. Proceed.
Sur. Being at *Greenwich*,
After your Highneſſe had reprou'd the Duke
About Sir *William Blumer*. (uant.
Kin. I remember of ſuch a time, being my ſworn ſer-
The Duke retein'd him his. But on: what hence?
Sur. If (quoth he) I for this had beene committed,
As to the Tower, I thought; I would haue plaid
The Part my Father meant to act vpon
Th'Vſurper *Richard*, who being at *Salsbury*,
Made ſuit to come in's preſence; which if granted,
(As he made ſemblance of his duty) would
Haue put his knife into him.
Kin. A Gyant Traytor.
Card. Now Madam, may his Highnes liue in freedome,
And this man out of Priſon.
Queen. God mend all. (ſay'ſt?
Kin. Ther's ſomthing more would out of thee; what
Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the knife
He ſtretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another ſpread on's breaſt, mounting his eyes,
He did diſcharge a horrible Oath, whoſe tenor
Was, were he euill vs'd, he would outgoe
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's an irreſolute purpoſe.
Kin. There's his period,
To ſheath his knife in vs: he is attach'd,
Call him to preſent tryall: if he may
Finde mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not ſeek't of vs: By day and night
Hee's Traytor to th' height. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter L. Chamberlaine and L. Sandys.

L. Ch. Is't poſſible the ſpels of France ſhould iuggle
Men into ſuch ſtrange myſteries?
L. San. New cuſtomes,
Though they be neuer ſo ridiculous,
(Nay let 'em be vnmanly) yet are follow'd.
L. Ch. As farre as I ſee, all the good our Engliſh
Haue got by the late Voyage, is but meerely
A fit or two o'th' face, (but they are ſhrewd ones)
For when they hold 'em, you would ſweare directly
Their very noſes had been Councellours
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keepe State ſo.
L. San. They haue all new legs,
And lame ones; one would take it,
That neuer ſee 'em pace before, the Spauen
A Spring-halt rain'd among 'em.
L. Ch. Death my Lord,
Their cloathes are after ſuch a Pagan cut too't,
That ſure th'haue worne out Chriſtendome: how now?
What newes, Sir *Thomas Louell*?

Enter Sir Thomas Louell.

Louell. Faith my Lord,
I heare of none but the new Proclamation,
That's clapt vpon the Court Gate.

L. Cham. What is't for?
Lou. The reformation of our trauel'd Gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talke, and Taylors.
L. Cham. I'm glad 'tis there;
Now I would pray our Monſieurs
To thinke an Engliſh Courtier may be wiſe,
And neuer ſee the *Louure.*
Lou: They muſt either
(For ſo run the Conditions) leaue thoſe remnants
Of Foole and Feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto; as Fights and Fire-workes,
Abuſing better men then they can be
Out of a forreigne wiſedome, renouncing cleane
The faith they haue in Tennis and tall Stockings,
Short bliſtred Breeches, and thoſe types of Trauell;
And vnderſtand againe like honeſt men,
Or pack to their old Playfellowes; there, I take it,
They may *Cum Priuilegio*, wee away
The lag end of their lewdneſſe, and be laugh'd at.
L. San. Tis time to giue 'em Phyſicke, their diſeaſes
Are growne ſo catching.
L. Cham What a loſſe our Ladies
Will haue of theſe trim vanities?
Louell. I marry,
There will be woe indeed Lords, the ſlye whorſons
Haue got a ſpeeding tricke to lay downe Ladies.
A French Song, and a Fiddle, ha's no Fellow.
L. San. The Diuell fiddle 'em,
I am glad they are going,
For ſure there's no conuerting of 'em: now
An honeſt Country Lord as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plaine ſong,
And haue an houre of hearing, and by'r Lady
Held currant Muſicke too.
L. Cham. Well ſaid Lord *Sands,*
Your Colts tooth is not caſt yet?
L. San. No my Lord,
Nor ſhall not while I haue a ſtumpe.
L. Cham. Sir *Thomas,*
Whither were you a going?
Lou. To the Cardinals;
Your Lordſhip is a gueſt too.
L. Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a Supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdome Ile aſſure you.
Lou. That Churchman
Beares a bounteous minde indeed,
A hand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds vs,
His dewes fall euery where.
L. Cham. No doubt hee's Noble;
He had a blacke mouth that ſaid other of him.
L. San. He may my Lord,
Ha's wherewithall in him;
Sparing would ſhew a worſe ſinne, then ill Doctrine,
Men of his way, ſhould be moſt liberall,
They are ſet heere for examples.
L. Cham. True, they are ſo;
But few now giue ſo great ones:
My Barge ſtayes;
Your Lordſhip ſhall along: Come, good Sir *Thomas,*
We ſhall be late elſe, which I would not be,
For I was ſpoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*
This night to be Comptrollers.
L. San. I am your Lordſhips. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Hoboies. A ſmall Table vnder a State for the Cardinall, a longer Table for the Gueſts. Then Enter Anne Bullen, and diuers other Ladies, & Gentlemen, as Gueſts at one Doore; at an other Doore enter Sir Henry Guilford.

S. Hen. Guilf. Ladyes,
A generall welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all; This Night he dedicates
To faire content, and you: None heere he hopes
In all this Noble Beuy, has brought with her
One care abroad: hee would haue all as merry:
As firſt, good Company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter L. Chamberlaine L. Sands, and Louell.

O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thought of this faire Company,
Clapt wings to me.
Cham. You are young Sir *Harry Guilford.*
San. Sir *Thomas Louell*, had the Cardinall
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, ſome of theſe
Should finde a running Banket, ere they reſted,
I thinke would better pleaſe 'em: by my life,
They are a ſweet ſociety of faire ones.
Lou. O that your Lordſhip were but now Confeſſor,
To one or two of theſe.
San. I would I were,
They ſhould finde eaſie pennance.
Lou. Faith how eaſie?
San. As eaſie as a downe bed would affoord it.
Cham. Sweet Ladies will it pleaſe you ſit; Sir *Harry*
Place you that ſide, Ile take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring. Nay, you muſt not freeze,
Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather:
My Lord *Sands*, you are one will keepe 'em waking:
Pray ſit betweene theſe Ladies.
San. By my faith,
And thanke your Lordſhip: by your leaue ſweet Ladies,
If I chance to talke a little wilde, forgiue me:
I had it from my Father.
An. Bul. Was he mad Sir?
San. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in loue too;
But he would bite none, iuſt as I doe now,
He would Kiſſe you Twenty with a breath.
Cham. Well ſaid my Lord:
So now y'are fairely ſeated: Gntlemen,
The pennance lyes on you; if theſe faire Ladies
Paſſe away frowning.
San. For my little Cure,
Let me alone.

Hoboyes. Enter Cardinall Wolſey, and takes his State.

Card. Y'are welcome my faire Gueſts; that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Friend. This to confirme my welcome,
And to you all good health.
San. Your Grace is Noble,
Let me haue ſuch a Bowle may hold my thankes,
And ſaue me ſo much talking.
Card. My Lord *Sands,*
I

I am beholding to you: cheere your neighbours:
Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen,
Whoſe fault is this?
San. The red wine firſt muſt riſe
In their faire cheekes my Lord, then wee ſhall haue 'em,
Talke vs to ſilence.
An. B. You are a merry Gamſter
My Lord *Sands.*
San. Yes, if I make my play:
Heer's to your Ladiſhip, and pledge it Madam:
For tis to ſuch a thing.
An. B. You cannot ſhew me.
Drum and Trumpet, Chambers diſchargd.
San. I told your Grace, they would talke anon.
Card. What's that?
Cham. Looke out there, ſome of ye.
Card. What warlike voyce,
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, feare not;
By all the lawes of Warre y'are priuiledg'd.

Enter a Seruant.

Cham. How now, what is't?
Seru. A noble troupe of Strangers,
For ſo they ſeeme; th'haue left their Barge and landed,
And hither make, as great Embaſſadors
From forraigne Princes.
Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine,
Go, giue 'em welcome; you can ſpeake the French tongue
And pray receiue 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our preſence, where this heauen of beauty
Shall ſhine at full vpon them. Some attend him.
All riſe, and Tables remou'd.
You haue now a broken Banket, but wee'l mend it.
A good digeſtion to you all; and once more
I ſhowre a welcome on yee: welcome all.

Hoboyes. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like Shepheards, vſher'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They paſſe directly before the Cardinall, and gracefully ſalute him.

A noble Company; what are their pleaſures?
Cham. Becauſe they ſpeak no Engliſh, thus they praid
To tell your Grace: That hauing heard by fame
Of this ſo Noble and ſo faire aſſembly,
This night to meet heere they could doe no leſſe,
(Out of the great reſpect they beare to beauty)
But leaue their Flockes, and vnder your faire Conduct
Craue leaue to view theſe Ladies, and entreat
An houre of Reuels with 'em.
Card. Say, Lord *Chamberlaine,*
They haue done my poore houſe grace:
For which I pay 'em a thouſand thankes,
And pray 'em take their pleaſures.
Chooſe Ladies, King and An Bullen.
King. The faireſt hand I euer touch'd: O Beauty,
Till now I neuer knew thee.
Muſicke, Dance.
Card. My Lord.
Cham. Your Grace.
Card. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There ſhould be one amongſt 'em by his perſon
More worthy this place then my ſelfe, to whom
(If I but knew him) with my loue aud duty
I would ſurrender it. *Whiſper.*
Cham. I will my Lord.
Card. What ſay they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confeſſe
There is indeed, which they would haue your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Card. Let me ſee then,
By all your good leaues Gentlemen; heere Ile make
My royall choyce.
Kin. Ye haue found him Cardinall,
You hold a faire Aſſembly; you doe well Lord:
You are a Churchman, or Ile tell you Cardinall,
I ſhould iudge now vnhappily.
Card. I am glad
Your Grace is growne ſo pleaſant.
Kin. My Lord Chamberlaine,
Prethee come hither, what faire Ladie's that?
Cham. An't pleaſe your Grace,
Sir *Thomas Bullens* Daughter, the Viſcount *Rochford,*
One of her Highneſſe women.
Kin. By Heauen ſhe is a dainty one. Sweet heart,
I were vnmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiſſe you. A health Gentlemen,
Let it goe round.
Card. Sir *Thomas Louell*, is the Banket ready
I'th' Priuy Chamber?
Lou. Yes, my Lord.
Card. Your Grace
I feare, with dancing is a little heated.
Kin. I feare too much.
Card. There's freſher ayre my Lord,
In the next Chamber.
Kin. Lead in your Ladies eu'ry one: Sweet Partner,
I muſt not yet forſake you: Let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinall: I haue halfe a dozen healths,
To drinke to theſe faire Ladies, and a meaſure
To lead 'em once againe, and then let's dreame
Who's beſt in fauour. Let the Muſicke knock it.
Exeunt with Trumpets.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen at ſeuerall Doores.

1. Whether away ſo faſt?
2. O, God ſaue ye:
Eu'n to the Hall, to heare what ſhall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.
1. Ile ſaue you
That labour Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony
Of bringing backe the Priſoner.
2. Were you there?
1. Yes indeed was I.
2. Pray ſpeake what ha's happen'd.
1. You may gueſſe quickly what.
2. Is he found guilty?
1. Yes truely is he,
And condemn'd vpon't.
2. I am ſorry fort.
1. So are a number more.
2. But pray how paſt it?
1. Ile tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar; where, to his accuſations
He pleaded ſtill not guilty, and alleadged
Many ſharpe reaſons to defeat the Law.
The Kings Atturney on the contrary,
Vrg'd on the Examinations, proofes, confeſſions
Of

Of diuers witneſſes, which the Duke deſir'd
To him brought *viua voce* to his face;
At which appear'd againſt him, his Surueyor
Sir *Gilbert Pecke* his Chancellour, and *Iohn Car*,
Confeſſor to him, with that Diuell Monke,
Hopkins, that made this miſchiefe.
2. That was hee
That fed him with his Prophecies.
1. The ſame,
All theſe accus'd him ſtrongly, which he faine
Would haue flung from him; but indeed he couldnot;
And ſo his Peeres vpon this euidence,
Haue found him guilty of high Treaſon. Much
He ſpoke, and learnedly for life: But all
Was either pittied in him, or forgotten.
2. After all this, how did he beare himſelfe?
1. When he was brought agen to th' Bar, to heare
His Knell rung out, his Iudgement, he was ſtir'd
With ſuch an Agony, he ſweat extreamly,
And ſomthing ſpoke in choller, ill, and haſty:
But he fell to himſelfe againe, and ſweetly,
In all the reſt ſhew'd a moſt Noble patience.
2. I doe not thinke he feares death.
1. Sure he does not,
He neuer was ſo womaniſh, the cauſe
He may a little grieue at.
2. Certainly,
The Cardinall is the end of this.
1. Tis likely,
By all coniectures: Firſt *Kildares* Attendure;
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remou'd
Earle *Surrey*, was ſent thither, and in haſt too,
Leaſt he ſhould helpe his Father.
2. That tricke of State
Was a deepe enuious one,
1. At his returne,
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted
(And generally) who euer the King fauours,
The Cardnall inſtantly will finde imployment,
And farre enough from Court too.
2. All the Commons
Hate him perniciouſly, and o' my Conſcience
Wiſh him ten faddom deepe: This Duke as much
They loue and doate on: call him bounteous *Buckingham*,
The Mirror of all courteſie.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment, Tipſtaues before him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halberds on each ſide, accompanied with Sir Thomas Louell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir Walter Sands, and common people, &c.

1. Stay there Sir,
And ſee the noble ruin'd man you ſpeake of.
2. Let's ſtand cloſe and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus farre haue come to pitty me;
Heare what I ſay, and then goe home and loſe me.
I haue this day receiu'd a Traitors iudgement,
And by that name muſt dye; yet Heauen beare witnes,
And if I haue a Conſcience, let it ſincke me,
Euen as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.
The Law I beare no mallice for my death,
T'has done vpon the premiſes, but Iuſtice:
But thoſe that ſought it, I could wiſh more Chriſtians:
(Be what they will) I heartily forgiue 'em;
Yet let 'em looke they glory not in miſchiefe;
Nor build their euils on the graues of great men;
For then, my guiltleſſe blood muſt cry againſt 'em.
For further life in this world I ne're hope,
Nor will I ſue, although the King haue mercies
More then I dare make faults.
You few that lou'd me,
And dare be bold to weepe for *Buckingham*,
His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leaue
Is only bitter to him, only dying:
Goe with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long diuorce of Steele fals on me,
Make of your Prayers one ſweet Sacrifice,
And lift my Soule to Heauen.
Lead on a Gods name.
Louell. I doe beſeech your Grace, for charity
If euer any malice in your heart
Were hid againſt me, now to forgiue me frankly.
Buck. Sir *Thomas Louell*, I as free forgiue you
As I would be forgiuen: I forgiue all.
There cannot be thoſe numberleſſe offences
Gainſt me, that I cannot take peace with:
No blacke Enuy ſhall make my Graue.
Commend mee to his Grace:
And if he ſpeake of *Buckingham*; pray tell him,
You met him halfe in Heauen: my vowes and prayers
Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forſake,
Shall cry for bleſſings on him. May he liue
Longer then I haue time to tell his yeares;
Euer belou'd and louing, may his Rule be;
And when old Time ſhall lead him to his end,
Goodneſſe and he, fill vp one Monument.
Lou. To th' water ſide I muſt conduct your Grace;
Then giue my Charge vp to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who vndertakes you to your end.
Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is comming: See the Barge be ready;
And fit it with ſuch furniture as ſuites
The Greatneſſe of his Perſon.
Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone; my State now will but mocke me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Conſtable,
And Duke of *Buckingham*: now, poore *Edward Bohun*;
Yet I am richer then my baſe Accuſers,
That neuer knew what Truth meant: I now ſeale it;
And with that bloud will make 'em one day groane for't.
My noble Father *Henry* of *Buckingham*,
Who firſt rais'd head againſt Vſurping *Richard*,
Flying for ſuccour to his Seruant *Baniſter*,
Being diſtreſt; was by that wretch betraid,
And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him.
Henry the Seauenth ſucceeding, truly pittying
My Fathers loſſe; like a moſt Royall Prince
Reſtor'd me to my Honours: and out of ruines
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,
Henry the Eight, Life, Honour, Name and all
That made me happy; at one ſtroake ha's taken
For euer from the World. I had my Tryall,
And muſt needs ſay a Noble one; which makes me
A little happier then my wretched Father:
Yet thus farre we are one in Fortunes; both
Fell by our Seruants, by thoſe Men we lou'd moſt:
A moſt vnnaturall and faithleſſe Seruice.
Heauen ha's an end in all: yet, you that heare me,
This from a dying man receiue as certaine:
Where you are liberall of your loues and Councels,
Be ſure you be not looſe; for thoſe you make friends,

And giue your hearts to; when they once perceiue
The leaſt rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, neuer found againe
But where they meane to ſinke ye: all good people
Pray for me, I muſt now forſake ye; the laſt houre
Of my long weary life is come vpon me:
Farewell; and when you would ſay ſomthing that is ſad,
Speake how I fell.
I haue done; and God forgiue me.
Exeunt Duke and Traine.
1. O, this is full of pitty; Sir, it cals
I feare, too many curſes on their heads
That were the Authors.
2. If the Duke be guiltleſſe,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can giue you inckling
Of an enſuing euill, if it fall,
Greater then this.
1. Good Angels keepe it from vs:
What may it be? you doe not doubt my faith Sir?
2. This Secret is ſo weighty, 'twill require
A ſtrong faith to conceale it.
1. Let me haue it:
I doe not talke much.
2. I am confident;
You ſhall Sir: Did you not of late dayes heare
A buzzing of a Separation
Betweene the King and *Katherine*?
1. Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He ſent command to the Lord Mayor ſtraight
To ſtop the rumor; and allay thoſe tongues
That durſt diſperſe it.
2. But that ſlander Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it growes agen
Freſher then e're it was; and held for certaine
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinall,
Or ſome about him neere, haue out of malice
To the good Queene, poſſeſt him with a ſcruple
That will vndoe her: To confirme this too,
Cardinall *Campeius* is arriu'd, and lately,
As all thinke for this buſines.
1. Tis the Cardinall;
And meerely to reuenge him on the Emperour,
For not beſtowing on him at his asking,
The Archbiſhopricke of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.
2. I thinke
You haue hit the marke; but is't not cruell,
That ſhe ſhould feele the ſmart of this: the Cardinall
Will haue his will, and ſhe muſt fall.
1. 'Tis wofull.
Wee are too open heere to argue this:
Let's thinke in priuate more. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter.

MY Lord, the Horſes your Lordſhip ſent for, with all the care I had, I ſaw well choſen, ridden, and furniſh'd. They were young and handſome, and of the beſt breed in the North. When they were ready to ſet out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinalls, by Commiſſion, and maine power tooke 'em from me, with this reaſon: his maiſter would bee ſeru'd before a Subiect, if not before the King, which ſtop'd our mouthes Sir.

I feare he will indeede; well, let him haue them; hee will haue all I thinke.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke.

Norf. Well met my Lord *Chamberlaine.*
Cham. Good day to both your Graces.
Suff. How is the King imployd?
Cham. I left him priuate,
Full of ſad thoughts and troubles.
Norf. What's the cauſe?
Cham. It ſeemes the Marriage with his Brothers Wife
Ha's crept too neere his Conſcience.
Suff. No, his Conſcience
Ha's crept too neere another Ladie.
Norf. Tis ſo;
This is the Cardinals doing: The King-Cardinall,
That blinde Prieſt, like the eldeſt Sonne of Fortune,
Turnes what he liſt. The King will know him one day.
Suff. Pray God he doe,
Hee'l neuer know himſelfe elſe.
Norf. How holily he workes in all his buſineſſe,
And with what zeale? For now he has crackt the League
Between vs & the Emperor (the Queens great Nephew)
He diues into the Kings Soule, and there ſcatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the Conſcience,
Feares, and deſpaires, and all theſe for his Marriage.
And out of all theſe, to reſtore the King,
He counſels a Diuorce, a loſſe of her
That like a Iewell, ha's hung twenty yeares
About his necke, yet neuer loſt her luſtre;
Of her that loues him with that excellence,
That Angels loue good men with: Euen of her,
That when the greateſt ſtroake of Fortune falls
Will bleſſe the King: and is not this courſe pious?
Cham. Heauen keep me from ſuch councel: tis moſt true
Theſe newes are euery where, euery tongue ſpeaks 'em,
And euery true heart weepes for't. All that dare
Looke into theſe affaires, ſee this maine end,
The French Kings Siſter. Heauen will one day open
The Kings eyes, that ſo long haue ſlept vpon
This bold bad man.
Suff. And free vs from his ſlauery.
Norf. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliuerance;
Or this imperious man will worke vs all
From Princes into Pages: all mens honours
Lie like one lumpe before him, to be faſhion'd
Into what pitch he pleaſe.
Suff. For me, my Lords,
I loue him not, nor feare him, there's my Creede:
As I am made without him, ſo Ile ſtand,
If the King pleaſe: his Curſes and his bleſſings
Touch me alike: th'are breath I not beleeue in.
I knew him, and I know him: ſo I leaue him
To him that made him proud; the Pope.
Norf. Let's in;
And with ſome other buſines, put the King
From theſe ſad thoughts, that work too much vpon him:
My Lord, youle beare vs company?
Cham. Excuſe me,
The King ha's ſent me otherwhere: Beſides
You'l finde a moſt vnfit time to diſturbe him:
Health to your Lordſhips.

Norfolke. Thankes my good Lord *Chamberlaine.*
Exit Lord Chamberlaine, and the King drawes the Curtaine and ſits reading penſiuely.
Suff. How ſad he lookes; ſure he is much afflicted.
Kin. Who's there? Ha?
Norff. Pray God he be not angry. (ſelues
Kin. Who's there I ſay? How dare you thruſt your
Into my priuate Meditations?
Who am I? Ha?
Norff. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne're meant: Our breach of Duty this way,
Is buſineſſe of Eſtate; in which, we come
To know your Royall pleaſure.
Kin. Ye are too bold:
Go too; Ile make ye know your times of buſineſſe:
Is this an howre for temporall affaires? Ha?
Enter Wolſey and Campeius with a Commiſſion.
Who's there? my good Lord Cardinall? O my *Wolſey,*
The quiet of my wounded Conſcience;
Thou art a cure fit for a King; you'r welcome
Moſt learned Reuerend Sir, into our Kingdome,
Vſe vs, and it: My good Lord, haue great care,
I be not found a Talker.
Wol. Sir, you cannot;
I would your Grace would giue vs but an houre
Of priuate conference.
Kin. We are buſie; goe.
Norff. This Prieſt ha's no pride in him?
Suff. Not to ſpeake of:
I would not be ſo ſicke though for his place:
But this cannot continue.
Norff. If it doe, Ile venture one; haue at him.
Suff. I another.
Exeunt Norfolke and Suffolke.
Wol. Your Grace ha's giuen a Preſident of wiſedome
Aboue all Princes, in committing freely
Your ſcruple to the voyce of Chriſtendome:
Who can be angry now? What Enuy reach you?
The Spaniard tide by blood and fauour to her,
Muſt now confeſſe, if they haue any goodneſſe,
The Tryall, iuſt and Noble. All the Clerkes,
(I meane the learned ones in Chriſtian Kingdomes)
Haue their free voyces. Rome (the Nurſe of Iudgement)
Inuited by your Noble ſelfe, hath ſent
One generall Tongue vnto vs. This good man,
This iuſt and learned Prieſt, Cardnall *Campeius,*
Whom once more, I preſent vnto your Highneſſe.
Kin. And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome,
And thanke the holy Conclaue for their loues,
They haue ſent me ſuch a Man, I would haue wiſh'd for.
Cam. Your Grace muſt needs deſerue all ſtrangers loues,
You are ſo Noble: To your Highneſſe hand
I tender my Commiſſion; by whoſe vertue,
The Court of Rome commanding. You my Lord
Cardinall of *Yorke,* are ioyn'd with me their Seruant,
In the vnpartiall iudging of this Buſineſſe. (ted
Kin. Two equall men: The Queene ſhall be acquain-
Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner?*
Wol. I know your Maieſty, ha's alwayes lou'd her
So deare in heart, not to deny her that
A Woman of leſſe Place might aske by Law;
Schollers allow'd freely to argue for her.
Kin. I, and the beſt ſhe ſhall haue; and my fauour
To him that does beſt, God forbid els: Cardinall,
Prethee call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary.
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.
Wol. Giue me your hand: much ioy & fauour to you;
You are the Kings now.
Gard. But to be commanded
For euer by your Grace, whoſe hand ha's rais'd me.
Kin. Come hither *Gardiner.*
Walkes and whiſpers.
Camp. My Lord of *Yorke,* was not one Doctor *Pace*
In this mans place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Camp. Was he not held a learned man?
Wol. Yes ſurely.
Camp. Beleeue me, there's an ill opinion ſpread then,
Euen of your ſelfe Lord Cardinall.
Wol. How? of me?
Camp They will not ſticke to ſay, you enuide him;
And fearing he would riſe (he was ſo vertuous)
Kept him a forraigne man ſtill, which ſo greeu'd him,
That he ran mad, and dide.
Wol. Heau'ns peace be with him:
That's Chriſtian care enough: for liuing Murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Foole;
For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow,
If I command him followes my appointment,
I will haue none ſo neere els. Learne this Brother,
We liue not to be grip'd by meaner perſons.
Kin. Deliuer this with modeſty to th' Queene.
Exit Gardiner.
The moſt conuenient place, that I can thinke of
For ſuch receipt of Learning, is Black-Fryers:
There ye ſhall meete about this waighty buſines.
My *Wolſey,* ſee it furniſh'd, O my Lord,
Would it not grieue an able man to leaue
So ſweet a Bedfellow? But Conſcience, Conſcience;
O 'tis a tender place, and I muſt leaue her. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

An. Not for that neither; here's the pang that pinches.
His Highneſſe, hauing liu'd ſo long with her, and ſhe
So good a Lady, that no Tongue could euer
Pronounce diſhonour of her; by my life,
She neuer knew harme-doing: Oh, now after
So many courſes of the Sun enthroaned,
Still growing in a Maieſty and pompe, the which
To leaue, a thouſand fold more bitter, then
'Tis ſweet at firſt t'acquire. After this Proceſſe.
To giue her the auaunt, it is a pitty
Would moue a Monſter.
Old La. Hearts of moſt hard temper
Melt and lament for her.
An. Oh Gods will, much better
She ne're had knowne pompe; though't be temporall,
Yet if that quarrell. Fortune, do diuorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a ſufferance, panging
As ſoule and bodies ſeuering.
Old L. Alas poore Lady,
Shee's a ſtranger now againe.
An. So much the more
Muſt pitty drop vpon her; verily
I ſweare, tis better to be lowly borne,

And range with humble liuers in Content,
Then to be perk'd vp in a gliſtring grieſe,
And weare a golden ſorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our beſt hauing.
Anne. By my troth, and Maidenhead,
I would not be a Queene.
Old. L. Beſhrew me, I would,
And venture Maidenhead for't, and ſo would you
For all this ſpice of your Hipocriſie:
You that haue ſo faire parts of Woman on you,
Haue (too) a Womans heart, which euer yet
Affected Eminence, Wealth, Soueraignty;
Which, to ſay ſooth, are Bleſſings; and which guifts
(Sauing your mincing) the capacity
Of your ſoft Chiuerell Conſcience, would receiue,
If you might pleaſe to ſtretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth.
Old L. Yes troth, & troth; you would not be a Queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches vnder Heauen.
Old L. Tis ſtrange; a threepence bow'd would hire me
Old as I am, to Queene it: but I pray you,
What thinke you of a Dutcheſſe? Haue you limbs
To beare that load of Title?
An. No in truth.
Old. L. Then you are weakly made; plucke off a little,
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more then bluſhing comes to: If your backe
Cannot vouchſafe this burthen, tis too weake
Euer to get a Boy.
An. How you doe talke;
I ſweare againe, I would not be a Queene,
For all the world:
Old. L. In faith, for little England
You'ld venture an emballing: I my ſelfe
Would for *Carnaruanſhire,* although there long'd
No more to th' Crowne but that: Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlaine. (know
L.Cham. Good morrow Ladies; what wer't worth to
The ſecret of your conference?
An. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our Miſtris Sorrowes we were pittying.
Cham. It was a gentle buſineſſe, and becomming
The action of good women, there is hope
All will be well.
An. Now I pray God, *Amen.*
Cham. You beare a gentle minde, & heau'nly bleſſings
Follow ſuch Creatures. That you may, faire Lady
Perceiue I ſpeake ſincerely, and high notes
Tane of your many vertues; the Kings Maieſty
Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and
Doe's purpoſe honour to you no leſſe flowing,
Then Marchioneſſe of *Pembrooke;* to which Title,
A Thouſand pound a yeare, Annuall ſupport,
Out of his Grace, he addes.
An. I doe not know
What kinde of my obedience, I ſhould tender;
More then my All, is Nothing: Nor my Prayers
Are not words duely hallowed; nor my Wiſhes
More worth, then empty vanities: yet Prayers & Wiſhes
Are all I can returne. 'Beſeech your Lordſhip,
Vouchſafe to ſpeake my thankes, and my obedience,
As from a bluſhing Handmaid, to his Highneſſe;
Whoſe health and Royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady;
I ſhall not faile t'approue the faire conceit
The King hath of you. I haue perus'd her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are ſo mingled,
That they haue caught the King: and who knowes yet
But from this Lady, may proceed a Iemme,
To lighten all this Ile. I'le to the King,
And ſay I ſpoke with you.
Exit Lord Chamberlaine.
An. My honour'd Lord.
Old. L. Why this it is: See, ſee,
I haue beene begging ſixteene yeares in Court
(Am yet a Courtier beggerly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early, and too late
For any ſuit of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very freſh Fiſh heere; ſye, ſye, ſye vpon
This compel'd fortune: haue your mouth fild vp,
Before you open it.
An. This is ſtrange to me.
Old L. How taſts it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no:
There was a Lady once (tis an old Story)
That would not be a Queene, that would ſhe not
For all the mud in Egypt; haue you heard it?
An. Come you are pleaſant.
Old. L. With your Theame, I could
O're-mount the Larke: The Marchioneſſe of *Pembrooke?*
A thouſand pounds a yeare, for pure reſpect?
No other obligation? by my Life,
That promiſes mo thouſands: Honours traine
Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time
I know your backe will beare a Dutcheſſe. Say,
Are you not ſtronger then you were?
An. Good Lady,
Make your ſelfe mirth with your particular fancy,
And leaue me out on't. Would I had no being
If this ſalute my blood a iot; it faints me
To thinke what followes.
The Queene is comfortleſſe, and wee forgetfull
In our long abſence: pray doe not deliuer,
What heere y'haue heard to her.
Old L. What doe you thinke me —— *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets.
Enter two Vergers, with ſhort ſiluer wands; next them two Scribes in the habite of Doctors: after them, the Biſhop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Biſhops of Lincolne, Ely, Rocheſter, and S. Aſaph: Next them, with ſome ſmall diſtance, followes a Gentleman bearing the Purſe, with the great Seale, and a Cardinals Hat: Then two Prieſts, bearing each a Siluer Croſſe: Then a Gentleman Vſher bareheaded, accompanyed with a Sergeant at Armes, bearing a Siluer Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great Siluer Pillers: After them, ſide by ſide, the two Cardinals, two Noblemen, with the Sword and Mace. The King takes place vnder the Cloth of State. The two Cardinalls ſit vnder him as Iudges. The Queene takes place ſome diſtance from the King. The Biſhops place themſelues on each ſide the Court in manner of a Conſiſtory: Below them the Scribes. The Lords ſit next the Biſhops. The reſt of the Attendants ſtand in conuenient order about the Stage.

Car. Whil'ſt our Commiſſion from Rome is read,
Let ſilence be commanded.
King. What's the need?
It hath already publiquely bene read,
And on all ſides th'Authority allow'd,
You may then ſpare that time.
Car. Bee't ſo, proceed.
Scri. Say, *Henry* K. of England, come into the Court.
Crier. *Henry* King of England, &c.
King. Heere.
Scribe. Say, *Katherine* Queene of England,
Come into the Court.
Crier. *Katherine* Queene of England, &c.

The Queene makes no anſwer, riſes out of her Chaire, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneeles at his Feete. Then ſpeakes.

Sir, I deſire you do me Right and Iuſtice,
And to beſtow your pitty on me; for
I am a moſt poore Woman, and a Stranger,
Borne out of your Dominions: hauing heere
No Iudge indifferent, nor no more aſſurance
Of equall Friendſhip and Proceeding. Alas Sir:
In what haue I offended you? What cauſe
Hath my behauiour giuen to your diſpleaſure,
That thus you ſhould proceede to put me off,
And take your good Grace from me? Heauen witneſſe,
I haue bene to you, a true and humble Wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Euer in feare to kindle your Diſlike,
Yea, ſubiect to your Countenance: Glad, or ſorry,
As I ſaw it inclin'd? When was the houre
I euer contradicted your Deſire?
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
Haue I not ſtroue to loue, although I knew
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
That had to him deriu'd your Anger, did I
Continue in my Liking? Nay, gaue notice
He was from thence diſcharg'd? Sir, call to minde,
That I haue beene your Wife, in this Obedience,
Vpward of twenty yeares, and haue bene bleſt
With many Children by you. If in the courſe
And proceſſe of this time, you can report,
And proue it too, againſt mine Honor, aught;
My bond to Wedlocke, or my Loue and Dutie
Againſt your Sacred Perſon; in Gods name
Turne me away: and let the fowl'ſt Contempt
Shut doore vpon me, and ſo giue me vp
To the ſharp'ſt kinde of Iuſtice. Pleaſe you, Sir,
The King your Father, was reputed for
A Prince moſt Prudent; of an excellent
And vnmatch'd Wit, and Iudgement. *Ferdinand*
My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one
The wiſeſt Prince, that there had reign'd, by many
A yeare before. It is not to be queſtion'd,
That they had gather'd a wiſe Councell to them
Of euery Realme, that did debate this Buſineſſe,
Who deem'd our Marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beſeech you Sir, to ſpare me, till I may
Be by my Friends in Spaine, aduis'd; whoſe Counſaile
I will implore. If not, i'th'name of God
Your pleaſure be fulfill'd.
Wol. You haue heere Lady,
(And of your choice) theſe Reuerend Fathers, men
Of ſingular Integrity, and Learning;
Yea, the elect o'th'Land, who are aſſembled
To pleade your Cauſe. It ſhall be therefore bootleſſe,
That longer you deſire the Court, as well
For your owne quiet, as to rectifie
What is vnſetled in the King.
Camp. His Grace
Hath ſpoken well, and iuſtly: Therefore Madam,
It's fit this Royall Seſſion do proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.
Qu. Lord Cardinall, to you I ſpeake.
Wol. Your pleaſure, Madam.
Qu. Sir, I am about to weepe; but thinking that
We are a Queene (or long haue dream'd ſo) certaine
The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,
Ile turne to ſparkes of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Qu. I will, when you are humble; Nay before,
Or God will puniſh me. I do beleeue
(Induc'd by potent Circumſtances) that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,
You ſhall not be my Iudge. For it is you
Haue blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me;
(Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I ſay againe,
I vtterly abhorre; yea, from my Soule
Refuſe you for my Iudge, whom yet once more
I hold my moſt malicious Foe, and thinke not
At all a Friend to truth.
Wol. I do profeſſe
You ſpeake not like your ſelfe: who euer yet
Haue ſtood to Charity, and diſplayd th'effects
Of diſpoſition gentle, and of wiſedome,
Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong
I haue no Spleene againſt you, nor iniuſtice
For you, or any: how farre I haue proceeded,
Or how farre further (Shall) is warranted
By a Commiſſion from the Conſiſtorie,
Yea, the whole Conſiſtorie of Rome. You charge me,
That I haue blowne this Coale: I do deny it,
The King is preſent: If it be knowne to him,
That I gainſay my Deed, how may he wound,
And worthily my Falſehood, yea, as much
As you haue done my Truth. If he know
That I am free of your Report, he knowes
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the Cure is to
Remoue theſe Thoughts from you. The which before
His Highneſſe ſhall ſpeake in, I do beſeech
You (gracious Madam) to vnthinke your ſpeaking,
And to ſay ſo no more.
Queen. My Lord, my Lord,
I am a ſimple woman, much too weake
T'oppoſe your cunning. Y'are meek, & humble-mouth'd
You ſigne your Place, and Calling, in full ſeeming,
With Meekeneſſe and Humilitie: but your Heart
Is cramm'd with Arrogancie, Spleene, and Pride.
You haue by Fortune, and his Highneſſe fauors,
Gone ſlightly o're lowe ſteppes, and now are mounted
Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words
(Domeſtickes to you) ſerue your will, as't pleaſe
Your ſelfe pronounce their Office. I muſt tell you,
You tender more your perſons Honor, then
Your high profeſſion Spirituall. That agen
I do refuſe you for my Iudge, and heere
Before you all, Appeale vnto the Pope,
To bring my whole Cauſe 'fore his Holineſſe,
And to be iudg'd by him.

She Curtſies to the King, and offers to depart.

Camp. The Queene is obſtinate,
Stubborne to Iuſtice, apt to accuſe it, and
Diſdainfull to be tride by't; tis not well.
Shee's going away.
Kin. Call her againe.
Crier. *Katherine,* Q. of England, come into the Court.
Gent. Vſh. Madam, you are cald backe.
Que. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,
When you are cald returne. Now the Lord helpe,
They vexe me paſt my patience, pray you paſſe on;
I will not tarry: no, nor euer more
Vpon this buſineſſe my appearance make,
In any of their Courts.

Exit Queene, and her Attendants.

Kin. Goe thy wayes *Kate,*
That man i'th' world, who ſhall report he ha's
A better Wife, let him in naught be truſted,
For ſpeaking falſe in that; thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, ſweet gentleneſſe,
Thy meekneſſe Saint-like, Wife-like Gouernment,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Soueraigne and Pious els, could ſpeake thee out)
The Queene of earthly Queenes: Shee's Noble borne;
And like her true Nobility, ſhe ha's
Carried her ſelfe towards me.
Wol. Moſt gracious Sir,
In humbleſt manner I require your Highnes,
That it ſhall pleaſe you to declare in hearing
Of all theſe eares (for where I am rob'd and bound,
There muſt I be vnloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully ſatisfide) whether euer I
Did broach this buſines to your Highnes, or
Laid any ſcruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the queſtion on't: or euer
Haue to you, but with thankes to God for ſuch
A Royall Lady, ſpake one, the leaſt word that might
Be to the preiudice of her preſent State,
Or touch of her good Perſon?
Kin. My Lord Cardinall,
I doe excuſe you; yea, vpon mine Honour,
I free you from't: You are not to be taught
That you haue many enemies, that know not
Why they are ſo; but like to Village Curres,
Barke when their fellowes doe. By ſome of theſe
The Queene is put in anger; y'are excus'd:
But will you be more iuſtifi'de? You euer
Haue wiſh'd the ſleeping of this buſines, neuer deſir'd
It to be ſtir'd; but oft haue hindred, oft
The paſſages made toward it; on my Honour,
I ſpeake my good Lord Cardnall, to this point;
And thus farre cleare him.
Now, what mou'd me too't,
I will be bold with time and your attention: (too't:
Then marke th'inducement. Thus it came; giue heede
My Conſcience firſt receiu'd a tendernes,
Scruple, and pricke, on certaine Speeches vtter'd
By th'Biſhop of *Bayon*, then French Embaſſador,
Who had beene hither ſent on the debating
And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleance*, and
Our Daughter *Mary*: I'th' Progreſſe of this buſines,
Ere a determinate reſolution, hee
(I meane the Biſhop) did require a reſpite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord aduertiſe,
Whether our Daughter were legitimate,
Reſpecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,
Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This reſpite ſhooke
The boſome of my Conſcience, enter'd me;
Yea, with a ſpitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my Breaſt, which forc'd ſuch way,
That many maz'd conſiderings, did throng
And preſt in with this Caution. Firſt, me thought
I ſtood not in the ſmile of Heauen, who had
Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe
If it conceiu'd a male-child by me, ſhould
Doe no more Offices of life too't; then
The Graue does to th'dead: For her Male Iſſue,
Or di'de where they were made, or ſhortly after
This world had ayr'd them. Hence I tooke a thought,
This was a Iudgement on me, that my Kingdome
(Well worthy the beſt Heyre o'th' World) ſhould not
Be gladded in't by me. Then followes, that
I weigh'd the danger which my Realmes ſtood in
By this my Iſſues faile, and that gaue to me
Many a groaning throw: thus hulling in
The wild Sea of my Conſcience, I did ſteere
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now preſent heere together: that's to ſay,
I meant to rectifie my Conſcience, which
I then did feele full ſicke, and yet not well,
By all the Reuerend Fathers of the Land,
And Doctors learn'd. Firſt I began in priuate,
With you my Lord of *Lincolne*; you remember
How vnder my oppreſſion I did reeke
When I firſt mou'd you.
B. Lin. Very well my Liedge.
Kin. I haue ſpoke long, be pleas'd your ſelfe to ſay
How farre you ſatisfide me.
Lin. So pleaſe your Highnes,
The queſtion did at firſt ſo ſtagger me,
Bearing a State of mighty moment in't,
And conſequence of dread, that I committed
The daringſt Counſaile which I had to doubt,
And did entreate your Highnes to this courſe,
Which you are running heere.
Kin. I then mou'd you,
My Lord of *Canterbury*, and got your leaue
To make this preſent Summons vnſolicited.
I left no Reuerend Perſon in this Court;
But by particular conſent proceeded
Vnder your hands and Seales; therefore goe on,
For no diſlike i'th' world againſt the perſon
Of the good Queene; but the ſharpe thorny points
Of my alleadged reaſons, driues this forward:
Proue but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life
And Kingly Dignity, we are contented
To weare our mortall State to come, with her,
(*Katherine* our Queene) before the primeſt Creature
That's Parragon'd o'th' World.
Camp. So pleaſe your Highnes,
The Queene being abſent, 'tis a needfull fitneſſe,
That we adiourne this Court till further day;
Meane while, muſt be an earneſt motion
Made to the Queene to call backe her Appeale
She intends vnto his Holineſſe.
Kin. I may perceiue
Theſe Cardinals trifle with me: I abhorre
This dilatory ſloth, and trickes of Rome.
My learn'd and welbeloued Seruant *Cranmer*,
Prethee returne, with thy approch: I know,
My comfort comes along: breake vp the Court;
I ſay, ſet on.

Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene and her Women as at worke.

Queen. Take thy Lute wench,
My Soule growes ſad with troubles,
Sing, and diſperſe 'em if thou canſt: leaue working:

SONG.

Orpheus with his Lute made Trees,
And the Mountaine tops that freeze,
Bow themſelues when he did ſing.
To his Muſicke, Plants and Flowers
Euer ſprung; as Sunne and Showers,
There had made a laſting Spring.
Euery thing that heard him play,
Euen the Billowes of the Sea,
Hung their heads, & then lay by.
In ſweet Muſicke is ſuch Art,
Killing care, & griefe of heart,
Fall aſleepe, or hearing dye.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?
Gent. And't pleaſe your Grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the preſence.
Queen. Would they ſpeake with me?
Gent. They wil'd me ſay ſo Madam.
Queen. Pray their Graces
To come neere: what can be their buſines
With me, a poore weake woman, falne from fauour?
I doe not like their comming; now I thinke on't,
They ſhould bee good men, their affaires as righteous:
But all Hoods, make not Monkes.

Enter the two Cardinalls, Wolſey & Campian.

Wolſ. Peace to your Highneſſe.
Queen. Your Graces find me heere part of a Houſwife,
(I would be all) againſt the worſt may happen:
What are your pleaſures with me, reuerent Lords?
Wol. May it pleaſe you Noble Madam, to withdraw
Into your priuate Chamber; we ſhall giue you
The full cauſe of our comming.
Queen. Speake it heere.
There's nothing I haue done yet o' my Conſcience
Deſerues a Corner: would all other Women
Could ſpeake this with as free a Soule as I doe.
My Lords, I care not (ſo much I am happy
Aboue a number) if my actions
Were tri'de by eu'ry tongue, eu'ry eye ſaw 'em,
Enuy and baſe opinion ſet againſt 'em,
I know my life ſo euen. If your buſines
Seeke me out, and that way I am Wife in;
Out with it boldly: Truth loues open dealing.
Card. Tanta eſt erga te mentis integritas Regina ſereniſſima.
Queen. O good my Lord, no Latin;
I am not ſuch a Truant ſince my comming,
As not to know the Language I haue liu'd in:
A ſtrange Tongue makes my cauſe more ſtrange, ſuſpitious:
Pray ſpeake in Engliſh; heere are ſome will thanke you,
If you ſpeake truth, for their poore Miſtris ſake;
Beleeue me ſhe ha's had much wrong. Lord Cardinall,
The willing'ſt ſinne I euer yet committed,
May be abſolu'd in Engliſh.
Card. Noble Lady,
I am ſorry my integrity ſhoul breed,
(And ſeruice to his Maieſty and you)
So deepe ſuſpition, where all faith was meant;
We come not by the way of Accuſation,
To taint that honour euery good Tongue bleſſes;
Nor to betray you any way to ſorrow;
You haue too much good Lady: But to know
How you ſtand minded in the waighty difference
Betweene the King and you, and to deliuer
(Like free and honeſt men) our iuſt opinions,
And comforts to our cauſe.
Camp. Moſt honour'd Madam,
My Lord of Yorke, out of his Noble nature,
Zeale and obedience he ſtill bore your Grace,
Forgetting (like a good man) your late Cenſure
Both of his truth and him (which was too farre)
Offers, as I doe, in a ſigne of peace,
His Seruice, and his Counſell.
Queen. To betray me.
My Lords, I thanke you both for your good wills,
Ye ſpeake like honeſt men, (pray God ye proue ſo)
But how to make ye ſodainly an Anſwere
In ſuch a poynt of weight, ſo neere mine Honour,
(More neere my Life I feare) with my weake wit;
And to ſuch men of grauity and learning;
In truth I know not. I was ſet at worke,
Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) looking
Either for ſuch men, or ſuch buſineſſe;
For her ſake that I haue beene, for I feele
The laſt fit of my Greatneſſe; good your Graces
Let me haue time and Councell for my Cauſe:
Alas, I am a Woman frendleſſe, hopeleſſe.
Wol. Madam,
You wrong the Kings loue with theſe feares,
Your hopes and friends are infinite.
Queen. In England,
But little for my profit can you thinke Lords,
That any Engliſh man dare giue me Councell?
Or be a knowne friend 'gainſt his Highnes pleaſure,
(Though he be growne ſo deſperate to be honeſt)
And liue a Subiect? Nay forſooth, my Friends,
They that muſt weigh out my afflictions,
They that my truſt muſt grow to, liue not heere,
They are (as all my other comforts) far hence
In mine owne Countrey Lords.
Camp. I would your Grace
Would leaue your greefes, and take my Counſell.
Queen. How Sir?
Camp. Put your maine cauſe into the Kings protection,
Hee's louing and moſt gracious. 'Twill be much,
Both for your Honour better, and your Cauſe:
For if the tryall of the Law o'retake ye,
You'l part away diſgrac'd.
Wol. He tels you rightly.
Queen. Ye tell me what ye wiſh for both, my ruine:
Is this your Chriſtian Councell? Out vpon ye.
Heauen is aboue all yet; there ſits a Iudge,
That no King can corrupt.
Camp. Your rage miſtakes vs.
Queen. The more ſhame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Vpon my Soule two reuerend Cardinall Vertues:
But Cardinall Sins, and hollow hearts I feare ye:
Mend 'em for ſhame my Lords: Is this your comfort?
The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady?
A woman loſt among ye, laugh't at, ſcornd?
I will not wiſh ye halfe my miſeries,

I haue more Charity. But ſay I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heauens ſake take heed, leaſt at once
The burthen of my ſorrowes, fall vpon ye.
Car. Madam, this is a meere diſtraction,
You turne the good we offer, into enuy.
Quee. Ye turne me into nothing. Woe vpon ye,
And all ſuch falſe Profeſſors. Would you haue me
(If you haue any Iuſtice, any Pitty,
If ye be any thing but Churchmens habits)
Put my ſicke cauſe into his hands, that hates me?
Alas, ha's baniſh'd me his Bed already,
His Loue, too long ago. I am old my Lords,
And all the Fellowſhip I hold now with him
Is onely my Obedience. What can happen
To me, aboue this wretchedneſſe? All your Studies
Make me a Curſe, like this.
Camp. Your feares are worſe.
Qu. Haue I liu'd thus long (let me ſpeake my ſelfe,
Since Vertue findes no friends) a Wife, a true one?
A Woman (I dare ſay without Vainglory)
Neuer yet branded with Suſpition?
Haue I, with all my full Affections
Still met the King? Lou'd him next Heau'n? Obey'd him?
Bin (out of fondneſſe) ſuperſtitious to him?
Almoſt forgot my Prayres to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well Lords.
Bring me a conſtant woman to her Husband,
One that ne're dream'd a Ioy, beyond his pleaſure;
And to that Woman (when ſhe has done moſt)
Yet will I adde an Honor; a great Patience.
Car. Madam, you wander from the good
We ayme at.
Qu. My Lord,
I dare not make my ſelfe ſo guiltie,
To giue vp willingly that Noble Title
Your Maſter wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e're diuorce my Dignities.
Car. Pray heare me.
Qu. Would I had neuer trod this Engliſh Earth,
Or felt the Flatteries that grow vpon it:
Ye haue Angels Faces; but Heauen knowes your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched Lady?
I am the moſt vnhappy Woman liuing.
Alas (poore Wenches) where are now your Fortunes?
Shipwrack'd vpon a Kingdome, where no Pitty,
No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weepe for me?
Almoſt no Graue allow'd me? Like the Lilly
That once was Miſtris of the Field, and flouriſh'd,
Ile hang my head, and periſh.
Car. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know, our Ends are honeſt,
Youl'd feele more comfort. Why ſhold we (good Lady)
Vpon what cauſe wrong you? Alas, our Places,
The way of our Profeſſion is againſt it;
We are to Cure ſuch ſorrowes, not to ſowe 'em.
For Goodneſſe ſake, conſider what you do,
How you may hurt your ſelfe: I, vtterly
Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage.
The hearts of Princes kiſſe Obedience,
So much they loue it. But to ſtubborne Spirits,
They ſwell and grow, as terrible as ſtormes.
I know you haue a Gentle, Noble temper,
A Soule as euen as a Calme; Pray thinke vs,
Thoſe we profeſſe, Peace-makers, Friends, and Seruants.
Camp. Madam, you'l finde it ſo:
You wrong your Vertues
With theſe weake Womens feares. A Noble Spirit
As yours was, put into you, euer caſts
Such doubts as falſe Coine from it. The King loues you,
Beware you looſe it not: For vs (if you pleaſe
To truſt vs in your buſineſſe) we are ready
To vſe our vtmoſt Studies, in your ſeruice.
Qu. Do what ye will, my Lords:
And pray forgiue me;
If I haue vs'd my ſelfe vnmannerly,
You know I am a Woman, lacking wit
To make a ſeemely anſwer to ſuch perſons.
Pray do my ſeruice to his Maieſtie,
He ha's my heart yet, and ſhall haue my Prayers
While I ſhall haue my life. Come reuerend Fathers,
Beſtow your Councels on me. She now begges
That little thought when ſhe ſet footing heere,
She ſhould haue bought her Dignities ſo deere. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke, Duke of Suffolke, Lord Surrey, and Lord Chamberlaine.

Norf. If you will now vnite in your Complaints,
And force them with a Conſtancy, the Cardinall
Cannot ſtand vnder them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promiſe,
But that you ſhall ſuſtaine moe new diſgraces,
With theſe you beare alreadie.
Sur. I am ioyfull
To meete the leaſt occaſion, that may giue me
Remembrance of my Father-in-Law, the Duke,
To be reueng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the Peeres
Haue vncontemn'd gone by him, or at leaſt
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The ſtampe of Nobleneſſe in any perſon
Out of himſelfe?
Cham. My Lords, you ſpeake your pleaſures:
What he deſerues of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him (though now the time
Giues way to vs) I much feare. If you cannot
Barre his acceſſe to'th'King, neuer attempt
Any thing on him: for he hath a Witchcraft
Ouer the King in's Tongue.
Nor. O feare him not,
His ſpell in that is out: the King hath found
Matter againſt him, that for euer marres
The Hony of his Language. No, he's ſetled
(Not to come off) in his diſpleaſure.
Sur. Sir,
I ſhould be glad to heare ſuch Newes as this
Once euery houre.
Nor. Beleeue it, this is true.
In the Diuorce, his contrarie proceedings
Are all vnfolded: wherein he appeares,
As I would wiſh mine Enemy.
Sur. How came
His practiſes to light?
Suf. Moſt ſtrangely.
Sur. O how? how?
Suf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miſcarried,

And came to th'eye o'th'King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinall did intreat his Holineſſe
To ſtay the Iudgement o'th'Diuorce; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceiue
My King is tangled in affection, to
A Creature of the Queenes, Lady *Anne Bullen*,
Sur. Ha's the King this?
Suf. Beleeue it.
Sur. Will this worke?
Cham. The King in this perceiues him, how he coaſts
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his trickes founder, and he brings his Phyſicke
After his Patients death; the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.
Sur. Would he had.
Suf. May you be happy in your wiſh my Lord,
For I profeſſe you haue it.
Sur. Now all my ioy
Trace the Coniunction.
Suf. My Amen too't.
Nor. All mens.
Suf. There's order giuen for her Coronation:
Marry this is yet but yong, and may be left
To ſome eares vnrecounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleate
In minde and feature. I perſwade me, from her
Will fall ſome bleſſing to this Land, which ſhall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But will the King
Digeſt this Letter of the Cardinals?
The Lord forbid.
Nor. Marry Amen.
Suf. No, no:
There be moe Waſpes that buz about his Noſe,
Will make this ſting the ſooner. Cardinall *Campeius*,
Is ſtolne away to Rome, hath 'tane no leaue,
Ha's left the cauſe o'th'King vnhandled, and
Is poſted as the Agent of our Cardinall,
To ſecond all his plot. I do aſſure you,
The King cry'de Ha, at this.
Cham. Now God incenſe him,
And let him cry Ha, lowder.
Norf. But my Lord
When returnes *Cranmer*?
Suf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Haue ſatisfied the King for his Diuorce,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almoſt in Chriſtendome: ſhortly (I beleeue)
His ſecond Marriage ſhall be publiſhd, and
Her Coronation. *Katherine* no more
Shall be call'd Queene, but Princeſſe Dowager,
And Widdow to Prince *Arthur*.
Nor. This ſame *Cranmer's*
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine
In the Kings buſineſſe.
Suf. He ha's, and we ſhall ſee him
For it an Arch-byſhop.
Nor. So I heare.
Suf. 'Tis ſo.

Enter Wolſey and Cromwell.

The Cardinall.
Nor. Obſerue, obſerue, hee's moody.
Car. The Packet Cromwell,
Gau't you the King?
Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.
Card. Look'd he o'th'inſide of the Paper?
Crom. Preſently
He did vnſeale them, and the firſt he view'd,
He did it with a Serious minde: a heede
Was in his countenance. You he bad
Attend him heere this Morning.
Card. Is he ready to come abroad?
Crom. I thinke by this he is.
Card. Leaue me a while. *Exit Cromwell.*
It ſhall be to the Dutches of Alanſon,
The French Kings Siſter; He ſhall marry her.
Anne Bullen? No: Ile no *Anne Bullens* for him,
There's more in't then faire Viſage. *Bullen*?
No, wee'l no *Bullens*: Speedily I wiſh
To heare from Rome. The Marchioneſſe of Penbroke?
Nor. He's diſcontented.
Suf. May be he heares the King
Does whet his Anger to him.
Sur. Sharpe enough,
Lord for thy Iuſtice.
Car. The late Queenes Gentlewoman?
A Knights Daughter
To be her Miſtris Miſtris? The Queenes, Queene?
This Candle burnes not cleere, 'tis I muſt ſnuffe it,
Then out it goes. What though I know her vertuous
And well deſeruing? yet I know her for
A ſpleeny Lutheran, and not wholſome to
Our cauſe, that ſhe ſhould lye i'th'boſome of
Our hard rul'd King. Againe, there is ſprung vp
An Heretique, an Arch-one; *Cranmer*, one
Hath crawl'd into the fauour of the King,
And is his Oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at ſomething.

Enter King, reading of a Scedule.

Sur. I would 'twer ſomthing ẏ would fret the ſtring,
The Maſter-cord on's heart.
Suf. The King, the King.
King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his owne portion? And what expence by'th'houre
Seemes to flow from him? How, i'th'name of Thrift
Does he rake this together? Now my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinall?
Nor. My Lord, we haue
Stood heere obſeruing him. Some ſtrange Commotion
Is in his braine: He bites his lip, and ſtarts,
Stops on a ſodaine, lookes vpon the ground,
Then layes his finger on his Temple: ſtraight
Springs out into faſt gate, then ſtops againe,
Strikes his breſt hard, and anon, he caſts
His eye againſt the Moone: in moſt ſtrange Poſtures
We haue ſeene him ſet himſelfe.
King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning,
Papers of State he ſent me, to peruſe
As I requir'd: and wot you what I found
There (on my Conſcience put vnwittingly)
Forſooth an Inuentory, thus importing
The ſeuerall parcels of his Plate, his Treaſure,
Rich Stuffes and Ornaments of Houſhold, which
I finde at ſuch proud Rate, that it out-ſpeakes
Poſſeſſion of a Subiect.
Nor. It's Heauens will,
Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet,
To bleſſe your eye withall.
King. If we did thinke

His Contemplation were aboue the earth,
And fixt on Spirituall obiect, he ſhould ſtill
Dwell in his Muſings, but I am affraid
His Thinkings are below the Moone, not worth
His ſerious conſidering.

King takes his Seat, whiſpers Louell, who goes to the Cardinall.

Car. Heauen forgiue me,
Euer God bleſſe your Highneſſe.
King. Good my Lord,
You are full of Heauenly ſtuffe, and beare the Inuentory
Of your beſt Graces, in your minde; the which
You were now running o're: you haue ſcarſe time
To ſteale from Spirituall leyſure, a briefe ſpan
To keepe your earthly Audit, ſure in that
I deeme you an ill Husband, and am gald
To haue you therein my Companion.
Car. Sir,
For Holy Offices I haue a time; a time
To thinke vpon the part of buſineſſe, which
I beare i'th'State: and Nature does require
Her times of preſeruation, which perforce
I her fraile ſonne, among'ſt my Brethren mortall,
Muſt giue my tendance to.
King. You haue ſaid well.
Car. And euer may your Highneſſe yoake together,
(As I will lend you cauſe) my doing well,
With my well ſaying.
King. 'Tis well ſaid agen,
And 'tis a kinde of good deede to ſay well,
And yet words are no deeds. My Father lou'd you,
He ſaid he did, and with his deed did Crowne
His word vpon you. Since I had my Office,
I haue kept you next my Heart, haue not alone
Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home,
But par'd my preſent Hauings, to beſtow
My Bounties vpon you.
Car. What ſhould this meane?
Sur. The Lord increaſe this buſineſſe.
King. Haue I not made you
The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you haue found true:
And if you may confeſſe it, ſay withall
If you are bound to vs, or no. What ſay you?
Car. My Soueraigne, I confeſſe your Royall graces
Showr'd on me daily, haue bene more then could
My ſtudied purpoſes requite, which went
Beyond all mans endeauors. My endeauors,
Haue euer come too ſhort of my Deſires,
Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine owne ends
Haue beene mine ſo, that euermore they pointed
To'th'good of your moſt Sacred Perſon, and
The profit of the State. For your great Graces
Heap'd vpon me (poore Vndeſeruer) I
Can nothing render but Allegiant thankes,
My Prayres to heauen for you; my Loyaltie
Which euer ha's, and euer ſhall be growing,
Till death (that Winter) kill it.
King. Fairely anſwer'd:
A Loyall, and obedient Subiect is
Therein illuſtrated, the Honor of it
Does pay the Act of it, as i'th'contrary
The fowleneſſe is the puniſhment. I preſume,
That as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you,
My heart drop'd Loue, my powre rain'd Honor, more
On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart,
Your Braine, and euery Function of your power,
Should, notwithſtanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twer in Loues particular, be more
To me your Friend, then any.
Car. I do profeſſe,
That for your Highneſſe good, I euer labour'd
More then mine owne: that am, haue, and will be
(Though all the world ſhould cracke their duty to you,
And throw it from their Soule, though perils did
Abound, as thicke as thought could make 'em, and
Appeare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty,
As doth a Rocke againſt the chiding Flood,
Should the approach of this wilde Riuer breake,
And ſtand vnſhaken yours.
King. 'Tis Nobly ſpoken:
Take notice Lords, he ha's a Loyall breſt,
For you haue ſeene him open't. Read o're this,
And after this, and then to Breakfaſt with
What appetite you haue.

Exit King, frowning vpon the Cardinall, the Nobles throng after him ſmiling, and whiſpering.

Car. What ſhould this meane?
What ſodaine Anger's this? How haue I reap'd it?
He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruine
Leap'd from his Eyes. So lookes the chafed Lyon
Vpon the daring Huntſman that has gall'd him:
Then makes him nothing. I muſt reade this paper:
I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis ſo:
This paper ha's vndone me: 'Tis th'Accompt
Of all that world of Wealth I haue drawne together
For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedome,
And fee my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!
Fit for a Foole to fall by: What croſſe Diuell
Made me put this maine Secret in the Packet
I ſent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new deuice to beate this from his Braines?
I know 'twill ſtirre him ſtrongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in ſpight of Fortune
Will bring me off againe. What's this? *To th'Pope?*
The Letter (as I liue) with all the Buſineſſe
I writ too's Holineſſe. Nay then, farewell:
I haue touch'd the higheſt point of all my Greatneſſe,
And from that full Meridian of my Glory,
I haſte now to my Setting. I ſhall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the Euening,
And no man ſee me more.

Enter to Woolſey, the Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke, the Earle of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.

Nor. Heare the Kings pleaſure Cardinall,
Who commands you
To render vp the Great Seale preſently
Into our hands, and to Confine your ſelfe
To Aſher-houſe, my Lord of Wincheſters,
Till you heare further from his Highneſſe.
Car. Stay:
Where's your Commiſſion? Lords, words cannot carrie
Authority ſo weighty.
Suf. Who dare croſſe 'em,
Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expreſſely?
Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,
(I meane your malice) know, Officious Lords,
I dare, and muſt deny it. Now I feele
Of what courſe Mettle ye are molded, Enuy,
How eagerly ye follow my Diſgraces

As if it fed ye, and how ſleeke and wanton
Ye appeare in euery thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your enuious courſes, men of Malice;
You haue Chriſtian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale
You aske with ſuch a Violence, the King
(Mine, and your Maſter) with his owne hand, gaue me:
Bad me enioy it, with the Place, and Honors
During my life; and to confirme his Goodneſſe,
Ti'de it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?
Sur. The King that gaue it.
Car. It muſt be himſelfe then.
Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Prieſt.
Car. Proud Lord, thou lyeſt:
Within theſe fortie houres, Surrey durſt better
Haue burnt that Tongue, then ſaide ſo.
Sur. Thy Ambition
(Thou Scarlet ſinne) robb'd this bewailing Land
Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law,
The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy beſt parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a haire of his. Plague of your policie,
You ſent me Deputie for Ireland,
Farre from his ſuccour; from the King, from all
That might haue mercie on the fault, thou gau'ſt him:
Whil'ſt your great Goodneſſe, out of holy pitty,
Abſolu'd him with an Axe.
Wol. This, and all elſe
This talking Lord can lay vpon my credit,
I anſwer, is moſt falſe. The Duke by Law
Found his deſerts. How innocent I was
From any priuate malice in his end,
His Noble Iurie, and foule Cauſe can witneſſe.
If I lou'd many words, Lord, I ſhould tell you,
You haue as little Honeſtie, as Honor,
That in the way of Loyaltie, and Truth,
Toward the King, my euer Roiall Maſter,
Dare mate a ſounder man then Surrie can be,
And all that loue his follies.
Sur. By my Soule,
Your long Coat (Prieſt) protects you,
Thou ſhould'ſt feele
My Sword i'th'life blood of thee elſe. My Lords,
Can ye endure to heare this Arrogance?
And from this Fellow? If we liue thus tamely,
To be thus Iaded by a peece of Scarlet,
Farewell Nobilitie: let his Grace go forward,
And dare vs with his Cap, like Larkes.
Card. All Goodneſſe
Is poyſon to thy Stomacke.
Sur. Yes, that goodneſſe
Of gleaning all the Lands wealth into one,
Into your owne hands (Card'nall) by Extortion:
The goodneſſe of your intercepted Packets
You writ to'th Pope, againſt the King: your goodneſſe
Since you prouoke me, ſhall be moſt notorious.
My Lord of Norfolke, as you are truly Noble,
As you reſpect the common good, the State
Of our deſpis'd Nobilitie, our Iſſues,
(Whom if he liue, will ſcarſe be Gentlemen)
Produce the grand ſumme of his ſinnes, the Articles
Collected from his life. Ile ſtartle you
Worſe then the Sacring Bell, when the browne Wench
Lay kiſſing in your Armes, Lord Cardinall.
Car. How much me thinkes, I could deſpiſe this man,
But that I am bound in Charitie againſt it.
Nor. Thoſe Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand:
But thus much, they are foule ones.
Wol. So much fairer
And ſpotleſſe, ſhall mine Innocence ariſe,
When the King knowes my Truth.
Sur. This cannot ſaue you:
I thanke my Memorie, I yet remember
Some of theſe Articles, and out they ſhall.
Now, if you can bluſh, and crie guiltie Cardinall,
You'l ſhew a little Honeſtie.
Wol. Speake on Sir,
I dare your worſt Obiections: If I bluſh,
It is to ſee a Nobleman want manners.
Sur. I had rather want thoſe, then my head;
Haue at you.
Firſt, that without the Kings aſſent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legate, by which power
You maim'd the Iuriſdiction of all Biſhops.
Nor. Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or elſe
To Forraigne Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was ſtill inſcrib'd: in which you brought the King
To be your Seruant.
Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Councell, when you went
Ambaſſador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders, the Great Seale.
Sur. Item, You ſent a large Commiſſion
To *Gregory de Caſſado*, to conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
A League betweene his Highneſſe, and *Ferrara.*
Suf. That out of meere Ambition, you haue cauſ'd
Your holy-Hat to be ſtampt on the Kings Coine.
Sur. Then, That you haue ſent inumerable ſubſtance,
(By what meanes got, I leaue to your owne conſcience)
To furniſh Rome, and to prepare the wayes
You haue for Dignities, to the meere vndooing
Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are,
Which ſince they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my Lord,
Preſſe not a falling man too farre: 'tis Vertue:
His faults lye open to the Lawes, let them
(Not you) correct him. My heart weepes to ſee him
So little, of his great Selfe.
Sur. I forgiue him.
Suf. Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleaſure is,
Becauſe all thoſe things you haue done of late
By your power Legatiue within this Kingdome,
Fall into'th'compaſſe of a Premunire;
That therefore ſuch a Writ be ſued againſt you,
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Caſtles, and whatſoeuer, and to be
Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge.
Nor. And ſo wee'l leaue you to your Meditations
How to liue better. For your ſtubborne anſwer
About the giuing backe the Great Seale to vs,
The King ſhall know it, and (no doubt) ſhal thanke you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.
Exeunt all but Wolſey.
Wol. So farewell, to the little good you beare me.
Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatneſſe.
This is the ſtate of Man; to day he puts forth
The tender Leaues of hopes, to morrow Bloſſomes,
And beares his bluſhing Honors thicke vpon him:
The third day, comes a Froſt; a killing Froſt,
And when he thinkes, good eaſie man, full ſurely

His Greatneſſe is a ripening, nippes his roote,
And then he fals as I do. I haue ventur'd
Like little wanton Boyes that ſwim on bladders:
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride
At length broke vnder me, and now ha's left me
Weary, and old with Seruice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtreame, that muſt for euer hide me.
Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes fauours?
There is betwixt that ſmile we would aſpire too,
That ſweet Aſpect of Princes, and their ruine,
More pangs, and feares then warres, or women haue;
And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer,
Neuer to hope againe.
Enter Cromwell, ſtanding amazed.
Why how now *Cromwell*?
Crom. I haue no power to ſpeake Sir.
Car. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder
A great man ſhould decline. Nay, and you weep
I am falne indeed.
Crom. How does your Grace.
Card. Why well:
Neuer ſo truly happy, my good *Cromwell*,
I know my ſelfe now, and I feele within me,
A peace aboue all earthly Dignities,
A ſtill, and quiet Conſcience. The King ha's cur'd me,
I humbly thanke his Grace: and from theſe ſhoulders
Theſe ruin'd Pillers, out of pitty, taken
A loade, would ſinke a Nauy, (too much Honor.)
O 'tis a burden *Cromwel*, 'tis a burden
Too heauy for a man, that hopes for Heauen.
Crom. I am glad your Grace,
Ha's made that right vſe of it.
Card. I hope I haue:
I am able now (me thinkes)
(Out of a Fortitude of Soule, I feele)
To endure more Miſeries, and greater farre
Then my Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer.
What Newes abroad?
Crom. The heauieſt, and the worſt,
Is your diſpleaſure with the King.
Card. God bleſſe him.
Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moore* is choſen
Lord Chancellor, in your place.
Card. That's ſomewhat ſodain.
But he's a Learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highneſſe fauour, and do Iuſtice
For Truths-ſake, and his Conſcience; that his bones,
When he ha's run his courſe, and ſleepes in Bleſſings,
May haue a Tombe of Orphants teares wept on him.
What more?
Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;
Inſtall'd Lord Arch-byſhop of Canterbury.
Card. That's Newes indeed.
Crom. Laſt, that the Lady *Anne*,
Whom the King hath in ſecrecie long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queene,
Going to Chappell: and the voyce is now
Onely about her Corronation.
Card. There was the waight that pull'd me downe.
O *Cromwell*,
The King ha's gone beyond me: All my Glories
In that one woman, I haue loſt for euer.
No Sun, ſhall euer vſher forth mine Honors,
Or gilde againe the Noble Troopes that waighted
Vpon my ſmiles. Go get thee from me *Cromwel*,
I am a poore falne man, vnworthy now
To be thy Lord, and Maſter. Seeke the King
(That Sun, I pray may neuer ſet) I haue told him,
What, and how true thou art; he will aduance thee:
Some little memory of me, will ſtirre him
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let
Thy hopefull ſeruice periſh too. Good *Cromwell*
Neglect him not; make vſe now, and prouide
For thine owne future ſafety.
Crom. O my Lord,
Muſt I then leaue you? Muſt I needes forgo
So good, ſo Noble, and ſo true a Maſter?
Beare witneſſe, all that haue not hearts of Iron,
With what a ſorrow *Cromwel* leaues his Lord.
The King ſhall haue my ſeruice; but my prayres
For euer, and for euer ſhall be yours.
Card. *Cromwel*, I did not thinke to ſhed a teare
In all my Miſeries: But thou haſt forc'd me
(Out of thy honeſt truth) to play the Woman.
Let's dry our eyes: And thus farre heare me *Cromwel*,
And when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be,
And ſleepe in dull cold Marble, where no mention
Of me, more muſt be heard of: Say I taught thee;
Say *Wolſey*, that once trod the wayes of Glory,
And ſounded all the Depths, and Shoales of Honor,
Found thee a way (out of his wracke) to riſe in:
A ſure, and ſafe one, though thy Maſter miſt it.
Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me:
Cromwel, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
By that ſinne fell the Angels: how can man then
(The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it?
Loue thy ſelfe laſt, cheriſh thoſe hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more then Honeſty.
Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace
To ſilence enuious Tongues. Be iuſt, and feare not;
Let all the ends thou aym'ſt at, be thy Countries,
Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall'ſt (O *Cromwell*)
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed Martyr.
Serue the King: And prythee leade me in:
There take an Inuentory of all I haue,
To the laſt peny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,
And my Integrity to Heauen, is all,
I dare now call mine owne. O *Cromwel*, *Cromwel*,
Had I but ſeru'd my God, with halfe the Zeale
I ſeru'd my King: he would not in mine Age
Haue left me naked to mine Enemies.
Crom. Good Sir, haue patience.
Card. So I haue. Farewell
The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heauen do dwell.
Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 Y'are well met once againe.
2 So are you.
1 You come to take your ſtand heere, and behold
The Lady *Anne*, paſſe from her Corronation.

2 'Tis all my buſineſſe. At our laſt encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his Triall.
1 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd ſorrow,
This generall ioy.
2 'Tis well: The Citizens
I am ſure haue ſhewne at full their Royall minds,
As let 'em haue their rights, they are euer forward
In Celebration of this day with Shewes,
Pageants, and Sights of Honor.
1 Neuer greater,
Nor Ile aſſure you better taken Sir.
2 May I be bold to aske what that containes,
That Paper in your hand.
1 Yes, 'tis the Liſt
Of thoſe that claime their Offices this day,
By cuſtome of the Coronation.
The Duke of Suffolke is the firſt, and claimes
To be high Steward; Next the Duke of Norfolke,
He to be Earle Marſhall: you may reade the reſt.
1 I thanke you Sir: Had I not known thoſe cuſtoms,
I ſhould haue beene beholding to your Paper:
But I beſeech you, what's become of *Katherine*
The Princeſſe Dowager? How goes her buſineſſe?
1 That I can tell you too. The Archbiſhop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned, and Reuerend Fathers of his Order,
Held a late Court at Dunſtable; ſixe miles off
From Ampthill, where the Princeſſe lay, to which
She was often cyted by them, but appear'd not:
And to be ſhort, for not Appearance, and
The Kings late Scruple, by the maine aſſent
Of all theſe Learned men, ſhe was diuorc'd,
And the late Marriage made of none effect:
Since which, ſhe was remou'd to Kymmalton,
Where ſhe remaines now ſicke.
2 Alas good Lady.
The Trumpets ſound: Stand cloſe,
The Queene is comming. *Ho-boyes.*

The Order of the Coronation.

1 *A liuely Flouriſh of Trumpets.*
2 *Then, two Iudges.*
3 *Lord* Chancellor, *with Purſe and Mace before him.*
4 Quirriſters *ſinging.* Muſicke.
5 Maior of London, *bearing the Mace. Then* Garter, *in his Coate of Armes, and on his head he wore a Gilt Copper Crowne.*
6 Marqueſſe Dorſet, *bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head, a Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earle of* Surrey, *bearing the Rod of Siluer with the Doue, Crowned with an Earles Coronet. Collars of Eſſes.*
7 Duke of Suffolke, *in his Robe of Eſtate, his Coronet on his head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of* Norfolke, *with the Rod of Marſhalſhip, a Coronet on his head. Collars of Eſſes.*
8 *A* Canopy, *borne by foure of the* Cinque-Ports, *vnder it the Queene in her Robe, in her haire, richly adorned with Pearle, Crowned. On each ſide her, the Biſhops of* London, *and* Wincheſter.
9 *The* Olde Dutcheſſe of Norfolke, *in a Coronall of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queenes Traine.*
10 *Certaine* Ladies *or* Counteſſes, *with plaine Circlets of Gold, without Flowers.*
Exeunt, *firſt paſſing ouer the Stage in Order and State, and then, A great Flouriſh of Trumpets.*

2 A Royall Traine beleeue me: Theſe I know:
Who's that that beares the Scepter?
1 Marqueſſe Dorſet,
And that the Earle of Surrey, with the Rod.
2 A bold braue Gentleman. That ſhould bee
The Duke of Suffolke.
1 'Tis the ſame: high Steward.
2 And that my Lord of Norfolke?
1 Yes.
2 Heauen bleſſe thee,
Thou haſt the ſweeteſt face I euer look'd on.
Sir, as I haue a Soule, ſhe is an Angell;
Our King ha's all the Indies in his Armes,
And more, and richer, when he ſtraines that Lady,
I cannot blame his Conſcience.
1 They that beare
The Cloath of Honour ouer her, are foure Barons
Of the Cinque Ports.
2 Thoſe men are happy,
And ſo are all, are neere her.
I take it, ſhe that carries vp the Traine,
Is that old Noble Lady, Dutcheſſe of Norfolke.
1 It is, and all the reſt are Counteſſes.
2 Their Coronets ſay ſo. Theſe are Starres indeed,
And ſometimes falling ones.
2 No more of that.
Enter a third Gentleman.
1 God ſaue you Sir. Where haue you bin broiling?
3 Among the crow'd i'th'Abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am ſtifled
With the meere rankneſſe of their ioy.
2 You ſaw the Ceremony?
3 That I did.
1 How was it?
3 Well worth the ſeeing.
2 Good Sir, ſpeake it to vs?
3 As well as I am able. The rich ſtreame
Of Lords, and Ladies, hauing brought the Queene
To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off
A diſtance from her; while her Grace ſate downe
To reſt a while, ſome halfe an houre, or ſo,
In a rich Chaire of State, oppoſing freely
The Beauty of her Perſon to the People.
Beleeue me Sir, ſhe is the goodlieſt Woman
That euer lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, ſuch a noyſe aroſe,
As the ſhrowdes make at Sea, in a ſtiffe Tempeſt,
As lowd, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes,
(Doublets, I thinke) flew vp, and had their Faces
Bin looſe, this day they had beene loſt. Such ioy
I neuer ſaw before. Great belly'd women,
That had not halfe a weeke to go, like Rammes
In the old time of Warre, would ſhake the preaſe
And make 'em reele before 'em. No man liuing
Could ſay this is my wife there, all were wouen
So ſtrangely in one peece.
2 But what follow'd?
3 At length, her Grace roſe, and with modeſt paces
Came to the Altar, where ſhe kneel'd, and Saint-like
Caſt her faire eyes to Heauen, and pray'd deuoutly.
Then roſe againe, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Arch-byſhop of Canterbury,
She had all the Royall makings of a Queene;
As holy Oyle, *Edward* Confeſſors Crowne,
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all ſuch Emblemes
Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire

With all the choyſeſt Muſicke of the Kingdome,
Together ſung *Te Deum.* So ſhe parted,
And with the ſame full State pac'd backe againe
To Yorke-Place, where the Feaſt is held.
1 Sir,
You muſt no more call it Yorke-place, that's paſt:
For ſince the Cardinall fell, that Titles loſt,
'Tis now the Kings, and call'd White-Hall.
3 I know it:
But 'tis ſo lately alter'd, that the old name
Is freſh about me.
2 What two Reuerend Byſhops
Were thoſe that went on each ſide of the Queene?
3 *Stokeley* and *Gardiner*, the one of Wincheſter,
Newly preferr'd from the Kings Secretary:
The other London.
2 He of Wincheſter
Is held no great good louer of the Archbiſhops,
The vertuous *Cranmer.*
3 All the Land knowes that:
How euer, yet there is no great breach, when it comes
Cranmer will finde a Friend will not ſhrinke from him.
2 Who may that be, I pray you.
3 *Thomas Cromwell,*
A man in much eſteeme with th'King, and truly
A worthy Friend. The King ha's made him
Maſter o'th'Iewell Houſe,
And one already of the Priuy Councell.
2 He will deſerue more.
3 Yes without all doubt.
Come Gentlemen, ye ſhall go my way,
Which is to'th Court, and there ye ſhall be my Gueſts:
Something I can command. As I walke thither,
Ile tell ye more.
Both. You may command vs Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Katherine Dowager, ſicke, lead betweene Griffith,
her Gentleman Vſher, and Patience
her Woman.

Grif. How do's your Grace?
Kath. O *Griffith*, ſicke to death:
My Legges like loaden Branches bow to'th'Earth,
Willing to leaue their burthen: Reach a Chaire,
So now (me thinkes) I feele a little eaſe.
Did'ſt thou not tell me *Griffith*, as thou lead'ſt mee,
That the great Childe of Honor, Cardinall *Wolſey*
Was dead?
Grif. Yes Madam: but I thanke your Grace
Out of the paine you ſuffer'd, gaue no eare too't.
Kath. Pre'thee good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'de.
If well, he ſtept before me happily
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voyce goes Madam,
For after the ſtout Earle Northumberland
Arreſted him at Yorke, and brought him forward
As a man ſorely tainted, to his Anſwer,
He fell ſicke ſodainly, and grew ſo ill
He could not ſit his Mule.
Kath. Alas poore man.
Grif. At laſt, with eaſie Rodes, he came to Leiceſter,
Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reuerend Abbot
With all his Couent, honourably receiu'd him;
To whom he gaue theſe words. O Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the ſtormes of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Giue him a little earth for Charity.
So went to bed; where eagerly his ſickneſſe
Purſu'd him ſtill, and three nights after this,
About the houre of eight, which he himſelfe
Foretold ſhould be his laſt, full of Repentance,
Continuall Meditations, Teares, and Sorrowes,
He gaue his Honors to the world agen,
His bleſſed part to Heauen, and ſlept in peace.
Kath. So may he reſt,
His Faults lye gently on him:
Yet thus farre *Griffith*, giue me leaue to ſpeake him,
And yet with Charity. He was a man
Of an vnbounded ſtomacke, euer ranking
Himſelfe with Princes. One that by ſuggeſtion
Ty'de all the Kingdome. Symonie, was faire play,
His owne Opinion was his Law. I'th'preſence
He would ſay vntruths, and be euer double
Both in his words, and meaning. He was neuer
(But where he meant to Ruine) pittifull.
His Promiſes, were as he then was, Mighty:
But his performance, as he is now, Nothing:
Of his owne body he was ill, and gaue
The Clergy ill example.
Grif. Noble Madam:
Mens euill manners, liue in Braſſe, their Vertues
We write in Water. May it pleaſe your Highneſſe
To heare me ſpeake his good now?
Kath. Yes good *Griffith*,
I were malicious elſe.
Grif. This Cardinall,
Though from an humble Stocke, vndoubtedly
Was faſhion'd to much Honor. From his Cradle
He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one:
Exceeding wiſe, faire ſpoken, and perſwading:
Lofty, and ſowre to them that lou'd him not:
But, to thoſe men that ſought him, ſweet as Summer.
And though he were vnſatisfied in getting,
(Which was a ſinne) yet in beſtowing, Madam,
He was moſt Princely: Euer witneſſe for him
Thoſe twinnes of Learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipſwich and Oxford: one of which, fell with him,
Vnwilling to out-liue the good that did it.
The other (though vnfiniſh'd) yet ſo Famous,
So excellent in Art, and ſtill ſo riſing,
That Chriſtendome ſhall euer ſpeake his Vertue.
His Ouerthrow, heap'd Happineſſe vpon him:
For then, and not till then, he felt himſelfe,
And found the Bleſſedneſſe of being little.
And to adde greater Honors to his Age
Then man could giue him; he dy'de, fearing God.
Kath. After my death, I wiſh no other Herald,
No other ſpeaker of my liuing Actions,
To keepe mine Honor, from Corruption,
But ſuch an honeſt Chronicler as *Griffith.*
Whom I moſt hated Liuing, thou haſt made mee
With thy Religious Truth, and Modeſtie,
(Now in his Aſhes) Honor: Peace be with him.
Patience, be neere me ſtill, and ſet me lower,
I haue not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,
Cauſe the Muſitians play me that ſad note
I nam'd my Knell; whil'ſt I ſit meditating

On that Cœleſtiall Harmony I go too.
Sad and ſolemne Muſicke.
Grif. She is aſleep: Good wench, let's ſit down quiet,
For feare we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience.*

The Viſion.

Enter ſolemnely tripping one after another, ſixe Perſonages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their heades Garlands of Bayes, and golden Vizards on their faces, Branches of Bayes or Palme in their hands. They firſt Conge vnto her, then Dance: and at certaine Changes, the firſt two hold a ſpare Garland ouer her Head, at which the other foure make reuerend Curtſies. Then the two that held the Garland, deliuer the ſame to the other next two, who obſerue the ſame order in their Changes, and holding the Garland ouer her head. Which done, they deliuer the ſame Garland to the laſt two: who likewiſe obſerue the ſame Order. At which (as it were by inſpiration) ſhe makes (in her ſleepe) ſignes of reioycing, and holdeth vp her hands to heauen. And ſo, in their Dancing vaniſh, carrying the Garland with them. The Muſicke continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leaue me heere in wretchedneſſe, behinde ye?
Grif. Madam, we are heere.
Kath. It is not you I call for,
Saw ye none enter ſince I ſlept?
Grif. None Madam.
Kath. No? Saw you not euen now a bleſſed Troope
Inuite me to a Banquet, whoſe bright faces
Caſt thouſand beames vpon me, like the Sun?
They promis'd me eternall Happineſſe,
And brought me Garlands (*Griffith*) which I feele
I am not worthy yet to weare: I ſhall aſſuredly.
Grif. I am moſt ioyfull Madam, ſuch good dreames
Poſſeſſe your Fancy.
Kath. Bid the Muſicke leaue,
They are harſh and heauy to me. *Muſicke ceaſes.*
Pati. Do you note
How much her Grace is alter'd on the ſodaine?
How long her face is drawne? How pale ſhe lookes,
And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes?
Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.
Pati. Heauen comfort her.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. And't like your Grace——
Kath. You are a ſawcy Fellow,
Deſerue we no more Reuerence?
Grif. You are too blame,
Knowing ſhe will not looſe her wonted Greatneſſe
To vſe ſo rude behauiour. Go too, kneele.
Meſ. I humbly do entreat your Highneſſe pardon,
My haſt made me vnmannerly. There is ſtaying
A Gentleman ſent from the King, to ſee you.
Kath. Admit him entrance *Griffith*. But this Fellow
Let me ne're ſee againe. *Exit Meſſeng.*
Enter Lord Capuchius.
If my ſight faile not,
You ſhould be Lord Ambaſſador from the Emperor,
My Royall Nephew, and your name *Capuchius.*
Cap. Madam the ſame. Your Seruant.
Kath. O my Lord,
The Times and Titles now are alter'd ſtrangely
With me, ſince firſt you knew me.
But I pray you,
What is your pleaſure with me?
Cap. Noble Lady,
Firſt mine owne ſeruice to your Grace, the next
The Kings requeſt, that I would viſit you,
Who greeues much for your weakneſſe, and by me
Sends you his Princely Commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.
Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late,
'Tis like a Pardon after Execution;
That gentle Phyſicke giuen in time, had cur'd me:
But now I am paſt all Comforts heere, but Prayers.
How does his Highneſſe?
Cap. Madam, in good health.
Kath. So may he euer do, and euer flouriſh,
When I ſhall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name
Baniſh'd the Kingdome. *Patience*, is that Letter
I caus'd you write, yet ſent away?
Pat. No Madam.
Kath. Sir, I moſt humbly pray you to deliuer
This to my Lord the King.
Cap. Moſt willing Madam.
Kath. In which I haue commended to his goodneſſe
The Modell of our chaſte loues: his yong daughter,
The dewes of Heauen fall thicke in Bleſſings on her,
Beſeeching him to giue her vertuous breeding.
She is yong, and of a Noble modeſt Nature,
I hope ſhe will deſerue well; and a little
To loue her for her Mothers ſake, that lou'd him,
Heauen knowes how deerely.
My next poore Petition,
Is, that his Noble Grace would haue ſome pittie
Vpon my wretched women, that ſo long
Haue follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully,
Of which there is not one, I dare auow
(And now I ſhould not lye) but will deſerue
For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule,
For honeſtie, and decent Carriage
A right good Husband (let him be a Noble)
And ſure thoſe men are happy that ſhall haue 'em.
The laſt is for my men, they are the pooreſt,
(But pouerty could neuer draw 'em from me)
That they may haue their wages, duly paid 'em,
And ſomething ouer to remember me by.
If Heauen had pleas'd to haue giuen me longer life
And able meanes, we had not parted thus.
Theſe are the whole Contents, and good my Lord,
By that you loue the deereſt in this world,
As you wiſh Chriſtian peace to ſoules departed,
Stand theſe poore peoples Friend, and vrge the King
To do me this laſt right.
Cap. By Heauen I will,
Or let me looſe the faſhion of a man.
Kath. I thanke you honeſt Lord. Remember me
In all humilitie vnto his Highneſſe:
Say his long trouble now is paſſing
Out of this world. Tell him in death I bleſt him
(For ſo I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell
My Lord. *Griffith* farewell. Nay *Patience*,
You muſt not leaue me yet. I muſt to bed,
Call in more women. When I am dead, good Wench,
Let me be vs'd with Honor; ſtrew me ouer
With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaſte Wife, to my Graue: Embalme me,
Then lay me forth (although vnqueen'd) yet like
A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterre me.
I can no more.
Exeunt leading Katherine.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gardiner Biſhop of Wincheſter, a Page with a Torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Louell.

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, is't not.
Boy. It hath ſtrooke.
Gard. Theſe ſhould be houres for neceſſities,
Not for delights: Times to repayre our Nature
With comforting repoſe, and not for vs
To waſte theſe times. Good houre of night Sir *Thomas*:
Whether ſo late?
Lou. Came you from the King, my Lord?
Gar. I did Sir *Thomas*, and left him at Primero
With the Duke of Suffolke.
Lou. I muſt to him too
Before he go to bed. Ile take my leaue.
Gard. Not yet Sir *Thomas Louell*: what's the matter?
It ſeemes you are in haſt: and if there be
No great offence belongs too't, giue your Friend
Some touch of your late buſineſſe: Affaires that walke
(As they ſay Spirits do) at midnight, haue
In them a wilder Nature, then the buſineſſe
That ſeekes diſpatch by day.
Lou. My Lord, I loue you;
And durſt commend a ſecret to your eare
Much waightier then this worke. The Queens in Labor
They ſay in great Extremity, and fear'd
Shee'l with the Labour, end.
Gard. The fruite ſhe goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may finde
Good time, and liue: but for the Stocke Sir *Thomas*,
I wiſh it grubb'd vp now.
Lou. Me thinkes I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Conſcience ſayes
Shee's a good Creature, and ſweet-Ladie do's
Deſerue our better wiſhes.
Gard. But Sir, Sir,
Heare me Sir *Thomas*, y'are a Gentleman
Of mine owne way. I know you Wiſe, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne're be well,
'Twill not Sir *Thomas Louell*, tak't of me,
Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwel*, her two hands, and ſhee
Sleepe in their Graues.
Louell. Now Sir, you ſpeake of two
The moſt remark'd i'th'Kingdome: as for *Cromwell*,
Beſide that of the Iewell-Houſe, is made Maſter
O'th'Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir,
Stands in the gap and Trade of moe Preferments,
With which the Lime will loade him. Th'Archbyſhop
Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare ſpeak
One ſyllable againſt him?
Gard. Yes, yes, Sir *Thomas*,
There are that Dare, and I my ſelfe haue ventur'd
To ſpeake my minde of him: and indeed this day,
Sir (I may tell it you) I thinke I haue
Incenſt the Lords o'th'Councell, that he is
(For ſo I know he is, they know he is)
A moſt Arch-Heretique, a Peſtilence
That does infect the Land: with which, they moued
Haue broken with the King, who hath ſo farre
Giuen eare to our Complaint, of his great Grace,
And Princely Care, fore-ſeeing thoſe fell Miſchiefes,
Our Reaſons layd before him, hath commanded
To morrow Morning to the Councell Boord
He be conuented. He's a ranke weed Sir *Thomas*,
And we muſt root him out. From your Affaires
I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir *Thomas.*
Exit Gardiner and Page.
Lou. Many good nights, my Lord, I reſt your ſeruant.
Enter King and Suffolke.
King. *Charles*, I will play no more to night,
My mindes not on't, you are too hard for me.
Suff. Sir, I did neuer win of you before.
King. But little *Charles*,
Nor ſhall not when my Fancies on my play.
Now *Louel*, from the Queene what is the Newes.
Lou. I could not perſonally deliuer to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman,
I ſent your Meſſage, who return'd her thankes
In the great'ſt humbleneſſe, and deſir'd your Highneſſe
Moſt heartily to pray for her.
King. What ſay'ſt thou? Ha?
To pray for her? What is ſhe crying out?
Lou. So ſaid her woman, and that her ſuffrance made
Almoſt each pang, a death.
King. Alas good Lady.
Suf. God ſafely quit her of her Burthen, and
With gentle Trauaile, to the gladding of
Your Highneſſe with an Heire.
King. 'Tis midnight *Charles*,
Prythee to bed, and in thy Prayres remember
Th'eſtate of my poore Queene. Leaue me alone,
For I muſt thinke of that, which company
Would not be friendly too.
Suf. I wiſh your Highneſſe
A quiet night, and my good Miſtris will
Remember in my Prayers.
King. *Charles* good night. *Exit Suffolke.*
Well Sir, what followes?
Enter Sir Anthony Denny.
Den. Sir, I haue brought my Lord the Arch-byſhop,
As you commanded me.
King. Ha? Canterbury?
Den. I my good Lord.
King. 'Tis true: where is he *Denny*?
Den. He attends your Highneſſe pleaſure.
King. Bring him to Vs.
Lou. This is about that, which the Byſhop ſpake,
I am happily come hither.
Enter Cranmer and Denny.
King. Auoyd the Gallery. *Louel ſeemes to ſtay.*
Ha? I haue ſaid. Be gone.
What? *Exeunt Louell and Denny.*
Cran. I am fearefull: Wherefore frownes he thus?
'Tis his Aſpect of Terror. All's not well.
King. How now my Lord?
You do deſire to know wherefore
I ſent for you.
Cran. It is my dutie
T'attend your Highneſſe pleaſure.
King. Pray you ariſe
My good and gracious Lord of Canterburie:
Come, you and I muſt walke a turne together:
I haue Newes to tell you.
Come, come, giue me your hand.
Ah my good Lord, I greeue at what I ſpeake,
And am right ſorrie to repeat what followes.
I haue, and moſt vnwillingly of late

Heard many greeuous. I do ſay my Lord
Greeuous complaints of you; which being conſider'd,
Haue mou'd Vs, and our Councell, that you ſhall
This Morning come before vs, where I know
You cannot with ſuch freedome purge your ſelfe,
But that till further Triall, in thoſe Charges
Which will require your Anſwer, you muſt take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your houſe our Towre: you, a Brother of vs
It fits we thus proceed, or elſe no witneſſe
Would come againſt you.

Cran. I humbly thanke your Highneſſe,
And am right glad to catch this good occaſion
Moſt throughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe
And Corne ſhall flye aſunder. For I know
There's none ſtands vnder more calumnious tongues,
Then I my ſelfe, poore man.

King. Stand vp, good Canterbury,
Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted
In vs thy Friend. Giue me thy hand, ſtand vp,
Prythee let's walke. Now by my Holydame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would haue giuen me your Petition, that
I ſhould haue tane ſome paines, to bring together
Your ſelfe, and your Accuſers, and to haue heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Moſt dread Liege,
The good I ſtand on, is my Truth and Honeſtie:
If they ſhall faile, I with mine Enemies
Will triumph o're my perſon, which I waigh not,
Being of thoſe Vertues vacant. I feare nothing
What can be ſaid againſt me.

King. Know you not
How your ſtate ſtands i'th'world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not ſmall; their practiſes
Muſt beare the ſame proportion, and not euer
The Iuſtice and the Truth o'th'queſtion carries
The dew o'th'Verdict with it; at what eaſe
Might corrupt mindes procure, Knaues as corrupt
To ſweare againſt you: Such things haue bene done.
You are Potently oppos'd, and with a Malice
Of as great Size. Weene you of better lucke,
I meane in periur'd Witneſſe, then your Maſter,
Whoſe Miniſter you are, whiles heere he liu'd
Vpon this naughty Earth? Go too, go too,
You take a Precepit for no leape of danger,
And woe your owne deſtruction.

Cran. God, and your Maieſty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheere,
They ſhall no more preuaile, then we giue way too:
Keepe comfort to you, and this Morning ſee
You do appeare before them. If they ſhall chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you:
The beſt perſwaſions to the contrary
Faile not to vſe, and with what vehemencie
Th'occaſion ſhall inſtruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliuer them, and your Appeale to vs
There make before them. Looke, the goodman weeps:
He's honeſt on mine Honor. Gods bleſt Mother,
I ſweare he is true-hearted, and a ſoule
None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,
And do as I haue bid you. *Exit Cranmer.*
He ha's ſtrangled his Language in his teares.

Enter Olde Lady.

Gent.within. Come backe: what meane you?

Lady. Ile not come backe, the tydings that I bring
Will make my boldneſſe, manners. Now good Angels
Fly o're thy Royall head, and ſhade thy perſon
Vnder their bleſſed wings.

King. Now by thy lookes
I geſſe thy Meſſage. Is the Queene deliuer'd?
Say I, and of a boy.

Lady. I, I my Liege,
And of a louely Boy: the God of heauen
Both now, and euer bleſſe her: 'Tis a Gyrle
Promiſes Boyes heereafter. Sir, your Queen
Deſires your Viſitation, and to be
Acquainted with this ſtranger; 'tis as like you,
As Cherry, is to Cherry.

King. Louell.

Lou. Sir.

King. Giue her an hundred Markes.
Ile to the Queene. *Exit King.*

Lady. An hundred Markes? By this light, Ile ha more.
An ordinary Groome is for ſuch payment.
I will haue more, or ſcold it out of him.
Said I for this, the Gyrle was like to him? Ile
Haue more, or elſe vnſay't: and now, while 'tis hot,
Ile put it to the iſſue. *Exit Ladie.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cranmer, Archbyſhop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was ſent to me from the Councell, pray'd me
To make great haſt. All faſt? What meanes this? Hoa?
Who waites there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my Lord:
But yet I cannot helpe you.

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your Grace muſt waight till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Buts.

Cran. So.

Buts. This is a Peere of Malice: I am glad
I came this way ſo happily. The King
Shall vnderſtand it preſently. *Exit Buts*

Cran. 'Tis *Buts.*
The Kings Phyſitian, as he paſt along
How earneſtly he caſt his eyes vpon me:
Pray heauen he ſound not my diſgrace: for certaine
This is of purpoſe laid by ſome that hate me,
(God turne their hearts, I neuer ſought their malice)
To quench mine Honor; they would ſhame to make me
Wait elſe at doore: a fellow Councellor
'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes.
But their pleaſures
Muſt be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King, and Buts, at a Windowe aboue.

Buts. Ile ſhew your Grace the ſtrangeſt ſight.

King. What's that *Buts?*

Butts. I thinke your Highneſſe ſaw this many a day.

Kin. Body a me: where is it?

Butts. There my Lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury,*
Who holds his State at dore 'mongſt Purſeuants,
Pages, and Foot-boyes.

Kin. Ha? 'Tis he indeed.
Is this the Honour they doe one another?
'Tis well there's one aboue 'em yet; I had thought
They had parted ſo much honeſty among 'em,
At leaſt good manners; as not thus to ſuffer
A man of his Place, and ſo neere our fauour
To dance attendance on their Lordſhips pleaſures,
And at the dore too, like a Poſt with Packets:
By holy *Mary* (*Butts*) there's knauery;
Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtaine cloſe:
We ſhall heare more anon.

A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed vnder the State. Enter Lord Chancellour, places himſelfe at the vpper end of the Table, on the left hand: A Seate being left void aboue him, as for Canterburies Seate. Duke of Suffolke, Duke of Norfolke, Surrey, Lord Chamberlaine, Gardiner, ſeat themſelues in Order on each ſide. Cromwell at lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speake to the buſineſſe, M. Secretary;
Why are we met in Councell?

Crom. Pleaſe your Honours,
The chiefe cauſe concernes his Grace of *Canterbury.*

Gard. Ha's he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Norf. Who waits there?

Keep. Without my Noble Lords?

Gard. Yes.

Keep. My Lord Archbiſhop:
And ha's done halfe an houre to know your pleaſures.

Chan. Let him come in.

Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

Cranmer approches the Councell Table.

Chan. My good Lord Archbiſhop, I'm very ſorry
To ſit heere at this preſent, and behold
That Chayre ſtand empty: But we all are men
In our owne natures fraile, and capable
Of our fleſh, few are Angels; out of which frailty
And want of wiſedome, you that beſt ſhould teach vs,
Haue miſdemean'd your ſelfe, and not a little:
Toward the King firſt, then his Lawes, in filling
The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines
(For ſo we are inform'd) with new opinions,
Diuers and dangerous; which are Hereſies;
And not reform'd, may proue pernicious.

Gard. Which Reformation muſt be ſodaine too
My Noble Lords; for thoſe that tame wild Horſes,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But ſtop their mouthes with ſtubborn Bits & ſpurre 'em,
Till they obey the mannage. If we ſuffer
Out of our eaſineſſe and childiſh pitty
To one mans Honour, this contagious ſickneſſe;
Farewell all Phyſicke: and what followes then?
Commotions, vprores, with a generall Taint
Of the whole State; as of late dayes our neighbours,
The vpper *Germany* can deerely witneſſe:
Yet freſhly pittied in our memories.

Cran. My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progreſſe
Both of my Life and Office, I haue labour'd,
And with no little ſtudy, that my teaching
And the ſtrong courſe of my Authority,
Might goe one way, and ſafely; and the end
Was euer to doe well: nor is there liuing,
(I ſpeake it with a ſingle heart, my Lords)
A man that more deteſts, more ſtirres againſt,
Both in his priuate Conſcience, and his place,
Defacers of a publique peace then I doe:
Pray Heauen the King may neuer find a heart
With leſſe Allegeance in it. Men that make
Enuy, and crooked malice, nouriſhment;
Dare bite the beſt. I doe beſeech your Lordſhips,
That in this caſe of Iuſtice, my Accuſers,
Be what they will, may ſtand forth face to face,
And freely vrge againſt me.

Suff. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a Counſellor,
And by that vertue no man dare accuſe you. (ment,

Gard. My Lord, becauſe we haue buſines of more mo-
We will be ſhort with you. 'Tis his Highneſſe pleaſure
And our conſent, for better tryall of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where being but a priuate man againe,
You ſhall know many dare accuſe you boldly,
More then (I feare) you are prouided for.

Cran. Ah my good Lord of *Wincheſter:* I thanke you,
You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will paſſe,
I ſhall both finde your Lordſhip, Iudge and Iuror,
You are ſo mercifull. I ſee your end,
'Tis my vndoing. Loue and meekeneſſe, Lord
Become a Churchman, better then Ambition:
Win ſtraying Soules with modeſty againe,
Caſt none away: That I ſhall cleere my ſelfe,
Lay all the weight ye can vpon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you doe conſcience,
In doing dayly wrongs. I could ſay more,
But reuerence to your calling, makes me modeſt.

Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,
That's the plaine truth; your painted gloſſe diſcouers
To men that vnderſtand you, words and weakneſſe.

Crom. My Lord of *Wincheſter,* y'are a little,
By your good fauour, too ſharpe; Men ſo Noble,
How euer faultly, yet ſhould finde reſpect
For what they haue beene: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good M. Secretary,
I cry your Honour mercie; you may worſt
Of all this Table ſay ſo.

Crom. Why my Lord?

Gard. Doe not I know you for a Fauourer
Of this new Sect? ye are not ſound.

Crom. Not ſound?

Gard. Not ſound I ſay.

Crom. Would you were halfe ſo honeſt:
Mens prayers then would ſeeke you, not their feares.

Gard. I ſhall remember this bold Language.

Crom. Doe.
Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much;
Forbeare for ſhame my Lords.

Gard. I haue done.

Crom. And I.

Cham. Then thus for you my Lord, it ſtands agreed
I take it, by all voyces: That forthwith,
You be conuaid to th' Tower a Priſoner;
There to remaine till the Kings further pleaſure
Be knowne vnto vs: are you all agreed Lords.

All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I muſt needs to th' Tower my Lords?
Gard. What other,
Would you expect? You are ſtrangely troubleſome:
Let ſome o'th' Guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me?
Muſt I goe like a Traytor thither?
Gard. Receiue him,
And ſee him ſafe i'th' Tower.
Cran. Stay good my Lords,
I haue a little yet to ſay. Looke there my Lords,
By vertue of that Ring, I take my cauſe
Out of the gripes of cruell men, and giue it
To a moſt Noble Iudge, the King my Maiſter.
Cham. This is the Kings Ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suff. 'Ts the right Ring, by Heau'n: I told ye all,
When we firſt put this dangerous ſtone a rowling,
'Twold fall vpon our ſelues.
Norf. Doe you thinke my Lords
The King will ſuffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. Tis now too certaine;
How much more is his Life in value with him?
Would I were fairely out on't.
Crom. My mind gaue me,
In ſeeking tales and Informations
Againſt this man, whoſe honeſty the Diuell
And his Diſciples onely enuy at,
Ye blew the fire that burnes ye: now haue at ye.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seate.

Gard. Dread Soueraigne,
How much are we bound to Heauen,
In dayly thankes; that gaue vs ſuch a Prince;
Not onely good and wiſe, but moſt religious:
One that in all obedience, makes the Church
The cheefe ayme of his Honour, and to ſtrengthen
That holy duty out of deare reſpect,
His Royall ſelfe in Iudgement comes to heare
The cauſe betwixt her, and this great offender.
Kin. You were euer good at ſodaine Commendations,
Biſhop of *Wincheſter*. But know I come not
To heare ſuch flattery now, and in my preſence
They are too thin, and baſe to hide offences,
To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell,
And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me:
But whatſoere thou tak'ſt me for; I'm ſure
Thou haſt a cruell Nature and a bloody.
Good man ſit downe: Now let me ſee the proudeſt
Hee, that dares moſt, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better ſtarue,
Then but once thinke his place becomes thee not.
Sur. May it pleaſe your Grace;——
Kin. No Sir, it doe's not pleaſe me,
I had thought, I had had men of ſome vnderſtanding,
And wiſedome of my Councell; but I finde none:
Was it diſcretion Lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deſerue that Title)
This honeſt man, wait like a lowſie Foot-boy
At Chamber dore? and one, as great as you are?
Why, what a ſhame was this? Did my Commiſſion
Bid ye ſo farre forget your ſelues? I gaue ye
Power, as he was a Counſellour to try him,
Not as a Groome: There's ſome of ye, I ſee,
More out of Malice then Integrity,
Would trye him to the vtmoſt, had ye meane,
Which ye ſhall neuer haue while I liue.
Chan. Thus farre
My moſt dread Soueraigne, may it like your Grace,
To let my tongue excuſe all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his Impriſonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall,
And faire purgation to the world then malice,
I'm ſure in me.
Kin. Well, well my Lords reſpect him,
Take him, and vſe him well; hee's worthy of it.
I will ſay thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholding to a Subiect; I
Am for his loue and ſeruice, ſo to him.
Make me no more adoe, but all embrace him;
Be friends for ſhame my Lords: My Lord of *Canterbury*
I haue a Suite which you muſt not deny mee.
That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptiſme,
You muſt be Godfather, and anſwere for her.
Cran. The greateſt Monarch now aliue may glory
In ſuch an honour: how may I deſerue it,
That am a poore and humble Subiect to you?
Kin. Come, come my Lord, you'd ſpare your ſpoones; You ſhall haue two noble Partners with you: the old Ducheſſe of *Norfolke*, and Lady Marqueſſe *Dorſet*? will theſe pleaſe you?
Once more my Lord of *Wincheſter*, I charge you
Embrace, and loue this man.
Gard. With a true heart,
And Brother; loue I doe it.
Cran. And let Heauen
Witneſſe how deare, I hold this Confirmation. (hearts,
Kin. Good Man, thoſe ioyfull teares ſhew thy true
The common voyce I ſee is verified
Of thee, which ſayes thus: Doe my Lord of *Canterbury*
A ſhrewd turne, and hee's your friend for euer:
Come Lords, we trifle time away: I long
To haue this young one made a Chriſtian.
As I haue made ye one Lords, one remaine:
So I grow ſtronger, you more Honour gaine. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Noyſe and Tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'l leaue your noyſe anon ye Raſcals: doe you take the Court for Pariſh Garden: ye rude Slaues, leaue your gaping.

Within. Good M. Porter I belong to th' Larder.

Port. Belong to th' Gallowes, and be hang'd ye Rogue: Is this a place to roare in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree ſtaues, and ſtrong ones; theſe are but ſwitches to 'em: Ile ſcratch your heads; you muſt be ſeeing Chriſtenings? Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes heere, you rude Raskalls?

Man. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impoſſible,
Vnleſſe wee ſweepe 'em from the dore with Cannons,
To ſcatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em ſleepe
On May-day Morning, which will neuer be:
We may as well puſh againſt Powles as ſtirre 'em.
Por. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man.

Man. Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in?
As much as one ſound Cudgell of foure foote,
(You ſee the poore remainder) could diſtribute,
I made no ſpare Sir.
Port. You did nothing Sir.
Man. I am not *Sampſon*, nor Sir *Guy*, nor *Colebrand*,
To mow 'em downe before me: but if I ſpar'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or ſhee, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker:
Let me ne're hope to ſee a Chine againe,
And that I would not for a Cow, God ſaue her.
Within. Do you heare M. Porter?
Port. I ſhall be with you preſently, good M. *Puppy*,
Keepe the dore cloſe Sirha.
Man. What would you haue me doe?
Por. What ſhould you doe,

But knock 'em downe by th' dozens? Is this More fields to muſter in? Or haue wee ſome ſtrange Indian with the great *Toole*, come to Court, the women ſo beſiege vs? Bleſſe me, what a fry of Fornication is at dore? On my Chriſtian Conſcience this one Chriſtening will beget a thouſand, here will bee Father, God-father, and all together.

Man. The Spoones will be the bigger Sir: There is a fellow ſomewhat neere the doore, he ſhould be a Braſier by his face, for o' my conſcience twenty of the Dogdayes now reigne in's Noſe; all that ſtand about him are vnder the Line, they need no other pennance: that Fire-Drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his Noſe diſcharged againſt mee; hee ſtands there like a Morter-piece to blow vs. There was a Habberdaſhers Wife of ſmall wit, neere him, that rail'd vpon me, till her pinck'd porrenger fell off her head, for kindling ſuch a combuſtion in the State. I miſt the Meteor once, and hit that Woman, who cryed out Clubbes, when I might ſee from farre, ſome forty Truncheoners draw to her ſuccour, which were the hope o'th' Strond where ſhe was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at length they came to th' broome ſtaffe to me, I defide 'em ſtil, when ſodainly a File of Boyes behind 'em, looſe ſhot, deliuer'd ſuch a ſhowre of Pibbles, that I was faine to draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Worke, the Diuell was amongſt 'em I thinke ſurely.

Por. Theſe are the youths that thunder at a Playhouſe, and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limehouſe, their deare Brothers are able to endure. I haue ſome of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance theſe three dayes; beſides the running Banquet of two Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Mercy o'me: what a Multitude are heere?
They grow ſtill too; from all Parts they are comming,
As if we kept a Faire heere? Where are theſe Porters?
Theſe lazy knaues? Y'haue made a fine hand fellowes?
Theres a trim rabble let in: are all theſe
Your faithfull friends o'th' Suburbs? We ſhall haue
Great ſtore of roome no doubt, left for the Ladies,
When they paſſe backe from the Chriſtening?
Por. And't pleaſe your Honour,
We are but men; and what ſo many may doe,
Not being torne a pieces, we haue done:
An Army cannot rule 'em.
Cham. As I liue,
If the King blame me for't; Ile lay ye all
By th' heeles, and ſodainly: and on your heads
Clap round Fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaues,
And heere ye lye baiting of Bombards, when
Ye ſhould doe Seruice. Harke the Trumpets ſound,
Th'are come already from the Chriſtening,
Go breake among the preaſſe, and finde away out
To let the Troope paſſe fairely; or Ile finde
A Marſhallſey, ſhall hold ye play theſe two Monthes.
Por. Make way there, for the Princeſſe.
Man. You great fellow,
Stand cloſe vp, or Ile make your head ake.
Por. You i'th' Chamblet, get vp o'th' raile,
Ile pecke you o're the pales elſe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Trumpets ſounding: Then two Aldermen, L. Maior, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolke with his Marſhals Staffe, Duke of Suffolke, two Noblemen, bearing great ſtanding Bowles for the Chriſtening Guifts: Then foure Noblemen bearing a Canopy, vnder which the Dutcheſſe of Norfolke, Godmother, bearing the Childe richly habited in a Mantle, &c. Traine borne by a Lady: Then followes the Marchioneſſe Dorſet, the other Godmother, and Ladies. The Troope paſſe once about the Stage, and Garter ſpeakes.

Gart. Heauen
From thy endleſſe goodneſſe, ſend proſperous life,
Long, and euer happie, to the high and Mighty
Princeſſe of England *Elizabeth.*

Flouriſh. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your Royall Grace, & the good Queen,
My Noble Partners, and my ſelfe thus pray
All comfort, ioy in this moſt gracious Lady,
Heauen euer laid vp to make Parents happy,
May hourely fall vpon ye.
Kin. Thanke you good Lord Archbiſhop:
What is her Name?
Cran. *Elizabeth.*
Kin. Stand vp Lord,
With this Kiſſe, take my Bleſſing: God protect thee,
Into whoſe hand, I giue thy Life.
Cran. *Amen.*
Kin. My Noble Goſſips, y'haue beene too Prodigall;
I thanke ye heartily: So ſhall this Lady,
When ſhe ha's ſo much Engliſh.
Cran. Let me ſpeake Sir,
For Heauen now bids me; and the words I vtter,
Let none thinke Flattery; for they'l finde 'em Truth.
This Royall Infant, Heauen ſtill moue about her;
Though in her Cradle; yet now promiſes
Vpon this Land a thouſand thouſand Bleſſings,
Which Time ſhall bring to ripeneſſe: She ſhall be,
(But few now liuing can behold that goodneſſe)
A Patterne to all Princes liuing with her,
And all that ſhall ſucceed: *Saba* was neuer
More couetous of Wiſedome, and faire Vertue
Then this pure Soule ſhall be. All Princely Graces
That mould vp ſuch a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Vertues that attend the good,
Shall ſtill be doubled on her. Truth ſhall Nurſe her,

Holy and Heauenly thoughts ſtill Counſell her:
She ſhall be lou'd and fear'd. Her owne ſhall bleſſe her;
Her Foes ſhake like a Field of beaten Corne,
And hang their heads with ſorrow:
Good growes with her.
In her dayes, Euery Man ſhall eate in ſafety,
Vnder his owne Vine what he plants; and ſing
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
God ſhall be truely knowne, and thoſe about her,
From her ſhall read the perfect way of Honour,
And by thoſe claime their greatneſſe; not by Blood.
Nor ſhall this peace ſleepe with her: But as when
The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix,
Her Aſhes new create another Heyre,
As great in admiration as her ſelfe.
So ſhall ſhe leaue her Bleſſedneſſe to One,
(When Heauen ſhal call her from this clowd of darknes)
Who, from the ſacred Aſhes of her Honour
Shall Star-like riſe, as great in fame as ſhe was,
And ſo ſtand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Loue, Truth, Terror,
That were the Seruants to this choſen Infant,
Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;
Where euer the bright Sunne of Heauen ſhall ſhine,
His Honour, and the greatneſſe of his Name,
Shall be, and make new Nations. He ſhall flouriſh,
And like a Mountaine Cedar, 'reach his branches,
To all the Plaines about him: Our Childrens Children
Shall ſee this, and bleſſe Heauen.

Kin. Thou ſpeakeſt wonders.

Cran. She ſhall be to the happineſſe of England,
An aged Princeſſe; many dayes ſhall ſee her,
And yet no day without a deed to Crowne it.
Would I had knowne no more: But ſhe muſt dye,
She muſt, the Saints muſt haue her; yet a Virgin,
A moſt vnſpotted Lilly ſhall ſhe paſſe
To th' ground, and all the World ſhall mourne her.

Kin. O Lord Archbiſhop
Thou haſt made me now a man, neuer before
This happy Child, did I get any thing.
This Oracle of comfort, ha's ſo pleas'd me,
That when I am in Heauen, I ſhall deſire
To ſee what this Child does, and praiſe my Maker.
I thanke ye all. To you my good Lord Maior,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
I haue receiu'd much Honour by your preſence,
And ye ſhall find me thankfull. Lead the way Lords,
Ye muſt all ſee the Queene, and ſhe muſt thanke ye,
She will be ſicke els. This day, no man thinke
'Has buſineſſe at his houſe; for all ſhall ſtay:
This Little-One ſhall make it Holy-day. *Exeunt.*

THE EPILOGVE.

TIs ten to one, this Play can neuer pleaſe
All that are heere: Some come to take their eaſe,
And ſleepe an Act or two; but thoſe we feare
W'haue frighted with our Tumpets: ſo 'tis cleare,
They'l ſay tis naught. Others to heare the City
Abus'd extreamly, and to cry that's witty,
Which wee haue not done neither; that I feare
All the expected good w'are like to heare.
For this Play at this time, is onely in
The mercifull conſtruction of good women,
For ſuch a one we ſhew'd 'em: If they ſmile,
And ſay twill doe; I know within a while,
All the beſt men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.

FINIS.

The Prologue.

IN Troy there lyes the Scene: From Iles of Greece
The Princes Orgillous, their high blood chaf'd
Haue to the Port of Athens ſent their ſhippes
Fraught with the miniſters and inſtruments
Of cruell Warre: Sixty and nine that wore
Their Crownets Regall, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ranſacke Troy, within whoſe ſtrong emures
The rauiſh'd Helen, Menelaus *Queene,*
With wanton Paris *ſleepes, and that's the Quarrell.*
To Tenedos *they come,*
And the deepe-drawing Barke do there diſgorge
Their warlike frautage: now on Dardan Plaines
The freſh and yet vnbruiſed Greekes do pitch
Their braue Pauillions. Priams *ſix-gated City,*
Dardan *and* Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenonidus *with maſsie Staples*
And correſponſiue and fulfilling Bolts
Stirre vp the Sonnes of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittiſh ſpirits,
On one and other ſide, Troian and Greeke,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Authors pen, or Actors voyce; but ſuited
In like conditions, as our Argument;
To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play
Leapes ore the vaunt and firſtlings of thoſe broyles,
Beginning in the middle: ſtarting thence away,
To what may be digeſted in a Play:
Like, or finde fault, do as your pleaſures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.

THE TRAGEDIE OF
Troylus and Cressida.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus.

Troylus.

CAll here my Varlet, Ile vnarme againe.
Why ſhould I warre without the wals of Troy
That finde ſuch cruell battell here within?
Each Troian that is maſter of his heart,
Let him to field, *Troylus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geere nere be mended?

Troy. The Greeks are ſtrong, & skilful to their ſtrength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceneſſe Valiant:
But I am weaker then a womans teare;
Tamer then ſleepe, fonder then ignorance;
Leſſe valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And skilleſſe as vnpractis'd Infancie.

Pan. Well, I haue told you enough of this: For my part, Ile not meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will haue a Cake out of the Wheate, muſt needes tarry the grinding.

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the grinding; but you muſt tarry the bolting.

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the boulting; but you muſt tarry the leau'ing.

Troy. Still haue I tarried.

Pan. I, to the leauening: but heeres yet in the word hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake; the heating of the Ouen, and the Baking; nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.

Troy. Patience her ſelfe, what Goddeſſe ere ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance, then I doe:
At *Priams* Royall Table doe I ſit;
And when faire *Creſſid* comes into my thoughts,
So (Traitor) then ſhe comes, when ſhe is thence.

Pan. Well:
She look'd yeſternight fairer, then euer I ſaw her looke,
Or any woman elſe.

Troy. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a ſigh, would riue in twaine,
Leaſt *Hector*, or my Father ſhould perceiue me:
I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a-ſcorne)
Buried this ſigh, in wrinkle of a ſmile:
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſſe,
Is like that mirth, Fate turnes to ſudden ſadneſſe.

Pan. And her haire were not ſomewhat darker then *Helens*, well go too, there were no more compariſon betweene the Women. But for my part ſhe is my Kinſwoman, I would not (as they tearme it) praiſe it, but I wold ſome-body had heard her talke yeſterday as I did: I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter *Caſſandra's* wit, but——

Troy. Oh *Pandarus*! I tell thee *Pandarus*;
When I doe tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd:
Reply not in how many Fadomes deepe
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Creſſids* loue. Thou anſwer'ſt ſhe is Faire,
Powr'ſt in the open Vlcer of my heart,
Her Eyes, her Haire, her Checke, her Gate, her Voice,
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe. O that her Hand
(In whoſe compariſon, all whites are Inke)
Writing their owne reproach; to whoſe ſoft ſeizure,
The Cignets Downe is harſh, and ſpirit of Senſe
Hard as the palme of Plough-man. This thou tel'ſt me;
As true thou tel'ſt me, when I ſay I loue her:
But ſaying thus, inſtead of Oyle and Balme,
Thou lai'ſt in euery gaſh that loue hath giuen me,
The Knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeake no more then truth.

Troy. Thou do'ſt not ſpeake ſo much.

Pan. Faith, Ile not meddle in't: Let her be as ſhee is, if ſhe be faire, 'tis the better for her: and ſhe be not, ſhe ha's the mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good *Pandarus*: How now *Pandarus*?

Pan. I haue had my Labour for my trauell, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: Gone betweene and betweene, but ſmall thankes for my labour.

Troy. What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe's Kinne to me, therefore ſhee's not ſo faire as *Helen*, and ſhe were not kin to me, ſhe would be as faire on Friday, as *Helen* is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not and ſhe were a Black-a-Moore, 'tis all one to me.

Troy. Say I ſhe is not faire?

Troy. I doe not care whether you doe or no. Shee's a Foole to ſtay behinde her Father: Let her to the Greeks, and ſo Ile tell her the next time I ſee her: for my part, Ile meddle nor make no more i'th'matter.

Troy. *Pandarus?* *Pan.* Not I.

Troy. Sweete *Pandarus.*

Pan. Pray you ſpeake no more to me, I will leaue all as I found it, and there an end. *Exit Pand.*

Sound Alarum.

Tro. Peace you vngracious Clamors, peace rude ſounds,
Fooles on both ſides, *Helen* muſt needs be faire,
When with your bloud you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight vpon this Argument:

Its

It is too ſtaru'd a ſubiect for my Sword,
But *Pandarus*: O Gods! How do you plague me?
I cannot come to *Creſſid* but by *Pandar*,
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,
As ſhe is ſtubborne, chaſt, againſt all ſuite.
Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* Loue
What *Creſſid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her bed is *India*, there ſhe lies, a Pearle,
Between our Ilium, and where ſhee recides
Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood,
Our ſelfe the Merchant, and this ſayling *Pandar*,
Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our Barke.

Alarum. Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now Prince *Troylus*?
Wherefore not a field?

Troy. Becauſe not there; this womans anſwer ſorts.
For womaniſh it is to be from thence:
What newes *Æneas* from the field to day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troy. By whom *Æneas*?

Æne. *Troylus* by *Menelaus*.

Troy. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorne,
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus* horne. *Alarum.*

Æne. Harke what good ſport is out of Towne to day.

Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may:
But to the ſport abroad, are you bound thither?

Æne. In all ſwift haſt.

Troy. Come goe wee then togither. *Exeunt.*

Enter Creſſid and her man.

Cre. Who were thoſe went by?

Man. Queene *Hecuba*, and *Hellen*.

Cre. And whether go they?

Man. Vp to the Eaſterne Tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubiect all the vaile,
To ſee the battell: *Hector* whoſe pacience,
Is as a Vertue fixt, to day was mou'd:
He chides *Andromache* and ſtrooke his Armorer,
And like as there were husbandry in Warre
Before the Sunne roſe, hee was harneſt lyte,
And to the field goe's he; where euery flower
Did as a Prophet weepe what it forſaw,
In *Hectors* wrath.

Cre. What was his cauſe of anger?

Man. The noiſe goe's this;
There is among the Greekes,
A Lord of Troian blood, Nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Aiax*.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Man. They ſay he is a very man *per ſe* and ſtands alone.

Cre. So do all men, vnleſſe they are drunke, ſicke, or haue no legges.

Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beaſts of their particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churliſh as the Beare, ſlow as the Elephant: a man into whom nature hath ſo crowded humors, that his valour is cruſht into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion: there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpſe of, nor any man an attaine, but he carries ſome ſtaine of it. He is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the haire, hee hath the ioynts of euery thing, but euery thing ſo out of ioynt, that hee is a gowtie *Briareus*, many hands and no vſe; or purblinded *Argus*, all eyes and no ſight.

Cre. But how ſhould this man that makes me ſmile, make *Hector* angry?

Man. They ſay he yeſterday cop'd *Hector* in the battell and ſtroke him downe, the diſdaind & ſhame whereof, hath euer ſince kept *Hector* faſting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Man. Madam your Vncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hectors* a gallant man.

Man. As may be in the world Lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow Vncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow Cozen *Creſſid*: what do you talke of? good morrow *Alexander*: how do you Cozen? when were you at Illium?

Cre. This morning Vncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was *Hector* arm'd and gon ere yea came to Illium? *Hellen* was not vp? was ſhe?

Cre. *Hector* was gone but *Hellen* was not vp?

Pan. E'ene ſo; *Hector* was ſtirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he ſaies here.

Pan. True he was ſo; I know the cauſe too, heele lay about him to day I can tell them that, and there's *Troylus* will not come farre behind him, let them take heede of *Troylus*; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who *Troylus*?
Troylus is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh *Iupiter*; there's no compariſon.

Pan. What not betweene *Troylus* and *Hector*? do you know a man if you ſee him?

Cre. I, if I euer ſaw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well I ſay *Troylus* is *Troylus*.

Cre. Then you ſay as I ſay,
For I am ſure he is not *Hector*.

Pan. No not *Hector* is not *Troylus* in ſome degrees.

Cre. 'Tis iuſt, to each of them he is himſelfe.

Pan. Himſelfe? alas poore *Troylus* I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foote to India.

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himſelfe? no? hee's not himſelfe, would a were himſelfe: well, the Gods are aboue, time muſt friend or end: well *Troylus* well, I would my heart were in her body; no, *Hector* is not a better man then *Troylus*.

Cre. Excuſe me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th'others not come too't, you ſhall tell me another tale when th'others come too't: *Hector* ſhall not haue his will this yeare.

Cre. He ſhall not neede it if he haue his owne.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beautie.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You haue no iudgement Neece; *Hellen* her ſelfe ſwore th'other day, that *Troylus* for a browne fauour (for ſo 'tis I muſt confeſſe) not browne neither.

Cre. No, but browne.

Pan. Faith to ſay truth, browne and not browne.

Cre. To ſay the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion aboue *Paris*.

Cre. Why *Paris* hath colour inough.

Pan. So, he has.

Cre. Then *Troylus* ſhould haue too much, if ſhe prasi'd him aboue, his complexion is higher then his, he hauing colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Hellens* golden tongue had commended *Troylus* for a copper noſe.

Pan. I ſweare to you,
I thinke *Hellen* loues him better then *Paris*.

Cre. Then ſhee's a merry Greeke indeed.

Pan. Nay I am ſure ſhe does, ſhe came to him th'other day into the compaſt window, and you know he has not paſt three or foure haires on his chinne.

Creſ. Indeed a Tapſters Arithmetique may ſoone bring his particulars therein, to a totall.

Pand. Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector*.

Creſ. Is he is ſo young a man, and ſo old a lifter?

Pan. But to prooue to you that *Hellen* loues him, ſhe came and puts me her white hand to his clouen chin.

Creſ. *Iuno* haue mercy, how came it clouen?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled,
I thinke his ſmyling becomes him better then any man in all Phrigia.

Cre. Oh he ſmiles valiantly.

Pan. Dooes hee not?

Cre. Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in *Autumne*.

Pan. Why go to then, but to proue to you that *Hellen* loues *Troylus*.

Cre. *Troylus* wil ſtand to thee
Proofe, if youle prooue it ſo.

Pan. *Troylus*? why he eſteemes her no more then I eſteeme an addle egge.

Cre. If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an idle head, you would eate chickens i'th'ſhell.

Pan. I cannot chuſe but laugh to thinke how ſhe tickled his chin, indeed ſhee has a maruel's white hand I muſt needs confeſſe.

Cre. Without the racke.

Pan. And ſhee takes vpon her to ſpie a white haire on his chinne.

Cre. Alas poore chin? many a wart is richer.

Pand. But there was ſuch laughing, Queene *Hecuba* laught that her eyes ran ore.

Cre. With Milſtones.

Pan. And *Caſſandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire vnder the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pand. Marry at the white haire that *Hellen* ſpied on *Troylus* chin.

Creſ. And t'had beene a greene haire, I ſhould haue laught too.

Pand. They laught not ſo much at the haire, as at his pretty anſwere.

Cre. What was his anſwere?

Pan. Quoth ſhee, heere's but two and fifty haires on your chinne; and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her queſtion.

Pand That's true, make no queſtion of that, two and fiftie haires quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is my Father, and all the reſt are his Sonnes. *Iupiter* quoth ſhe, which of theſe haires is *Paris* my husband? The forked one quoth he, pluckt out and giue it him: but there was ſuch laughing, and *Hellen* ſo bluſht, and *Paris* ſo chaft, and all the reſt ſo laught, that it paſt.

Cre. So let it now,
For is has beene a great while going by.

Pan. Well Cozen,
I told you a thing yeſterday, think on't.

Cre. So I does.

Pand. Ile be ſworne 'tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a man borne in Aprill. *Sound a retreate.*

Creſ. And Ile ſpring vp in his teares, an'twere a nettle againſt May.

Pan. Harke they are comming from the field, ſhal we ſtand vp here and ſee them, as they paſſe toward Ilium, good Neece do, ſweet Neece *Creſſida*.

Cre. At your pleaſure.

Pan. Heere, heere, here's an excellent place, heere we may ſee moſt brauely, Ile tel you them all by their names, as they paſſe by, but marke *Troylus* aboue the reſt.

Enter Æneas.

Cre. Speake not ſo low'd.

Pan. That's *Æneas*, is not that a braue man, hee's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, but merke *Troylus*, you ſhal ſee anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Enter Antenor.

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a ſhrow'd wit I can tell you, and hee's a man good inough, hee's one o'th ſoundeſt iudgement in Troy whoſoeuer, and a proper man of perſon: when comes *Troylus*? Ile ſhew you *Troylus* anon, if hee ſee me, you ſhall ſee him him nod at me.

Cre. Will he giue you the nod?

Pan. You ſhall ſee.

Cre. If he do, the rich ſhall haue, more.

Enter Hector.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, looke you, that there's a fellow. Goe thy way *Hector*, there's a braue man Neece, O braue *Hector*! Looke how hee lookes? there's a countenance; iſt not a braue man?

Cre. O braue man!

Pan. Is a not? It dooes a mans heart good, looke you what hacks are on his Helmet, looke you yonder, do you ſee? Looke you there? There's no ieſting, laying on, tak't off, who ill as they ſay, there be hacks.

Cre. Be thoſe with Swords?

Enter Paris.

Pan. Swords, any thing he cares not, and the diuell come to him, it's all one, by Gods lid it dooes ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: looke yee yonder Neece, iſt not a gallant man to, iſt not? Why this is braue now: who ſaid he came hurt home to day? Hee's not hurt, why this will do *Hellens* heart good now, ha? Would I could ſee *Troylus* now, you ſhall *Troylus* anon.

Cre. Whoſe that?

Enter Hellenus.

Pan. That's *Hellenus*, I maruell where *Troylus* is, that's *Helenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day: that's *Hellenus*.

Cre. Can *Hellenus* fight Vncle?

Pan. *Hellenus* no: yes heele fight indifferent, well, I maruell where *Troylus* is; harke, do you not haere the people crie *Troylus*? *Hellenus* is a Prieſt.

Cre. What ſneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Trylus.

Pan. Where? Yonder? That's *Dæphobus*. 'Tis *Troylus*! Ther's a man Neece, hem? Braue *Troylus*, the Prince of Chiualrie.

Cre. Peace, for ſhame peace.

Pand. Marke him, not him: O braue *Troylus*: looke well vpon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is bloudied, and his Helme more hacks then *Hectors*, and how he lookes, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne're ſaw three and twenty. Go thy way *Troylus*, go thy way, had I a ſiſter were a *Grace*, or a daughter a Goddeſſe, hee ſhould take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is durt to him, and I warrant, *Helen* to change, would giue money to boot.

Enter common Souldiers.

Creſ. Heere come more.

Pan. Aſſes, fooles, dolts, chaffe and bran, chaffe and bran; porredge after meat. I could liue and dye i'th'eyes of *Troylus*. Ne're looke, ne're looke; the Eagles are gon, Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be ſuch a man as *Troylus*, then *Agamemnon*, and all Greece.

Creſ. There is among the Greekes *Achilles*, a better man then *Troylus*.

Pan. *Achilles*? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camell.

Creſ. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well? Why haue you any diſcretion? haue you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, gentleneſſe, vertue, youth, liberality, and ſo forth: the Spice, and ſalt that ſeaſons a man?

Creſ. I, a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no Date in the pye, for then the mans dates out.

Pan. You are ſuch another woman, one knowes not at what ward you lye.

Creſ. Vpon my backe, to defend my belly; vpon my wit, to defend my wiles; vppon my ſecrecy, to defend mine honeſty; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all theſe: and at all theſe wardes I lye at, at a thouſand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Creſ. Nay Ile watch you for that, and that's one of the cheefeſt of them too: If I cannot ward what I would not haue hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, vnleſſe it ſwell paſt hiding, and then it's paſt watching.

Enter Boy.

Pan. You are ſuch another.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would inſtantly ſpeake with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your owne houſe.

Pan. Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he bee hurt.
Fare ye well good Neece.

Creſ. Adieu Vnkle.

Pan. Ile be with you Neece by and by.

Creſ. To bring Vnkle.

Pan. I, a token from *Troylus*.

Creſ. By the ſame token, you are a Bawd. *Exit Pand.*
Words, vowes, gifts, teares, & loues full ſacrifice,
He offers in anothers enterpriſe:
But more in *Troylus* thouſand fold I ſee,
Then in the glaſſe of *Pandar's* praiſe may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing,
Things won are done, ioyes ſoule lyes in the dooing:
That ſhe belou'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this;
Men prize the thing vngain'd, more then it is.
That ſhe was neuer yet, that euer knew
Loue got ſo ſweet, as when deſire did ſue:
Therefore this maxime out of loue I teach;
"*Atchieuement, is command; vngain'd, beſeech.*
That though my hearts Contents firme loue doth beare,
Nothing of that ſhall from mine eyes appeare. *Exit.*

Senet. Enter Agamemnon, Neſtor, Vlyſſes, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. Princes:
What greefe hath ſet the Iaundies on your cheekes?
The ample propoſition that hope makes
In all deſignes, begun on earth below
Fayles in the promiſt largeneſſe: checkes and diſaſters
Grow in the veines of actions higheſt rear'd.
As knots by the conflux of meeting ſap,
Infect the ſound Pine, and diuerts his Graine
Tortiue and erant from his courſe of growth.
Nor Princes, is it matter new to vs,
That we come ſhort of our ſuppoſe ſo farre,
That after ſeuen yeares ſiege, yet Troy walles ſtand,
Sith euery action that hath gone before,
Whereof we haue Record, Triall did draw
Bias and thwart, not anſwering the ayme:
And that vnbodied figure of the thought
That gaue't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why then (you Princes)
Do you with cheekes abaſh'd, behold our workes,
And thinke them ſhame, which are (indeed) nought elſe
But the protractiue trials of great Ioue,
To finde perſiſtiue conſtancie in men?
The fineneſſe of which Mettall is not found
In Fortunes loue: for then, the Bold and Coward,
The Wiſe and Foole, the Artiſt and vn-read,
The hard and ſoft, ſeeme all affin'd, and kin.
But in the Winde and Tempeſt of her frowne,
Diſtinction with a lowd and powrefull fan,
Puffing at all, winnowes the light away;
And what hath maſſe, or matter by it ſelfe,
Lies rich in Vertue, and vnmingled.

Neſtor. With due Obſeruance of thy godly ſeat,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Neſtor* ſhall apply
Thy lateſt words.
In the reproofe of Chance,
Lies the true proofe of men: The Sea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble Boates dare ſaile
Vpon her patient breſt, making their way
With thoſe of Nobler bulke?
But let the Ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon behold
The ſtrong ribb'd Barke through liquid Mountaines cut,
Bounding betweene the two moyſt Elements
Like *Perſeus* Horſe. Where's then the ſawcy Boate,
Whoſe weake vntimber'd ſides but euen now
Co-riual'd Greatneſſe? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a Toſte for Neptune. Euen ſo,
Doth valours ſhew, and valours worth diuide
In ſtormes of Fortune.
For, in her ray and brightneſſe,
The Heard hath more annoyance by the Brieze
Then by the Tyger: But, when the ſplitting winde
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes,
And Flies fled vnder ſhade, why then
The thing of Courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in ſelfe-ſame key,
Retyres to chiding Fortune.

Vlyſ. *Agamemnon*:
Thou great Commander, Nerue, and Bone of Greece,
Heart of our Numbers, ſoule, and onely ſpirit,
In whom the tempers, and the mindes of all
Should be ſhut vp: Heare what *Vlyſſes* ſpeakes,
Beſides the applauſe and approbation
The which moſt mighty for thy place and ſway,

And thou moſt reuerend for thy ſtretcht-out life,
I giue to both your ſpeeches : which were ſuch,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece
Should hold vp high in Braſſe: and ſuch againe
As venerable *Neſtor* (hatch'd in Siluer)
Should with a bond of ayre, ſtrong as the Axletree
In which the Heauens ride, knit all Greekes eares
To his experienc'd tongue : yet let it pleaſe both
(Thou Great,and Wiſe) to heare *Vlyſſes* ſpeake.
Aga. Speak Prince of *Ithaca*,and be't of leſſe expect :
That matter needleſſe of importleſſe burthen
Diuide thy lips ; then we are confident
When ranke *Therſites* opes his Maſticke iawes,
We ſhall heare Muſicke, Wit,and Oracle.
Vlyſ. Troy yet vpon his baſis had bene downe,
And the great *Hectors* ſword had lack'd a Maſter
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpecialty of Rule hath beene neglected ;
And looke how many Grecian Tents do ſtand
Hollow vpon this Plaine, ſo many hollow Factions.
When that the Generall is not like the Hiue,
To whom the Forragers ſhall all repaire,
What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th'vnworthieſt ſhewes as fairely in the Maske.
The Heauens themſelues, the Planets, and this Center,
Obſerue degree, priority,and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, forme,
Office, and cuſtome, in all line of Order :
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
In noble eminence, enthron'd and ſphear'd
Amid'ſt the other, whoſe med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill Aſpects of Planets euill,
And poſtes like the Command'ment of a King,
Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In euill mixture to diſorder wander,
What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny ?
What raging of the Sea? ſhaking of Earth ?
Commotion in the Windes? Frights, changes, horrors,
Diuert, and cracke, rend and deracinate
The vnity, and married calme of States
Quite from their fixure? O, when Degree is ſhak'd,
(Which is the Ladder to all high deſignes)
The enterprize is ſicke. How could Communities,
Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods in Cities,
Peacefull Commerce from diuidable ſhores,
The primogenitiue, and due of Byrth,
Prerogatiue of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels,
(But by Degree) ſtand in Authentique place?
Take but Degree away, vn-tune that ſtring,
And hearke what Diſcord followes : each thing meetes
In meere oppugnancie. The bounded Waters,
Should lift their boſomes higher then the Shores,
And make a ſoppe of all this ſolid Globe :
Strength ſhould be Lord of imbecility,
And the rude Sonne ſhould ſtrike his Father dead :
Force ſhould be right, or rather, right and wrong,
(Betweene whoſe endleſſe iarre, Iuſtice recides)
Should looſe her names, and ſo ſhould Iuſtice too.
Then euery thing includes it ſelfe in Power,
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
And Appetite (an vniuerſall Wolfe,
So doubly ſeconded with Will, and Power)
Muſt make perforce an vniuerſall prey,
And laſt, eate vp himſelfe.
Great *Agamemnon* :
This Chaos, when Degree is ſuffocate,
Followes the choaking :
And this neglection of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a purpoſe
It hath to climbe. The Generall's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below ; he, by the next,
That next, by him beneath : ſo euery ſtep
Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſicke
Of his Superiour, growes to an enuious Feauer
Of pale, and bloodleſſe Emulation.
And 'tis this Feauer that keepes Troy on foote,
Not her owne ſinewes. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſſe liues, not in her ſtrength.
Neſt. Moſt wiſely hath *Vlyſſes* heere diſcouer'd
The Feauer, whereof all our power is ſicke.
Aga. The Nature of the ſickneſſe found (*Vlyſſes*)
What is the remedie?
Vlyſ. The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crownes,
The ſinew, and the fore-hand of our Hoſte,
Hauing his eare full of his ayery Fame,
Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our deſignes. With him, *Patroclus*,
Vpon a lazie Bed, the liue-long day
Breakes ſcurrill Ieſts,
And with ridiculous and aukward action,
(Which Slanderer, he imitation call's)
He Pageants vs. Sometime great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topleſſe deputation he puts on ;
And like a ſtrutting Player, whoſe conceit
Lies in his Ham-ſtring, and doth thinke it rich
To heare the woodden Dialogue and ſound
'Twixt his ſtretcht footing, and the Scaffolage,
Such to be pittied, and ore-reſted ſeeming
He acts thy Greatneſſe in : and when he ſpeakes,
'Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearmes vnſquar'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would ſeemes Hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuffe,
The large *Achilles* (on his preſt-bed lolling)
From his deepe Cheſt, laughes out a lowd applauſe,
Cries excellent, 'tis *Agamemnon* iuſt.
Now play me *Neſtor* ; hum, and ſtroke thy Beard
As he, being dreſt to ſome Oration :
That's done, as neere as the extreameſt ends
Of paralels ; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife,
Yet god *Achilles* ſtill cries excellent,
'Tis *Neſtor* right. Now play him (me) *Patroclus*,
Arming to anſwer in a night-Alarme,
And then (forſooth) the faint defects of Age
Muſt be the Scene of myrth, to cough, and ſpit,
And with a palſie fumbling on his Gorget,
Shake in and out the Riuet : and at this ſport
Sir Valour dies ; cries, O enough *Patroclus*,
Or, giue me ribs of Steele, I ſhall ſplit all
In pleaſure of my Spleene. And in this faſhion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Seuerals and generals of grace exact,
Atchieuments, plots, orders, preuentions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,
Succeſſe or loſſe, what is, or is not, ſerues
As ſtuffe for theſe two, to make paradoxes.
Neſt. And in the imitation of theſe twaine,
Who (as *Vlyſſes* ſayes) Opinion crownes
With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect :
Aiax is growne ſelfe-will'd, and beares his head
In ſuch a reyne, in full as proud a place
As broad *Achilles*, and keepes his Tent like him ;
Makes factious Feaſts, railes on our ſtate of Warre

Bold as an Oracle, and ſets *Therſites*
A ſlaue, whoſe Gall coines ſlanders like a Mint,
To match vs in compariſons with durt,
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
How ranke ſoeuer rounded in with danger.
Vlyſ. They taxe our policy, and call it Cowardice,
Count Wiſedome as no member of the Warre,
Fore-ſtall preſcience, and eſteeme no acte
But that of hand : The ſtill and mentall parts,
That do contriue how many hands ſhall ſtrike
When fitneſſe call them on, and know by meaſure
Of their obſeruant toyle, the Enemies waight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignity :
They call this Bed-worke, Mapp'ry, Cloſſet-Warre :
So that the Ramme that batters downe the wall,
For the great ſwing and rudeneſſe of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Or thoſe that with the fineneſſe of their ſoules,
By Reaſon guide his execution.
Neſt. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horſe
Makes many *Thetis* ſonnes. *Tucket*
Aga. What Trumpet? Looke *Menelaus*.
Men. From Troy. *Enter Æneas.*
Aga. What would you 'fore our Tent ?
Æne. Is this great *Agamemnons* Tent, I pray you ?
Aga. Euen this.
Æne. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,
Do a faire meſſage to his Kingly eares ?
Aga. With ſurety ſtronger then *Achilles* arme,
'Fore all the Greekiſh heads, which with one voyce
Call *Agamemnon* Head and Generall.
Æne. Faire leaue, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt Imperial lookes,
Know them from eyes of other Mortals ?
Aga. How ?
Æne. I : I aske, that I might waken reuerence,
And on the cheeke be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning, when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthfull Phœbus :
Which is that God in office guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon* ?
Aga. This Troyan ſcornes vs, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious Courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonnaire ; vnarm'd,
As bending Angels : that's their Fame, in peace :
But when they would ſeeme Souldiers, they haue galles,
Good armes, ſtrong ioynts, true ſwords, & *Ioues* accord,
Nothing ſo full of heart. But peace *Æneas*,
Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthineſſe of praiſe diſtaines his worth :
If that he prais'd himſelfe, bring the praiſe forth.
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blowes, that praiſe ſole pure tranſcẽds.
Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you your ſelfe *Æneas* ?
Æne. I Greeke, that is my name.
Aga. What's your affayre I pray you ?
Æne. Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnons* eares.
Aga. He heares nought priuatly
That comes from Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whiſper him,
I bring a Trumpet to awake his eare,
To ſet his ſence on the attentiue bent,
And then to ſpeake.
Aga. Speake frankely as the winde,
It is not *Agamemnons* ſleeping houre ;
That thou ſhalt know Troyan he is awake,
He tels thee ſo himſelfe.
Æne. Trumpet blow loud,
Send thy Braſſe voyce through all theſe lazie Tents,
And euery Greeke of mettle, let him know,
What Troy meanes fairely, ſhall be ſpoke alowd.
The Trumpets ſound.
We haue great *Agamemnon* heere in Troy,
A Prince calld *Hector*, *Priam* is his Father :
Who in this dull and long-continew'd Truce
Is ruſty growne. He bad me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpoſe ſpeake : Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one among'ſt the fayr'ſt of Greece,
That holds his Honor higher then his eaſe,
That ſeekes his praiſe, more then he feares his perill,
That knowes his Valour, and knowes not his feare,
That loues his Miſtris more then in confeſſion,
(With truant vowes to her owne lips he loues)
And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth,
In other armes then hers : to him this Challenge.
Hector, in view of Troyans, and of Greekes,
Shall make it good, or do his beſt to do it.
He hath a Lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Then euer Greeke did compaſſe in his armes,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway betweene your Tents, and walles of Troy,
To rowze a Grecian that is true in loue.
If any come, *Hector* ſhal honour him :
If none, hee'l ſay in Troy when he retyres,
The Grecian Dames are ſun-burnt, and not worth
The ſplinter of a Lance : Euen ſo much.
Aga. This ſhall be told our Louers Lord *Æneas*,
If none of them haue ſoule in ſuch a kinde,
We left them all at home : But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a meere recreant proue,
That meanes not, hath not, or is not in loue :
If then one is, or hath, or meanes to be,
That one meets *Hector* ; if none elſe, Ile be he.
Neſt. Tell him of *Neſtor*, one that was a man
When *Hectors* Grandſire ſuckt : he is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian mould,
One Noble man, that hath one ſparke of fire
To anſwer for his Loue ; tell him from me,
Ile hide my Siluer beard in a Gold Beauer,
And in my Vantbrace put this wither'd brawne,
And meeting him, wil tell him, that my Lady
Was fayrer then his Grandame, and as chaſte
As may be in the world : his youth in flood,
Ile pawne this truth with my three drops of blood.
Æne. Now heauens forbid ſuch ſcarſitie of youth.
Vlyſ. Amen.
Aga. Faire Lord *Æneas*,
Let me touch your hand :
To our Pauillion ſhal I leade you firſt :
Achilles ſhall haue word of this intent,
So ſhall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent :
Your ſelfe ſhall Feaſt with vs before you goe,
And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe. *Exeunt.*
Manet Vlyſſes, and Neſtor.
Vlyſ. *Neſtor.*
Neſt. What ſayes *Vlyſſes* ?
Vlyſ. I haue a young conception in my braine,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.
Neſt. What is't?
Vlyſſes. This 'tis :
Blunt wedges riue hard knots : the ſeeded Pride
That hath to this maturity blowne vp

In ranke *Achilles*, muſt or now be cropt,
Or ſhedding breed a Nurſery of like euil
To ouer-bulke vs all.

Neſt. Wel, and how?

Vlyſ. This challenge that the gallant *Hector* ſends,
How euer it is ſpred in general name,
Relates in purpoſe onely to *Achilles.*

Neſt. The purpoſe is perſpicuous euen as ſubſtance,
Whoſe groſſeneſſe little charracters ſumme vp,
And in the publication make no ſtraine,
But that *Achilles*, were his braine as barren
As bankes of Lybia, though (*Apollo* knowes)
'Tis dry enough, wil with great ſpeede of iudgement,
I, with celerity, finde *Hectors* purpoſe
Pointing on him.

Vlyſ. And wake him to the anſwer, thinke you?

Neſt. Yes, 'tis moſt meet; who may you elſe oppoſe
That can from *Hector* bring his Honor off,
If not *Achilles*; though't be a ſportfull Combate,
Yet in this triall, much opinion dwels.
For heere the Troyans taſte our deer'ſt repute
With their fin'ſt Pallate: and truſt to me *Vlyſſes*,
Our imputation ſhall be oddely poiz'd
In this wilde action. For the ſucceſſe
(Although particular) ſhall giue a ſcantling
Of good or bad, vnto the Generall:
And in ſuch Indexes, although ſmall prickes
To their ſubſequent Volumes, there is ſeene
The baby figure of the Gyant-maſſe
Of things to come at large. It is ſuppos'd,
He that meets *Hector*, iſſues from our choyſe;
And choiſe being mutuall acte of all our ſoules,
Makes Merit her election, and doth boyle
As 'twere, from forth vs all: a man diſtill'd
Out of our Vertues; who miſcarrying,
What heart from hence receyues the conqu'ring part
To ſteele a ſtrong opinion to themſelues,
Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his inſtruments,
In no leſſe working, then are Swords and Bowes
Directiue by the Limbes.

Vlyſ. Giue pardon to my ſpeech:
Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector*:
Let vs (like Merchants) ſhew our fowleſt Wares,
And thinke perchance they'l ſell: If not,
The luſter of the better yet to ſhew,
Shall ſhew the better. Do not conſent,
That euer *Hector* and *Achilles* meete:
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,
Are dogg'd with two ſtrange Followers.

Neſt. I ſee them not with my old eies: what are they?

Vlyſ. What glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Hector*,
(Were he not proud) we all ſhould weare with him:
But he already is too inſolent,
And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,
Then in the pride and ſalt ſcorne of his eyes
Should he ſcape *Hector* faire. If he were foyld,
Why then we did our maine opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a Lott'ry,
And by deuice let blockiſh *Aiax* draw
The ſort to fight with *Hector*: Among our ſelues,
Giue him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will phyſicke the great Myrmidon
Who broyles in lowd applauſe, and make him fall
His Creſt, that prouder then blew Iris bends.
If the dull brainleſſe *Aiax* come ſafe off,
Wee'l dreſſe him vp in voyces: if he faile,
Yet go we vnder our opinion ſtill,
That we haue better men. But hit or miſſe,
Our proiects life this ſhape of ſence aſſumes,
Aiax imploy'd, pluckes downe *Achilles* Plumes.

Neſt. Now *Vlyſſes*, I begin to relliſh thy aduice,
And I wil giue a taſte of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*, go we to him ſtraight:
Two Curres ſhal tame each other, Pride alone
Muſt tarre the Maſtiffes on, as 'twere their bone. *Exeunt*

Enter Aiax, and Therſites.

Aia. *Therſites?*

Ther. *Agamemnon*, how if he had Biles (ful) all ouer generally.

Aia. *Therſites?*

Ther. And thoſe Byles did runne, ſay ſo; did not the General run, were not that a botchy core?

Aia. Dogge.

Ther. Then there would come ſome matter from him: I ſee none now.

Aia. Thou Bitch-Wolfes-Sonne, canſt ỹ not heare? Feele then. *Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece vpon thee thou Mungrel beefe-witted Lord.

Aia. Speake then you whinid'ſt leauen ſpeake, I will beate thee into handſomneſſe.

Ther. I ſhal ſooner rayle thee into wit and holineſſe: but I thinke thy Horſe wil ſooner con an Oration, then ỹ learn a prayer without booke: Thou canſt ſtrike, canſt thou? A red Murren o'th thy Iades trickes.

Aia. Toads ſtoole, learne me the Proclamation.

Ther. Doeſt thou thinke I haue no ſence thou ſtrik'ſt me thus?

Aia. The Proclamation.

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a foole, I thinke.

Aia. Do not Porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didſt itch from head to foot, and I had the ſcratching of thee, I would make thee the lothſom'ſt ſcab in Greece.

Aia. I ſay the Proclamation.

Ther. Thou grumbleſt & raileſt euery houre on *Achilles*, and thou art as ful of enuy at his greatnes, as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpina's* beauty. I, that thou barkſt at him.

Aia. Miſtreſſe *Therſites.*

Ther. Thou ſhould'ſt ſtrike him.

Aia. Coblofe.

Ther. He would pun thee into ſhiuers with his fiſt, as a Sailor breakes a bisket.

Aſa. You horſon Curre.

Ther. Do, do.

Aia. Thou ſtoole for a Witch.

Ther. I, do, do, thou ſodden-witted Lord: thou haſt no more braine then I haue in mine elbows: An Aſinico may tutor thee. Thou ſcuruy valiant Aſſe, thou art heere but to threſh Troyans, and thou art bought and ſolde among thoſe of any wit, like a Barbarian ſlaue. If thou vſe to beat me, I wil begin at thy heele, and tel what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou.

Aia. You dogge.

Ther. You ſcuruy Lord.

Aia. You Curre.

Ther. *Mars* his Ideot: do rudenes, do Camell, do, do.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now *Aiax*? wherefore do you this?
How now *Therſites*? what's the matter man?

Ther. You ſee him there, do you?

Achil. I, what's the matter.

Ther. Nay looke vpon him.

Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

Ther. Nay but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do ſo.

Ther. But yet you looke not well vpon him: for who ſome euer you take him to be, he is *Aiax.*

Achil. I know that foole.

Ther. I, but that foole knowes not himſelfe.

Aiax. Therefore I beate thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what *modicums* of wit he vtters: his euaſions haue eares thus long. I haue bobb'd his Braine more then he has beate my bones: I will buy nine Sparrowes for a peny, and his *Piamater* is not worth the ninth part of a Sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) *Aiax* who wears his wit in his belly, and his guttes in his head, Ile tell you what I ſay of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I ſay this *Aiax* ——

Achil. Nay good *Aiax.*

Ther. Has not ſo much wit.

Achil. Nay, I muſt hold you.

Ther. As will ſtop the eye of *Helens* Needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace foole.

Ther. I would haue peace and quietnes, but the foole will not: he there, that he, looke you there.

Aiax. O thou damn'd Curre, I ſhall ——

Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a Fooles.

Ther. No I warrant you, for a fooles will ſhame it.

Pat. Good words *Therſites.*

Achil. What's the quarrell?

Aiax. I bad thee vile Owle, goe learne me the tenure of the Proclamation, and he rayles vpon me.

Ther. I ſerue thee not.

Aiax. Well, go too, go too.

Ther. I ſerue heere voluntary.

Achil. Your laſt ſeruice was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary: *Aiax* was heere the voluntary, and you as vnder an Impreſſe.

Ther. E'neſo, a great deale of your wit too lies in your ſinnewes, or elſe there be Liars. *Hector* ſhall haue a great catch, if he knocke out either of your braines, he were as good cracke a fuſtie nut with no kernell.

Achil. What with me to *Therſites?*

Ther. There's *Vlyſſes*, and old *Neſtor*, whoſe Wit was mouldy ere their Grandſires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draft-Oxen, and make you plough vp the waire.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes good ſooth, to *Achilles*, to *Aiax*, to ——

Aiax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I ſhall ſpeake as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words *Therſites.*

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles* Brooch bids me, ſhall I?

Achil. There's for you *Patroclus.*

Ther. I wil ſee you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come any more to your Tents; I will keepe where there is wit ſtirring, and leaue the faction of fooles. *Exit.*

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this Sir is proclaim'd through al our hoſt,
That *Hector* by the fift houre of the Sunne,
Will with a Trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and Troy
To morrow morning call ſome Knight to Armes,
That hath a ſtomacke, and ſuch a one that dare
Maintaine I know not what: 'tis traſh. Farewell.

Aiax. Farewell? who ſhall anſwer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to Lottry: otherwiſe
He knew his man.

Aiax. O meaning you, I wil go learne more of it. *Exit.*

Enter Priam, Hector, Troylus, Paris and Helenus.

Pri. After ſo many houres, liues, ſpeeches ſpent,
Thus once againe ſayes *Neſtor* from the Greekes,
Deliuer *Helen*, and all damage elſe
(As honour, loſſe of time, trauaile, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what els deere that is conſum'd
In hot digeſtion of this comorant Warre)
Shall be ſtroke off. *Hector*, what ſay you too't.

Hect. Though no man leſſer feares the Greeks then I,
As farre as touches my particular: yet dread *Priam*,
There is no Lady of more ſofter bowels,
More ſpungie, to ſucke in the ſenſe of Feare,
More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes
Then *Hector* is: the wound of peace is ſurety,
Surety ſecure: but modeſt Doubt is cal'd
The Beacon of the wiſe: the tent that ſearches
To'th'bottome of the worſt. Let *Helen* go,
Since the firſt ſword was drawne about this queſtion,
Euery tythe ſoule 'mongſt many thouſand diſmes,
Hath bin as deere as *Helen*: I meane of ours:
If we haue loſt ſo many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs
(Had it our name) the valew of one ten;
What merit's in that reaſon which denies
The yeelding of her vp.

Troy. Fie, fie, my Brother;
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
(So great as our dread Father) in a Scale
Of common Ounces? Wil you with Counters ſumme
The paſt proportion of his infinite,
And buckle in a waſte moſt fathomleſſe,
With ſpannes and inches ſo diminutiue,
As feares and reaſons? Fie for godly ſhame?

Hel. No maruel though you bite ſo ſharp at reaſons,
You are ſo empty of them, ſhould not our Father
Beare the great ſway of his affayres with reaſons,
Becauſe your ſpeech hath none that tels him ſo.

Troy. You are for dreames & ſlumbers brother Prieſt
You furre your gloues with reaſon: here are your reaſons
You know an enemy intends you harme,
You know, a ſword imploy'd is perillous,
And reaſon flyes the obiect of all harme.
Who maruels then when *Helenus* beholds
A Grecian and his ſword, if he do ſet
The very wings of reaſon to his heeles:
Or like a Starre diſorb'd. Nay, if we talke of Reaſon,
And flye like chidden Mercurie from Ioue,
Let's ſhut our gates and ſleepe: Manhood and Honor
Should haue hard hearts, wold they but fat their thoghts
With this cramm'd reaſon: reaſon and reſpect,
Makes Liuers pale, and luſtyhood deiect.

Hect. Brother, ſhe is not worth
What ſhe doth coſt the holding.

Troy. What's aught, but as 'tis valew'd?

Hect. But value dwels not in particular will,
It holds his eſtimate and dignitie
As well, wherein 'tis precious of it ſelfe,
As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatrie,
To make the ſeruice greater then the God,
And the will dotes that is inclineable
To what infectiouſly it ſelfe affects,
Without ſome image of th'affected merit.

Troy. I take to day a Wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my Will;

My Will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,
Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous ſhores
Of Will, and Iudgement. How may I auoyde
(Although my will diſtaſte what it elected)
The Wife I choſe, there can be no euaſion
To blench from this, and to ſtand firme by honour.
We turne not backe the Silkes vpon the Merchant
When we haue ſpoyl'd them; nor the remainder Viands
We do not throw in vnreſpectiue ſame,
Becauſe we now are full. It was thought meete
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the Greekes;
Your breath of full conſent bellied his Sailes,
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) tooke a Truce,
And did him ſeruice; he touch'd the Ports deſir'd,
And for an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whoſe youth & freſhneſſe
Wrinkles *Apolloes*, and makes ſtale the morning.
Why keepe we her? the Grecians keepe our Aunt:
Is ſhe worth keeping? Why ſhe is a Pearle,
Whoſe price hath launch'd aboue a thouſand Ships,
And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.
If you'l auouch, 'twas wiſedome *Paris* went,
(As you muſt needs, for you all cride, Go, go:)
If you'l confeſſe, he brought home Noble prize,
(As you muſt needs) for you all clapt your hands,
And cride ineſtimable; why do you now
The iſſue of your proper Wiſedomes rate,
And do a deed that Fortune neuer did?
Begger the eſtimation which you priz'd,
Richer then Sea and Land? O Theft moſt baſe!
That we haue ſtolne what we do feare to keepe.
But Theeues vnworthy of a thing ſo ſtolne,
That in their Country did them that diſgrace,
We feare to warrant in our Natiue place.

Enter Caſſandra with her haire about her eares.

Caſ. Cry *Troyans*, cry.

Priam. What noyſe? what ſhreeke is this?

Troy. 'Tis our mad ſiſter, I do know her voyce.

Caſ. Cry Troyans.

Hect. It is *Caſſandra.*

Caſ. Cry Troyans cry; lend me ten thouſand eyes,
And I will fill them with Propheticke teares.

Hect. Peace ſiſter, peace.

Caſ. Virgins, and Boyes; mid-age & wrinkled old,
Soft infancie, that nothing can but cry,
Adde to my clamour: let vs pay betimes
A moity of that maſſe of moane to come.
Cry Troyans cry, practiſe your eyes with teares,
Troy muſt not be, nor goodly Illion ſtand,
Our fire-brand Brother *Paris* burnes vs all.
Cry Troyans cry, a *Helen* and a woe;
Cry, cry, Troy burnes, or elſe let *Helen* goe. *Exit.*

Hect. Now youthfull *Troylus*, do not theſe hie ſtrains
Of diuination in our Siſter, worke
Some touches of remorſe? Or is your bloud
So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
Nor feare of bad ſucceſſe in a bad cauſe,
Can qualifie the ſame?

Troy. Why Brother *Hector*,
We may not thinke the iuſtneſſe of each acte
Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,
Nor once deiect the courage of our mindes;
Becauſe *Caſſandra's* mad, her brainſicke raptures
Cannot diſtaſte the goodneſſe of a quarrell,
Which hath our ſeuerall Honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my priuate part,
I am no more touch'd, then all *Priams* ſonnes,
And Ioue forbid there ſhould be done among'ſt vs
Such things as might offend the weakeſt ſpleene,
To fight for, and maintaine.

Par. Elſe might the world conuince of leuitie,
As well my vnder-takings as your counſels:
But I atteſt the gods, your full conſent
Gaue wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All feares attending on ſo dire a proiect.
For what (alas) can theſe my ſingle armes?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To ſtand the puſh and enmity of thoſe
This quarrell would excite? Yet I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſſe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I haue will,
Paris ſhould ne're retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuite.

Pri. *Paris*, you ſpeake
Like one be-ſotted on your ſweet delights;
You haue the Hony ſtill, but theſe the Gall,
So to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.

Par. Sir, I propoſe not meerely to my ſelfe,
The pleaſures ſuch a beauty brings with it:
But I would haue the ſoyle of her faire Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What Treaſon were it to the ranſack'd Queene,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliuer her poſſeſsion vp
On termes of baſe compulſion? Can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtraine as this,
Should once ſet footing in your generous boſomes?
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our partie,
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: nor none ſo Noble,
Whoſe life were ill beſtow'd, or death vnfam'd,
Where *Helen* is the ſubiect. Then (I ſay)
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large ſpaces cannot paralell.

Hect. *Paris* and *Troylus*, you haue both ſaid well:
And on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand,
Haue gloz'd, but ſuperficially; not much
Vnlike young men, whom *Ariſtotle* thought
Vnfit to heare Morall Philoſophie.
The Reaſons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtemp'red blood,
Then to make vp a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: For pleaſure, and reuenge,
Haue eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce
Of any true deciſion. Nature craues
All dues be rendred to their Owners: now
What neerer debt in all humanity,
Then Wife is to the Husband? If this law
Of Nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,
To their benummed wills reſiſt the ſame,
There is a Law in each well-ordred Nation,
To curbe thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refracturie.
If *Helen* then be wife to Sparta's King
(As it is knowne ſhe is) theſe Morall Lawes
Of Nature, and of Nation, ſpeake alowd
To haue her backe return'd. Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heauie. *Hectors* opinion

Is this in way of truth: yet nere the leſſe,
My ſpritely brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keepe *Helen* ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no meane dependance,
Vpon our ioynt and ſeuerall dignities.

Tro. Why? there you toucht the life of our deſigne:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heauing ſpleenes,
I would not wiſh a drop of *Troian* blood,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Hector*,
She is a theame of honour and renowne,
A ſpurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whoſe preſent courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize vs.
For I preſume braue *Hector* would not looſe
So rich aduantage of a promiſ'd glory,
As ſmiles vpon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide worlds reuenew.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant off-ſpring of great *Priamus*,
I haue a roiſting challenge ſent among'ſt
The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowſie ſpirits,
I was aduertiz'd, their Great generall ſlept,
Whil'ſt emulation in the armie crept:
This I preſume will wake him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therſites *ſolus.*

How now *Therſites*? what loſt in the Labyrinth of thy furie? ſhall the Elephant *Aiax* carry it thus? he beates me, and I raile at him: O worthy ſatisfaction, would it were otherwiſe: that I could beate him, whil'ſt he rail'd at me: Sfoote, Ile learne to coniure and raiſe Diuels, but Ile ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpitefull execrations. Then ther's *Achilles*, a rare Enginer. If *Troy* be not taken till theſe two vndermine it, the wals will ſtand till they fall of themſelues. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art *Ioue* the King of gods: and *Mercury*, looſe all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not that little little leſſe then little wit from them that they haue, which ſhort-arm'd ignorance it ſelfe knowes, is ſo abundant ſcarſe, it will not in circumuention deliuer a Flye from a Spider, without drawing the maſſie Irons and cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinkes is the curſe dependant on thoſe that warre for a placket. I haue ſaid my prayers and diuell, enuie, ſay Amen: What ho? my Lord *Achilles*?

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Therſites.* Good *Therſites* come in and raile.

Ther. If I could haue remembred a guilt counterfeit, thou would'ſt not haue ſlipt out of my contemplation, but it is no matter, thy ſelfe vpon thy ſelfe. The common curſe of mankinde, follie and ignorance be thine in great reuenew; heauen bleſſe thee from a Tutor, and Diſcipline come not neere thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till thy death, then if ſhe that laies thee out ſayes thou art a faire coarſe, Ile be ſworne and ſworne vpon't ſhe neuer ſhrowded any but Lazars, Amen. Wher's *Achilles*?

Patr. What art thou deuout? waſt thou in a prayer?

Ther. I, the heauens heare me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. *Therſites*, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheeſe, my digeſtion, why haſt thou not ſeru'd thy ſelfe into my Table, ſo many meales? Come, what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy Commander *Achilles*, then tell me *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*?

Patr. Thy Lord *Therſites*: then tell me I pray thee, what's thy ſelfe?

Ther. Thy knower *Patroclus*: then tell me *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patr. Thou maiſt tell that know'ſt.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. Ile declin the whole queſtion: *Agamemnen* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* knower, and *Patroclus* is a foole.

Patro. You raſcall.

Ter. Peace foole, I haue not done.

Achil. He is a priuiledg'd man, proceede *Therſites*.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole, *Achilles* is a foole, *Therſites* is a foole, and as aforeſaid, *Patroclus* is a foole.

Achil. Deriue this? come?

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a foole to be commanded of *Agamemon*, *Therſites* is a foole to ſerue ſuch a foole: and *Patroclus* is a foole poſitiue.

Patr. Why am I a foole?

Enter Agamemnon, Vliſſes, Neſtor, Diomedes, Aiax, and Chalcas.

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator, it ſuffiſes me thou art. Looke you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, Ile ſpeake with no body: come in with me *Therſites*. *Exit.*

Ther. Here is ſuch patcherie, ſuch iugling, and ſuch knauerie: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a good quarrel to draw emulations, factions, and bleede to death vpon: Now the dry Suppeago on the Subiect, and Warre and Lecherie confound all.

Agam. Where is *Achilles*?

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill diſpoſ'd my Lord.

Agam. Let it be knowne to him that we are here:
He ſent our Meſſengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, viſiting of him:
Let him be told of, ſo perchance he thinke
We dare not moue the queſtion of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Pat. I ſhall ſo ſay to him.

Vliſ. We ſaw him at the opening of his Tent,
He is not ſicke.

Aia. Yes, Lyon ſicke, ſicke of proud heart; you may call it Melancholly if will fauour the man, but by my head, it is pride; but why, why, let him ſhow vs the cauſe? A word my Lord.

Neſ. What moues *Aiax* thus to bay at him?

Vliſ. *Achillis* hath inueigled his Foole from him.

Neſ. Who, *Therſites*?

Vliſ. He.

Neſ. Then will *Aiax* lacke matter, if he haue loſt his Argument.

Vliſ. No, you ſee he is his argument that has his argument *Achilles*.

Neſ. All the better, their fraction is more our wiſh then their faction; but it was a ſtrong counſell that a Foole could diſunite.

Vliſ. The amitie that wiſedome knits, not folly may eaſily vntie. *Enter Patroclus.*

Here comes *Patroclus.*

Neſ. No *Achilles* with him?

Vliſ. The Elephant hath ioynts, but none for curteſie:
His legge are legs for neceſſitie, not for flight.

Patro. *Achilles* bids me ſay he is much ſorry:
If any thing more then your ſport and pleaſure,
Did moue your greatneſſe, and this noble State,
To call vpon him; he hopes it is no other,
But for your health, and your digeſtion ſake;
An after Dinners breath.

Aga. Heare you *Patroclus*:
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers:
But his euaſion winged thus ſwift with ſcorne,
Cannot outflye our apprehenſions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reaſon,
Why we aſcribe it to him, yet all his vertues,
Not vertuouſly of his owne part beheld,
Doe in our eyes, begin to looſe their gloſſe;
Yea, and like faire Fruit in an vnholdſome diſh,
Are like to rot vntaſted: goe and tell him,
We came to ſpeake with him; and you ſhall not ſinne,
If you doe ſay, we thinke him ouer proud,
And vnder honeſt; in ſelfe-aſſumption greater
Then in the note of iudgement: & worthier then himſelfe
Here tends the ſauage ſtrangeneſſe he puts on,
Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command:
And vnder write in an obſeruing kinde
His humorous predominance, yea watch
His pettiſh lines, his ebs, his flowes, as if
The paſſage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde,
That if he ouerhold his price ſo much,
Weele none of him; but let him, like an Engin
Not portable, lye vnder this report.
Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre:
A ſtirring Dwarfe, we doe allowance giue,
Before a ſleeping Gyant: tell him ſo.

Pat. I ſhall, and bring his anſwere preſently.

Aga. In ſecond voyce weele not be ſatisfied,
We come to ſpeake with him, *Vliſſes* enter you.

Exit Vliſſes.

Aiax. What is he more then another?

Aga. No more then what he thinkes he is.

Aia. Is he ſo much, doe you not thinke, he thinkes himſelfe a better man then I am?

Ag. No queſtion.

Aiax. Will you ſubſcribe his thought, and ſay he is?

Ag. No, Noble *Aiax*, you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no leſſe noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Aiax. Why ſhould a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your minde is the cleerer *Aiax*, and your vertues the fairer; he that is proud, eates vp himſelfe; Pride is his owne Glaſſe, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and what euer praiſes it ſelfe but in the deede, deuoures the deede in the praiſe.

Enter Vlyſſes.

Aiax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the ingendring of Toades.

Neſt. Yet he loues himſelfe: is't not ſtrange?

Vliſ. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Ag. What's his excuſe?

Vliſ. He doth relye on none,
But carries on the ſtreame of his diſpoſe,
Without obſeruance or reſpect of any,
In will peculiar, and in ſelfe admiſſion.

Aga. Why, will he not vpon our faire requeſt,
Vntent his perſon, and ſhare the ayre with vs?

Vliſ. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſts ſake onely
He makes important; poſſeſt he is with greatneſſe,
And ſpeakes not to himſelfe, but with a pride
That quarrels at ſelfe-breath. Imagin'd wroth
Holds in his bloud ſuch ſwolne and hot diſcourſe,
That twixt his mentall and his actiue parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters gainſt it ſelfe; what ſhould I ſay?
He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it,
Cry no recouery.

Ag. Let *Aiax* goe to him.
Deare Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tent;
'Tis ſaid he holds you well, and will be led
At your requeſt a little from himſelfe.

Vliſ. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo.
Weele conſecrate the ſteps that *Aiax* makes,
When they goe from *Achilles*; ſhall the proud Lord,
That baſtes his arrogance with his owne ſeame,
And neuer ſuffers matter of the world,
Enter his thoughts: ſaue ſuch as doe reuolue
And ruminate himſelfe. Shall he be worſhipt,
Of that we hold an Idoll, more then hee?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,
Muſt not ſo ſtaule his Palme, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my will aſſubiugate his merit,
As amply titled as *Achilles* is: by going to *Achilles*,
That were to enlard his fat already, pride,.
And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burnes
With entertaining great *Hiperion*.
This L. goe to him? *Iupiter* forbid,
And ſay in thunder, *Achilles* goe to him.

Neſt. O this is well, he rubs the veine of him.

Dio. And how his ſilence drinkes vp this applauſe.

Aia. If I goe to him, with my armed fiſt, Ile paſh him ore the face.

Ag. O no, you ſhall not goe.

Aia. And a be proud with me, ile pheſe his pride: let me goe to him.

Vliſ. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel.

Aia. A paultry inſolent fellow.

Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelfe.

Aia. Can he not be ſociable?

Vliſ. The Rauen chides blackneſſe.

Aia. Ile let his humours bloud.

Ag. He will be the Phyſitian that ſhould be the patient.

Aia. And all men were a my minde,

Vliſ. Wit would be out of faſhion.

Aia. A ſhould not beare it ſo, a ſhould eate Swords firſt: ſhall pride carry it?

Neſt. And 'twould, you'ld carry halfe.

Vliſ. A would haue ten ſhares.

Aia. I will knede him, Ile make him ſupple, hee's not yet through warme.

Neſt. Force him with praiſes, poure in, poure in: his ambition is dry.

Vliſ. My L. you feede too much on this diſlike.

Neſt. Our noble Generall, doe not doe ſo.

Diom. You muſt prepare to fight without *Achilles.*

Vliſ. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme.
Here is a man, but 'tis before his face,
I will be ſilent.

Neſt. Wherefore ſhould you ſo?

He

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Vliſ. 'Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Aia. A horſon dog, that ſhal palter thus with vs, would he were a *Troian.*

Neſt. What a vice were it in *Aiax* now——

Vliſ. If he were proud.

Dio. Or couetous of praiſe.

Vliſ. I, or ſurley borne.

Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelfe affected.

Vl. Thank the heauens L. thou art of ſweet compoſure;
Praiſe him that got thee, ſhe that gaue thee ſucke:
Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that diſciplin'd thy armes to fight,
Let *Mars* deuide Eternity in twaine,
And giue him halfe, and for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing *Milo*: his addition yeelde
To ſinnowie *Aiax*: I will not praiſe thy wiſdome,
Which like a bourne, a pale, a ſhore confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts; here's *Neſtor*
Inſtructed by the Antiquary times:
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe.
But pardon Father *Neſtor*, were your dayes
As greene as *Aiax*, and your braine ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not haue the eminence of him,
But be as *Aiax.*

Aia. Shall I call you Father?

Vliſ. I my good Sonne.

Dio. Be rul'd by him Lord *Aiax.*

Vliſ. There is no tarrying here, the Hart *Achilles*
Keepes thicker: pleaſe it our Generall,
To call together all his ſtate of warre,
Freſh Kings are come to *Troy*; to morrow
We muſt with all our maine of power ſtand faſt:
And here's a Lord, come Knights from Eaſt to Weſt,
And cull their flowre, *Aiax* ſhall cope the beſt.

Ag. Goe we to Counſaile, let *Achilles* ſleepe;
Light Botes may ſaile ſwift, though greater bulkes draw deepe. *Exeunt.* *Muſicke ſounds within.*

Enter Pandarus and a Seruant.

Pan. Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you follow the yong Lord *Paris*?

Ser. I ſir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend vpon him I meane?

Ser. Sir, I doe depend vpon the Lord.

Pan. You depend vpon a noble Gentleman: I muſt needes praiſe him.

Ser. The Lord be praiſed.

Pa. You know me, doe you not?

Ser. Faith ſir, ſuperficially.

Pa. Friend know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus.*

Ser. I hope I ſhall know your honour better.

Pa. I doe deſire it.

Ser. You are in the ſtate of Grace?

Pa. Grace, not ſo friend, honor and Lordſhip are my title: What Muſique is this?

Ser. I doe but partly know ſir: it is Muſicke in parts.

Pa. Know you the Muſitians.

Ser. Wholly ſir.

Pa. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers ſir.

Pa. At whoſe pleaſur friend?

Ser. At mine ſir, and theirs that loue Muſicke.

Pa. Command, I meane friend.

Ser. Who ſhall I command ſir?

Pa. Friend, we vnderſtand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whoſe requeſt doe theſe men play?

Ser. That's too't indeede ſir: marry ſir, at the requeſt of *Paris* my L. who's there in perſon; with him the mortall *Venus*, the heart bloud of beauty, loues inuiſible ſoule.

Pa. Who? my Coſin *Creſſida.*

Ser. No ſir, *Helen*, could you not finde out that by her attributes?

Pa. It ſhould ſeeme fellow, that thou haſt not ſeen the Lady *Creſſida.* I come to ſpeake with *Paris* from the Prince *Troylus*: I will make a complementall aſſault vpon him, for my buſineſſe ſeethes.

Ser. Sodden buſineſſe, there's a ſtewed phraſe indeede.

Enter Paris and Helena.

Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company: faire deſires in all faire meaſure fairely guide them, eſpecially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your faire pillow.

Hel. Deere L. you are full of faire words.

Pan. You ſpeake your faire pleaſure ſweete Queene: faire Prince, here is good broken Muſicke.

Par. You haue broke it cozen: and by my life you ſhall make it whole againe, you ſhall peece it out with a peece of your performance. *Nel*, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truely Lady no.

Hel. O ſir.

Pan. Rude in ſooth, in good ſooth very rude.

Paris. Well ſaid my Lord: well, you ſay ſo in fits.

Pan. I haue buſineſſe to my Lord, deere Queene: my Lord will you vouchſafe me a word.

Hel. Nay, this ſhall not hedge vs out, weele heare you ſing certainely.

Pan. Well ſweete Queene you are pleaſant with me, but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and moſt eſteemed friend your brother *Troylus.*

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*, hony ſweete Lord.

Pan. Go too ſweete Queene, goe to.
Commends himſelfe moſt affectionately to you.

Hel. You ſhall not bob vs out of our melody:
If you doe, our melancholly vpon your head.

Pan. Sweete Queene, ſweete Queene, that's a ſweete Queene I faith——

Hel. And to make a ſweet Lady ſad, is a ſower offence.

Pan. Nay, that ſhall not ſerue your turne, that ſhall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words, no, no. And my Lord he deſires you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excuſe.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*?

Pan. What ſaies my ſweete Queene, my very, very ſweete Queene?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where ſups he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Pan. What ſaies my ſweete Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.

Hel. You muſt not know where he ſups.

Par. With my diſpoſer *Creſſida.*

Pan. No, no; no ſuch matter, you are wide, come your diſpoſer is ſicke.

Par. Well, Ile make excuſe.

Pan. I good my Lord: why ſhould you ſay *Creſſida*? no, your poore diſpoſer's ſicke.

Par. I ſpie.

Pan. You ſpie, what doe you ſpie : come, giue me an Inſtrument now ſweete Queene.

Hel. Why this is kindely done?

Pan. My Neece is horrible in loue with a thing you haue ſweete Queene.

Hel. She ſhall haue it my Lord, if it be not my Lord *Paris*.

Pand. Hee? no, ſheele none of him; they two are twaine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile ſing you a ſong now.

Hel. I, I, prethee now: by my troth ſweet Lord thou haſt a fine fore-head.

Pan. I you may, you may.

Hel. Let thy ſong be loue : this loue will vndoe vs al. Oh *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.*

Pan. Loue? I that it ſhall yfaith.

Par. I, good now loue, loue, no thing but loue.

Pan. In good troth it begins ſo.

Loue loue, nothing but loue, ſtill more :
For O loues Bow,
Shootes Bucke and Doe :
The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,
But tickles ſtill the ſore :
Theſe Louers cry, oh ho they dye ;
Yet that which ſeemes the wound to kill,
Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he :
So dying loue liues ſtill,
O ho a while, but ha ha ha,
O ho grones out for ha ha ha----hey ho.

Hel. In loue yfaith to the very tip of the noſe.

Par. He eates nothing but doues loue, and that breeds hot bloud, and hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is loue.

Pan. Is this the generation of loue? Hot bloud, hot thoughts, and hot deedes, why they are Vipers, is Loue a generation of Vipers?
Sweete Lord whoſe afield to day?

Par. *Hector, Deiphœbus, Helenus, Anthenor,* and all the gallantry of *Troy*. I would faine haue arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not haue it ſo.
How chance my brother *Troylus* went not?

Hel. He hangs the lippe at ſomething; you know all Lord *Pandarus*?

Pan. Not I hony ſweete Queene : I long to heare how they ſped to day :
Youle remember your brothers excuſe?

Par. To a hayre.

Pan. Farewell ſweete Queene.

Hel. Commend me to your Neece.

Pan. I will ſweete Queene. *Sound a retreat.*

Par. They're come from fielde : let vs to *Priams* Hall
To greete the Warriers. Sweet *Hellen*, I muſt woe you,
To helpe vnarme our *Hector* : his ſtubborne Buckles,
With theſe your white enchancing fingers toucht,
Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,
Or force of Greekiſh ſinewes : you ſhall doe more
Then all the Iland Kings, diſarme great *Hector*.

Hel. 'Twill make vs proud to be his ſeruant *Paris* :
Yea what he ſhall receiue of vs in duetie,
Giues vs more palme in beautie then we haue :
Yea ouerſhines our ſelfe.
Sweete aboue thought I loue thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Troylus Man.

Pan. How now, where's thy Maiſter, at my Couzen *Creſsidas*?

Man. No ſir, he ſtayes for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troylus.

Pan. O here he comes: How now, how now?

Troy. Sirra walke off.

Pan. Haue you ſeene my Couſin?

Troy. No *Pandarus* : I ſtalke about her doore
Like a ſtrange ſoule vpon the Stigian bankes
Staying for waftage. O be thou my *Charon*,
And giue me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds
Propos'd for the deſeruer. O gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupids* ſhoulder plucke his painted wings,
And flye with me to *Creſsid*.

Pan. Walke here ith'Orchard, Ile bring her ſtraight.

Exit Pandarus.

Troy. I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,
Th'imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweete,
That it inchants my ſence : what will it be
When that the watry pallats taſte indeede
Loues thrice reputed Nectar? Death I feare me
Sounding diſtruction, or ſome ioy too fine,
Too ſubtile, potent, and too ſharpe in ſweetneſſe,
For the capacitie of my ruder powers;
I feare it much, and I doe feare beſides,
That I ſhall looſe diſtinction in my ioyes,
As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes
The enemy flying. *Enter Pandarus.*

Pan. Shee's making her ready, ſheele come ſtraight; you muſt be witty now, ſhe does ſo bluſh, & fetches her winde ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were fraid with a ſprite : Ile fetch her; it is the prettieſt villaine, ſhe fetches her breath ſo ſhort as a new tane Sparrow. *Exit Pand.*

Troy. Euen ſuch a paſsion doth imbrace my boſome:
My heart beates thicker then a feauorous pulſe,
And all my powers doe their beſtowing looſe,
Like vaſſalage at vnawares encountring
The eye of Maieſtie.

Enter Pandarus and Creſsida.

Pan. Come, come, what neede you bluſh? Shames a babie; here ſhe is now, ſweare the oathes now to her, that you haue ſworne to me. What are you gone againe, you muſt be watcht ere you be made tame, muſt you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw backward weele put you i'th fils : why doe you not ſpeak to her? Come draw this curtaine, & let's ſee your picture. Alaſſe the day, how loath you are to offend day light? and 'twere darke you'ld cloſe ſooner : So, ſo, rub on, and kiſſe the miſtreſſe; how now, a kiſſe in fee-farme? build there Carpenter, the ayre is ſweete. Nay, you ſhall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Tercell, for all the Ducks ith Riuer : go too, go too.

Troy. You haue bereft me of all words Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts; giue her deedes : but ſheele bereaue you 'oth' deeds too, if ſhee call your actiuity in queſtion : what billing againe? here's in witneſſe whereof the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go get a fire?

Creſ. Will you walke in my Lord?

Troy. O *Creſsida*, how often haue I wiſht me thus?

Creſ. Wiſht my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord.

Troy. What ſhould they grant? what makes this pretty abruption: what too curious dreg eſpies my ſweete Lady in the fountaine of our loue?

Creſ. More

Creſ. More dregs then water, if my teares haue eyes.

Troy. Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer ſee truely.

Creſ. Blinde feare, that ſeeing reaſon leads, findes ſafe footing, then blinde reaſon, ſtumbling without feare : to feare the worſt, oft cures the worſe.

Troy. Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare,
In all *Cupids* Pageant there is preſented no monſter.

Creſ. Not nothing monſtrons neither?

Troy. Nothing but our vndertakings, when we vowe to weepe ſeas, liue in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers; thinking it harder for our Miſtreſſe to deuiſe impoſition inough, then for vs to vndergoe any difficultie impoſed. This is the monſtruoſitie in loue Lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the deſire is boundleſſe, and the act a ſlaue to limit.

Creſ. They ſay all Louers ſweare more performance then they are able, and yet reſerue an ability that they neuer performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten; and diſcharging leſſe then the tenth part of one. They that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares : are they not Monſters?

Troy. Are there ſuch? ſuch are not we : Praiſe vs as we are taſted, allow vs as we proue : our head ſhall goe bare till merit crowne it: no perfection in reuerſion ſhall haue a praiſe in preſent : wee will not name deſert before his birth, and being borne his addition ſhall be humble : few words to faire faith. *Troylus* ſhall be ſuch to *Creſſid*, as what enuie can ſay worſt, ſhall be a mocke for his truth; and what truth can ſpeake trueſt, not truer then *Troylus*.

Creſ. Will you walke in my Lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What bluſhing ſtill? haue you not done talking yet?

Creſ. Well Vnckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thanke you for that : if my Lord get a Boy of you, youle giue him me : be true to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hoſtages: your Vnckles word and my firme faith.

Pan. Nay, Ile giue my word for her too : our kindred though they be long ere they are wooed, they are conſtant being wonne : they are Burres I can tell you, they'le ſticke where they are throwne.

Creſ. Boldneſſe comes to mee now, and brings mee heart : Prince *Troylus*, I haue lou'd you night and day, for many weary moneths.

Troy. Why was my *Creſsid* then ſo hard to win?

Creſ. Hard to ſeeme won : but I was won my Lord
With the firſt glance; that euer pardon me,
If I confeſſe much you will play the tyrant :
I loue you now, but not till now ſo much
But I might maiſter it; infaith I lye :
My thoughts were like vnbrideled children grow
Too head-ſtrong for their mother : ſee we fooles,
Why haue I blab'd : who ſhall be true to vs
When we are ſo vnſecret to our ſelues?
But though I lou'd you well, I woed you not,
And yet good faith I wiſht my ſelfe a man;
Or that we women had mens priuiledge
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I ſhall ſurely ſpeake
The thing I ſhall repent : ſee, ſee, your ſilence
Comming in dumbneſſe, from my weakeneſſe drawes
My ſoule of counſell from me. Stop my mouth.

Troy. And ſhall, albeit ſweete Muſicke iſſues thence.

Pan. Pretty yfaith.

Creſ. My Lord, I doe beſeech you pardon me,
'Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a kiſſe :
I am aſham'd; O Heauens, what haue I done!
For this time will I take my leaue my Lord.

Troy. Your leaue ſweete *Creſſid*?

Pan. Leaue : and you take leaue till to morrow morning.

Creſ. Pray you content you.

Troy. What offends you Lady?

Creſ. Sir, mine owne company.

Troy. You cannot ſhun your ſelfe.

Creſ. Let me goe and try :
I, haue a kinde of ſelfe recides with you :
But an vnkinde ſelfe, that it ſelfe will leaue,
To be anothers foole. Where is my wit?
I would be gone : I ſpeake I know not what.

Troy. Well know they what they ſpeake, that ſpeakes ſo wiſely.

Cre. Perchance my Lord, I ſhew more craft then loue,
And fell ſo roundly to a large confeſſion,
To Angle for your thoughts: but you are wiſe,
Or elſe you loue not : for to be wiſe and loue,
Exceedes mans might, that dwels with gods aboue.

Troy. O that I thought it could be in a woman :
As if it can, I will preſume in you,
To feede for aye her lampe and flames of loue.
To keepe her conſtancie in plight and youth,
Out-liuing beauties outward, with a minde
That doth renew ſwifter then blood decaies :
Or that perſwaſion could but thus conuince me,
That my integritie and truth to you,
Might be affronted with the match and waight
Of ſuch a winnowed puriritie in loue :
How were I then vp-lifted! but alas,
I am as true, as truths ſimplicitie,
And ſimpler then the infancie of truth.

Creſ. In that Ile warre with you.

Troy. O vertuous fight,
When right with right wars who ſhall be moſt right :
True ſwaines in loue, ſhall in the world to come
Approue their truths by *Troylus*, when their rimes,
Full of proteſt, of oath and big compare;
Wants ſimiles, truth tir'd with iteration,
As true as ſteele, as plantage to the Moone :
As Sunne to day : as Turtle to her mate :
As Iron to Adamant : as Earth to th'Center :
Yet after all compariſons of truth,
(As truths authenticke author to be cited)
As true as *Troylus*, ſhall crowne vp the Verſe,
And ſanctifie the numbers.

Creſ. Prophet may you be :
If I be falſe, or ſwerue a haire from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot it ſelfe :
When water drops haue worne the Stones of *Troy*;
And blinde obliuion ſwallow'd Cities vp;
And mightie States characterleſſe are grated
To duſtie nothing; yet let memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe Maids in loue,
Vpbraid my falſehood, when they'aue ſaid as falſe,
As Aire, as Water, as Winde, as ſandie earth;
As Foxe to Lambe; as Wolfe to Heifers Calfe;
Pard to the Hinde, or Stepdame to her Sonne;
Yea, let them ſay, to ſticke the heart of falſehood,

As falſe as *Creſſid*.

Pand. Go too, a bargaine made: ſeale it, ſeale it, Ile be the witneſſe here I hold your hand: here my Couſins, if euer you proue falſe one to another, ſince I haue taken ſuch paines to bring you together, let all pittifull goers betweene be cal'd to the worlds end after my name: call them all Panders; let all conſtant men be *Troyluſſes*, all falſe women *Creſſids*, and all brokers betweene, Panders: ſay, Amen.

Troy. Amen.

Creſ. Amen.

Pan. Amen.

Whereupon I will ſhew you a Chamber, which bed, becauſe it ſhall not ſpeake of your prettie encounters, preſſe it to death: away.

And *Cupid* grant all tong-tide Maidens heere,
Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to prouide this geere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vlyſſes, Diomedes, Neſtor, Agamemnon,
Menelaus and Chalcas. Floriſh.

Cal. Now Princes for the ſeruice I haue done you,
Th'aduantage of the time promps me aloud,
To call for recompence: appeare it to your minde,
That through the ſight I beare in things to loue,
I haue abandon'd Troy, left my poſſeſſion,
Incur'd a Traitors name, expoſ'd my ſelfe,
From certaine and poſſeſt conueniences,
To doubtfull fortunes, ſequeſtring from me all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtome and condition,
Made tame, and moſt familiar to my nature:
And here to doe you ſeruice am become,
As new into the world, ſtrange, vnacquainted.
I doe beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To giue me now a little benefit:
Out of thoſe many regiſtred in promiſe,
Which you ſay, liue to come in my behalfe.

Agam. What would'ſt thou of vs Troian? make demand?

Cal. You haue a Troian priſoner, cal'd *Anthenor*,
Yeſterday tooke: Troy holds him very deere.
Oft haue you (often haue you, thankes therefore)
Deſir'd my *Creſſid* in right great exchange.
Whom Troy hath ſtill deni'd: but this *Anthenor*,
I know is ſuch a wreſt in their affaires;
That their negotiations all muſt ſlacke,
Wanting his mannage: and they will almoſt,
Giue vs a Prince of blood, a Sonne of *Priam*,
In change of him. Let him be ſent great Princes,
And he ſhall buy my Daughter: and her preſence,
Shall quite ſtrike off all ſeruice I haue done,
In moſt accepted paine.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* beare him,
And bring vs *Creſſid* hither: *Calcas* ſhall haue
What he requeſts of vs: good *Diomed*
Furniſh you fairely for this enterchange;
Withall bring word, if *Hector* will to morrow
Be anſwer'd in his challenge. *Aiax* is ready.

Dio. This ſhall I vndertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to beare. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent.

Vliſ. *Achilles* ſtands i'th entrance of his Tent;
Pleaſe it our Generall to paſſe ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot: and Princes all,
Lay negligent and looſe regard vpon him;
I will come laſt, 'tis like heele queſtion me,
Why ſuch vnplauſiue eyes are bent? why turn'd on him?
If ſo, I haue deriſion medicinable,
To vſe betweene your ſtrangeneſſe and his pride,
Which his owne will ſhall haue deſire to drinke;
It may doe good, pride hath no other glaſſe
To ſhow it ſelfe, but pride: for ſupple knees,
Feede arrogance, and are the proud mans fees.

Agam. Weele execute your purpoſe, and put on
A forme of ſtrangeneſſe as we paſſe along,
So doe each Lord, and either greete him not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall ſhake him more,
Then if not lookt on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What comes the Generall to ſpeake with me?
You know my minde, Ile fight no more 'gainſt Troy.

Aga. What ſaies *Achilles*, would he ought with vs?

Neſ. Would you my Lord ought with the Generall?

Achil. No.

Neſ. Nothing my Lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How doe you? how doe you?

Achi. What, do's the Cuckold ſcorne me?

Aiax. How now *Patroclus*?

Achil. Good morrow *Aiax*?

Aiax. Ha.

Achil. Good morrow.

Aiax. I, and good next day too. *Exeunt.*

Achil. What meane theſe fellowes? know they not *Achilles*?

Patr. They paſſe by ſtrangely: they were vs'd to bend
To ſend their ſmiles before them to *Achilles*:
To come as humbly as they vs'd to creepe to holy Altars.

Achil. What am I poore of late?
'Tis certaine, greatneſſe once falne out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoone reade in the eyes of others,
As feele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies,
Shew not their mealie wings, but to the Summer:
And not a man for being ſimply man,
Hath any honour; but honour'd for thoſe honours
That are without him, as place, riches, and fauour,
Prizes of accident, as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being ſlippery ſtanders;
The loue that leand on them as ſlippery too,
Doth one plucke downe another, and together
Dye in the fall. But 'tis not ſo with me;
Fortune and I are friends, I doe enioy
At ample point, all that I did poſſeſſe,
Saue theſe mens lookes: who do me thinkes finde out
Something not worth in me ſuch rich beholding,
As they haue often giuen. Here is *Vliſſes*,
Ile interrupt his reading: how now *Vliſſes*?

Vliſ. Now great *Thetis* Sonne.

Achil. What are you reading?

Vliſ. A ſtrange fellow here
Writes me, that man, how dearely euer parted,
How much in hauing, or without, or in,
Cannot make boaſt to haue that which he hath;
Nor feeles not what he owes, but by reflection:
As when his vertues ſhining vpon others,
Heate them, and they retort that heate againe
To the firſt giuer.

Achil. This is not ſtrange *Vliſſes*:
The beautie that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knowes not, but commends it ſelfe,
Not going from it ſelfe: but eye to eye oppos'd,

Salutes each other with each others forme.
For ſpeculation turnes not to it ſelfe,
Till it hath trauail'd, and is married there
Where it may ſee it ſelfe: this is not ſtrange at all.

Vliſ. I doe not ſtraine it at the poſition,
It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,
Who in his circumſtance, expreſly proues
That no may is the Lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much conſiſting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himſelfe know them for ought,
Till he behold them formed in th'applauſe,
Where they are extended: who like an arch reuerb'rate
The voyce againe; or like a gate of ſteele,
Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders backe
His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately:
The vnknowne *Aiax*;
Heauens what a man is there? a very Horſe, (are.
That has he knowes not what. Nature, what things there
Moſt abiect in regard, and deare in vſe.
What things againe moſt deere in the eſteeme,
And poore in worth: now ſhall we ſee to morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw vpon him?
Aiax renown'd? O heauens, what ſome men doe,
While ſome men leaue to doe!
How ſome men creepe in skittiſh fortunes hall,
Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes:
How one man eates into anothers pride,
While pride is feaſting in his wantonneſſe
To ſee theſe Grecian Lords; why, euen already,
They clap the lubber *Aiax* on the ſhoulder,
As if his foote were on braue *Hectors* breſt,
And great *Troy* ſhrinking.

Achil. I doe beleeue it:
For they paſt by me, as myſers doe by beggars,
Neither gaue to me good word, nor looke:
What are my deedes forgot?

Vliſ. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe,
Wherein he puts almes for obliuion:
A great ſiz'd monſter of ingratitudes:
Thoſe ſcraps are good deedes paſt,
Which are deuour'd as faſt as they are made,
Forgot as ſoone as done: perſeuerance, deere my Lord,
Keepes honor bright, to haue done, is to hang
Quite out of faſhion, like a ruſtie male,
In monumentall mockrie: take the inſtant way,
For honour trauels in a ſtraight ſo narrow,
Where one but goes a breaſt, keepe then the path:
For emulation hath a thouſand Sonnes,
That one by one purſue; if you giue way,
Or hedge aſide from the direct forth right;
Like to an entred Tyde, they all ruſh by,
And leaue you hindmoſt:
Or like a gallant Horſe falne in firſt ranke,
Lye there for pauement to the abiect, neere
Ore-run and trampled on: then what they doe in preſent,
Though leſſe then yours in paſt, muſt ore-top yours:
For time is like a faſhionable Hoſte,
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting Gueſt by th'hand;
And with his armes out-ſtretcht, as he would flye,
Graſpes in the commer: the welcome euer ſmiles,
And farewels goes out ſighing: O let not vertue ſeeke
Remuneration for the thing it was: for beautie, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, deſert in ſeruice,
Loue, friendſhip, charity, are ſubiects all
To enuious and calumniating time:
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin:
That all with one conſent praiſe new borne gaudes,
Though they are made and moulded of things paſt,
And goe to duſt, that is a little guilt,
More laud then guilt oreduſted.
The preſent eye praiſes the preſent obiect:
Then maruell not thou great and compleat man,
That all the Greekes begin to worſhip *Aiax*;
Since things in motion begin to catch the eye,
Then what not ſtirs: the cry went out on thee,
And ſtill it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou would'ſt not entombe thy ſelfe aliue,
And caſe thy reputation in thy Tent;
Whoſe glorious deedes, but in theſe fields of late,
Made emulous miſſions 'mongſt the gods themſelues,
And draue great *Mars* to faction.

Achil. Of this my priuacie,
I haue ſtrong reaſons.

Vliſ. But 'gainſt your priuacie
The reaſons are more potent and heroycall:
'Tis knowne *Achilles*, that you are in loue
With one of *Priams* daughters.

Achil. Ha? knowne?

Vliſ. Is that a wonder?
The prouidence that's in a watchfull State,
Knowes almoſt euery graine of Plutoes gold;
Findes bottome in th'vncomprehenſiue deepes;
Keepes place with thought; and almoſt like the gods,
Doe thoughts vnuaile in their dumbe cradles:
There is a myſterie (with whom relation
Durſt neuer meddle) in the ſoule of State;
Which hath an operation more diuine,
Then breath or pen can giue expreſſure to:
All the commerſe that you haue had with Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw downe *Hector* then *Polixena*.
But it muſt grieue yong *Pirhus* now at home,
When fame ſhall in her Iland ſound her trumpe;
And all the Greekiſh Girles ſhall tripping ſing,
Great *Hectors* ſiſter did *Achilles* winne;
But our great *Aiax* brauely beate downe him.
Farewell my Lord: I as your louer ſpeake;
The foole ſlides ore the Ice that you ſhould breake.

Patr. To this effect *Achilles* haue I mou'd you;
A woman impudent and manniſh growne,
Is not more loth'd, then an effeminate man,
In time of action: I ſtand condemn'd for this;
They thinke my little ſtomacke to the warre,
And your great loue to me, reſtraines you thus:
Sweete, rouſe your ſelfe; and the weake wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your necke vnlooſe his amorous fould,
And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,
Be ſhooke to ayrie ayre.

Achil. Shall *Aiax* fight with *Hector*?

Patr. I, and perhaps receiue much honor by him.

Achil. I ſee my reputation is at ſtake,
My fame is ſhrowdly gored.

Patr. O then beware:
Thoſe wounds heale ill, that men doe giue themſelues;
Omiſſion to doe what is neceſſary,
Seales a commiſſion to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an ague ſubtly taints
Euen then when we ſit idely in the ſunne.

Achil. Goe call *Therſites* hither ſweet *Patroclus*,

Ile ſend the foole to *Aiax*, and deſire him
T'inuite the Troian Lords after the Combat
To ſee vs here vnarm'd: I haue a womans longing,
An appetite that I am ſicke withall,
To ſee great *Hector* in his weedes of peace; *Enter Therſi.*
To talke with him, and to behold his viſage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour ſau'd.

Ther. A wonder.

Achil. What?

Ther. *Aiax* goes vp and downe the field, asking for himſelfe.

Achil. How ſo?

Ther. Hee muſt fight ſingly to morrow with *Hector*, and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling, that he raues in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why he ſtalkes vp and downe like a Peacock, a ſtride and a ſtand: ruminates like an hoſteſſe, that hath no Arithmatique but her braine to ſet downe her reckoning: bites his lip with a politique regard, as who ſhould ſay, there were wit in his head and twoo'd out; and ſo there is: but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not ſhew without knocking. The mans vndone for euer; for if *Hector* breake not his necke i'th' combat, heele break't himſelfe in vaine-glory. He knowes not mee: I ſaid, good morrow *Aiax*; And he replyes, thankes *Agamemnon.* What thinke you of this man, that takes me for the Generall? Hee's growne a very land-fiſh, languageleſſe, a monſter: a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both ſides like a leather Ierkin.

Achil. Thou muſt be my Ambaſſador to him *Therſites.*

Ther. Who, I: why, heele anſwer no body: he profeſſes notanſwering; ſpeaking is for beggers: he weares his tongue in's armes: I will put on his preſence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you ſhall ſee the Pageant of *Aiax.*

Achil. To him *Patroclus*; tell him, I humbly deſire the valiant *Aiax*, to inuite the moſt valorous *Hector*, to come vnarm'd to my Tent, and to procure ſafe conduct for his perſon, of the magnanimious and moſt illuſtrious, ſixe or ſeauen times honour'd Captaine, Generall of the Grecian Armie *Agamemnon*, &c. doe this.

Patro. *Ioue* bleſſe great *Aiax.*

Ther. Hum.

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles.*

Ther. Ha?

Patr. Who moſt humbly deſires you to inuite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. And to procure ſafe conduct from *Agamemnon.*

Ther. *Agamemnon?*

Patr. I my Lord.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. What ſay you too't.

Ther. God buy you with all my heart.

Patr. Your anſwer ſir.

Ther. If to morrow be a faire day, by eleuen a clocke it will goe one way or other; howſoeuer, he ſhall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your anſwer ſir.

Ther. Fare you well withall my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out a tune thus: what muſicke will be in him when *Hector* has knockt out his braines, I know not: but I am ſure none, vnleſſe the Fidler *Apollo* get his ſinewes to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou ſhalt beare a Letter to him ſtraight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his Horſe; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My minde is troubled like a Fountaine ſtir'd,
And I my ſelfe ſee not the bottome of it.

Ther. Would the Fountaine of your minde were cleere againe, that I might water an Aſſe at it: I had rather be a Ticke in a Sheepe, then ſuch a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one doore Æneas with a Torch, at another Paris, Diephœbus, Anthenor, Diomed the Grecian, with Torches.

Par. See hoa, who is that there?

Dieph. It is the Lord *Æneas.*

Æne. Is the Prince there in perſon?
Had I ſo good occaſion to lye long
As you Prince *Paris*, nothing but heauenly buſineſſe,
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Diom. That's my minde too: good morrow Lord *Æneas.*

Par. A valiant Greeke *Æneas*, take his hand,
Witneſſe the proceſſe of your ſpeech within;
You told how *Diomed*, in a whole weeke by dayes
Did haunt you in the Field.

Æne. Health to you valiant ſir,
During all queſtion of the gentle truce:
But when I meete you arm'd, as blacke defiance,
As heart can thinke, or courage execute.

Diom. The one and other *Diomed* embraces,
Our blouds are now in calme; and ſo long health:
But when contention, and occaſion meetes,
By *Ioue*, Ile play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuite and pollicy.

Æne. And thou ſhalt hunt a Lyon that will flye
With his face backward, in humaine gentleneſſe:
Welcome to Troy; now by *Anchiſes* life,
Welcome indeede: by *Venus* hand I ſweare,
No man aliue can loue in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.

Diom. We ſimpathize. *Ioue* let *Æneas* liue
(If to my ſword his fate be not the glory)
A thouſand compleate courſes of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him dye:
With euery ioynt a wound, and that to morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We doe, and long to know each other worſe.

Par. This is the moſt, deſpightful'ſt gentle greeting;
The nobleſt hatefull loue, that ere I heard of.
What buſineſſe Lord ſo early?

Æne. I was ſent for to the King; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpoſe meets you; it was to bring this Greek
To *Calcha's* houſe; and there to render him,
For the enfreed *Anthenor*, the faire *Creſſid*:
Lets haue your company; or if you pleaſe,
Haſte there before vs. I conſtantly doe thinke
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother *Troylus* lodges there to night.
Rouſe him, and giue him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof, I feare
We ſhall be much vnwelcome.

Æne. That I aſſure you:
Troylus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Then *Creſſid* borne from Troy.

Par. There is no helpe:
The bitter diſpoſition of the time will haue it ſo.
On Lord, weele follow you.

Æne. Good morrow all. *Exit Æneas*

Par. And tell me noble *Diomed*; faith tell me true,
Euen in the ſoule of ſound good fellowſhip,
Who in your thoughts merits faire *Helen* moſt?
My ſelfe, or *Menelaus?*

Diom. Both alike.
He merits well to haue her, that doth ſeeke her,
Not making any ſcruple of her ſoylure,
With ſuch a hell of paine, and world of charge.
And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,
Not pallating the taſte of her diſhonour,
With ſuch a coſtly loſſe of wealth and friends:
He like a puling Cuckold, would drinke vp
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece:
You like a letcher, out of whoriſh loynes,
Are pleas'd to breede out your inheritors:
Both merits poyz'd, each weighs no leſſe nor more,
But he as he, which heauier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. Shee's bitter to her countrey: heare me *Paris*,
For euery falſe drop in her baudy veines,
A Grecians life hath ſunke: for euery ſcruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Troian hath beene ſlaine. Since ſhe could ſpeake,
She hath not giuen ſo many good words breath,
As for her, Greekes and Troians ſuffred death.

Par. Faire *Diomed*, you doe as chapmen doe,
Diſpraiſe the thing that you deſire to buy:
But we in ſilence hold this vertue well;
Weele not commend, what we intend to ſell.
Here lyes our way. *Exeunt.*

Enter Troylus and Creſſida.

Troy. Deere trouble not your ſelfe: the morne is cold.

Creſ. Then ſweet my Lord, Ile call mine Vnckle down;
He ſhall vnbolt the Gates.

Troy. Trouble him not:
To bed, to bed: ſleepe kill thoſe pritty eyes,
And giue as ſoft attachment to thy ſences,
As Infants empty of all thought.

Creſ. Good morrow then.

Troy. I prithee now to bed.

Creſ. Are you a weary of me?

Troy. O *Creſſida*! but that the buſie day
Wak't by the Larke, hath rouz'd the ribauld Crowes,
And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer:
I would not from thee.

Creſ. Night hath beene too briefe.

Troy. Beſhrew the witch! with venemous wights ſhe (ſtayes,
As hidiouſly as hell; but flies the graſpes of loue,
With wings more momentary, ſwift then thought:
You will catch cold, and curſe me.

Creſ. Prithee tarry, you men will neuer tarry;
O fooliſh *Creſſid*, I might haue ſtill held off,
And then you would haue tarried. Harke, ther's one vp?

Pand. within. What's all the doores open here?

Troy. It is your Vnckle. *Enter Pandarus.*

Creſ. A peſtilence on him: now will he be mocking:
I ſhall haue ſuch a life.

Pan. How now, how now? how goe maiden-heads?
Heare you Maide: wher's my cozin *Creſſid*?

Creſ. Go hang your ſelf, you naughty mocking Vnckle:
You bring me to doo----and then you floute me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her ſay what:
What haue I brought you to doe?

Creſ. Come, come, beſhrew your heart: youle nere be good, nor ſuffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore *Chipochia*, haſt not ſlept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it ſleepe: a bug-beare take him. *One knocks.*

Creſ. Did not I tell you? would he were knockt ith' head. Who's that at doore? good Vnckle goe and ſee.
My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber:
You ſmile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troy. Ha, ha.

Cre. Come you are deceiu'd, I thinke of no ſuch thing.
How earneſtly they knocke: pray you come in. *Knocke.*
I would not for halfe *Troy* haue you ſeene here. *Exeunt*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?

Æne. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there my Lord *Æneas*? by my troth I knew you not: what newes with you ſo early?

Æne. Is not Prince *Troylus* here?

Pan. Here? what ſhould he doe here?

Æne. Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him:
It doth import him much to ſpeake with me.

Pan. Is he here ſay you? 'tis more then I know, Ile be ſworne: For my owne part I came in late: what ſhould he doe here?

Æne. Who, nay then: Come, come, youle doe him wrong, ere y'are ware: youle be ſo true to him, to be falſe to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch him hither, goe.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. How now, what's the matter?

Æne. My Lord, I ſcarce haue leiſure to ſalute you,
My matter is ſo raſh: there is at hand,
Paris your brother, and *Deiphœbus*,
The Grecian *Diomed*, and our *Anthenor*
Deliuer'd to vs, and for him forth-with,
Ere the firſt ſacrifice, within this houre,
We muſt giue vp to *Diomeds* hand
The Lady *Creſſida.*

Troy. Is it concluded ſo?

Æne. By *Priam*, and the generall ſtate of *Troy*,
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troy. How my atchieuements mocke me;
I will goe meete them: and my Lord *Æneas*,
We met by chance; you did not finde me here.

Æn. Good, good, my Lord, the ſecrets of nature
Haue not more gift in taciturnitie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Creſſid.

Pan. Is't poſſible? no ſooner got but loſt: the diuell take *Anthenor*; the yong Prince will goe mad: a plague vpon *Anthenor*; I would they had brok's necke.

Creſ. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ha!

Creſ. Why ſigh you ſo profoundly? wher's my Lord? gone? tell me ſweet Vnckle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am aboue.

Creſ. O the gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Prythee get thee in: would thou had'ſt nere been borne; I knew thou would'ſt be his death. O poore Gentleman: a plague vpon *Anthenor*.

Creſ. Good Vnckle I beſeech you, on my knees, I beſeech you what's the matter?

Pan. Thou muſt be gone wench, thou muſt be gone; thou art chang'd for *Anthenor*: thou muſt to thy Father, and be gone from *Troylus*: 'twill be his death: 'twill be his baine, he cannot beare it..

Creſ. O you immortall gods! I will not goe.
Pan. Thou muſt.
Creſ. I will not Vnckle: I haue forgot my Father:
I know no touch of conſanguinitie:
No kin, no loue, no bloud, no ſoule, ſo neere me,
As the ſweet *Troylus*: O you gods diuine!
Make *Creſſids* name the very crowne of falſhood!
If euer ſhe leaue *Troylus*: time, orce and death,
Do to this body what extremitie you can;
But the ſtrong baſe and building of my loue,
Is as the very Center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weepe.
Pan. Doe, doe.
Creſ. Teare my bright heire, and ſcratch my praiſed cheekes,
Cracke my cleere voyce with ſobs, and breake my heart
With ſounding *Troylus*. I will not goe from *Troy*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Paris, Troylus, Æneas, Deiphebus, Anthenor and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt
Of her deliuerie to this valiant Greeke
Comes faſt vpon: good my brother *Troylus*,
Tell you the Lady what ſhe is to doe,
And haſt her to the purpoſe.
Troy. Walke into her houſe:
Ile bring her to the Grecian preſently;
And to his hand, when I deliuer her,
Thinke it an Altar, and thy brother *Troylus*
A Prieſt, there offring to it his heart.
Par. I know what 'tis to loue,
And would, as I ſhall pittie, I could helpe.
Pleaſe you walke in, my Lords. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Creſſid.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Creſ. Why tell you me of moderation?
The griefe is fine, full perfect that I taſte,
And no leſſe in a ſenſe as ſtrong
As that which cauſeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporiſe with my affection,
Or brew it to a weake and colder pallat,
The like alaiment could I giue my griefe:
My loue admits no qualifying croſſe; *Enter Troylus.*
No more my griefe, in ſuch a precious loſſe.
Pan. Here, here, here, he comes, a ſweet ducke.
Creſ. O *Troylus*, *Troylus*!

Pan. What a paire of ſpectacles is here? let me embrace too: oh hart, as the goodly ſaying is; O heart, heauie heart, why ſigheſt thou without breaking? where he anſwers againe; becauſe thou canſt not eaſe thy ſmart by friendſhip, nor by ſpeaking: there was neuer a truer rime; let vs caſt away nothing, for we may liue to haue neede of ſuch a Verſe: we ſee it, we ſee it: how now Lambs?

Troy. *Creſſid*: I loue thee in ſo ſtrange a puritie;
That the bleſt gods, as angry with my fancie,
More bright in zeale, then the deuotion which
Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.
Creſ. Haue the gods enuie?
Pan. I, I, I, I, 'tis too plaine a caſe.
Creſ. And is it true, that I muſt goe from Troy?
Troy. A hatefull truth.
Creſ. What, and from *Troylus* too?
Troy. From Troy, and *Troylus*.
Creſ. Iſt poſſible?
Troy. And ſodainely, where iniurie of chance
Puts backe leaue-taking, iuſtles roughly by
All time of pauſe; rudely beguiles our lips
Of all reioyndure: forcibly preuents
Our lockt embraſures; ſtrangles our deare vowes,
Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath.
We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighes
Did buy each other, muſt poorely ſell our ſelues,
With the rude breuitie and diſcharge of our
Iniurious time; now with a robbers haſte
Crams his rich theeuerie vp, he knowes not how.
As many farwels as be ſtars in heauen,
With diſtinct breath, and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles vp into a looſe adiew;
And ſcants vs with a ſingle famiſht kiſſe,
Diſtaſting with the ſalt of broken teares. *Enter Æneus.*
Æneas within. My Lord, is the Lady ready?
Troy. Harke, you are call'd: ſome ſay the genius ſo
Cries, come to him that inſtantly muſt dye.
Bid them haue patience: ſhe ſhall come anon.

Pan. Where are my teares? raine, to lay this winde, or my heart will be blowne vp by the root.

Creſ. I muſt then to the Grecians?
Troy. No remedy.
Creſ. A wofull *Creſſid* 'mong'ſt the merry Greekes.
Troy. When ſhall we ſee againe?
Troy. Here me my loue: be thou but true of heart.
Creſ. I true? how now? what wicked deeme is this?
Troy. Nay, we muſt vſe expoſtulation kindely,
For it is parting from vs:
I ſpeake not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my Gloue to death himſelfe,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But be thou true, ſay I, to faſhion in
My ſequent proteſtation: be thou true,
And I will ſee thee.
Creſ. O you ſhall be expoſ'd, my Lord to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: but Ile be true.
Troy. And Ile grow friend with danger;
Weare this Sleeue.
Creſ. And you this Gloue.
When ſhall I ſee you?
Troy. I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels,
To giue thee nightly viſitation.
But yet be true.
Creſ. O heauens: be true againe?
Troy. Heare why I ſpeake it; Loue:
The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,
Their louing well compos'd, with guift of nature,
Flawing and ſwelling ore with Arts and exerciſe:
How nouelties may moue, and parts with perſon.
Alas, a kinde of godly iealouſie;
Which I beſeech you call a vertuous ſinne:
Makes me affraid.
Creſ. O heauens, you loue me not!
Troy. Dye I a villaine then:
In this I doe not call your faith in queſtion
So mainely as my merit: I cannot ſing,
Nor heele the high Lauolt; nor ſweeten talke;
Nor play at ſubtill games; faire vertues all;

To which the Grecians are moſt prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of theſe,
There lurkes a ſtill and dumb-diſcourſiue diuell,
That tempts moſt cunningly: but be not tempted.
Creſ. Doe you thinke I will:
Troy. No, but ſomething may be done that we wil not:
And ſometimes we are diuels to our ſelues,
When we will tempt the frailtie of our powers,
Preſuming on their changefull potencie.
Æneas within. Nay, good my Lord?
Troy. Come kiſſe, and let vs part.
Paris within. Brother *Troylus*?
Troy. Good brother come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the Grecian with you. *Exit.*
Creſ. My Lord, will you be true?
Troy. Who I? alas it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fiſh with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch meere ſimplicitie;
Whil'ſt ſome with cunning guild their copper crownes,
With truth and plainneſſe I doe weare mine bare:

Enter the Greekes.

Feare not my truth; the morrall of my wit
Is plaine and true, ther's all the reach of it.
Welcome ſir *Diomed*, here is the Lady
Which for *Antenor*, we deliuer you.
At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,
And by the way poſſeſſe thee what ſhe is.
Entreate her faire; and by my ſoule, faire Greeke,
If ere thou ſtand at mercy of my Sword,
Name *Creſſid*, and thy life ſhall be as ſafe
As *Priam* is in Illion?
Diom. Faire Lady *Creſsid*,
So pleaſe you ſaue the thankes this Prince expects:
The luſtre in your eye, heauen in your cheeke,
Pleades your faire viſage, and to *Diomed*
You ſhall be miſtreſſe, and command him wholly.
Troy. Grecian, thou do'ſt not vſe me curteouſly,
To ſhame the ſeale of my petition towards,
I praiſing her. I tell thee Lord of Greece:
Shee is as farre high ſoaring o're thy praiſes,
As thou vnworthy to be cal'd her ſeruant:
I charge thee vſe her well, euen for my charge:
For by the dreadfull *Pluto*, if thou do'ſt not,
(Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard)
Ile cut t h throate.
Diom. Oh be not mou'd Prince *Troylus*;
Let me be priuiledg'd by my place and meſſage,
To be a ſpeaker free? when I am hence,
Ile anſwer to my luſt: and know my Lord;
Ile nothing doe on charge: to her owne worth
She ſhall be priz'd: but that you ſay, be't ſo;
Ile ſpeake it in my ſpirit and honor, no.
Troy. Come to the Port. Ile tell thee *Diomed*,
This braue, ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head;
Lady, giue me your hand, and as we walke,
To our owne ſelues bend we our needefull talke.
Sound Trumpet.
Par. Harke, *Hectors* Trumpet.
Æne. How haue we ſpent this morning
The Prince muſt thinke me tardy and remiſſe,
That ſwore to ride before him in the field.
Par. 'Tis *Troylus* fault: come, come, to field with him. *Exeunt.*
Dio. Let vs make ready ſtraight.
Æne. Yea, with a Bridegroomes freſh alacritie
Let vs addreſſe to tend on *Hectors* heeles:
The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his faire worth, and ſingle Chiualrie.

Enter Aiax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Vliſſes, Neſter, Calcas, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment freſh and faire,
Anticipating time. With ſtarting courage,
Giue with thy Trumpet a loud note to Troy
Thou dreadfull *Aiax*, that the appauled aire
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him hither.
Aia. Thou, Trumpet, ther's my purſe;
Now cracke thy lungs, and ſplit thy braſen pipe:
Blow villaine, till thy ſphered Bias cheeke
Out-ſwell the collicke of puft *Aquilon*:
Come, ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout bloud:
Thou bloweſt for *Hector*.
Vliſ. No Trumpet anſwers.
Achil. 'Tis but early dayes.
Aga. Is not yong *Diomed* with *Calcas* daughter?
Vliſ. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
He riſes on the toe: that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.
Aga. Is this the Lady *Creſſid*?
Dio. Euen ſhe.

Aga. Moſt deerely welcome to the Greekes, ſweete Lady.

Neſt. Our Generall doth ſalute you with a kiſſe.

Vliſ. Yet is the kindeneſſe but particular; 'twere better ſhe were kiſt in generall.

Neſt. And very courtly counſell: Ile begin. So much for *Neſtor*.

Achil. Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady *Achilles* bids you welcome.

Mene. I had good argument for kiſſing once.
Patro. But that's no argument for kiſſing now;
For thus pop't *Paris* in his hardiment.
Vliſ. Oh deadly gall, and theame of all our ſcornes,
For which we looſe our heads, to gild his hornes.
Patro. The firſt was *Menelaus* kiſſe, this mine:
Patroclus kiſſes you.
Mene. Oh this is trim.
Patr. *Paris* and I kiſſe euermore for him.
Mene. Ile haue my kiſſe ſir: Lady by your leaue.
Creſ. In kiſſing doe you render, or receiue.
Patr. Both take and giue.

Creſ. Ile make my match to liue, The kiſſe you take is better then you giue: therefore no kiſſe.

Mene. Ile giue you boote, Ile giue you three for one.
Creſ. You are an odde man, giue euen, or giue none.
Mene. An odde man Lady, euery man is odde.
Creſ. No, *Paris* is not; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odde, and he is euen with you.
Mene. You fillip me a'th' head.
Creſ. No, Ile be ſworne.
Vliſ. It were no match, your naile againſt his horne:
May I ſweete Lady beg a kiſſe of you?
Creſ. You may.
Vliſ. I doe deſire it.
Creſ. Why begge then?
Vliſ. Why then for *Venus* ſake, giue me a kiſſe:
When *Hellen* is a maide againe, and his——
Creſ. I am your debtor, claime it when 'tis due.

Vliſ. Neuer's my day, and then a kiſſe of you.
Diom. Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father.
Neſt. A woman of quicke ſence.
Vliſ. Fie, fie, vpon her:
Ther's a language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip;
Nay, her foote ſpeakes, her wanton ſpirites looke out
At euery ioynt, and motiue of her body:
Oh theſe encounterers ſo glib of tongue,
That giue a coaſting welcome ete it comes;
And wide vnclaſpe the tables of their thoughts,
To euery tickling reader: ſet them downe,
For ſluttiſh ſpoyles of opportunitie;
And daughters of the game. *Exennt.*
Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Æneas, Helenus
and Attendants. Floriſh.
All. The Troians Trumpet.
Aga. Yonder comes the troope.
Æne. Haile all you ſtate of Greece: what ſhalbe done
To him that victory commands? or doe you purpoſe,
A victor ſhall be knowne: will you the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremitie
Purſue each other; or ſhall be diuided
By any voyce, or order of the field: *Hector* bad aske?
Aga. Which way would *Hector* haue it?
Æne. He cares not, heele obey conditions.
Aga. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but ſecurely done,
A little proudly, and great deale diſpriſing
The Knight oppos'd.
Æne. If not *Achilles* ſir, what is your name?
Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.
Æne. Therefore *Achilles*: but what ere, know this,
In the extremity of great and little:
Valour and pride excell themſelues in *Hector*;
The one almoſt as infinite as all;
The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well:
And that which lookes like pride, is curteſie:
This *Aiax* is halfe made of *Hectors* bloud;
In loue whereof, halfe *Hector* ſtaies at home:
Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector*, comes to ſeeke
This blended Knight, halfe Troian, and halfe Greeke.
Achil. A maiden battaile then? O I perceiue you.
Aga. Here is ſir, *Diomed*: goe gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Aiax*: as you and Lord *Æneas*
Conſent vpon the order of their fight,
So be it: either to the vttermoſt,
Or elſe a breach: the Combatants being kin,
Halfe ſtints their ſtriſe, before their ſtrokes begin.
Vliſ. They are oppos'd already.
Aga. What Troian is that ſame that lookes ſo heauy?
Vliſ. The yongeſt Sonne of *Priam*;
A true Knight; they call him *Troylus*;
Not yet mature, yet matchleſſe, firme of word,
Speaking in deedes, and deedeleſſe in his tongue;
Not ſoone prouok't, nor being prouok't, ſoone calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free:
For what he has, he giues; what thinkes, he ſhewes;
Yet giues he not till iudgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath ſubſcribes
To tender obiects; but he, in heate of action,
Is more vindecatiue then iealous loue.
They call him *Troylus*; and on him erect,
A ſecond hope, as fairely built as *Hector*.
Thus ſaies *Æneas*, one that knowes the youth,
Euen to his inches: and with priuate ſoule,
Did in great Illion thus tranſlate him to me. *Alarum.*
Aga. They are in action.
Neſt. Now *Aiax* hold thine owne.
Troy. *Hector*, thou ſleep'ſt, awake thee.
Aga. His blowes are wel diſpos'd there *Aiax.* *trũpets*
Diom. You muſt no more. *ceaſe.*
Æne. Princes enough, ſo pleaſe you.
Aia. I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.
Diom. As *Hector* pleaſes.
Hect. Why then will I no more:
Thou art great Lord, my Fathers ſiſters Sonne;
A couſen german to great *Priams* ſeede:
The obligation of our bloud forbids
A gorie emulation 'twixt vs twaine:
Were thy commixion, Greeke and Troian ſo,
That thou could'ſt ſay, this hand is Grecian all,
And this is Troian: the ſinewes of this Legge,
All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers bloud
Runs on the dexter cheeke, and this ſiniſter
Bounds in my fathers: by *Ioue* multipotent,
Thou ſhould'ſt not beare from me a Greekiſh member
Wherein my ſword had not impreſſure made
Of our ranke feud: but the iuſt gods gainſay,
That any drop thou borrwd'ſt from thy mother,
My ſacred Aunt, ſhould by my mortall Sword
Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Aiax*:
By him that thunders, thou haſt luſtie Armes;
Hector would haue them fall vpon him thus.
Cozen, all honor to thee.
Aia. I thanke thee *Hector*:
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee Cozen, and beare hence
A great addition, earned in thy death.
Hect. Not *Neoptolymus* ſo mirable,
On whoſe bright creſt, fame with her lowd'ſt (O yes)
Cries, This is he; could'ſt promiſe to himſelfe,
A thought of added honor, torne from *Hector*.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the ſides,
What further you will doe?
Hect. Weele anſwere it:
The iſſue is embracement: *Aiax*, farewell.
Aia. If I might in entreaties finde ſucceſſe,
As ſeld I haue the chance; I would deſire
My famous Couſin to our Grecian Tents.
Diom. 'Tis *Agamemnons* wiſh, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to ſee vnarm'd the valiant *Hector*.
Hect. *Æneas*, call my brother *Troylus* to me:
And ſignifie this louing enterview
To the expecters of our Troian part:
Deſire them home. Giue me thy hand, my Couſin:
I will goe eate with thee, and ſee your Knights.
Enter Agamemnon and the reſt.
Aia. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meete vs here.
Hect. The worthieſt of them, tell me name by name:
But for *Achilles*, mine owne ſerching eyes
Shall finde him by his large and portly ſize.
Aga. Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one
That would be rid of ſuch an enemie.
But that's no welcome: vnderſtand more cleere
What's paſt, and what's to come, is ſtrew'd with huskes,
And formeleſſe ruine of obliuion:
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing:
Bids thee with moſt diuine integritie,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector* welcome.
Hect. I thanke thee moſt imperious *Agamemnon*.
Aga. My

Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no leſſe to you.
Men. Let me confirme my Princely brothers greeting,
You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Who muſt we anſwer?
Æne. The Noble *Menelaus*.
Hect. O, you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thanks,
Mocke not, that I affect th'vntraded Oath,
Your *quondam* wife ſweares ſtill by *Venus* Gloue
Shee's well, but bad me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now ſir, ſhe's a deadly Theame.
Hect. O pardon, I offend.
Neſt. I haue (thou gallant Troyan) ſeene thee oft
Labouring for deſtiny, make cruell way
Through rankes of Greekiſh youth: and I haue ſeen thee
As hot as *Perſeus*, ſpurre thy Phrygian Steed,
And ſeene thee ſcorning forfeits and ſubduments,
When thou haſt hung thy aduanced ſword i'th'ayre,
Not letting it decline, on the declined:
That I haue ſaid vnto my ſtanders by,
Loe Iupiter is yonder, dealing life.
And I haue ſeene thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greekes haue hem'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wreſtling. This haue I ſeene,
But this thy countenance (ſtill lockt in ſteele)
I neuer ſaw till now. I knew thy Grandſire,
And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,
But by great Mars, the Captaine of vs all,
Neuer like thee. Let an oldman embrace thee,
And (worthy Warriour) welcome to our Tents.
Æne. 'Tis the old *Neſtor*.
Hect. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That haſt ſo long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Moſt reuerend *Neſtor*, I am glad to claſpe thee.
Ne. I would my armes could match thee in contention
As they contend with thee in courteſie.
Hect. I would they could.
Neſt. Ha? by this white beard I'ld fight with thee to morrow. Well, welcom, welcome: I haue ſeen the time.
Vlyſ. I wonder now, how yonder City ſtands,
When we haue heere her Baſe and pillar by vs.
Hect. I know your fauour Lord *Vlyſſes* well.
Ah ſir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead,
Since firſt I ſaw your ſelfe, and *Diomed*
In Illion, on your Greekiſh Embaſſie.
Vlyſ. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue,
My propheſie is but halfe his iourney yet;
For yonder wals that pertly front your Towne,
Yond Towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſſe the clouds,
Muſt kiſſe their owne feet.
Hect. I muſt not beleeue you:
There they ſtand yet: and modeſtly I thinke,
The fall of euery Phrygian ſtone will coſt
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
Vlyſ. So to him we leaue it.
Moſt gentle, and moſt valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the Generall, I beſeech you next
To Feaſt with me, and ſee me at my Tent.
Achil. I ſhall foreſtall thee Lord *Vlyſſes*, thou:
Now *Hector* I haue fed mine eyes on thee,
I haue with exact view perus'd thee *Hector*,
And quoted ioynt by ioynt.
Hect. Is this *Achilles*?
Achil. I am *Achilles*.
Hect. Stand faire I prythee, let me looke on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I haue done already.
Achil. Thou art to breefe, I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limbe by limbe.
Hect. O like a Booke of ſport thou'lt reade me ore:
But there's more in me then thou vnderſtand'ſt.
Why doeſt thou ſo oppreſſe me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me you Heauens, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,
That I may giue the locall wound a name,
And make diſtinct the very breach, where-out
Hectors great ſpirit flew. Anſwer me heauens.
Hect. It would diſcredit the bleſt Gods, proud man,
To anſwer ſuch a queſtion: Stand againe;
Think'ſt thou to catch my life ſo pleaſantly,
As to prenominate in nice coniecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee yea.
Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me ſo,
I'ld not beleeue thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the forge that ſtythied Mars his helme,
Ile kill thee euery where, yea, ore and ore.
You wiſeſt Grecians, pardon me this bragge,
His inſolence drawes folly from my lips,
But Ile endeuour deeds to match theſe words,
Or may I neuer——
Aiax. Do not chafe thee Coſin:
And you *Achilles*, let theſe threats alone
Till accident, or purpoſe bring you too't.
You may euery day enough of *Hector*
If you haue ſtomacke. The generall ſtate I feare,
Can ſcarſe intreat you to be odde with him.
Hect. I pray you let vs ſee you in the field,
We haue had pelting Warres ſince you refus'd
The Grecians cauſe.
Achil. Doſt thou intreat me *Hector*?
To morrow do I meete thee fell as death,
To night, all Friends.
Hect. Thy hand vpon that match.
Aga. Firſt, all you Peeres of Greece go to my Tent,
There in the full conuiue you: Afterwards,
As *Hectors* leyſure, and your bounties ſhall
Concurre together, ſeuerally intreat him.
Beate lowd the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow,
That this great Souldier may his welcome know. *Exeunt*
Troy. My Lord *Vlyſſes*, tell me I beſeech you,
In what place of the Field doth *Calchas* keepe?
Vlyſ. At *Menelaus* Tent, moſt Princely *Troylus*,
There *Diomed* doth feaſt with him to night,
Who neither lookes on heauen, nor on earth,
But giues all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the faire *Creſſid*.
Troy. Shall I (ſweet Lord) be bound to thee ſo much,
After we part from *Agamemnons* Tent,
To bring me thither?
Vlyſ. You ſhall command me ſir:
As gentle tell me, of what Honour was
This *Creſſida* in Troy, had ſhe no Louer there
That wailes her abſence?
Troy. O ſir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhew their ſcarres,
A mocke is due: will you walke on my Lord?
She was belou'd, ſhe lou'd; ſhe is, and dooth;
But ſtill ſweet Loue is food for Fortunes tooth. *Exeunt.*
Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.
Achil. Ile heat his blood with Greekiſh wine to night,
Which

Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to morrow:
Patroclus, let vs Feaſt him to the hight.

Pat. Heere comes *Therſites*. *Enter Therſites.*

Achil. How now, thou core of Enuy?
Thou cruſty batch of Nature, what's the newes?

Ther. Why thou picture of what thou ſeem'ſt, & Idoll of Ideot-worſhippers, here's a Letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, Fragment?

Ther. Why thou full diſh of Foole, from Troy.

Pat. Who keepes the Tent now?

Ther. The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.

Patr. Well ſaid aduerſity, and what need theſe tricks?

Ther. Prythee be ſilent boy, I profit not by thy talke, thou art thought to be *Achilles* male Varlot.

Patro. Male Varlot you Rogue? What's that?

Ther. Why his maſculine Whore. Now the rotten diſeaſes of the South, guts-griping Ruptures, Catarres, Loades a grauell i'th'backe, Lethargies, cold Palſies, and the like, take and take againe, ſuch prepoſtrous diſcoueries.

Pat. Why thou damnable box of enuy thou, what mean'ſt thou to curſe thus?

Ther. Do I curſe thee?

Patr. Why no, you ruinous But, you whorſon indiſtinguiſhable Curre.

Ther. No? why art thou then exaſperate, thou idle, immateriall skiene of Sleyd ſilke; thou greene Sarcenet flap for a ſore eye, thou taſſell of a Prodigals purſe thou: Ah how the poore world is peſtred with ſuch water-flies, diminutiues of Nature.

Pat. Out gall.

Ther. Finch Egge.

Ach. My ſweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpoſe in to morrowes battell:
Heere is a Letter from Queene *Hecuba*,
A token from her daughter, my faire Loue,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe
An Oath that I haue ſworne. I will not breake it,
Fall Greekes, faile Fame, Honor or go, or ſtay,
My maior vow lyes heere; this Ile obay:
Come, come *Therſites*, helpe to trim my Tent,
This night in banquetting muſt all be ſpent.
Away *Patroclus*. *Exit.*

Ther. With too much bloud, and too little Brain, these two may run mad: but if with too much braine, and too little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Heere's *Agamemnon*, an honeſt fellow enough, and one that loues Quailes, but he has not ſo much Braine as eare-wax; and the goodly transformation of Iupiter there his Brother, the Bull, the primatiue Statue, and oblique memoriall of Cuckolds, a thrifty ſhooing-horne in a chaine, hanging at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, ſhold wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne him too: to an Aſſe were nothing; hee is both Aſſe and Oxe; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Aſſe: to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Lizard, an Owle, a Puttocke, or a Herring without a Roe, I would not care: but to be *Menelaus*, I would conſpire againſt Deſtiny. Aske me not what I would be, if I were not *Therſites*: for I care not to bee the lowſe of a Lazar, ſo I were not *Menelaus*. Hoy-day, ſpirits and fires.

Enter Hector, Aiax, Agamemnon, Vlyſſes, Neſtor, Diomed, with Lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Aiax. No yonder 'tis, there where we ſee the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Aiax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Vlyſ. Heere comes himſelfe to guide you?

Achil. Welcome braue *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

Agam. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight,
Aiax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks general.

Men. Goodnight my Lord.

Hect. Goodnight ſweet Lord *Menelaus*.

Ther. Sweet draught: ſweet quoth-a? ſweet ſinke, ſweet ſure.

Achil. Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to thoſe that go, or tarry.

Aga. Goodnight.

Achil. Old *Neſtor* tarries, and you too *Diomed*,
Keepe *Hector* company an houre, or two.

Dio. I cannot Lord, I haue important buſineſſe,
The tide whereof is now, goodnight great *Hector*.

Hect. Giue me your hand.

Vlyſ. Follow his Torch, he goes to *Chalcas* Tent,
Ile keepe you company.

Troy. Sweet ſir, you honour me.

Hect. And ſo good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent. *Exeunt.*

Ther. That ſame *Diomed's* a falſe-hearted Rogue, a moſt vniuſt Knaue; I will no more truſt him when hee leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hiſſes: he will ſpend his mouth & promiſe, like Brabler the Hound; but when he performes, Aſtronomers foretell it, that it is prodigious, there will come ſome change: the Sunne borrowes of the Moone when *Diomed* keepes his word. I will rather leaue to ſee *Hector*, then not to dogge him: they ſay, he keepes a Troyan Drab, and vſes the Traitour *Chalcas* his Tent. Ile after——Nothing but Letcherie? All incontinent Varlets. *Exeunt*

Enter Diomed.

Dio. What are you vp here ho? ſpeake?

Chal. Who cals?

Dio. *Diomed, Chalcas* (I thinke) wher's you Daughter?

Chal. She comes to you.

Enter Troylus and Vliſſes.

Vliſ. Stand where the Torch may not diſcouer vs.

Enter Creſsid.

Troy. *Creſsid* comes forth to him.

Dio. How now my charge?

Creſ. Now my ſweet gardian: harke a word with you.

Troy. Yea, ſo familiar?

Vliſ. She will ſing any man at firſt ſight.

Ther. And any man may finde her, if he can take her life: ſhe's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cal. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be coupled with your words.

Troy. What ſhould ſhe remember?

Vliſ. Liſt?

Creſ. Sweete hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery.

Dio. Nay then.

Creſ. Ile tell you what.

Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forſworne.——

Creſ. In faith I cannot: what would you haue me do?

Ther. A iugling tricke, to be ſecretly open.

Dio. What did you ſweare you would beſtow on me?

Creſ. I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,
Bid me doe not any thing but that ſweete Greeke.

Dio. Good night.

Troy. Hold, patience.

Vliſ. How now Troian?

Creſ. *Diomed.*

Dio. No, no, good night: Ile be your foole no more.

Troy. Thy better muſt.

Creſ. Harke one word in your eare.

Troy. O plague and madneſſe!

Vliſ. You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray you,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge it ſelfe
To wrathfull tearmes: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beſeech you goe.

Troy. Behold, I pray you.

Vliſ. Nay, good my Lord goe off:
You flow to great diſtraction: come my Lord?

Troy. I pray thee ſtay?

Vliſ. You haue not patience, come.

Troy. I pray you ſtay? by hell and hell torments,
I will not ſpeake a word.

Dio. And ſo good night.

Creſ. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troy. Doth that grieue thee? O withered truth!

Vliſ. Why, how now Lord?

Troy. By *Ioue* I will be patient.

Creſ. Gardian? why Greeke?

Dio. Fo, fo, adew, you palter.

Creſ. In faith I doe not: come hither once againe.

Vliſ. You ſhake my Lord at ſomething; will you goe?
you will breake out.

Troy. She ſtroakes his cheeke.

Vliſ. Come, come.

Troy. Nay ſtay, by *Ioue* I will not ſpeake a word.
There is betweene my will, and all offences,
A guard of patience; ſtay a little while.

Ther. How the diuell Luxury with his fat rumpe and potato finger, tickles theſe together: frye lechery, frye.

Dio. But will you then?

Creſ. In faith I will lo; neuer truſt me elſe.

Dio. Giue me ſome token for the ſurety of it.

Creſ. Ile fetch you one. *Exit.*

Vliſ. You haue ſworne patience.

Troy. Feare me not ſweete Lord.
I will not be my ſelfe, nor haue cognition
Of what I feele: I am all patience. *Enter Creſſid.*

Ther. Now the pledge, now, now, now.

Creſ. Here *Diomed*, keepe this Sleeue.

Troy. O beautie! where is thy Faith?

Vliſ. My Lord.

Troy. I will be patient, outwardly I will.

Creſ. You looke vpon that Sleeue? behold it well:
He lou'd me: O falſe wench: giue't me againe.

Dio. Whoſe was't?

Creſ. It is no matter now I haue't againe.
I will not meete with you to morrow night:
I prythee *Diomed* viſite me no more.

Ther. Now ſhe ſharpens: well ſaid Whetſtone.

Dio. I ſhall haue it.

Creſ. What, this?

Dio. I that.

Creſ. O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;
Thy Maiſter now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and ſighes, and takes my Gloue,
And giues memoriall daintie kiſſes to it;
As I kiſſe thee.

Dio. Nay, doe not ſnatch it from me.

Creſ. He that takes that, takes my heart withall.

Dio. I had your heart before, this followes it.

Troy. I did ſweare patience.

Creſ. You ſhall not haue it *Diomed*; faith you ſhall not:
Ile giue you ſomething elſe.

Dio. I will haue this: whoſe was it?

Creſ. It is no matter.

Dio. Come tell me whoſe it was?

Creſ. 'Twas one that lou'd me better then you will.
But now you haue it, take it.

Dio. Whoſe was it?

Creſ. By all *Dianas* waiting women yond:
And by her ſelfe, I will not tell you whoſe.

Dio. To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,
And grieue his ſpirit that dares not challenge it.

Troy. Wert thou the diuell, and wor'ſt it on thy horne,
It ſhould be challeng'd.

Creſ. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paſt; and yet it is not:
I will not keepe my word.

Dio. Why then farewell,
Thou neuer ſhalt mocke *Diomed* againe.

Creſ. You ſhall not goe: one cannot ſpeake a word,
But it ſtrait ſtarts you.

Dio. I doe not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I by *Pluto*: but that that likes not me, pleaſes me beſt.

Dio. What ſhall I come? the houre.

Creſ. I, come: O *Ioue*! doe, come: I ſhall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then. *Exit.*

Creſ. Good night: I prythee come:
Troylus farewell; one eye yet lookes on thee;
But with my heart, the other eye, doth ſee.
Ah poore our ſexe; this fault in vs I finde:
The errour of our eye, directs our minde.
What errour leads, muſt erre: O then conclude,
Mindes ſwai'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. *Exit.*

Ther. A proofe of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more;
Vnleſſe ſhe ſay, my minde is now turn'd whore.

Vliſ. Al's done my Lord.

Troy. It is.

Vliſ. Why ſtay we then?

Troy. To make a recordation to my ſoule
Of euery ſyllable that here was ſpoke:
But if I tell how theſe two did coact;
Shall I not lye, in publiſhing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart:
An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,
That doth inuert that teſt of eyes and eares;
As if thoſe organs had deceptious functions,
Created onely to calumniate.
Was *Creſſed* here?

Vliſ. I cannot coniure Troian.

Troy. She was not ſure.

Vliſ. Moſt ſure ſhe was.

Troy. Why my negation hath no taſte of madneſſe?

Vliſ. Nor mine my Lord: *Creſſid* was here but now.

Troy. Let it not be beleeu'd for womanhood:
Thinke we had mothers; doe not giue aduantage
To ſtubborne Criticks, apt without a theame
For deprauation, to ſquare the generall ſex
By *Creſſids* rule. Rather thinke this not *Creſſid*.

Vliſ. What hath ſhe done Prince, that can ſoyle our mothers?

Troy. Nothing at all, vnleſſe that this were ſhe.

Ther. Will he ſwagger himſelfe out on's owne eyes?

Troy. This ſhe? no, this is *Diomids Creſſida*:
If beautie haue a ſoule, this is not ſhe:

If ſoules guide vowes; if vowes are ſanctimonie;
If ſanctimonie be the gods delight:
If there be rule in vnitie it ſelfe,
This is not ſhe: O madneſſe of diſcourſe!
That cauſe ſets vp, with, and againſt thy ſelfe
By foule authoritie: where reaſon can reuolt
Without perdition, and loſſe aſſume all reaſon,
Without reuolt. This is, and is not *Creſſid*:
Within my ſoule, there doth conduce a fight
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeperate,
Diuides more wider then the skie and earth:
And yet the ſpacious bredth of this diuiſion,
Admits no Orifex for a point as ſubtle,
As *Ariachnes* broken woofe to enter:
Inſtance, O inſtance! ſtrong as *Plutoes* gates:
Creſſid is mine, tied with the bonds of heauen;
Inſtance, O inſtance, ſtrong as heauen it ſelfe:
The bonds of heauen are ſlipt, diſſolu'd, and loos'd,
And with another knot fiue finger tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her loue:
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greazie reliques,
Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed*

Vliſ. May worthy *Troylus* be halfe attached
With that which here his paſſion doth expreſſe?

Troy. I Greeke: and that ſhall be divulged well
In Characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*: neuer did yong man fancy
With ſo eternall, and ſo fixt a ſoule.
Harke Greek: as much I doe *Creſſid* loue;
So much by weight, hate I her *Diomed*
That Sleeue is mine, that heele beare in his Helme:
Were it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill,
My Sword ſhould bite it: Not the dreadfull ſpout,
Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſſe by the almighty Fenne,
Shall dizzie with more clamour Neptunes eare
In his diſcent; then ſhall my prompted ſword,
Falling on *Diomed.*

Ther. Heele tickle it for his concupie.

Troy. O *Creſſid*! O falſe *Creſſid*! falſe, falſe, falſe:
Let all vntruths ſtand by thy ſtained name,
And theyle ſeeme glorious.

Vliſ. O containe your ſelfe:
Your paſſion drawes eares hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I haue beene ſeeking you this houre my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in Troy.
Aiax your Guard, ſtaies to conduct you home.

Troy. Haue with you Prince: my curteous Lord adew:
Farewell reuolted faire: and *Diomed*,
Stand faſt, and weare a Caſtle on thy head.

Vli. Ile bring you to the Gates.

Troy. Accept diſtracted thankes.

Exeunt Troylus, Æneas, and Vliſſes.

Ther. Would I could meete that roague *Diomed*, I would croke like a Rauen: I would bode, I would bode: *Patroclus* will giue me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the Parrot will not doe more for an Almond, then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, ſtill warres and lechery, nothing elſe holds faſhion. A burning diuell take them.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my Lord ſo much vngently temper'd,
To ſtop his eares againſt admoniſhment?
Vnarme, vnarme, and doe not fight to day.

Hect. You traine me to offend you: get you gone.
By the euerlaſting gods, Ile goe.

And. My dreames will ſure proue ominous to the day.

Hect. No more I ſay. *Enter Caſſandra.*

Caſſa. Where is my brother *Hector*?

And. Here ſiſter, arm'd, and bloudy in intent;
Conſort with me in loud and deere petition:
Purſue we him on knees: for I haue dreampt
Of bloudy turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing beene but ſhapes, and formes of ſlaughter.

Caſſ. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho? bid my Trumpet ſound.

Caſſ. No notes of ſallie, for the heauens, ſweet brother.

Hect. Begon I ſay: the gods haue heard me ſweare.

Caſſ. The gods are deafe to hot and peeuiſh vowes;
They are polluted offrings, more abhord
Then ſpotted Liuers in the ſacrifice.

And. O be perſwaded, doe not count it holy,
To hurt by being iuſt; it is as lawfull:
For we would count giue much to as violent thefts,
And rob in the behalfe of charitie.

Caſſ. It is the purpoſe that makes ſtrong the vowe;
But vowes to euery purpoſe muſt not hold:
Vnarme ſweete *Hector*.

Hect. Hold you ſtill I ſay;
Mine honour keepes the weather of my fate:
Life euery man holds deere, but the deere man
Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life.

Enter Troylus.

How now yong man? mean'ſt thou to fight to day?

And. *Caſſandra*, call my father to perſwade.

Exit Caſſandra.

Hect. No faith yong *Troylus*; doffe thy harneſſe youth:
I am to day ith'vaine of Chiualrie:
Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be ſtrong;
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the warre.
Vnarme thee, goe; and doubt thou not braue boy,
Ile ſtand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troy. Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a Lyon, then a man.

Hect. What vice is that? good *Troylus* chide me for it.

Troy. When many times the captiue Grecian fals,
Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire Sword:
You bid them riſe, and liue.

Hect. O 'tis faire play.

Troy. Fooles play, by heauen *Hector*.

Hect. How now? how now?

Troy. For th'loue of all the gods
Let's leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers;
And when we haue our Armors buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride vpon our ſwords,
Spur them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth.

Hect. Fie ſauage, fie.

Troy. *Hector*, then 'tis warres.

Hect. *Troylus*, I would not haue you fight to day.

Troy. Who ſhould with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,
Beckning with fierie trunchion my retire;
Not *Priamus*, and *Hecuba* on knees;
Their eyes ore-galled with recourſe of teares;
Nor you my brother, with your true ſword drawne
Oppoſ'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way:
But by my ruine.

Enter Priam and Caſſandra.

Caſſ. Lay hold vpon him *Priam*, hold him faſt:
He is thy crutch; now if thou looſe thy ſtay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,

Fall all together.

Priam. Come *Hector*, come, goe backe:
Thy wife hath dreampt: thy mother hath had viſions;
Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I my ſelfe,
Am like a Prophet ſuddenly enrapt,
to tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come backe.

Hect *Æneas* is a field,
And I do ſtand engag'd to many Greekes,
Euen in the faith of valour, to appeare
This morning to them.

Priam. I, but thou ſhalt not goe,

Hect. I muſt not breake my faith:
You know me dutifull, therefore deare ſir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but giue me leaue
To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you doe here forbid me, Royall *Priam.*

Caſſ. O *Priam*, yeelde not to him.

And. Doe not deere father.

Hect. *Andromache* I am offended with you:
Vpon the loue you beare me, get you in.

Exit Andromache.

Troy. This fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious girle,
Makes all theſe bodements.

Caſſ. O farewell, deere *Hector*:
Looke how thou dieſt; looke how thy eye turnes pale:
Looke how thy wounds doth bleede at many vents:
Harke how Troy roares; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poore *Andromache* ſhrils her dolour forth;
Behold diſtraction, frenzie, and amazement,
Like witleſſe Antickes one another meete,
And all cry *Hector*, *Hectors* dead: O *Hector*!

Troy. Away, away.

Caſ. Farewell: yes, ſoft: *Hector* I take my leaue;
Thou do'ſt thy ſelfe, and all our Troy deceiue. *Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaime:
Goe in and cheere the Towne, weele forth and fight:
Doe deedes of praiſe, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewell: the gods with ſafetie ſtand about thee. *Alarum.*

Troy. They are at it, harke: proud *Diomed*, beleeue
I come to looſe my arme, or winne my ſleeue.

Enter Pandar.

Pand. Doe you heare my Lord? do you heare?

Troy. What now?

Pand. Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.

Troy. Let me reade.

Pand. A whorſon tiſicke, a whorſon raſcally tiſicke, ſo troubles me; and the fooliſh fortune of this girle, and what one thing, what another, that I ſhall leaue you one o'th's dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too; and ſuch an ache in my bones; that vnleſſe a man were curſt, I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What ſayes ſhee there?

Troy. Words, words, meere words, no matter from the heart;
Th'effect doth operate another way.
Goe winde to winde, there turne and change together:
My loue with words and errors ſtill ſhe feedes;
But edifies another with her deedes.

Pand. Why, but heare you?

Troy. Hence brother lackie; ignomie and ſhame
Purſue thy life, and liue aye with thy name.

A Larum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therſites in excurſion.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, Ile goe looke on: that diſſembling abhominable varlet *Diomede*, has got that ſame ſcuruie, doting, fooliſh yong knaues Sleeue of Troy, there in his Helme: I would faine ſee them meet; that, that ſame yong Troian aſſe, that loues the whore there, might ſend that Greekiſh whore-maiſterly villaine, with the Sleeue, backe to the diſſembling luxurious drabbe, of a ſleeueleſſe errant. O'th'tother ſide, the pollicie of thoſe craftie ſwearing raſcals; that ſtole old Mouſe-eaten dry cheeſe, *Neſtor*: and that ſame dog-foxe *Vliſſes* is not prou'd worth a Black-berry. They ſet me vp in pollicy, that mungrill curre *Aiax*, againſt that dogge of as bad a kinde, *Achilles*. And now is the curre *Aiax* prouder then the curre *Achilles*, and will not arme to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to proclaime barbariſme; and pollicie growes into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomed and Troylus.

Soft, here comes Sleeue, and th'other.

Troy. Flye not: for ſhould'ſt thou take the Riuer Stix,
I would ſwim after.

Diom. Thou do'ſt miſcall retire:
I doe not flye; but aduantagious care
Withdrew me from the oddes of multitude:
Haue at thee?

Ther. Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore Troian: Now the Sleeue, now the Sleeue.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou Greek? art thou for *Hectors* match?
Art thou of bloud, and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a raſcall: a ſcuruie railing knaue: a very filthy roague.

Hect. I doe beleeue thee, liue.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleeue me; but a plague breake thy necke---for frighting me: what's become of the wenching rogues? I thinke they haue ſwallowed one anothar. I would laugh at that miracle---yet in a ſort, lecherie eates it ſelfe: Ile ſeeke them. *Exit.*

Enter Diomed and Seruants.

Dio. Goe, goe, my ſeruant, take thou *Troylus* Horſe;
Preſent the faire Steede to my Lady *Creſſid*:
Fellow, commend my ſeruice to her beauty;
Tell her, I haue chaſtiſ'd the amorous Troyan.
And am her Knight by proofe.

Ser. I goe my Lord. *Enter Agamemnon.*

Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamus*
Hath beate downe *Menon*: baſtard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* priſoner.
And ſtands Caloſſus-wiſe wauing his beame,
Vpon the paſhed courſes of the Kings:
Epiſtropus and *Cedus*, *Polixines* is ſlaine;
Amphimacus, and *Thous* deadly hurt;
Patroclus tane or ſlaine, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruiſed; the dreadfull Sagittary
Appauls our numbers, haſte we *Diomed*
To re-enforcement, or we periſh all.

Enter Neſtor.

Neſt. Goe beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the ſnaile-pac'd *Aiax* arme for ſhame;
There is a thouſand *Hectors* in the field:
Now here he fights on *Galathe* his Horſe,
And there lacks worke: anon he's there a foote,
And there they flye or dye, like ſcaled ſculs,

Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder,
And there the ſtraying Greekes, ripe for his edge,
Fall downe before him, like the mowers ſwath;
Here, there, and euery where, he leaues and takes;
Dexteritie ſo obaying appetite,
That what he will, he does, and does ſo much,
That proofe is call'd impoſſibility.

Enter Vliſſes.

Vliſ. Oh, courage, courage Princes: great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus wounds haue rouz'd his drowzie bloud,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noſeleſſe, handleſſe, hackt and chipt, come to him;
Crying on *Hector*. *Aiax* hath loſt a friend,
And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it:
Roaring for *Troylus*; who hath done to day,
Mad and fantaſticke execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himſelfe,
With ſuch a careleſſe force, and forceleſſe care,
As if that luck in very ſpight of cunning, bad him win all.

Enter Aiax.

Aia. *Troylus*, thou coward *Troylus*. *Exit.*

Dio. I, there, there.

Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, ſhew thy face:
Know what it is to meete *Achilles* angry.
Hector, wher's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*. *Exit.*

Enter Aiax.

Aia. *Troylus*, thou coward *Troylus*, ſhew thy head.

Enter Diomed.

Diom. *Troylus*, I ſay, wher's *Troylus*?

Aia. What would'ſt thou?

Diom. I would correct him.

Aia. Were I the Generall,
Thou ſhould'ſt haue my office,
Ere that correction: *Troylus* I ſay, what *Troylus*?

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Oh traitour *Diomed*!
Turne thy falſe face thou traytor,
And pay thy life thou oweſt me for my horſe.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Aia. Ile fight with him alone, ſtand *Diomed*.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.

Troy. Come both you coging Greekes, haue at you both. *Exit Troylus.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea *Troylus*? O well fought my yongeſt Brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now doe I ſee thee; haue at thee *Hector*.

Hect. Pauſe if thou wilt.

Achil. I doe diſdaine thy curteſie, proud Troian;
Be happy that my armes are out of vſe:
My reſt and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt heare of me againe:
Till when, goe ſeeke thy fortune. *Exit.*

Hect. Fare thee well:
I would haue beene much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee: how now my Brother?

Enter Troylus.

Troy. *Aiax* hath tane *Æneas*; ſhall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heauen,
He ſhall not carry him: Ile be tane too,
Or bring him off: Fate heare me what I ſay;
I wreake not, though thou end my life to day. *Exit.*

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, ſtand, thou Greeke,
Thou art a goodly marke:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
Ile fruſh it, and vnlocke the riuets all,
But Ile be maiſter of it: wilt thou not beaſt abide?
Why then flye on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me you my *Myrmidons*:
Marke what I ſay; attend me where I wheele:
Strike not a ſtroake, but keepe your ſelues in breath;
And when I haue the bloudy *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about:
In felleſt manner execute your arme.
Follow me ſirs, and my proceedings eye;
It is decreed, *Hector* the great muſt dye. *Exit.*

Enter Therſites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ther. The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it: now bull, now dogge, lowe; *Paris* lowe; now my double hen'd ſparrow; lowe *Paris*, lowe; the bull has the game: ware hornes ho?

Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Turne ſlaue and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Baſt. A Baſtard Sonne of *Priams*.

Ther. I am a Baſtard too, I loue Baſtards, I am a Baſtard begot, Baſtard inſtructed, Baſtard in minde, Baſtard in valour, in euery thing illegitimate: one Beare will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one Baſtard? take heede, the quarrel's moſt ominous to vs: if the Sonne of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts iudgement: farewell Baſtard.

Baſt. The diuell take thee coward. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Moſt putrified core ſo faire without:
Thy goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.
Now is my daies worke done; Ile take good breath:
Reſt Sword, thou haſt thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Looke *Hector* how the Sunne begins to ſet;
How vgly night comes breathing at his heeles,
Euen with the vaile and darking of the Sunne.
To cloſe the day vp, *Hectors* life is done.

Hect. I am vnarm'd, forgoe this vantage Greeke.

Achil. Strike fellowes, ſtrike, this is the man I ſeeke.
So Illion fall thou: now Troy ſinke downe;
Here lyes thy heart, thy ſinewes, and thy bone.
On *Myrmidons*, cry you all a maine,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* ſlaine. *Retreat.*
Harke, a retreat vpon our Grecian part.

Gree. The Troian Trumpets ſounds the like my Lord.

Achi. The dragon wing of night ore-ſpreds the earth
And ſtickler-like the Armies ſeperates
My halfe ſupt Sword, that frankly would haue fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bed; thus goes to bed.
Come, tye his body to my horſes tayle;
Along the field, I will the Troian traile. *Exeunt.*

Sound Retreat. Shout.

Enter Agamemnon, Aiax, Menelaus, Neſtor, Diomed, and the reſt marching.

Aga. Harke, harke, what ſhout is that?

Neſt. Peace Drums.

Sold. *Achilles, Achilles, Hector's* ſlaine, *Achilles.*

Dio. The bruite is, *Hector's* ſlaine, and by *Achilles.*

Aia. If it be ſo, yet bragleſſe let it be:
Great *Hector* was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along; let one be ſent
To pray *Achilles* ſee vs at our Tent.
If in his death the gods haue vs befrended,
Great Troy is ours, and our ſharpe wars are ended. *Exeunt.*

Enter Æneas, Paris, Anthenor and Deiphœbus.

Æne. Stand hoe, yet are we maiſters of the field,
Neuer goe home; here ſtarue we out the night.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. *Hector* is ſlaine.

All. *Hector*? the gods forbid.

Troy. Hee's dead: and at the murtherers Horſes taile,
In beaſtly ſort, drag'd through the ſhamefull Field:
Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with ſpeede:
Sit gods vpon your throanes, and ſmile at Troy.
I ſay at once, let your briefe plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on.

Æne. My Lord, you doe diſcomfort all the Hoſte.

Troy. You vnderſtand me not, that tell me ſo:
I doe not ſpeake of flight, of feare, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men,
Addreſſe their dangers in. *Hector* is gone:
Who ſhall tell *Priam* ſo? or *Hecuba*?
Let him that will a ſcreechoule aye be call'd,
Goe in to Troy, and ſay there, *Hector's* dead:
There is a word will *Priam* turne to ſtone;
Make wels, and *Niobes* of the maides and wiues;
Coole ſtatues of the youth: and in a word,
Scarre Troy out of it ſelfe. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to ſay.
Stay yet: you vile abhominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight vpon our Phrygian plaines:
Let Titan riſe as early as he dare,
Ile through, and through you; & thou great ſiz'd coward:
No ſpace of Earth ſhall ſunder our two hates,
Ile haunt thee, like a wicked conſcience ſtill,
That mouldeth goblins ſwift as frenſies thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe:
Hope of reuenge, ſhall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. But heare you? heare you?

Troy. Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and ſhame
Purſue thy life, and liue aye with thy name. *Exeunt.*

Pan. A goodly medcine for mine akingbones: oh world, world, world! thus is the poore agent diſpiſde: Oh traitours and bawdes; how earneſtly are you ſet aworke, and how ill requited? why ſhould our indeuour be ſo deſir'd, and the performance ſo loath'd? What Verſe for it? what inſtance for it? let me ſee.
Full merrily the humble Bee doth ſing,
Till he hath loſt his hony, and his ſting.
And being once ſubdu'd in armed taile,
Sweete hony, and ſweete notes together faile.
Good traders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloathes;
As many as be here of Panders hall,
Your eyes halfe out, weepe out at *Pandar's* fall:
Or if you cannot weepe, yet giue ſome grones;
Though not for me, yet for your akingbones:
Brethren and ſiſters of the hold-dore trade,
Some two months hence, my will ſhall here be made:
It ſhould be now, but that my feare is this:
Some galled Gooſe of Wincheſter would hiſſe;
Till then, Ile ſweate, and ſeeke about for eaſes;
And at that time bequeath you my diſeaſes. *Exeunt.*

¶ ¶ ¶

FINIS.

The Tragedy of Coriolanus:

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staues, Clubs, and other weapons.

1. *Citizen.*

Before we proceed any further, heare me ſpeake.

All. Speake, ſpeake.

1. *Cit.* You are all reſolu'd rather to dy then to famiſh?

All. Reſolu'd, reſolu'd.

1. *Cit.* Firſt you know, *Caius Martius* is chiefe enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1. *Cit.* Let vs kill him, and wee'l haue Corne at our own price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't; Let it be done, away, away

2. *Cit.* One word, good Citizens.

1. *Cit.* We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patricians good: what Authority ſurfets one, would releeue vs. If they would yeelde vs but the ſuperfluitie while it were wholſome, wee might gueſſe they releeued vs humanely: But they thinke we are too deere, the leanneſſe that afflicts vs, the obiect of our miſery, is as an inuentory to particularize their abundance, our ſufferance is a gaine to them. Let vs reuenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I ſpeake this in hunger for Bread, not in thirſt for Reuenge.

2. *Cit.* Would you proceede eſpecially againſt *Caius Martius.*

All. Againſt him firſt: He's a very dog to the Commonalty.

2. *Cit.* Conſider you what Seruices he ha's done for his Country?

1. *Cit.* Very well, and could bee content to giue him good report for't, but that hee payes himſelfe with beeing proud.

All. Nay, but ſpeak not maliciouſly.

1. *Cit.* I ſay vnto you, what he hath done Famouſlie, he did it to that end: though ſoft conſcienc'd men can be content to ſay it was for his Countrey, he did it to pleaſe his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, euen to the altitude of his vertue.

2. *Cit.* What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you account a Vice in him: You muſt in no way ſay he is couetous.

1. *Cit.* If I muſt not, I neede not be barren of Accuſations he hath faults (with ſurplus) to tyre in repetition.

Showts within.

What ſhowts are theſe? The other ſide a'th City is riſen: why ſtay we prating heere? To th'Capitoll.

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*, one that hath alwayes lou'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honeſt enough, wold al the reſt wer ſo.

Men. What work's my Countrimen in hand?
Where go you with Bats and Clubs? The matter
Speake I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our buſines is not vnknowne to th'Senat, they haue had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, wͨ now wee'l ſhew em in deeds: they ſay poore Suters haue ſtrong breaths, they ſhal know we haue ſtrong arms too.

Menen. Why Maſters, my good Friends, mine honeſt
Neighbours, will you vndo your ſelues?

2 *Cit.* We cannot Sir, we are vndone already.

Men. I tell you Friends, moſt charitable care
Haue the Patricians of you for your wants.
Your ſuffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the Heauen with your ſtaues, as lift them
Againſt the Roman State, whoſe courſe will on
The way it takes: cracking ten thouſand Curbes
Of more ſtrong linke aſſunder, then can euer
Appeare in your impediment. For the Dearth,
The Gods, not the Patricians make it, and
Your knees to them (not armes) muſt helpe. Alacke,
You are tranſported by Calamity
Thether, where more attends you, and you ſlander
The Helmes o'th State; who care for you like Fathers,
When you curſe them, as Enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for vs? True indeed, they nere car'd for vs yet. Suffer vs to famiſh, and their Store-houſes cramm'd with Graine: Make Edicts for Vſurie, to ſupport Vſurers; repeale daily any wholſome Act eſtabliſhed againſt the rich, and prouide more piercing Statutes daily, to chaine vp and reſtraine the poore. If the Warres eate vs not vppe, they will; and there's all the loue they beare vs.

Menen. Either you muſt
Confeſſe your ſelues wondrous Malicious,
Or be accus'd of Folly. I ſhall tell you
A pretty Tale, it may be you haue heard it,
But ſince it ſerues my purpoſe, I will venture
To ſcale't a little more.

2 *Citizen.* Well,
Ile heare it Sir: yet you muſt not thinke
To fobbe off our diſgrace with a tale:
But and't pleaſe you deliuer.

Men. There was a time, when all the bodies members
Rebell'd againſt the Belly; thus accus'd it:
That onely like a Gulfe it did remaine

I'th midd'ſt a th'body, idle and vnactiue,
Still cubbording the Viand, neuer bearing
Like labour with the reſt, where th'other Inſtruments
Did ſee, and heare, deuiſe, inſtruct, walke, feele,
And mutually participate, did miniſter
Vnto the appetite; and affection common
Of the whole body, the Belly anſwer'd.
2.Cit. Well ſir, what anſwer made the Belly.
Men. Sir, I ſhall tell you with a kinde of Smile,
Which ne're came from the Lungs, but euen thus:
For looke you I may make the belly Smile,
As well as ſpeake, it taintingly replyed
To'th'diſcontented Members, the mutinous parts
That enuied his receite: euen ſo moſt fitly,
As you maligne our Senators, for that
They are not ſuch as you.
2.Cit. Your Bellies anſwer: What
The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye,
The Counſailor Heart, the Arme our Souldier,
Our Steed the Legge, the Tongue our Trumpeter,
With other Muniments and petty helpes
In this our Fabricke, if that they———
Men. What then? Foreme, this Fellow ſpeakes.
What then? What then?
2 Cit. Should by the Cormorant belly be reſtrain'd,
Who is the ſinke a th'body.
Men. Well, what then?
2.Cit. The former Agents, if they did complaine,
What could the Belly anſwer?
Men. I will tell you,
If you'l beſtow a ſmall (of what you haue little)
Patience awhile; you'ſt heare the Bellies anſwer.
2.Cit. Y'are long about it.
Men. Note me this good Friend;
Your moſt graue Belly was deliberate,
Not raſh like his Accuſers, and thus anſwered.
True is it my Incorporate Friends (quoth he)
That I receiue the generall Food at firſt
Which you do liue vpon: and fit it is,
Becauſe I am the Store-houſe, and the Shop
Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember,
I ſend it through the Riuers of your blood
Euen to the Court, the Heart, to th'ſeate o'th'Braine,
And through the Crankes and Offices of man,
The ſtrongeſt Nerues, and ſmall inferiour Veines
From me receiue that naturall competencie
Whereby they liue. And though that all at once
(You my good Friends, this ſayes the Belly) marke me.
2.Cit. I ſir, well, well.
Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliuer out to each,
Yet I can make my Awdit vp, that all
From me do backe receiue the Flowre of all,
And leaue me but the Bran. What ſay you too't?
2 Cit. It was an anſwer, how apply you this?
Men. The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,
And you the mutinous Members: For examine
Their Counſailes, and their Cares; diſgeſt things rightly,
Touching the Weale a'th Common, you ſhall finde
No publique benefit which you receiue
But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,
And no way from your ſelues. What do you thinke?
You, the great Toe of this Aſſembly?
2.Cit. I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?
Men. For that being one o'th loweſt, baſeſt, pooreſt
Of this moſt wiſe Rebellion, thou goeſt formoſt:
Thou Raſcall, that art worſt in blood to run,
Lead'ſt firſt to win ſome vantage.
But make you ready your ſtiffe bats and clubs,
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battell,
The one ſide muſt haue baile.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayle, Noble *Martius.*
Mar. Thanks. What's the matter you diſſentious rogues
That rubbing the poore Itch of your Opinion,
Make your ſelues Scabs.
2.Cit. We haue euer your good word.
Mar. He that will giue good words to thee, wil flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you haue, you Curres,
That like nor Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,
Where he ſhould finde you Lyons, findes you Hares:
Where Foxes, Geeſe you are: No ſurer, no,
Then is the coale of fire vpon the Ice,
Or Hailſtone in the Sun. Your Vertue is,
To make him worthy, whoſe offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that Iuſtice did it. Who deſerues Greatnes,
Deſerues your Hate: and your Affections are
A ſickmans Appetite; who deſires moſt that
Which would encreaſe his euill. He that depends
Vpon your fauours, ſwimmes with finnes of Leade,
And hewes downe Oakes, with ruſhes. Hang ye: truſt ye?
With euery Minute you do change a Minde,
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:
Him vilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter,
That in theſe ſeuerall places of the Citie,
You cry againſt the Noble Senate, who
(Vnder the Gods) keepe you in awe, which elſe
Would feede on one another? What's their ſeeking?
Men. For Corne at their owne rates, wherof they ſay
The Citie is well ſtor'd.
Mar. Hang 'em: They ſay?
They'l ſit by th'fire, and preſume to know
What's done i'th Capitoll: Who's like to riſe,
Who thriues, & who declines: Side factions, & giue out
Coniecturall Marriages, making parties ſtrong,
And feebling ſuch as ſtand not in their liking,
Below their cobled Shooes. They ſay ther's grain enough?
Would the Nobility lay aſide their ruth,
And let me vſe my Sword, I'de make a Quarrie
With thouſands of theſe quarter'd ſlaues, as high
As I could picke my Lance.
Menen. Nay theſe are almoſt thoroughly perſwaded:
For though abundantly they lacke diſcretion
Yet are they paſsing Cowardly. But I beſeech you,
What ſayes the other Troope?
Mar. They are diſſolu'd: Hang em;
They ſaid they were an hungry, ſigh'd forth Prouerbes
That Hunger-broke ſtone wals: that dogges muſt eate
That meate was made for mouths. That the gods ſent not
Corne for the Richmen onely: With theſe ſhreds
They vented their Complainings, which being anſwer'd
And a petition granted them, a ſtrange one,
To breake the heart of generoſity,
And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the hornes a'th Moone,
Shooting their Emulation.
Menen. What is graunted them?
Mar. Fiue Tribunes to defend their vulgar wiſdoms
Of their owne choice. One's *Iunius Brutus,*
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. Sdeath,

The rabble ſhould haue firſt vnroo'ſt the City
Ere ſo preuayl'd with me; it will in time
Win vpon power, and throw forth greater Theames
For Inſurrections arguing.
Menen. This is ſtrange.
Mar. Go get you home you Fragments.

Enter a Meſſenger haſtily.

Meſſ. Where's *Caius Martius?*
Mar. Heere: what's the matter?
Meſ. The newes is ſir, the Volcies are in Armes.
Mar. I am glad on't, then we ſhall ha meanes to vent
Our muſtie ſuperfluity. See our beſt Elders.

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Annius Brutus Cominius, Titus Lartius, with other Senatours.

1.Sen. *Martius* 'tis true, that you haue lately told vs,
The Volces are in Armes.
Mar. They haue a Leader,
Tullus Auffidius that will put you too't:
I ſinne in enuying his Nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wiſh me onely he.
Com. You haue fought together?
Mar. Were halfe to halfe the world by th'eares, & he
vpon my partie, I'de reuolt to make
Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion
That I am proud to hunt.
1.Sen. Then worthy *Martius,*
Attend vpon *Cominius* to theſe Warres.
Com. It is your former promiſe.
Mar. Sir it is,
And I am conſtant: *Titus Lucius,* thou
Shalt ſee me once more ſtrike at *Tullus* face.
What art thou ſtiffe? Stand'ſt out?
Tit. No *Caius Martius,*
Ile leane vpon one Crutch, and fight with tother,
Ere ſtay behinde this Buſineſſe.
Men. Oh true-bred.
Sen. Your Company to'th'Capitoll, where I know
Our greateſt Friends attend vs.
Tit. Lead you on: Follow *Cominius,* we muſt followe you, right worthy you Priority.
Com. Noble *Martius.*
Sen. Hence to your homes, be gone.
Mar. Nay let them follow,
The Volces haue much Corne: take theſe Rats thither,
To gnaw their Garners. Worſhipfull Mutiners,
Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow. *Exeunt.*

Citizens ſteale away. Manet Sicin. & Brutus.

Sicin. Was euer man ſo proud as is this *Martius?*
Bru. He has no equall.
Sicin. When we were choſen Tribunes for the people.
Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes.
Sicin. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mou'd, he will not ſpare to gird the Gods.
Sicin. Bemocke the modeſt Moone.
Bru. The preſent Warres deuoure him, he is growne
Too proud to be ſo valiant.
Sicin. Such a Nature, tickled with good ſucceſſe, diſdaines the ſhadow which he treads on at noone, but I do wonder, his inſolence can brooke to be commanded vnder *Cominius?*
Bru. Fame, at the which he aymes,
In whom already he's well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd then by
A place below the firſt: for what miſcarries
Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe
To th'vtmoſt of a man, and giddy cenſure
Will then cry out of *Martius:* Oh, if he
Had borne the buſineſſe.
Sicin. Beſides, if things go well,
Opinion that ſo ſtickes on *Martius,* ſhall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius.*
Bru. Come: halfe all *Cominius* Honors are to *Martius*
Though *Martius* earn'd them not: and all his faults
To *Martius* ſhall be Honors, though indeed
In ought he merit not.
Sicin. Let's hence, and heare
How the diſpatch is made, and in what faſhion
More then his ſingularity, he goes
Vpon this preſent Action.
Bru. Let's along. *Exeunt*

Enter Tullus Auffidius with Senators of Coriolus.

1.Sen. So, your opinion is *Auffidius,*
That they of Rome are entred in our Counſailes,
And know how we proceede,
Auf. Is it not yours?
What euer haue bin thought one in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome
Had circumuention: 'tis not foure dayes gone
Since I heard thence, theſe are the words, I thinke
I haue the Letter heere: yes, heere it is;
They haue preſt a Power, but it is not knowne
Whether for Eaſt or Weſt: the Dearth is great,
The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Martius. your old Enemy
(Who is of Rome worſe hated then of you)
And *Titus Lartius,* a moſt valiant Roman,
Theſe three leade on this Preparation
Whether 'tis bent: moſt likely, 'tis for you:
Conſider of it.
1.Sen. Our Armie's in the Field:
We neuer yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To anſwer vs.
Auf. Nor did you thinke it folly,
To keepe your great pretences vayl'd, till when
They needs muſt ſhew themſelues, which in the hatching
It ſeem'd appear'd to Rome. By the diſcouery,
We ſhalbe ſhortned in our ayme, which was
To take in many Townes, ere (almoſt) Rome
Should know we were a-foot.
2.Sen. Noble *Auffidius,*
Take your Commiſſion, hye you to your Bands,
Let vs alone to guard *Corioles*
If they ſet downe before's: for the remoue
Bring vp your Army: but (I thinke) you'l finde
Th'haue not prepar'd for vs.
Auf. O doubt not that,
I ſpeake from Certainties. Nay more,
Some parcels of their Power are forth already,
And onely hitherward. I leaue your Honors.
If we, and *Caius Martius* chance to meete,
'Tis ſworne betweene vs, we ſhall euer ſtrike
Till one can do no more.
All. The Gods aſsiſt you.
Auf. And keepe your Honors ſafe.
1.Sen. Farewell.
2.Sen. Farewell.
All. Farewell. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, mother and wife to Martius: They ſet them downe on two lowe ſtooles and ſowe.

Volum. I pray you daughter ſing, or expreſſe your ſelfe in a more comfortable ſort: If my Sonne were my Huſband, I ſhould freelier reioyce in that abſence wherein he wonne Honor, then in the embracements of his Bed, where he would ſhew moſt loue. When yet hee was but tender-bodied, and the onely Sonne of my womb; when youth with comelineſſe pluck'd all gaze his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a Mother ſhould not ſel him an houre from her beholding; I conſidering how Honour would become ſuch a perſon, that it was no better then Picture-like to hang by th'wall, if renowne made it not ſtirre, was pleas'd to let him ſeeke danger, where he was like to finde fame: To a cruell Warre I ſent him, from whence he return'd, his browes bound with Oake. I tell thee Daughter, I ſprang not more in ioy at firſt hearing he was a Man-child, then now in firſt ſeeing he had proued himſelfe a man.

Virg. But had he died in the Buſineſſe Madame, how then?

Volum. Then his good report ſhould haue beene my Sonne, I therein would haue found iſſue. Heare me profeſſe ſincerely, had I a dozen ſons each in my loue alike, and none leſſe deere then thine, and my good *Martius*, I had rather had eleuen dye Nobly for their Countrey, then one voluptuouſly ſurfet out of Action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to viſit you.

Virg. Beſeech you giue me leaue to retire my ſelfe.

Volum. Indeed you ſhall not:
Me thinkes, I heare hither your Husbands Drumme:
See him plucke *Auffidius* downe by th'haire:
(As children from a Beare) the *Volces* ſhunning him:
Me thinkes I ſee him ſtampe thus, and call thus,
Come on you Cowards, you were got in feare
Though you were borne in Rome; his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand, then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a Harueſt man, that task'd to mowe
Or all, or looſe his hyre.

Virg. His bloody Brow? Oh Iupiter, no blood.

Volum. Away you Foole; it more becomes a man
Then gilt his Trophe. The breſts of *Hecuba*
When ſhe did ſuckle *Hector*, look'd not louelier
Then *Hectors* forhead, when it ſpit forth blood
At Grecian ſword. *Contenning*, tell *Valeria*
We are fit to bid her welcome. *Exit Gent.*

Vir. Heauens bleſſe my Lord from fell *Auffidius*.

Vol, Hee'l beat *Auffidius* head below his knee,
And treade vpon his necke.

Enter Valeria with an Vſher, and a Gentlewoman.

Val. My Ladies both good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam.

Vir. I am glad to ſee your Ladyſhip.

Val. How do you both? You are manifeſt houſe-keepers. What are you ſowing heere? A fine ſpotte in good faith. How does your little Sonne?

Vir. I thanke your Lady-ſhip: Well good Madam.

Vol. He had rather ſee the ſwords, and heare a Drum, then looke vpon his Schoolmaſter.

Val. A my word the Fathers Sonne: Ile ſweare 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth, I look'd vpon him a Wenſday halfe an houre together: ha's ſuch a confirm'd countenance. I ſaw him run after a gilded Butterfly, & when he caught it, he let it go againe, and after it againe, and ouer and ouer he comes, and vp againe: catcht it again: or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, hee did ſo ſet his teeth, and teare it. Oh, I warrant how he mammockt it.

Vol. One on's Fathers moods.

Val. Indeed la, tis a Noble childe.

Virg. A Cracke Madam.

Val. Come, lay aſide your ſtitchery, I muſt haue you play the idle Huſwife with me this afternoone.

Virg. No (good Madam)
I will not out of doores.

Val. Not out of doores?

Volum. She ſhall, ſhe ſhall.

Virg. Indeed no, by your patience; Ile not ouer the threſhold, till my Lord returne from the Warres.

Val. Fye, you confine your ſelfe moſt vnreaſonably: Come, you muſt go viſit the good Lady that lies in.

Virg. I will wiſh her ſpeedy ſtrength, and viſite her with my prayers: but I cannot go thither.

Volum. Why I pray you.

Vlug. 'Tis not to ſaue labour, nor that I want loue.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*: yet they ſay, all the yearne ſhe ſpun in *Vliſſes* abſence, did but fill *Athica* full of Mothes. Come, I would your Cambrick were ſenſible as your finger, that you might leaue pricking it for pitie. Come you ſhall go with vs.

Vir. No good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not foorth.

Val. In truth la go with me, and Ile tell you excellent newes of your Husband.

Virg. Oh good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not ieſt with you: there came newes from him laſt night.

Vir. Indeed Madam.

Val. In earneſt it's true; I heard a Senatour ſpeake it. Thus it is: the Volcies haue an Army forth, againſt whō *Cominius* the Generall is gone, with one part of our Romane power. Your Lord, and *Titus Lartius*, are ſet down before their Citie *Carioles*, they nothing doubt preuailing, and to make it breefe Warres. This is true on mine Honor, and ſo I pray go with vs.

Virg. Giue me excuſe good Madame, I will obey you in euery thing heereafter.

Vol. Let her alone Ladie, as ſhe is now:
She will but diſeaſe our better mirth.

Valeria. In troth I thinke ſhe would:
Fare you well then. Come good ſweet Ladie.
Prythee *Virgilia* turne thy ſolemneſſe out a doore,
And go along with vs.

Virgil. No
At a word Madam; Indeed I muſt not,
I wiſh you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. *Exeunt Ladies*

Enter Martius, Titus Lartius, with Drumme and Colours, with Captaines and Souldiers, as before the City Corialus: to them a Meſſenger.

Martius. Yonder comes Newes:
A Wager they haue met.

Lar. My horſe to yours, no.

Mar. Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, ha's our Generall met the Enemy?

Meſ. They lye in view, but haue not ſpoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good Horſe is mine.

Mart. Ile buy him of you.

Lart. No, Ile nor ſel, nor giue him: Lend you him I will
For halfe a hundred yeares: Summon the Towne.

Mar. How farre off lie theſe Armies?

Meſ. Within this mile and halfe.

Mar. Then ſhall we heare their Larum, & they Ours.
Now Mars, I prythee make vs quicke in worke,
That we with ſmoaking ſwords may march from hence
To helpe our fielded Friends. Come, blow thy blaſt.

They Sound a Parley: Enter two Senators with others on the Walles of Corialus.

Tullus Auffidious, is he within your Walles?

1. Senat. No, nor a man that feares you leſſe then he,
That's leſſer then a little: *Drum a farre off.*
Hearke, our Drummes
Are bringing forth our youth: Wee'l breake our Walles
Rather then they ſhall pound vs vp our Gates,
Which yet ſeeme ſhut, we haue but pin'd with Ruſhes,
They'le open of themſelues. Harke you, farre off
Alarum farre off.
There is *Auffidious*. Liſt what worke he makes
Among'ſt your clouen Army.

Mart. Oh they are at it.

Lart. Their noiſe be our inſtruction. Ladders hoa.

Enter the Army of the Volces.

Mar. They feare vs not, but iſſue forth their Citie.
Now put your Shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proofe then Shields.
Aduance braue *Titus*,
They do diſdaine vs much beyond our Thoughts,
which makes me ſweat with wrath. Come on my fellows
He that retires, Ile take him for a *Volce*,
And he ſhall feele mine edge.

Alarum, the Romans are beat back to their Trenches
Enter Martius Curſing.

Mar. All the contagion of the South, light on you,
You Shames of Rome: you Heard of Byles and Plagues
Plaiſter you o're, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther then ſeene, and one infect another
Againſt the Winde a mile: you ſoules of Geeſe,
That beare the ſhapes of men, how haue you run
From Slaues, that Apes would beate; *Pluto* and Hell,
All hurt behinde, backes red, and faces pale
With flight and agued feare, mend and charge home,
Or by the fires of heauen, Ile leaue the Foe,
And make my Warres on you: Looke too't: Come on,
If you'l ſtand faſt, wee'l beate them to their Wiues,
As they vs to our Trenches followes.

Another Alarum, and Martius followes them to gates, and is ſhut in.

So, now the gates are ope: now proue good Seconds,
'Tis for the followers Fortune, widens them,
Not for the flyers: Marke me, and do the like.

Enter the Gati.

1. Sol. Foole-hardineſſe, not I.

2. Sol. Nor I.

1. Sol. See they haue ſhut him in. *Alarum continues*

All. To th'pot I warrant him. *Enter Titus Lartius*

Tit. What is become of *Martius*?

All. Slaine (Sir) doubtleſſe.

1. Sol. Following the Flyers at the very heeles,
With them he enters: who vpon the ſodaine
Clapt to their Gates, he is himſelfe alone,
To anſwer all the City.

Lar. Oh Noble Fellow!
Who ſenſibly out-dares his ſenceleſſe Sword,
And when it bowes, ſtand'ſt vp: Thou art left *Martius*,
A Carbuncle intire: as big as thou art
Weare not ſo rich a Iewell. Thou was't a Souldier
Euen to *Calues* wiſh, not fierce and terrible
Onely in ſtrokes, but with thy grim lookes, and
The Thunder-like percuſſion of thy ſounds
Thou mad'ſt thine enemies ſhake, as if the World
Were Feauorous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding, aſſaulted by the Enemy.

1. Sol. Looke Sir.

Lar. O 'tis *Martius*.
Let's fetch him off, or make remaine alike.

They fight, and all enter the City.

Enter certaine Romanes with ſpoiles.

1. Rom. This will I carry to *Rome*.

2. Rom. And I this.

3. Rom. A Murrain on't, I tooke this for Siluer. *exeunt.*

Alarum continues ſtill a-farre off.

Enter Martius, and Titus with a Trumpet.

Mar. See heere theſe mouers, that do prize their hours
At a crack'd Drachme: Cuſhions, Leaden Spoones,
Irons of a Doit, Dublets that Hangmen would
Bury with thoſe that wore them. Theſe baſe ſlaues,
Ere yet the fight be done, packe vp, downe with them.
And harke, what noyſe the Generall makes: To him
There is the man of my ſoules hate, *Auffidious*,
Piercing our Romanes: Then Valiant *Titus* take
Conuenient Numbers to make good the City,
Whil'ſt I with thoſe that haue the ſpirit, wil haſte
To helpe *Cominius*:

Lar. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'ſt,
Thy exerciſe hath bin too violent,
For a ſecond courſe of Fight.

Mar. Sir, praiſe me not:
My worke hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood I drop, is rather Phyſicall
Then dangerous to me: To *Auffidious* thus, I will appear

Lar. Now the faire Goddeſſe Fortune, (and fight.
Fall deepe in loue with thee, and her great charmes
Miſguide thy Oppoſers ſwords, Bold Gentleman:
Proſperity be thy Page.

Mar. Thy Friend no leſſe,
Then thoſe ſhe placeth higheſt: So farewell.

Lar. Thou worthieſt *Martius*,
Go ſound thy Trumpet in the Market place,
Call thither all the Officers a'th'Towne,
Where they ſhall know our minde. Away. *Exeunt*

Enter Cominius as it were in retire, with ſoldiers.

Com. Breath you my friends, wel fought, we are come
Like Romans, neither fooliſh in our ſtands, (off,
Nor Cowardly in retyre: Beleeue me Sirs,
We ſhall be charg'd againe. Whiles we haue ſtrooke
By Interims and conueying guſts, we haue heard
The Charges of our Friends. The Roman Gods,
Leade their ſucceſſes, as we wiſh our owne,
That both our powers, with ſmiling Fronts encountring,
May giue you thankfull Sacrifice. Thy Newes?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Cittizens of *Corioles* haue yſſued,
And giuen to *Lartius* and to *Martius* Battaile:

I ſaw our party to their Trenches driuen,
And then I came away.
Com. Though thou ſpeakeſt truth,
Me thinkes thou ſpeak'ſt not well. How long is't ſince?
Meſ. Aboue an houre, my Lord.
Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefely we heard their drummes.
How could'ſt thou in a mile confound an houre,
And bring thy Newes ſo late?
Meſ. Spies of the *Volces*
Held me in chace, that I was forc'd to wheele
Three or foure miles about, elſe had I ſir
Halfe an houre ſince brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Whoſe yonder,
That doe's appeare as he were Flead? O Gods,
He has the ſtampe of *Martius*, and I haue
Before time ſeene him thus.
Mar. Come I too late?
Com. The Shepherd knowes not Thunder frõ a Taber,
More then I know the ſound of *Martius* Tongue
From euery meaner man.
Martius. Come I too late?
Com. I, if you come not in the blood of others,'
But mantled in your owne.
Mart. Oh! let me clip ye
In Armes as ſound, as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry, as when our Nuptiall day was done,
And Tapers burnt to Bedward.
Com. Flower of Warriors, how is't with *Titus Lartius*?
Mar. As with a man buſied about Decrees:
Condemning ſome to death, and ſome to exile,
Ranſoming him, or pittying, threatning th'other;
Holding *Corioles* in the name of Rome,
Euen like a fawning Grey-hound in the Leaſh,
To let him ſlip at will.
Com. Where is that Slaue
Which told me they had beate you to your Trenches?
Where is he? Call him hither.
Mar. Let him alone,
He did informe the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague-Tribunes for them)
The Mouſe ne're ſhunn'd the Cat, as they did budge
From Raſcals worſe then they.
Com. But how preuail'd you?
Mar. Will the time ſerue to tell, I do not thinke:
Where is the enemy? Are you Lords a'th Field?
If not, why ceaſe you till you are ſo?
Com. *Martius*, we haue at diſaduantage fought,
And did retyre to win our purpoſe.
Mar. How lies their Battell? Know you on ỽ ſide
They haue plac'd their men of truſt?
Com. As I gueſſe *Martius*,
Their Bands i'th Vaward are the Antients
Of their beſt truſt: O're them *Auffidious*,
Their very heart of Hope.
Mar. I do beſeech you,
By all the Battailes wherein we haue fought,
By th'Blood we haue ſhed together,
By th'Vowes we haue made
To endure Friends, that you directly ſet me
Againſt *Affidious*, and his *Antiats*,
And that you not delay the preſent (but
Filling the aire with Swords aduanc'd) and Darts,
We proue this very houre.
Com. Though I could wiſh,
You were conducted to a gentle Bath,
And Balmes applyed to you, yet dare I neuer
Deny your asking, take your choice of thoſe
That beſt can ayde your action.
Mar. Thoſe are they
That moſt are willing; if any ſuch be heere,
(As it were ſinne to doubt) that loue this painting
Wherein you ſee me ſmear'd, if any feare
Leſſen his perſon, then an ill report:
If any thinke, braue death out-weighes bad life,
And that his Countries deerer then himſelfe,
Let him alone: Or ſo many ſo minded,
Waue thus to expreſſe his diſpoſition,
And follow *Martius*.

They all ſhout and waue their ſwords, take him vp in their Armes, and caſt vp their Caps.

Oh me alone, make you a ſword of me:
If theſe ſhewes be not outward, which of you
But is foure *Volces*? None of you, but is
Able to beare againſt the great *Auffidious*
A Shield, as hard as his. A certaine number
(Though thankes to all) muſt I ſelect from all:
The reſt ſhall beare the buſineſſe in ſome other fight
(As cauſe will be obey'd:) pleaſe you to March,
And foure ſhall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are beſt inclin'd.
Com. March on my Fellowes:
Make good this oſtentation, and you ſhall
Diuide in all, with vs.
Exeunt

Titus Lartius, hauing ſet a guard vpon Carioles, going with Drum and Trumpet toward Cominius, and Caius Martius, Enters with a Lieutenant, other Souldiours, and a Scout.

Lar. So, let the Ports be guarded; keepe your Duties
As I haue ſet them downe. If I do ſend, diſpatch
Thoſe Centuries to our ayd, the reſt will ſerue
For a ſhort holding, if we looſe the Field,
We cannot keepe the Towne.
Lieu. Feare not our care Sir.
Lart. Hence; and ſhut your gates vpon's:
Our Guider come, to th'Roman Campe conduct vs. *Exit*
Alarum, as in Battaile.

Enter Martius and Auffidius at ſeueral doores.

Mar. Ile fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worſe then a Promiſe-breaker.
Auffid. We hate alike:
Not Affricke ownes a Serpent I abhorre
More then thy Fame and Enuy: Fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the firſt Budger dye the others Slaue,
And the Gods doome him after.
Auf. If I flye *Martius*, hollow me like a Hare.
Mar. Within theſe three houres *Tullus*
Alone I fought in your *Corioles* walles,
And made what worke I pleas'd: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou ſeeſt me maskt, for thy Reuenge
Wrench vp thy power to th'higheſt.
Auf. Wer't thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou ſhould'ſt not ſcape me heere.

Heere they fight, and certaine Volces come in the ayde of Auffi. Martius fights til they be driuen in breathles.

Officious and not valiant, you haue ſham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.
Flouriſh.

Flouriſh. Alarum. A Retreat is ſounded. Enter at one Doore Cominius, with the Romanes: At another Doore Martius, with his Arme in a Scarfe.

Com. If I ſhould tell thee o're this thy dayes Worke,
Thou't not beleeue thy deeds: but Ile report it,
Where Senators ſhall mingle teares with ſmiles,
Where great Patricians ſhall attend, and ſhrug,
I'th'end admire: where Ladies ſhall be frighted,
And gladly quak'd, heare more: where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fuſtie Plebeans, hate thine Honors,
Shall ſay againſt their hearts, We thanke the Gods
Our Rome hath ſuch a Souldier.
Yet cam'ſt thou to a Morſell of this Feaſt,
Hauing fully din'd before.

Enter Titus with his Power, from the Purſuit.

Titus Lartius. Oh Generall:
Here is the Steed, wee the Capariſon:
Hadſt thou beheld——
Martius. Pray now, no more:
My Mother, who ha's a Charter to extoll her Bloud,
When ſhe do's prayſe me, grieues me:
I haue done as you haue done, that's what I can,
Induc'd as you haue beene, that's for my Countrey:
He that ha's but effected his good will,
Hath ouerta'ne mine Act.
Com. You ſhall not be the Graue of your deſeruing,
Rome muſt know the value of her owne:
'Twere a Concealement worſe then a Theft,
No leſſe then a Traducement,
To hide your doings, and to ſilence that,
Which to the ſpire, and top of prayſes vouch'd,
Would ſeeme but modeſt: therefore I beſeech you,
In ſigne of what you are, not to reward
What you haue done, before our Armie heare me.
Martius. I haue ſome Wounds vpon me, and they ſmart
To heare themſelues remembred.
Com. Should they not:
Well might they feſter 'gainſt Ingratitude,
And tent themſelues with death: of all the Horſes,
Whereof we haue ta'ne good, and good ſtore of all,
The Treaſure in this field atchieued, and Citie,
We render you the Tenth, to be ta'ne forth,
Before the common diſtribution,
At your onely choyſe.
Martius. I thanke you Generall:
But cannot make my heart conſent to take
A Bribe, to pay my Sword: I doe refuſe it,
And ſtand vpon my common part with thoſe,
That haue beheld the doing.

A long flouriſh. They all cry, Martius, Martius, caſt vp their Caps and Launces: Cominius and Lartius ſtand bare.

Mar. May theſe ſame Inſtruments, which you prophane,
Neuer ſound more: when Drums and Trumpets ſhall
I'th'field proue flatterers, let Courts and Cities be
Made all of falſe-fac'd ſoothing:
When Steele growes ſoft, as the Paraſites Silke,
Let him be made an Ouerture for th' Warres:
No more I ſay, for that I haue not waſh'd
My Noſe that bled, or foyl'd ſome debile Wretch,
Which without note, here's many elſe haue done,
You ſhoot me forth in acclamations hyperbolicall,
As if I lou'd my little ſhould be dieted
In prayſes, ſawc'ſt with Lyes.
Com. Too modeſt are you:
More cruell to your good report, then gratefull
To vs, that giue you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainſt your ſelfe you be incens'd, wee'le put you
(Like one that meanes his proper harme) in Manacles,
Then reaſon ſafely with you: Therefore be it knowne,
As to vs, to all the World, That *Caius Martius*
Weares this Warres Garland: in token of the which,
My Noble Steed, knowne to the Campe, I giue him,
With all his trim belonging; and from this time,
For what he did before *Corioles*, call him,
With all th'applauſe and Clamor of the Hoaſt,
Marcus Caius Coriolanus. Beare th'addition Nobly euer?

Flouriſh. Trumpets ſound, and Drums.

Omnes. *Marcus Caius Coriolanus.*
Martius. I will goe waſh:
And when my Face is faire, you ſhall perceiue
Whether I bluſh, or no: howbeit, I thanke you,
I meane to ſtride your Steed, and at all times
To vnder-creſt your good Addition,
To th'faireneſſe of my power.
Com. So, to our Tent:
Where ere we doe repoſe vs, we will write
To Rome of our ſucceſſe: you *Titus Lartius*
Muſt to *Corioles* backe, ſend vs to Rome
The beſt, with whom we may articulate,
For their owne good, and ours.
Lartius. I ſhall, my Lord.
Martius. The Gods begin to mocke me:
I that now refus'd moſt Princely gifts,
Am bound to begge of my Lord Generall.
Com. Tak't, 'tis yours: what is't?
Martius. I ſometime lay here in *Corioles*,
At a poore mans houſe: he vs'd me kindly,
He cry'd to me: I ſaw him Priſoner:
But then *Auffidius* was within my view,
And Wrath o're-whelm'd my pittie: I requeſt you
To giue my poore Hoſt freedome.
Com. Oh well begg'd:
Were he the Butcher of my Sonne, he ſhould
Be free, as is the Winde: deliuer him, *Titus*.
Lartius. *Martius*, his Name.
Martius. By *Iupiter* forgot:
I am wearie, yea, my memorie is tyr'd:
Haue we no Wine here?
Com. Goe we to our Tent:
The bloud vpon your Viſage dryes, 'tis time
It ſhould be lookt too: come.
Exeunt.

A flouriſh. Cornets. Enter Tullus Auffidius bloudie, with two or three Souldiors.

Auffi. The Towne is ta'ne.
Sould. 'Twill be deliuer'd backe on good Condition.
Auffid. Condition?
I would I were a Roman, for I cannot,
Being a *Volce*, be that I am. Condition?
What good Condition can a Treatie finde
I'th'part that is at mercy? fiue times, *Martius*,
I haue fought with thee; ſo often haſt thou beat me:
And would'ſt doe ſo, I thinke, ſhould we encounter

As often as we eate. By th'Elements,
If ere againe I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his : Mine Emulation
Hath not that Honor in't it had : For where
I thought to cruſh him in an equall Force,
True Sword to Sword : Ile potche at him ſome way,
Or Wrath, or Craft may get him.

Sol. He's the diuell.

Auf. Bolder, though not ſo ſubtle: my valors poiſon'd,
With onely ſuff'ring ſtaine by him : for him
Shall flye out of it ſelfe, nor ſleepe, nor ſanctuary,
Being naked, ſicke; nor Phane, nor Capitoll,
The Prayers of Prieſts, nor times of Sacrifice:
Embarquements all of Fury, ſhall lift vp
Their rotten Priuiledge, and Cuſtome 'gainſt
My hate to *Martius*. Where I finde him, were it
At home, vpon my Brothers Guard, euen there
Againſt the hoſpitable Canon, would I
Waſh my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th'Citie,
Learne how 'tis held, and what they are that muſt
Be Hoſtages for Rome.

Soul. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the Cyprus groue. I pray you
('Tis South the City Mils) bring me word thither
How the world goes : that to the pace of it
I may ſpurre on my iourney.

Soul. I ſhall ſir.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Menenius with the two Tribunes of the people, Sicinius & Brutus.

Men. The Agurer tels me, wee ſhall haue Newes to night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they loue not *Martius*.

Sicin. Nature teaches Beaſts to know their Friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the Wolfe loue?

Sicin. The Lambe.

Men. I, to deuour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the Noble *Martius*.

Bru. He's a Lambe indeed, that baes like a Beare.

Men. Hee's a Beare indeede, that liues like a Lambe. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I ſhall aske you.

Both. Well ſir.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poore in, that you two haue not in abundance?

Bru. He's poore in no one fault, but ſtor'd withall.

Sicin. Eſpecially in Pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boaſting.

Men. This is ſtrange now : Do you two know, how you are cenſured heere in the City, I mean of vs a'th'right hand File, do you?

Both. Why? ho ware we cenſur'd?

Men. Becauſe you talke of Pride now, will you not be angry.

Both. Well, well ſir, well.

Men. Why 'tis no great matter : for a very little theefe of Occaſion, will rob you of a great deale of Patience : Giue your diſpoſitions the reines, and bee angry at your pleaſures (at the leaſt) if you take it as a pleaſure to you, in being ſo : you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Brut. We do it not alone, ſir.

Men. I know you can doe very little alone, for your helpes are many, or elſe your actions would growe wondrous ſingle : your abilities are to Infant-like, for dooing much alone. You talke of Pride: Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the Napes of your neckes, and make but an Interiour ſuruey of your good ſelues. Oh that you could.

Both. What then ſir?

Men. Why then you ſhould diſcouer a brace of vnmeriting, proud, violent, teſtie Magiſtrates (alias Fooles) as any in Rome.

Sicin. *Menenius*, you are knowne well enough too.

Men. I am knowne to be a humorous *Patritian*, and one that loues a cup of hot Wine, with not a drop of alaying Tiber in't : Said, to be ſomething imperfect in fauouring the firſt complaint, haſty and Tinder-like vppon, to triuiall motion : One, that conuerſes more with the Buttocke of the night, then with the forhead of the morning. What I think, I vtter, and ſpend my malice in my breath. Meeting two ſuch Weales men as you are (I cannot call you *Licurguſſes*,) if the drinke you giue me, touch my Palat aduerſly, I make a crooked face at it, I can ſay, your Worſhippes haue deliuer'd the matter well, when I finde the Aſſe in compound, with the Maior part of your ſyllables. And though I muſt be content to beare with thoſe, that ſay you are reuerend graue men, yet they lye deadly, that tell you haue good faces, if you ſee this in the Map of my Microcoſme, followes it that I am knowne well enough too? What harme can your beeſome Conſpectuities gleane out of this Charracter, if I be knowne well enough too.

Bru. Come ſir come, we know you well enough.

Menen. You know neither mee, your ſelues, nor any thing : you are ambitious, for poore knaues cappes and legges : you weare out a good wholeſome Forenoone, in hearing a cauſe betweene an Orendge wife, and a Forſetſeller, and then reiourne the Controuerſie of three-pence to a ſecond day of Audience. When you are hearing a matter betweene party and party, if you chaunce to bee pinch'd with the Collicke, you make faces like Mummers, ſet vp the bloodie Flagge againſt all Patience, and in roaring for a Chamber-pot, diſmiſſe the Controuerſie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing : All the peace you make in their Cauſe, is calling both the parties Knaues. You are a payre of ſtrange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well vnderſtood to bee a perfecter gyber for the Table, then a neceſſary Bencher in the Capitoll.

Men. Our very Prieſts muſt become Mockers, if they ſhall encounter ſuch ridiculous Subiects as you are, when you ſpeake beſt vnto the purpoſe. It is not woorth the wagging of your Beards, and your Beards deſerue not ſo honourable a graue, as to ſtuffe a Botchers Cuſhion, or to be intomb'd in an Aſſes Packe-ſaddle; yet you muſt bee ſaying, *Martius* is proud : who in a cheape eſtimation, is worth all your predeceſſors, ſince *Deucalion*, though peraduenture ſome of the beſt of 'em were hereditarie hangmen. Godden to your Worſhips, more of your conuerſation would infect my Braine, being the Heardſmen of the Beaſtly Plebeans. I will be bold to take my leaue of you.

Bru. and Scic. *Aſide.*

Enter Volumina, Virgilia, and Valeria.

How now (my as faire as Noble) Ladyes, and the Moone were ſhee Earthly, no Nobler; whither doe you follow your Eyes ſo faſt?

Volum. Honorable *Menenius*, my Boy *Martius* approches : for the loue of *Iuno* let's goe.

Menen. Ha? *Martius* comming home?

Volum. I, worthy *Menenius*, and with moſt proſperous approbation.

Menen. Take my Cappe *Iupiter*, and I thanke thee : hoo, *Martius* comming home?

2. Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Volum. Looke, here's a Letter from him, the State hath another, his Wife another, and (I thinke) there's one at home for you.

Menen. I will make my very houſe reele to night : A Letter for me?

Virgil. Yes certaine, there's a Letter for you, I ſaw't.

Menen. A Letter for me? it giues me an Eſtate of ſeuen yeeres health; in which time, I will make a Lippe at the Phyſician: The moſt ſoueraigne Preſcription in *Galen*, is but Emperickqutique; and to this Preſeruatiue, of no better report then a Horſe-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded?

Virgil. Oh no, no, no.

Volum. Oh, he is wounded, I thanke the Gods for't.

Menen. So doe I too, if it be not too much : brings a Victorie in his Pocket? the wounds become him.

Volum. On's Browes : *Menenius*, hee comes the third time home with the Oaken Garland.

Menen. Ha's he diſciplin'd *Auffidius* ſoundly?

Volum. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Auffidius* got off.

Menen. And 'twas time for him too, Ile warrant him that : and he had ſtay'd by him, I would not haue been ſo fiddious'd, for all the Cheſts in Carioles, and the Gold that's in them. Is the Senate poſſeſt of this?

Volum. Good Ladies let's goe. Yes, yes, yes : The Senate ha's Letters from the Generall, wherein hee giues my Sonne the whole Name of the Warre : he hath in this action out-done his former deeds doubly.

Valer. In troth, there's wondrous things ſpoke of him.

Menen. Wondrous : I, I warrant you, and not without his true purchaſing.

Virgil. The Gods graunt them true.

Volum. True? pow waw.

Mene. True? Ile be ſworne they are true : where is hee wounded, God ſaue your good Worſhips? *Martius* is comming home : hee ha's more cauſe to be prowd : where is he wounded?

Volum. Ith' Shoulder, and ith' left Arme : there will be large Cicatrices to ſhew the People, when hee ſhall ſtand for his place : he receiued in the repulſe of *Tarquin* ſeuen hurts ith' Body.

Mene. One ith' Neck, and two ith' Thigh, there's nine that I know.

Volum. Hee had, before this laſt Expedition, twentie fiue Wounds vpon him.

Mene. Now it's twentie ſeuen; euery gaſh was an Enemies Graue. Hearke, the Trumpets.

A ſhowt, and flouriſh.

Volum. Theſe are the Vſhers of *Martius* :
Before him, hee carryes Noyſe;
And behinde him, hee leaues Teares :
Death, that darke Spirit, in's neruie Arme doth lye,
Which being aduanc'd, declines, and then men dye.

A Sennet. Trumpets ſound.
Enter Cominius the Generall, and Titus Latius : betweene them Coriolanus, crown'd with an Oaken Garland, with Captaines and Souldiers, and a Herauld.

Herauld. Know Rome, that all alone *Martius* did fight
Within Corioles Gates : where he hath wonne,
With Fame, a Name to *Martius Caius* :
Theſe in honor followes *Martius Caius Coriolanus*.
Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Sound. Flouriſh.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Coriol. No more of this, it does offend my heart: pray now no more.

Com. Looke, Sir, your Mother.

Coriol. Oh! you haue, I know, petition'd all the Gods for my proſperitie. *Kneeles.*

Volum. Nay, my good Souldier, vp :
My gentle *Martius*, worthy *Caius*,
And by deed-atchieuing Honor newly nam'd,
What is it (*Coriolanus*) muſt I call thee?
But oh, thy Wife.

Corio. My gracious ſilence, hayle :
Would'ſt thou haue laugh'd, had I come Coffin'd home,
That weep'ſt to ſee me triumph? Ah my deare,
Such eyes the Widowes in Carioles were,
And Mothers that lacke Sonnes.

Mene. Now the Gods Crowne thee.

Com. And liue you yet? Oh my ſweet Lady, pardon.

Volum. I know not where to turne.
Oh welcome home: and welcome Generall,
And y'are welcome all.

Mene. A hundred thouſand Welcomes :
I could weepe, and I could laugh,
I am light, and heauie; welcome :
A Curſe begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to ſee thee.
Yon are three, that Rome ſhould dote on :
Yet by the faith of men, we haue
Some old Crab-trees here at home,
That will not be grafted to your Ralliſh.
Yet welcome Warriors :
Wee call a Nettle, but a Nettle;
And the faults of fooles, but folly.

Com. Euer right.

Cor. *Menenius*, euer, euer.

Herauld. Giue way there, and goe on.

Cor. Your Hand, and yours?
Ere in our owne houſe I doe ſhade my Head,
The good Patricians muſt be viſited,
From whom I haue receiu'd not onely greetings,
But with them, change of Honors.

Volum. I haue liued,
To ſee inherited my very Wiſhes,
And the Buildings of my Fancie :
Onely there's one thing wanting,
Which (I doubt not) but our Rome
Will caſt vpon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother,
I had rather be their ſeruant in my way,
Then ſway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitall. *Flouriſh. Cornets.*

Exeunt in State, as before.

Enter Brutus and Scicinius.

Bru. All tongues ſpeake of him,and the bleared ſights
Are ſpectacled to ſee him. Your pratling Nurſe
Into a rapture lets her Baby crie,
While ſhe chats him: the Kitchin *Malkin* pinnes
Her richeſt Lockram 'bout her reechie necke,
Clambring the Walls to eye him:
Stalls,Bulkes,Windowes,are ſmother'd vp,
Leades fill'd, and Ridges hors'd
With variable Complexions; all agreeing
In earneſtneſſe to ſee him: ſeld-ſhowne Flamins
Doe preſſe among the popular Throngs,and puffe
To winne a vulgar ſtation: our veyl'd Dames
Commit the Warre of White and Damaske
In their nicely gawded Cheekes,toth' wanton ſpoyle
Of *Phœbus* burning Kiſſes: ſuch a poother,
As if that whatſoeuer God,who leades him,
Were ſlyly crept into his humane powers,
And gaue him gracefull poſture.

Scicin. On the ſuddaine,I warrant him Conſull.

Brutus. Then our Office may, during his power, goe ſleepe.

Scicin. He cannot temp'rately tranſport his Honors,
From where he ſhould begin,and end,but will
Loſe thoſe he hath wonne.

Brutus. In that there's comfort.

Scici. Doubt not,
The Commoners,for whom we ſtand, but they
Vpon their ancient mallice,will forget
With the leaſt cauſe,theſe his new Honors,
Which that he will giue them,make I as little queſtion,
As he is prowd to doo't.

Brutus. I heard him ſweare,
Were he to ſtand for Conſull,neuer would he
Appeare i'th'Market place,nor on him put
The Naples Veſture of Humilitie,
Nor ſhewing(as the manner is)his Wounds
Toth' People,begge their ſtinking Breaths.

Scicin. 'Tis right.

Brutus. It was his word:
Oh he would miſſe it, rather then carry it,
But by the ſuite of the Gentry to him,
And the deſire of the Nobles.

Scicin. I wiſh no better,then haue him hold that purpoſe,and to put it in execution.

Brutus. 'Tis moſt like he will.

Scicin. It ſhall be to him then, as our good wills; a ſure deſtruction.

Brutus. So it muſt fall out
To him,or our Authorities,for an end.
We muſt ſuggeſt the People,in what hatred
He ſtill hath held them: that to's power he would
Haue made them Mules,ſilenc'd their Pleaders,
And diſpropertied their Freedomes; holding them,
In humane Action,and Capacitie,
Of no more Soule,nor fitneſſe for the World,
Then Cammels in their Warre,who haue their Prouand
Onely for bearing Burthens,and ſore blowes
For ſinking vnder them.

Scicin. This(as you ſay)ſuggeſted,
At ſome time,when his ſoaring Inſolence
Shall teach the People,which time ſhall not want,
If he be put vpon't,and that's as eaſie,
As to ſet Dogges on Sheepe,will be his fire
To kindle their dry Stubble: and their Blaze
Shall darken him for euer.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Brutus. What's the matter?

Meſſ. You are ſent for to the Capitoll:
'Tis thought,that *Martius* ſhall be Conſull:
I haue ſeene the dumbe men throng to ſee him,
And the blind to heare him ſpeak: Matrons flong Gloues,
Ladies and Maids their Scarffes,and Handkerchers,
Vpon him as he paſs'd: the Nobles bended
As to *Ioues* Statue,and the Commons made
A Shower,and Thunder,with their Caps,and Showts:
I neuer ſaw the like.

Brutus. Let's to the Capitoll,
And carry with vs Eares and Eyes for th'time,
But Hearts for the euent.

Scicin. Haue with you. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Officers, to lay Cuſhions,as it were, in the Capitoll.

1. *Off.* Come,come,they are almoſt here: how many ſtand for Conſulſhips?

2. *Off.* Three,they ſay: but 'tis thought of euery one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1. *Off.* That's a braue fellow: but hee's vengeance prowd,and loues not the common people.

2. *Off.* 'Faith,there hath beene many great men that haue flatter'd the people,who ne're loued them;and there be many that they haue loued,they know not wherefore: ſo that if they loue they know not why, they hate vpon no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neyther to care whether they loue, or hate him, manifeſts the true knowledge he ha's in their diſpoſition,and out of his Noble careleſneſſe lets them plainely ſee't.

1. *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their loue,or no, hee waued indifferently,'twixt doing them neyther good,nor harme: but hee ſeekes their hate with greater deuotion,then they can render it him; and leaues nothing vndone,that may fully diſcouer him their oppoſite. Now to ſeeme to affect the mallice and diſpleaſure of the People,is as bad,as that which he diſlikes, to flatter them for their loue.

2. *Off.* Hee hath deſerued worthily of his Countrey, and his aſſent is not by ſuch eaſie degrees as thoſe, who hauing beene ſupple and courteous to the People, Bonnetted,without any further deed, to haue them at all into their eſtimation,and report: but hee hath ſo planted his Honors in their Eyes,and his actions in their Hearts, that for their Tongues to be ſilent,and not confeſſe ſo much, were a kinde of ingratefull Iniurie: to report otherwiſe, were a Mallice, that giuing it ſelfe the Lye,would plucke reproofe and rebuke from euery Eare that heard it.

1. *Off.* No more of him, hee's a worthy man: make way,they are comming.

A Sennet. Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People,Lictors before them: Coriolanus, Menenius,Cominius the Conſul: Scicinius and Brutus take their places by themſelues: Coriolanus ſtands.

Menen. Hauing determin'd of the Volces,
And to ſend for *Titus Lartius*: it remaines,
As the maine Point of this our after-meeting,

To

To gratifie his Noble ſeruice,that hath
Thus ſtood for his Countrey. Therefore pleaſe you,
Moſt reuerend and graue Elders,to deſire
The preſent Conſull, and laſt Generall,
In our well-found Succeſſes,to report
A little of that worthy Worke,perform'd
By *Martius Caius Coriolanus*: whom
We met here,both to thanke,and to remember,
With Honors like himſelfe.

1. *Sen.* Speake,good *Cominius*:
Leaue nothing out for length, and make vs thinke
Rather our ſtates defectiue for requitall,
Then we to ſtretch it out. Maſters a'th' People,
We doe requeſt your kindeſt eares: and after
Your louing motion toward the common Body,
To yeeld what paſſes here.

Scicin. We are conuented vpon a pleaſing Treatie,and haue hearts inclinable to honor and aduance the Theame of our Aſſembly.

Brutus. Which the rather wee ſhall be bleſt to doe, if he remember a kinder value of the People, then he hath hereto priz'd them at.

Menen. That's off,that's off: I would you rather had been ſilent: Pleaſe you to heare *Cominius* ſpeake?

Brutus. Moſt willingly: but yet my Caution was more pertinent then the rebuke you giue it.

Menen. He loues your People, but tye him not to be their Bed-fellow: Worthie *Cominius* ſpeake.

Coriolanus riſes,and offers to goe away.

Nay, keepe your place.

Senat. Sit *Coriolanus*: neuer ſhame to heare
What you haue Nobly done.

Coriol. Your Honors pardon:
I had rather haue my Wounds to heale againe,
Then heare ſay how I got them.

Brutus. Sir,I hope my words dis-bench'd you not?

Coriol. No Sir: yet oft,
When blowes haue made me ſtay,I fled from words.
You ſooth'd not,therefore hurt not: but your People,
I loue them as they weigh--

Menen. Pray now ſit downe.

Corio. I had rather haue one ſcratch my Head i'th' Sun,
When the Alarum were ſtrucke,then idly ſit
To heare my Nothings monſter'd. *Exit Coriolanus*

Menen. Maſters of the People,
Your multiplying Spawne,how can he flatter?
That's thouſand to one good one,when you now ſee
He had rather venture all his Limbes for Honor,
Then on ones Eares to heare it. Proceed *Cominius*.

Com. I ſhall lacke voyce: the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be vtter'd feebly: it is held,
That Valour is the chiefeſt Vertue,
And moſt dignifies the hauer: if it be,
The man I ſpeake of, cannot in the World
Be ſingly counter-poys'd. At ſixteene yeeres,
When *Tarquin* made a Head for Rome,he fought
Beyond the marke of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all prayſe I point at, ſaw him fight,
When with his Amazonian Shinne he droue
The brizled Lippes before him: he beſtrid
An o're-preſt Roman, and i'th' Conſuls view
Slew three Oppoſers: *Tarquins* ſelfe he met,
And ſtruoke him on his Knee: in that dayes feates,
When he might act the Woman in the Scene,
He prou'd beſt man i'th' field, and for his meed
Was Brow-bound with the Oake. His Pupill age
Man-entred thus,he waxed like a Sea,
And in the brunt of ſeuenteene Battailes ſince,
He lurcht all Swords of the Garland: for this laſt,
Before,and in Corioles, let me ſay
I cannot ſpeake him home: he ſtopt the flyers,
And by his rare example made the Coward
Turne terror into ſport: as Weeds before
A Veſſell vnder ſayle,ſo men obey'd,
And fell below his Stem: his Sword,Deaths ſtampe,
Where it did marke,it tooke from face to foot:
He was a thing of Blood,whoſe euery motion
Was tim'd with dying Cryes: alone he entred
The mortall Gate of th' Citie,which he painted
With ſhunleſſe deſtinie: aydeleſſe came off,
And with a ſudden re-inforcement ſtrucke
Carioles like a Planet: now all's his,
When by and by the dinne of Warre gan pierce
His readie ſence: then ſtraight his doubled ſpirit
Requickned what in fleſh was fatigate,
And to the Battaile came he,where he did
Runne reeking o're the liues of men,as if 'twere
A perpetuall ſpoyle: and till we call'd
Both Field and Citie ours,he neuer ſtood
To eaſe his Breſt with panting.

Menen. Worthy man.

Senat. He cannot but with meaſure fit the Honors which we deuiſe him.

Com. Our ſpoyles he kickt at,
And look'd vpon things precious,as they were
The common Muck of the World: he couets leſſe
Then Miſerie it ſelfe would giue,rewards his deeds
With doing them, and is content
To ſpend the time,to end it.

Menen. Hee's right Noble,let him be call'd for.

Senat. Call *Coriolanus*.

Off. He doth appeare.

Enter Coriolanus.

Menen. The Senate,*Coriolanus*,are well pleas'd to make thee Conſull.

Corio. I doe owe them ſtill my Life,and Seruices.

Menen. It then remaines, that you doe ſpeake to the People.

Corio. I doe beſeech you,
Let me o're-leape that cuſtome: for I cannot
Put on the Gowne,ſtand naked,and entreat them
For my Wounds ſake,to giue their ſufferage:
Pleaſe you that I may paſſe this doing.

Scicin. Sir,the People muſt haue their Voyces,
Neyther will they bate one iot of Ceremonie.

Menen. Put them not too't:
Pray you goe fit you to the Cuſtome,
And take to you,as your Predeceſſors haue,
Your Honor with your forme.

Corio. It is a part that I ſhall bluſh in acting,
And might well be taken from the People.

Brutus. Marke you that.

Corio. To brag vnto them,thus I did,and thus
Shew them th'vnaking Skarres,which I ſhould hide,
As if I had receiu'd them for the hyre
Of their breath onely.

Menen. Doe not ſtand vpon't:
We recommend to you Tribunes of the People
Our purpoſe to them,and to our Noble Conſull
Wiſh we all Ioy,and Honor.

Senat. To *Coriolanus* come all ioy and Honor.

Flouriſh Cornets.

Then Exeunt. Manet Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You ſee how he intends to vſe the people.

*Scicin.*May they perceiue's intent: he wil require them
As if he did contemne what he requeſted,
Should be in them to giue.

Bru. Come,wee'l informe them
Of our proceedings heere on th'Market place,
I know they do attend vs.

Enter ſeuen or eight Citizens.

1.Cit. Once if he do require our voyces, wee ou ght not to deny him.

2.Cit. We may Sir if we will.

3.Cit. We haue power in our ſelues to do it, but it is a power that we haue no power to do: For,if hee ſhew vs his wounds, and tell vs his deeds, we are to put our tongues into thoſe wounds, and ſpeake for them: So if he tel vs his Noble deeds, we muſt alſo tell him our Noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monſtrous, and for the multitude to be ingratefull, were to make a Monſter of the multitude; of the which, we being members, ſhould bring our ſelues to be monſtrous members.

1.Cit. And to make vs no better thought of a little helpe will ſerue: for once we ſtood vp about the Corne, he himſelfe ſtucke not to call vs the many-headed Multitude.

3.Cit. We haue beene call'd ſo of many, not that our heads are ſome browne, ſome blacke, ſome Abram,ſome bald; but that our wits are ſo diuerſly Coulord; and truely I thinke, if all our wittes were to iſſue out of one Scull, they would flye Eaſt, Weſt,North,South, and their conſent of one direct way, ſhould be at once to all the points a'th Compaſſe.

2.Cit. Thinke you ſo? Which way do you iudge my wit would flye.

3.Cit. Nay your wit will not ſo ſoone out as another mans will,'tis ſtrongly wadg'd vp in a blocke-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould ſure Southward.

2 Cit. Why that way?

3 Cit. To looſe it ſelfe in a Fogge, where being three parts melted away with rotten Dewes, the fourth would returne for Conſcience ſake, to helpe to get thee a Wife.

2 Cit. You are neuer without your trickes,you may, you may.

3 Cit. Are you all reſolu'd to giue your voyces? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I ſay. If hee would incline to the people, there was neuer a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gowne of Humility, with Menenius.

Heere he comes, and in the Gowne of humility, marke his behauiour: we are not to ſtay altogether,but to come by him where he ſtands, by ones, by twoes, & by threes. He's to make his requeſts by particulars, wherein euerie one of vs ha's a ſingle Honor, in giuing him our own voices with our owne tongues,therefore follow me, and Ile direct you how you ſhall go by him.

All. Content,content.

Men. Oh Sir,you are not right:haue you not knowne
The worthieſt men haue done't?

Corio. What muſt I ſay, I pray Sir?
Plague vpon't, I cannot bring
My tougne to ſuch a pace. Looke Sir, my wounds,
I got them in my Countries Seruice, when
Some certaine of your Brethren roar'd, and ranne
From th'noiſe of our owne Drummes.

Menen. Oh me the Gods,you muſt not ſpeak of that,
You muſt deſire them to thinke vpon you.

Coriol. Thinke vpon me? Hang'em,
I would they would forget me, like the Vertues
Which our Diuines loſe by em.

Men. You'l marre all,
Ile leaue you: Pray you ſpeake to em,I pray you
In wholſome manner.
Exit

Enter three of the Citizens.

Corio. Bid them waſh their Faces,
And keepe their teeth cleane: So,heere comes a brace,
You know the cauſe (Sir) of my ſtanding heere.

3 Cit. We do Sir,tell vs what hath brought you too't,

Corio. Mine owne deſert.

2 Cit. Your owne deſert.

Corio. I, but mine owne deſire.

3 Cit. How not your owne deſire?

Corio. No Sir,'twas neuer my deſire yet to trouble the poore with begging.

3 Cit. You muſt thinke if we giue you any thing, we hope to gaine by you.

Corio. Well then I pray,your price a'th'Conſulſhip.

1 Cit. The price is, to aske it kindly.

Corio. Kindly ſir, I pray let me ha't: I haue wounds to ſhew you, which ſhall bee yours in priuate: your good voice Sir, what ſay you?

2 Cit. You ſhall ha't worthy Sir.

Corio. A match Sir, there's in all two worthie voyces begg'd: I haue your Almes, Adieu.

3 Cit. But this is ſomething odde.

2 Cit. And 'twere to giue againe: but 'tis no matter.

Exeunt. Enter two other Citizens.

Coriol. Pray you now, if it may ſtand with the tune of your voices, that I may bee Conſull, I haue heere the Cuſtomarie Gowne.

1. You haue deſerued Nobly of your Countrey, and you haue not deſerued Nobly.

Coriol. Your Ænigma.

1. You haue bin a ſcourge to her enemies, you haue bin a Rod to her Friends, you haue not indeede loued the Common people.

Coriol. You ſhould account mee the more Vertuous, that I haue not bin common in my Loue, I will ſir flatter my ſworne Brother the people to earne a deerer eſtimation of them,'tis a condition they account gentle: & ſince the wiſedome of their choice, is rather to haue my Hat, then my Heart, I will practice the inſinuating nod,and be off to them moſt counterfetly, that is ſir, I will counterfet the bewitchment of ſome popular man, and giue it bountifull to the deſirers: Therefore beſeech you, I may be Conſull.

2. Wee hope to finde you our friend: and therefore giue you our voices heartily.

1. You haue receyued many wounds for your Countrey.

Coriol. I wil not Seale your knowledge with ſhewing them. I will make much of your voyces, and ſo trouble you no farther.

Both. The Gods giue you ioy Sir heartily.

Coriol. Moſt ſweet Voyces:
Better it is to dye, better to ſterue,
Then craue the higher, which firſt we do deſerue.
Why in this Wooluiſh tongue ſhould I ſtand heere,
To begge of Hob and Dicke, that does appeere

Their needleſſe Vouches: Cuſtome calls me too't.
What Cuſtome wills in all things,ſhould we doo't?
The Duſt on antique Time would lye vnſwept,
And mountainous Error be too highly heapt,
For Truth to o're-peere. Rather then foole it ſo,
Let the high Office and the Honor go
To one that would doe thus. I am halfe through,
The one part ſuffered,the other will I doe.

Enter three Citizens more.

Here come moe Voyces.
Your Voyces? for your Voyces I haue fought,
Watcht for your Voyces: for your Voyces,beare
Of Wounds,two dozen odde: Battailes thrice ſix
I haue ſeene,and heard of: for your Voyces,
Haue done many things,ſome leſſe,ſome more:
Your Voyces? Indeed I would be Conſull.

1.Cit. Hee ha's done Nobly, and cannot goe without any honeſt mans Voyce.

2.Cit. Therefore let him be Conſull: the Gods giue him ioy,and make him good friend to the People.

All. Amen,Amen. God ſaue thee,Noble Conſull.

Corio. Worthy Voyces.

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Scicinius.

Mene. You haue ſtood your Limitation:
And the Tribunes endue you with the Peoples Voyce,
Remaines,that in th'Officiall Markes inueſted,
You anon doe meet the Senate.

Corio. Is this done?

Scicin. The Cuſtome of Requeſt you haue diſcharg'd:
The People doe admit you,and are ſummon'd
To meet anon,vpon your approbation.

Corio. Where? at the Senate-houſe?

Scicin. There, *Coriolanus.*

Corio. May I change theſe Garments?

Scicin. You may,Sir.

Cori. That Ile ſtraight do: and knowing my ſelfe again,
Repayre toth' Senate-houſe.

Mene. Ile keepe you company. Will you along?

Brut. We ſtay here for the People.

Scicin. Fare you well. *Exeunt Coriol. and Mene.*
He ha's it now: and by his Lookes,me thinkes,
'Tis warme at's heart.

Brut. With a prowd heart he wore his humble Weeds:
Will you diſmiſſe the People?

Enter the Plebeians.

Scici. How now,my Maſters,haue you choſe this man?

1.Cit. He ha's our Voyces,Sir.

Brut. We pray the Gods,he may deſerue your loues.

2.Cit. Amen,Sir:to my poore vnworthy notice,
He mock'd vs,when he begg'd our Voyces.

3.Cit. Certainely,he flowted vs downe-right.

1.Cit. No,'tis his kind of ſpeech,he did not mock vs.

2.Cit. Not one amongſt vs,ſaue your ſelfe,but ſayes
He vs'd vs ſcornefully: he ſhould haue ſhew'd vs
His Marks of Merit,Wounds receiu'd for's Countrey.

Scicin. Why ſo he did,I am ſure.

All. No,no: no man ſaw 'em.

3.Cit. Hee ſaid hee had Wounds,
Which he could ſhew in priuate:
And with his Hat,thus wauing it in ſcorne,
I would be Conſull,ſayes he: aged Cuſtome,
But by your Voyces,will not ſo permit me.
Your Voyces therefore: when we graunted that,
Here was,I thanke you for your Voyces,thanke you
Your moſt ſweet Voyces:now you haue left your Voyces,
I haue no further with you. Was not this mockerie?

Scicin. Why eyther were you ignorant to ſee't?
Or ſeeing it,of ſuch Childiſh friendlineſſe,
To yeeld your Voyces?

Brut. Could you not haue told him,
As you were leſſon'd: When he had no Power,
But was a pettie ſeruant to the State,
He was your Enemie, euer ſpake againſt
Your Liberties,and the Charters that you beare
I'th' Body of the Weale: and now arriuing
A place of Potencie,and ſway o'th' State,
If he ſhould ſtill malignantly remaine
Faſt Foe toth' *Plebeij*, your Voyces might
Be Curſes to your ſelues. You ſhould haue ſaid,
That as his worthy deeds did clayme no leſſe
Then what he ſtood for: ſo his gracious nature
Would thinke vpon you, for your Voyces,
And tranſlate his Mallice towards you,into Loue,
Standing your friendly Lord.

Scicin. Thus to haue ſaid,
As you were fore-aduis'd,had toucht his Spirit,
And try'd his Inclination: from him pluckt
Eyther his gracious Promiſe,which you might
As cauſe had call'd you vp,haue held him to;
Or elſe it would haue gall'd his ſurly nature,
Which eaſily endures not Article,
Tying him to ought, ſo putting him to Rage,
You ſhould haue ta'ne th'aduantage of his Choller,
And paſs'd him vnelected.

Brut. Did you perceiue,
He did ſollicite you in free Contempt,
When he did need your Loues: and doe you thinke,
That his Contempt ſhall not be bruſing to you,
When he hath power to cruſh? Why,had your Bodyes
No Heart among you? Or had you Tongues, to cry
Againſt the Rectorſhip of Iudgement?

Scicin. Haue you,ere now,deny'd the asker:
And now againe,of him that did not aske,but mock,
Beſtow your ſu'd-for Tongues?

3.Cit. Hee's not confirm'd,we may deny him yet.

2.Cit. And will deny him:
Ile haue fiue hundred Voyces of that ſound.

1.Cit. I twice fiue hundred & their friends,to piece 'em.

Brut. Get you hence inſtantly,and tell thoſe friends,
They haue choſe a Conſull,that will from them take
Their Liberties,make them of no more Voyce
Then Dogges,that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to doe ſo.

Scici. Let them aſſemble:and on a ſafer Iudgement,
All reuoke your ignorant election: Enforce his Pride,
And his old Hate vnto you: beſides,forget not
With what Contempt he wore the humble Weed,
How in his Suit he ſcorn'd you: but your Loues,
Thinking vpon his Seruices,tooke from you
Th'apprehenſion of his preſent portance,
Which moſt gibingly,vngrauely,he did faſhion
After the inueterate Hate he beares you.

Brut. Lay a fault on vs,your Tribunes,
That we labour'd (no impediment betweene)
But that you muſt caſt your Election on him.

Scici. Say you choſe him,more after our commandment,
Then as guided by your owne true affections,and that
Your Minds pre-occupy'd with what you rather muſt do,
Then what you ſhould,made you againſt the graine
To Voyce him Conſull. Lay the fault on vs.

Brut. I,ſpare vs not: Say,we read Lectures to you,
How youngly he began to ſerue his Countrey,
How long continued,and what ſtock he ſprings of,
The Noble Houſe o'th'*Martians*: from whence came
That *Ancus Martius*, *Numaes* Daughters Sonne:
Who after great *Hoſtilius* here was King,
Of the ſame Houſe *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our beſt Water,brought by Conduits hither,
And Nobly nam'd, ſo twice being Cenſor,
Was his great Anceſtor.
Scicin. One thus deſcended,
That hath beſide well in his perſon wrought,
To be ſet high in place,we did commend
To your remembrances: but you haue found,
Skaling his preſent bearing with his paſt,
That hee's your fixed enemie; and reuoke
Your ſuddaine approbation.
Brut. Say you ne're had don't,
(Harpe on that ſtill) but by our putting on:
And preſently,when you haue drawne your number,
Repaire toth' Capitoll.
All. We will ſo: almoſt all repent in their election.
Exeunt Plebeians.
Brut. Let them goe on:
This Mutinie were better put in hazard,
Then ſtay paſt doubt,for greater:
If,as his nature is,he fall in rage
With their refuſall, both obſerue and anſwer
The vantage of his anger.
Scicin. Toth'Capitoll, come:
We will be there before the ſtreame o'th'People:
And this ſhall ſeeme,as partly 'tis,their owne,
Which we haue goaded on-ward. *Exeunt.*

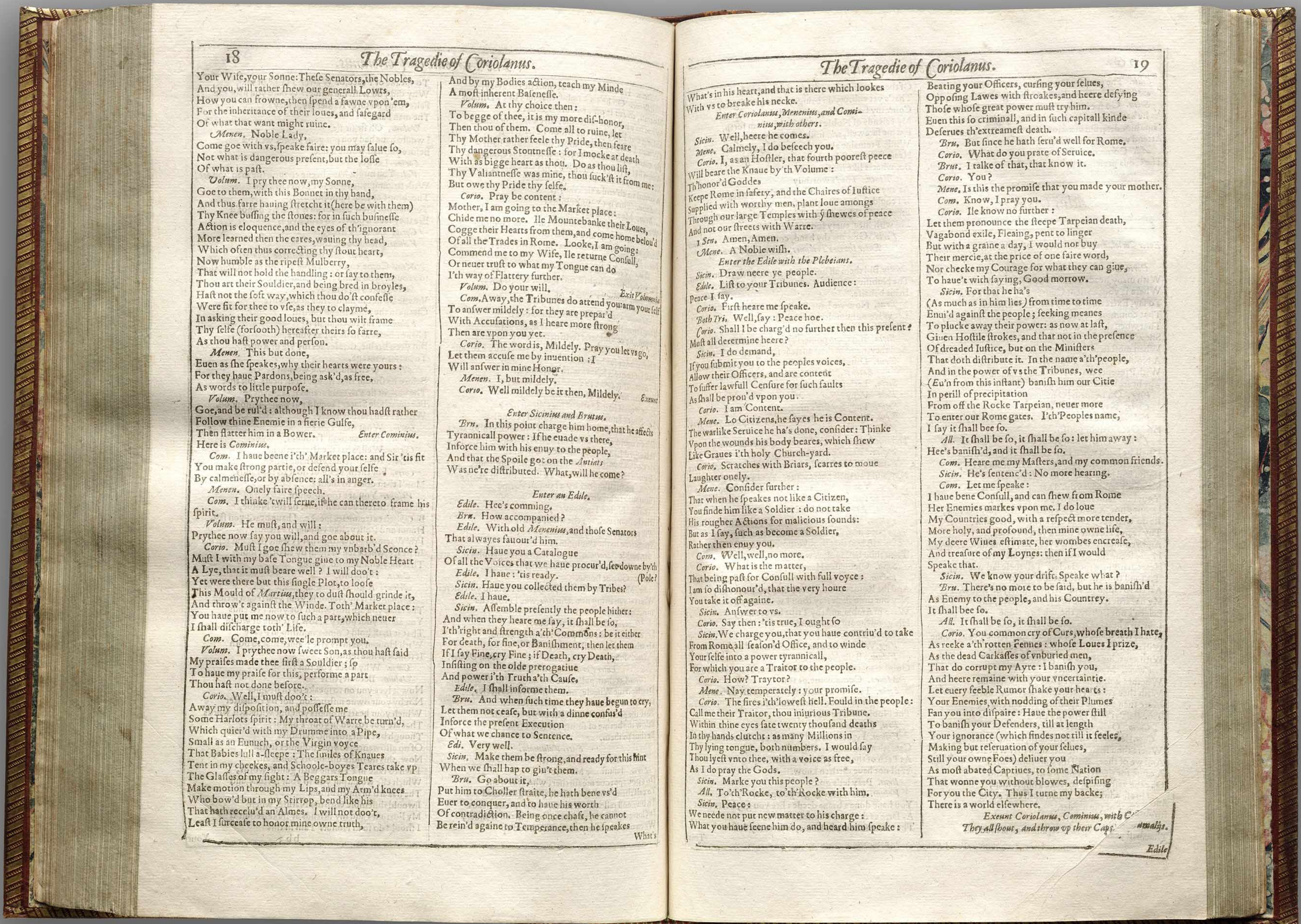
Actus Tertius.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, all the Gentry, Cominius, Titus Latius, and other Senators.
Corio. *Tullus Auffidius* then had made new head.
Latius. He had,my Lord,and that it was which caus'd
Our ſwifter Compoſition.
Corio. So then the Volces ſtand but as at firſt,
Readie when time ſhall prompt them,to make roade
Vpon's againe.
Com. They are worne (Lord Conſull) ſo,
That we ſhall hardly in our ages ſee
Their Banners waue againe.
Corio. Saw you *Auffidius*?
Latius. On ſafegard he came to me,and did curſe
Againſt the Volces,for they had ſo vildly
Yeelded the Towne: he is retyred to Antium.
Corio. Spoke he of me?
Latius. He did,my Lord.
Corio. How? what?
Latius. How often he had met you Sword to Sword:
That of all things vpon the Earth,he hated
Your perſon moſt: That he would pawne his fortunes
To hopeleſſe reſtitution, ſo he might
Be call'd your Vanquiſher.
Corio. At Antium liues he?
Latius. At Antium.
Corio. I wiſh I had a cauſe to ſeeke him there,
To oppoſe his hatred fully. Welcome home.
Enter Scicinius and Brutus.
Behold,theſe are the Tribunes of the People,
The Tongues o'th' Common Mouth. I do deſpiſe them:
For they doe pranke them in Authoritie,
Againſt all Noble ſufferance.
Scicin. Paſſe no further.
Cor. Hah? what is that?
Brut. It will be dangerous to goe on--No further.
Corio. What makes this change?
Mene. The matter?
Com. Hath he not paſ'd the Noble,and the Common?
Brut. *Cominius*,no.
Corio. Haue I had Childrens Voyces?
Senat. Tribunes giue way,he ſhall toth'Market place.
Brut. The People are incens'd againſt him.
Scicin. Stop,or all will fall in broyle.
Corio. Are theſe your Heard?
Muſt theſe haue Voyces,that can yeeld them now,
And ſtraight diſclaim their toungs? what are your Offices?
You being their Mouthes,why rule you not their Teeth?
Haue you not ſet them on?
Mene. Be calme,be calme.
Corio. It is a purpos'd thing,and growes by Plot,
To curbe the will of the Nobilitie:
Suffer't,and liue with ſuch as cannot rule,
Nor euer will be ruled.
Brut. Call't not a Plot:
The People cry you mockt them: and of late,
When Corne was giuen them *gratis*, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants: for the People, call'd them
Time-pleaſers,flatterers, foes to Nobleneſſe.
Corio. Why this was knowne before.
Brut. Not to them all.
Corio. Haue you inform'd them ſithence?
Brut. How? I informe them?
Com. You are like to doe ſuch buſineſſe.
Brut. Not vnlike each way to better yours.
Corio. Why then ſhould I be Conſull? by yond Clouds
Let me deſerue ſo ill as you,and make me
Your fellow Tribune.
Scicin. You ſhew too much of that,
For which the People ſtirre: if you will paſſe
To where you are bound, you muſt enquire your way,
Which you are out of,with a gentler ſpirit,
Or neuer be ſo Noble as a Conſull,
Nor yoake with him for Tribune.
Mene. Let's be calme.
Com. The People are abus'd: ſet on,this paltring
Becomes not Rome: nor ha's *Coriolanus*
Deſeru'd this ſo diſhonor'd Rub, layd falſely
I'th' plaine Way of his Merit.
Corio. Tell me of Corne: this was my ſpeech,
And I will ſpeak't againe.
Mene. Not now, not now.
Senat. Not in this heat,Sir,now.
Corio. Now as I liue,I will.
My Nobler friends, I craue their pardons:
For the mutable ranke-ſented Meynie,
Let them regard me,as I doe not flatter,
And therein behold themſelues: I ſay againe,
In ſoothing them, we nouriſh 'gainſt our Senate
The Cockle of Rebellion,Inſolence,Sedition,
Which we our ſelues haue plowed for,ſow'd,& ſcatter'd,
By mingling them with vs,the honor'd Number,
Who lack not Vertue, no,nor Power, but that
Which they haue giuen to Beggers.
Mene. Well, no more.
Senat. No more words, we beſeech you.
Corio. How? no more?

As for my Country, I haue ſhed my blood,
Not fearing outward force: So ſhall my Lungs
Coine words till their decay,againſt thoſe Meazels
Which we diſdaine ſhould Tetter vs, yet ſought
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You ſpeake a'th'people,as if you were a God,
To puniſh; Not a man,of their Infirmity.
Sicin. 'Twere well we let the people know't.
Mene. What,what? His Choller?
Cor. Choller? Were I as patient as the midnight ſleep,
By Ioue,'twould be my minde.
Sicin. It is a minde that ſhall remain a poiſon
Where it is: not poyſon any further.
Corio. Shall remaine?
Heare you this Triton of the *Minnoues*? Marke you
His abſolute Shall?
Com. 'Twas from the Cannon.
Cor. Shall? O God! but moſt vnwiſe Patricians: why
You graue, but wreakleſſe Senators, haue you thus
Giuen Hidra heere to chooſe an Officer,
That with his peremptory Shall, being but
The horne, and noiſe o'th'Monſters, wants not ſpirit
To ſay, hee'l turne your Current in a ditch,
And make your Channell his? If he haue power,
Then vale your Ignorance: If none,awake
Your dangerous Lenity: If you are Learn'd,
Be not as common Fooles; if you are not,
Let them haue Cuſhions by you. You are Plebeians,
If they be Senators: and they are no leſſe,
When both your voices blended, the great'ſt taſte
Moſt pallates theirs. They chooſe their Magiſtrate,
And ſuch a one as he, who puts his Shall,
His popular Shall, againſt a grauer Bench
Then euer frown'd in Greece. By Ioue himſelfe,
It makes the Conſuls baſe; and my Soule akes
To know, when two Authorities are vp,
Neither Supreame; How ſoone Confuſion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both,and take
The one by th'other.
Com. Well, on to'th'Market place.
Corio. Who euer gaue that Counſell,to giue forth
The Corne a'th'Store-houſe gratis,as 'twas vs'd
Sometime in Greece.
Mene. Well,well,no more of that.
Cor. Thogh there the people had more abſolute powre
I ſay they noriſht diſobedience: fed,the ruin of the State.
Bru. Why ſhall the people giue
One that ſpeakes thus, their voyce?
Corio. Ile giue my Reaſons,
More worthier then their Voyces. They know the Corne
Was not our recompence,reſting well aſſur'd
They ne're did ſeruice for't; being preſt to'th'Warre,
Euen when the Nauell of the State was touch'd,
They would not thred the Gates: This kinde of Seruice
Did not deſerue Corne gratis. Being i'th'Warre,
There Mutinies and Reuolts, wherein they ſhew'd
Moſt Valour, ſpoke not for them. Th'Accuſation
Which they haue often made againſt the Senate,
All cauſe vnborne, could neuer be the Natiue
Of our ſo franke Donation. Well, what then?
How ſhall this Boſome-multiplied, digeſt
The Senates Courteſie? Let deeds expreſſe
What's like to be their words, We did requeſt it,
We are the greater pole, and in true feare
They gaue vs our demands. Thus we debaſe
The Nature of our Seats, and make the Rabble
Call our Cares, Feares; which will in time
Breake ope the Lockes a'th'Senate, and bring in
The Crowes to pecke the Eagles.
Mene. Come enough.
Bru. Enough,with ouer meaſure.
Corio. No, take more.
What may be ſworne by, both Diuine and Humane,
Seale what I end withall. This double worſhip,
Whereon part do's diſdaine with cauſe, the other
Inſult without all reaſon: where Gentry, Title, wiſedom
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of generall Ignorance, it muſt omit
Reall Neceſſities, and giue way the while
To vnſtable Slightneſſe. Purpoſe ſo barr'd, it followes,
Nothing is done to purpoſe. Therefore beſeech you,
You that will be leſſe fearefull, then diſcreet,
That loue the fundamentall part of State
More then you doubt the change on't: That preferre
A Noble life, before a Long,and Wiſh,
To iumpe a Body with a dangerous Phyſicke,
That's ſure of death without it: at once plucke out
The Multitudinous Tongue, let them not licke
The ſweet which is their poyſon. Your diſhonor
Mangles true iudgement, and bereaues the State
Of that Integrity which ſhould becom't:
Not hauing the power to do the good it would
For th'ill which doth controul't.
Bru. Has ſaid enough.
Sicin. Ha's ſpoken like a Traitor,and ſhall anſwer
As Traitors do.
Corio. Thou wretch,deſpight ore-whelme thee:
What ſhould the people do with theſe bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience failes
To'th'greater Bench, in a Rebellion:
When what's not meet, but what muſt be, was Law,
Then were they choſen: in a better houre,
Let what is meet, be ſaide it muſt be meet,
And throw their power i'th'duſt.
Bru. Manifeſt Treaſon.
Sicin. This a Conſull? No.
Enter an Ædile.
Bru. The Ediles hoe: Let him be apprehended:
Sicin. Go call the people, in whoſe name my Selfe
Attach thee as a Traitorous Innouator:
A Foe to'th'publike Weale. Obey I charge thee,
And follow to thine anſwer.
Corio. Hence old Goat.
All. Wee'l Surety him.
Com. Ag'd ſir, hands off.
Corio. Hence rotten thing,or I ſhall ſhake thy bones
Out of thy Garments.
Sicin. Helpe ye Citizens.
Enter a rabble of Plebeians with the Ædiles.
Mene. On both ſides more reſpect.
Sicin. Heere's hee, that would take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him *Ædiles*.
All. Downe with him,downe with him.
2 Sen. Weapons,weapons,weapons:
They all buſtle about Coriolanus.
Tribunes, Patricians,Citizens: what ho:
Sicinius, *Brutus*, *Coriolanus*, Citizens.
All. Peace,peace,peace,ſtay,hold,peace.
Mene. What is about to be? I am out of Breath,
Confuſions neere,I cannot ſpeake. You,Tribunes
To'th'people: *Coriolanus*,patience: Speak good *Sicinius*.

Scici. Heare me, People peace.
All. Let's here our Tribune: peace, ſpeake, ſpeake, ſpeake.
Scici. You are at point to loſe your Liberties:
Martius would haue all from you; *Martius*,
Whom late you haue nam'd for Conſull.
Mene. Fie, fie, fie, this is the way to kindle, not to quench.
Sena. To vnbuild the Citie, and to lay all flat.
Scici. What is the Citie, but the People?
All. True, the People are the Citie.
Brut. By the conſent of all, we were eſtabliſh'd the Peoples Magiſtrates.
All. You ſo remaine.
Mene. And ſo are like to doe.
Com. That is the way to lay the Citie flat,
To bring the Roofe to the Foundation,
And burie all, which yet diſtinctly raunges
In heapes, and piles of Ruine.
Scici. This deſerues Death.
Brut. Or let vs ſtand to our Authoritie,
Or let vs loſe it: we doe here pronounce,
Vpon the part o'th' People, in whoſe power
We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy
Of preſent Death.
Scici. Therefore lay hold of him:
Beare him toth' Rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into deſtruction caſt him.
Brut. Ædiles ſeize him.
All Ple. Yeeld *Martius*, yeeld.
Mene. Heare me one word, 'beſeech you Tribunes, heare me but a word.
Ædiles. Peace, peace.
Mene. Be that you ſeeme, truly your Countries friend,
And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redreſſe.
Brut. Sir, thoſe cold wayes,
That ſeeme like prudent-helpes, are very poyſonous,
Where the Diſeaſe is violent. Lay hands vpon him,
And beare him to the Rock. *Corio. drawes his Sword.*
Corio. No, Ile die here:
There's ſome among you haue beheld me fighting,
Come trie vpon your ſelues, what you haue ſeene me.
Mene. Downe with that Sword, Tribunes withdraw a while.
Brut. Lay hands vpon him.
Mene. Helpe *Martius*, helpe: you that be noble, helpe him young and old.
All. Downe with him, downe with him. *Exeunt.*
In this Mutinie, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the People are beat in.
Mene. Goe, get you to our Houſe: be gone, away,
All will be naught elſe.
2. Sena. Get you gone.
Com. Stand faſt, we haue as many friends as enemies.
Mene. Shall it be put to that?
Sena. The Gods forbid:
I prythee noble friend, home to thy Houſe,
Leaue vs to cure this Cauſe.
Mene. For 'tis a Sore vpon vs,
You cannot Tent your ſelfe: be gone, 'beſeech you.
Corio. Come Sir, along with vs.
Mene. I would they were Barbarians, as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd: not Romans, as they are not,
Though calued i'th' Porch o'th' Capitoll:
Be gone, put not your worthy Rage into your Tongue,
One time will owe another.
Corio. On faire ground, I could beat fortie of them.
Mene. I could my ſelfe take vp a Brace o'th' beſt of them, yea, the two Tribunes.
Com. But now 'tis oddes beyond Arithmetick,
And Manhood is call'd Foolerie, when it ſtands
Againſt a falling Fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the Tagge returne? whoſe Rage doth rend
Like interrupted Waters, and o're-beare
What they are vs'd to beare.
Mene. Pray you be gone:
Ile trie whether my old Wit be in requeſt
With thoſe that haue but little: this muſt be patcht
With Cloth of any Colour.
Com. Nay, come away. *Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*
Patri. This man ha's marr'd his fortune.
Mene. His nature is too noble for the World:
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his Trident,
Or *Ioue*, for's power to Thunder: his Heart's his Mouth:
What his Breſt forges, that his Tongue muſt vent,
And being angry, does forget that euer
He heard the Name of Death. *A Noiſe within.*
Here's goodly worke.
Patri. I would they were a bed.
Mene. I would they were in Tyber.
What the vengeance, could he not ſpeake 'em faire?
Enter Brutus and Sicinius with the rabble againe.
Sicin. Where is this Viper,
That would depopulate the city, & be euery man himſelf
Mene. You worthy Tribunes.
Sicin. He ſhall be throwne downe the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath reſiſted Law,
And therefore Law ſhall ſcorne him further Triall
Then the ſeuerity of the publike Power,
Which he ſo ſets at naught.
1 Cit. He ſhall well know the Noble Tribunes are
The peoples mouths, and we their hands.
All. He ſhall ſure ont.
Mene. Sir, ſir. *Sicin.* Peace.
Me. Do not cry hauocke, where you ſhold but hunt
With modeſt warrant.
Sicin. Sir, how com'ſt that you haue holpe
To make this reſcue?
Mene. Heere me ſpeake? As I do know
The Conſuls worthineſſe, ſo can I name his Faults.
Sicin. Conſull? what Conſull?
Mene. The Conſull *Coriolanus*.
Bru. He Conſull.
All. No, no, no, no, no.
Mene. If by the Tribunes leaue,
And yours good people,
I may be heard, I would craue a word or two,
The which ſhall turne you to no further harme,
Then ſo much loſſe of time.
Sic. Speake breefely then,
For we are peremptory to diſpatch
This Viporous Traitor: to eiect him hence
Were but one danger, and to keepe him heere
Our certaine death: therefore it is decreed,
He dyes to night.
Menen. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whoſe gratitude
Towards her deſerued Children, is enroll'd
In Ioues owne Booke, like an vnnaturall Dam
Should now eate vp her owne.

Sicin. He's a Diſeaſe that muſt be cut away.
Mene. Oh he's a Limbe, that ha's but a Diſeaſe
Mortall, to cut it off: to cure it, eaſie.
What ha's he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our Enemies, the blood he hath loſt
(Which I dare vouch, is more then that he hath
By many an Ounce) he dropp'd it for his Country:
And what is left, to looſe it by his Countrey,
Were to vs all that doo't, and ſuffer it
A brand to th'end a'th World.
Sicin. This is cleane kamme.
Brut. Meerely awry:
When he did loue his Country, it honour'd him.
Menen. The ſeruice of the foote
Being once gangren'd, is not then reſpected
For what before it was.
Bru. Wee'l heare no more:
Purſue him to his houſe, and plucke him thence,
Leaſt his infection being of catching nature,
Spred further.
Menen. One word more, one word:
This Tiger-footed-rage, when it ſhall find
The harme of vnskan'd ſwiftneſſe, will (too late)
Tye Leaden pounds too's heeles. Proceed by Proceſſe,
Leaſt parties (as he is belou'd) breake out,
And ſacke great Rome with Romanes.
Brut. If it were ſo?
Sicin. What do ye talke?
Haue we not had a taſte of his Obedience?
Our Ediles ſmot: our ſelues reſiſted: come.
Mene. Conſider this: He ha's bin bred i'th' Warres
Since a could draw a Sword, and is ill-ſchool'd
In boulted Language: Meale and Bran together
He throwes without diſtinction. Giue me leaue,
Ile go to him, and vndertake to bring him in peace,
Where he ſhall anſwer by a lawfull Forme
(In peace) to his vtmoſt perill.
1. Sen. Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other courſe
Will proue to bloody: and the end of it,
Vnknowne to the Beginning.
Sic. Noble *Menenius*, be you then as the peoples officer:
Maſters, lay downe your Weapons.
Bru. Go not home.
Sic. Meet on the Market place: wee'l attend you there:
Where if you bring not *Martius*, wee'l proceede
In our firſt way.
Menen. Ile bring him to you.
Let me deſire your company: he muſt come,
Or what is worſt will follow.
Sena. Pray you let's to him. *Exeunt Omnes.*
Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.
Corio. Let them pull all about mine eares, preſent me
Death on the Wheele, or at wilde Horſes heeles,
Or pile ten hilles on the Tarpeian Rocke,
That the precipitation might downe ſtretch
Below the beame of ſight; yet will I ſtill
Be thus to them.
Enter Volumnia.
Noble. You do the Nobler.
Corio. I muſe my Mother
Do's not approue me further, who was wont
To call them Wollen Vaſſailes, things created
To buy and ſell with Groats, to ſhew bare heads
In Congregations, to yawne, be ſtill, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance ſtood vp
To ſpeake of Peace, or Warre. I talke of you,
Why did you wiſh me milder? Would you haue me
Falſe to my Nature? Rather ſay, I play
The man I am.
Volum. Oh ſir, ſir, ſir,
I would haue had you put your power well on
Before you had worne it out.
Corio. Let go.
Vol. You might haue beene enough the man you are,
With ſtriuing leſſe to be ſo: Leſſer had bin
The things of your diſpoſitions, if
You had not ſhew'd them how ye were diſpos'd
Ere they lack'd power to croſſe you.
Corio. Let them hang.
Volum. I, and burne too.
Enter Menenius with the Senators.
Men. Come, come, you haue bin too rough, ſomthing too rough: you muſt returne, and mend it.
Sen. There's no remedy,
Vnleſſe by not ſo doing, our good Citie
Cleaue in the midd'ſt, and periſh.
Volum. Pray be counſail'd;
I haue a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a braine, that leades my vſe of Anger,
To better vantage.
Mene. Well ſaid, Noble woman:
Before he ſhould thus ſtoope to'th' heart, but that
The violent fit a'th' time craues it as Phyſicke
For the whole State; I would put mine Armour on,
Which I can ſcarſely beare.
Corio. What muſt I do?
Mene. Returne to th' Tribunes.
Corio. Well, what then? what then?
Mene. Repent, what you haue ſpoke.
Corio. For them, I cannot do it to the Gods,
Muſt I then doo't to them?
Volum. You are too abſolute,
Though therein you can neuer be too Noble,
But when extremities ſpeake. I haue heard you ſay,
Honor and Policy, like vnſeuer'd Friends,
I'th' Warre do grow together: Grant that, and tell me
In Peace, what each of them by th' other looſe,
That they combine not there?
Corio. Tuſh, tuſh.
Mene. A good demand.
Volum. If it be Honor in your Warres, to ſeeme
The ſame you are not, which for your beſt ends
You adopt your policy: How is it leſſe or worſe
That it ſhall hold Companionſhip in Peace
With Honour, as in Warre; ſince that to both
It ſtands in like requeſt.
Corio. Why force you this?
Volum. Becauſe, that
Now it lyes you on to ſpeake to th' people:
Not by your owne inſtruction, nor by'th' matter
Which your heart prompts you, but with ſuch words
That are but roated in your Tongue;
Though but Baſtards, and Syllables
Of no allowance, to your boſomes truth.
Now, this no more diſhonors you at all,
Then to take in a Towne with gentle words,
Which elſe would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.
I would diſſemble with my Nature, where
My Fortunes and my Friends at ſtake, requir'd
I ſhould do ſo in Honor. I am in this



Your Wife,your Sonne: Theſe Senators,the Nobles,
And you, will rather ſhew our generall Lowts,
How you can frowne, then ſpend a fawne vpon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loues, and ſafegard
Of what that want might ruine.
Menen. Noble Lady,
Come goe with vs, ſpeake faire: you may ſalue ſo,
Not what is dangerous preſent, but the loſſe
Of what is paſt.
Volum. I pry thee now, my Sonne,
Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand,
And thus farre hauing ſtretcht it (here be with them)
Thy Knee buſſing the ſtones: for in ſuch buſineſſe
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th'ignorant
More learned then the eares, wauing thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy ſtout heart,
Now humble as the ripeſt Mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or ſay to them,
Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyles,
Haſt not the ſoft way, which thou do'ſt confeſſe
Were fit for thee to vſe, as they to clayme,
In asking their good loues, but thou wilt frame
Thy ſelfe (forſooth) hereafter theirs ſo farre,
As thou haſt power and perſon.
Menen. This but done,
Euen as ſhe ſpeakes, why their hearts were yours:
For they haue Pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpoſe.
Volum. Prythee now,
Goe, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadſt rather
Follow thine Enemie in a fierie Gulfe,
Then flatter him in a Bower. *Enter Cominius.*
Here is *Cominius.*
Com. I haue beene i'th' Market place: and Sir 'tis fit
You make ſtrong partie, or defend your ſelfe
By calmeneſſe, or by abſence: all's in anger.
Menen. Onely faire ſpeech.
Com. I thinke 'twill ſerue, if he can thereto frame his ſpirit.
Volum. He muſt, and will:
Prythee now ſay you will, and goe about it.
Corio. Muſt I goe ſhew them my vnbarb'd Sconce?
Muſt I with my baſe Tongue giue to my Noble Heart
A Lye, that it muſt beare well? I will doo't:
Yet were there but this ſingle Plot, to looſe
This Mould of *Martius*, they to duſt ſhould grinde it,
And throw't againſt the Winde. Toth' Market place:
You haue put me now to ſuch a part, which neuer
I ſhall diſcharge toth' Life.
Com. Come, come, wee'le prompt you.
Volum. I prythee now ſweet Son, as thou haſt ſaid
My praiſes made thee firſt a Souldier; ſo
To haue my praiſe for this, performe a part
Thou haſt not done before.
Corio. Well, I muſt doo't:
Away my diſpoſition, and poſſeſſe me
Some Harlots ſpirit: My throat of Warre be turn'd,
Which quier'd with my Drumme into a Pipe,
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voyce
That Babies lull a-ſleepe: The ſmiles of Knaues
Tent in my cheekes, and Schoole-boyes Teares take vp
The Glaſſes of my ſight: A Beggars Tongue
Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees
Who bow'd but in my Stirrop, bend like his
That hath receiu'd an Almes. I will not doo't,
Leaſt I ſurceaſe to honor mine owne truth,
And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde
A moſt inherent Baſeneſſe.
Volum. At thy choice then:
To begge of thee, it is my more diſ-honor,
Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let
Thy Mother rather feele thy Pride, then feare
Thy dangerous Stoutneſſe: for I mocke at death
With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou liſt,
Thy Valiantneſſe was mine, thou ſuck'ſt it from me:
But owe thy Pride thy ſelfe.
Corio. Pray be content:
Mother, I am going to the Market place:
Chide me no more. Ile Mountebanke their Loues,
Cogge their Hearts from them, and come home belou'd
Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife, Ile returne Conſull,
Or neuer truſt to what my Tongue can do
I'th way of Flattery further.
Volum. Do your will. *Exit Volumnia*
Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm your ſelf
To anſwer mildely: for they are prepar'd
With Accuſations, as I heare more ſtrong
Then are vpon you yet.
Corio. The word is, Mildely. Pray you let vs go,
Let them accuſe me by inuention: I
Will anſwer in mine Honor.
Menen. I, but mildely.
Corio. Well mildely be it then, Mildely. *Exeunt*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannicall power: If he euade vs there,
Inforce him with his enuy to the people,
And that the Spoile got on the *Antiats*
Was ne're diſtributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Edile.

Edile. Hee's comming.
Bru. How accompanied?
Edile. With old *Menenius*, and thoſe Senators
That alwayes fauour'd him.
Sicin. Haue you a Catalogue
Of all the Voices that we haue procur'd, ſet downe by'th (Pole?
Edile. I haue: 'tis ready.
Sicin. Haue you collected them by Tribes?
Edile. I haue.
Sicin. Aſſemble preſently the people hither:
And when they heare me ſay, it ſhall be ſo,
I'th'right and ſtrength a'th'Commons: be it either
For death, for fine, or Baniſhment, then let them
If I ſay Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,
Inſiſting on the olde prerogatiue
And power i'th Truth a'th Cauſe.
Edile. I ſhall informe them.
Bru. And when ſuch time they haue begun to cry,
Let them not ceaſe, but with a dinne confus'd
Inforce the preſent Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence.
Edi. Very well.
Sicin. Make them be ſtrong, and ready for this hint
When we ſhall hap to giu't them.
Bru. Go about it,
Put him to Choller ſtraite, he hath bene vs'd
Euer to conquer, and to haue his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chaft, he cannot
Be rein'd againe to Temperance, then he ſpeakes
What's

What's in his heart, and that is there which lookes
With vs to breake his necke.
Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.
Sicin. Well, heere he comes.
Mene. Calmely, I do beſeech you.
Corio. I, as an Hoſtler, that fourth pooreſt peece
Will beare the Knaue by'th Volume:
Th'honor'd Goddes
Keepe Rome in ſafety, and the Chaires of Iuſtice
Supplied with worthy men, plant loue amongs
Through our large Temples with ỹ ſhewes of peace
And not our ſtreets with Warre.
1 Sen. Amen, Amen.
Mene. A Noble wiſh.
Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.
Sicin. Draw neere ye people.
Edile. Liſt to your Tribunes. Audience:
Peace I ſay.
Corio. Firſt heare me ſpeake.
Both Tri. Well, ſay: Peace hoe.
Corio. Shall I be charg'd no further then this preſent?
Muſt all determine heere?
Sicin. I do demand,
If you ſubmit you to the peoples voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To ſuffer lawfull Cenſure for ſuch faults
As ſhall be prou'd vpon you.
Corio. I am Content.
Mene. Lo Citizens, he ſayes he is Content.
The warlike Seruice he ha's done, conſider: Thinke
Vpon the wounds his body beares, which ſhew
Like Graues i'th holy Church-yard.
Corio. Scratches with Briars, ſcarres to moue
Laughter onely.
Mene. Conſider further:
That when he ſpeakes not like a Citizen,
You finde him like a Soldier: do not take
His rougher Actions for malicious ſounds:
But as I ſay, ſuch as become a Soldier,
Rather then enuy you.
Com. Well, well, no more.
Corio. What is the matter,
That being paſt for Conſull with full voyce:
I am ſo diſhonour'd, that the very houre
You take it off againe.
Sicin. Anſwer to vs.
Corio. Say then: 'tis true, I ought ſo
Sicin. We charge you, that you haue contriu'd to take
From Rome all ſeaſon'd Office, and to winde
Your ſelfe into a power tyrannicall,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.
Corio. How? Traytor?
Mene. Nay temperately: your promiſe.
Corio. The fires i'th'loweſt hell. Fould in the people:
Call me their Traitor, thou iniurious Tribune.
Within thine eyes ſate twenty thouſand deaths
In thy hands clutcht: as many Millions in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would ſay
Thou lyeſt vnto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.
Sicin. Marke you this people?
All. To'th'Rocke, to'th'Rocke with him.
Sicin. Peace:
We neede not put new matter to his charge:
What you haue ſeene him do, and heard him ſpeake:
Beating your Officers, curſing your ſelues,
Oppoſing Lawes with ſtroakes, and heere defying
Thoſe whoſe great power muſt try him.
Euen this ſo criminall, and in ſuch capitall kinde
Deſerues th'extreameſt death.
Bru. But ſince he hath ſeru'd well for Rome.
Corio. What do you prate of Seruice.
Brut. I talke of that, that know it.
Corio. You?
Mene. Is this the promiſe that you made your mother.
Com. Know, I pray you.
Corio. Ile know no further:
Let them pronounce the ſteepe Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, Fleaing, pent to linger
But with a graine a day, I would not buy
Their mercie, at the price of one faire word,
Nor checke my Courage for what they can giue,
To haue't with ſaying, Good morrow.
Sicin. For that he ha's
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Enui'd againſt the people; ſeeking meanes
To plucke away their power: as now at laſt,
Giuen Hoſtile ſtrokes, and that not in the preſence
Of dreaded Iuſtice, but on the Miniſters
That doth diſtribute it. In the name a'th'people,
And in the power of vs the Tribunes, wee
(Eu'n from this inſtant) baniſh him our Citie
In perill of precipitation
From off the Rocke Tarpeian, neuer more
To enter our Rome gates. I'th'Peoples name,
I ſay it ſhall bee ſo.
All. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo: let him away:
Hee's baniſh'd, and it ſhall be ſo.
Com. Heare me my Maſters, and my common friends.
Sicin. He's ſentenc'd: No more hearing.
Com. Let me ſpeake:
I haue bene Conſull, and can ſhew from Rome
Her Enemies markes vpon me. I do loue
My Countries good, with a reſpect more tender,
More holy, and profound, then mine owne life,
My deere Wiues eſtimate, her wombes encreaſe,
And treaſure of my Loynes: then if I would
Speake that.
Sicin. We know your drift. Speake what?
Bru. There's no more to be ſaid, but he is baniſh'd
As Enemy to the people, and his Countrey.
It ſhall bee ſo.
All. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo.
Corio. You common cry of Curs, whoſe breath I hate,
As reeke a'th'rotten Fennes: whoſe Loues I prize,
As the dead Carkaſſes of vnburied men,
That do corrupt my Ayre: I baniſh you,
And heere remaine with your vncertaintie.
Let euery feeble Rumor ſhake your hearts:
Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes
Fan you into diſpaire: Haue the power ſtill
To baniſh your Defenders, till at length
Your ignorance (which findes not till it feeles,
Making but reſeruation of your ſelues,
Still your owne Foes) deliuer you
As moſt abated Captiues, to ſome Nation
That wonne you without blowes, deſpiſing
For you the City. Thus I turne my backe;
There is a world elſewhere.
Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, with C
They all ſhout, and throw vp their Caps. *umalijs.*
Edile

Edile. The peoples Enemy is gone,is gone.
All. Our enemy is baniſh'd,he is gone: Hoo,oo.
Sicin. Go ſee him out at Gates,and follow him
As he hath follow'd you, with all deſpight
Giue him deſeru'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend vs through the City.
All. Come,come,lets ſee him out at gates,come:
The Gods preſerue our Noble Tribunes,come. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Coriolanus Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the yong Nobility of Rome.

Corio. Come leaue your teares:a brief farwel:the beaſt
With many heads butts me away. Nay Mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? You were vs'd
To ſay, Extreamities was the trier of ſpirits,
That common chances. Common men could beare,
That when the Sea was calme, all Boats alike
Shew'd Maſterſhip in floating. Fortunes blowes,
When moſt ſtrooke home, being gentle wounded,craues
A Noble cunning. You were vs'd to load me
With Precepts that would make inuincible
The heart that conn'd them.
Virg. Oh heauens! O heauens!
Corio. Nay, I prythee woman.
Vol. Now the Red Peſtilence ſtrike al Trades in Rome,
And Occupations periſh.
Corio. What,what, what:
I ſhall be lou'd when I am lack'd. Nay Mother,
Reſume that Spirit, when you were wont to ſay,
If you had beene the Wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his Labours youl'd haue done, and ſau'd
Your Husband ſo much ſwet. *Cominius*,
Droope not, Adieu: Farewell my Wife,my Mother,
Ile do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
Thy teares are ſalter then a yonger mans,
And venomous to thine eyes. My (ſometime)Generall,
I haue ſeene the Sterne, and thou haſt oft beheld
Heart-hardning ſpectacles. Tell theſe ſad women,
'Tis fond to waile ineuitable ſtrokes,
As 'tis to laugh at 'em. My Mother,you wot well
My hazards ſtill haue beene your ſolace,and
Beleeu't not lightly, though I go alone
Like to a lonely Dragon, that his Fenne
Makes fear'd,and talk'd of more then ſeene: your Sonne
Will or exceed the Common,or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.
Volum. My firſt ſonne,
Whether will thou go? Take good *Cominius*
With thee awhile: Determine on ſome courſe
More then a wilde expoſture, to each chance
That ſtart's i'th'way before thee.
Corio. O the Gods!
Com. Ile follow thee a Moneth, deuiſe with thee
Where thou ſhalt reſt, that thou may'ſt heare of vs,
And we of thee. So if the time thruſt forth
A cauſe for thy Repeale, we ſhall not ſend
O're the vaſt world, to ſeeke a ſingle man,
loose aduantage. which doth euer coole
An ence of the needer.
Ith'abi Fare ye well:
Corio.
Thou haſt yea res vpon thee, and thou art too full
Of the warres ſurfets, to go roue with one
That's yet vnbruis'd: bring me but out at gate.
Come my ſweet wife, my deereſt Mother,and
My Friends of Noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and ſmile. I pray you come:
While I remaine aboue the ground,you ſhall
Heare from me ſtill, and neuer of me ought
But what is like me formerly.
Menen. That's worthily
As any eare can heare. Come,let's not weepe,
If I could ſhake off but one ſeuen yeeres
From theſe old armes and legges, by the good Gods
I'ld with thee, euery foot.
Corio. Giue me thy hand, come. *Exeunt*

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius,and Brutus, with the Edile.

Sicin. Bid them all home,he's gone: & wee'l no further,
The Nobility are vexed,whom we ſee haue ſided
In his behalfe.
Brut. Now we haue ſhewne our power,
Let vs ſeeme humbler after it is done,
Then when it was a dooing.
Sicin. Bid them home: ſay their great enemy is gone,
And they,ſtand in their ancient ſtrength.
Brut. Diſmiſſe them home. Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sicin. Let's not meet her.
Brut Why?
Sicin. They ſay ſhe's mad.
Brut. They haue tane note of vs: keepe on your way.
Volum. Oh y'are well met:
Th'hoorded plague a'th'Gods requit your loue.
Menen. Peace,peace,be not ſo loud.
Volum. If that I could for weeping,you ſhould heare,
Nay,and you ſhall heare ſome. Will you be gone?
Virg. You ſhall ſtay too: I would I had the power
To ſay ſo to my Husband.
Sicin. Are you mankinde?
Volum. I foole,is that a ſhame. Note but this Foole,
Was not a man my Father? Had'ſt thou Foxſhip
To baniſh him that ſtrooke more blowes for Rome
Then thou haſt ſpoken words.
Sicin. Oh bleſſed Heauens!
Volum. Moe Noble blowes, then euer yͤ wiſe words.
And for Romes good, Ile tell thee what: yet goe:
Nay but thou ſhalt ſtay too: I would my Sonne
Were in Arabia,and thy Tribe before him,
His good Sword in his hand.
Sicin. What then?
Virg. What then? Hee'ld make an end of thy poſterity
Volum. Baſtards,and all.
Good man, the Wounds that he does beare for Rome!
Menen. Come,come,peace.
Sicin. I would he had continued to his Country
As he began,and not vnknit himſelfe
The Noble knot he made.
Bru. I would he had.
Volum. I would he had? 'Twas you incenſt the rable.
Cats, that can iudge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of thoſe Myſteries which heauen
Will not haue earth to know.
Brut. Pray let's go.
Volum. Now pray ſir get you gone.
You haue done a braue deede: Ere you go, heare this:
As farre as doth the Capitoll exceede
The meaneſt houſe in Rome; ſo farre my Sonne

This

This Ladies Husband heere; this (do you ſee)
Whom you haue baniſh'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well,well, wee'l leaue you.
Sicin. Why ſtay we to be baited
With one that wants her Wits. *Exit Tribunes.*
Volum. Take my Prayers with you.
I would the Gods had nothing elſe to do,
But to confirme my Curſſes. Could I meete 'em
But once a day, it would vnclogge my heart
Of what lyes heauy too't.
Mene. You haue told them home,
And by my troth you haue cauſe: you'l Sup with me.
Volum. Angers my Meate: I ſuppe vpon my ſelfe,
And ſo ſhall ſterue with Feeding: Come,let's go,
Leaue this faint-puling, and lament as I do,
In Anger, *Iuno*-like: Come,come,come. *Exeunt*
Mene. Fie,fie,fie. *Exit.*

Enter a Roman, and a Volce.

Rom. I know you well ſir, and you know mee: your name I thinke is *Adrian*.

Volce. It is ſo ſir, truly I haue forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman, and my Seruices are as you are, againſt 'em. Know you me yet.

Volce. Nicanor: no.

Rom. The ſame ſir.

Volce. You had more Beard when I laſt ſaw you, but your Fauour is well appear'd by your Tongue. What's the Newes in Rome: I haue a Note from the Volcean ſtate to finde you out there. You haue well ſaued mee a dayes iourney.

Rom. There hath beene in Rome ſtraunge Inſurrections: The people, againſt the Senatours, Patricians, and Nobles.

Vol. Hath bin; is it ended then? Our State thinks not ſo, they are in a moſt warlike preparation,& hope to com vpon them,in the heate of their diuiſion

Rom. The maine blaze of it is paſt, but a ſmall thing would make it flame againe. For the Nobles receyue ſo to heart, the Baniſhment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptneſſe, to take al power from the people, and to plucke from them their Tribunes for euer. This lyes glowing I can tell you,and is almoſt mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus Baniſht?

Rom. Baniſh'd ſir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence *Nicanor*.

Rom. The day ſerues well for them now. I haue heard it ſaide, the fitteſt time to corrupt a mans Wife, is when ſhee's falne out with her Husband. Your Noble *Tullus Auffidius* well appeare well in theſe Warres, his great Oppoſer *Coriolanus* being now in no requeſt of his countrey.

Volce. He cannot chooſe: I am moſt fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You haue ended my Buſineſſe,and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I ſhall betweene this and Supper, tell you moſt ſtrange things from Rome: all tending to the good of their Aduerſaries. Haue you an Army ready ſay you?

Vol. A moſt Royall one: The Centurions, and their charges diſtinctly billetted already in th'entertainment, and to be on foot at an houres warning.

Rom. I am ioyfull to heare of their readineſſe,and am the man I thinke, that ſhall ſet them in preſent Action. So ſir,heartily well met,and moſt glad of your Company.

Volce. You take my part from me ſir, I haue the moſt cauſe to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let vs go together. *Exeunt.*

Enter Coriolanus in meane Apparrell, Diſguiſd,and muffled.

Corio. A goodly City is this *Antium*. Citty,
'Tis I that made thy Widdowes: Many an heyre
Of theſe faire Edifices fore my Warres
Haue I heard groane,and drop: Then know me not,
Leaſt that thy Wiues with Spits,and Boyes with ſtones
In puny Battell ſlay me. Saue you ſir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Corio. Direct me,if it be your will,where great *Auffidius* lies: Is he in *Antium*?

Cit. He is, and Feaſts the Nobles of the State, at his houſe this night.

Corio. Which is his houſe,beſeech you?
Cit. This heere before you.
Corio. Thanke you ſir, farewell. *Exit Citizen*
Oh World, thy ſlippery turnes! Friends now faſt ſworn,
Whoſe double boſomes ſeemes to weare one heart,
Whoſe Houres,whoſe Bed,whoſe Meale and Exerciſe
Are ſtill together: who Twin (as 'twere)in Loue,
Vnſeparable, ſhall within this houre,
On a diſſention of a Doit, breake out
To bittereſt Enmity: So felleſt Foes,
Whoſe Paſſions, and whoſe Plots haue broke their ſleep
To take the one the other, by ſome chance,
Some tricke not worth an Egge, ſhall grow deere friends
And inter-ioyne their yſſues. So with me,
My Birth-place haue I, and my loues vpon
This Enemie Towne: Ile enter, if he ſlay me
He does faire Iuſtice: if he giue me way,
Ile do his Country Seruice. *Exit.*

Muſicke playes. Enter a Seruingman.

1 Ser. Wine,Wine,Wine: What ſeruice is heere? I thinke our Fellowes are aſleepe.

Enter another Seruingman.

2 Ser. Where's *Cotus*: my M. cals for him: *Cotus. Exit*

Enter Coriolanus.

Corio. A goodly Houſe:
The Feaſt ſmels well; but I appeare not like a Gueſt.

Enter the firſt Seruingman.

1 Ser. What would you haue Friend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: Pray go to the doore? *Exit*

Corio. I haue deſeru'd no better entertainment,in being *Coriolanus*. *Enter ſecond Seruant.*

2 Ser. Whence are you ſir? Ha's the Porter his eyes in his head,that he giues entrance to ſuch Companions? Pray get you out.

Corio. Away.
2 Ser. Away? Get you away.
Corio. Now th'art troubleſome.
2 Ser. Are you ſo braue: Ile haue you talkt with anon

Enter 3 Seruingman, the 1 meets him.

3 What Fellowes this?

1 A ſtrange one as euer I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'th'houſe: Prythee call my Maſter to him.

3 What haue you to do here fellow? Pray you auoid the houſe.

Corio. Let me but ſtand,I will not hurt your Harth.
3 What are you?
Corio. A Gentleman.
3 A maru'llous poore one.
Corio. True,ſo I am.
3 Pray you poore Gentleman,take vp ſome other ſtation,

tion: Heere's no place for you,pray you auoid: Come.

Corio. Follow your Function,go,and batten on colde bits. *Puſhes him away from him.*

3 What you will not? Prythee tell my Maiſter what a ſtrange Gueſt he ha's heere.

2 And I ſhall. *Exit ſecond Seruingman.*

3 Where dwel'ſt thou?

Corio. Vnder the Canopy.

3 Vnder the Canopy?

Corio. I.

3 Where's that?

Corio. I'th City of Kites and Crowes.

3 I'th City of Kites and Crowes? What an Aſſe it is, then thou dwel'ſt with Dawes too?

Corio. No, I ſerue not thy Maſter.

3 How ſir? Do you meddle with my Maſter?

Corio. I,tis an honeſter ſeruice, then to meddle with thy Miſtris: Thou prat'ſt,and prat'ſt, ſerue with thy trencher: Hence. *Beats him away*

Enter Auffidius with the Seruingman.

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

2 Here ſir, I'de haue beaten him like a dogge, but for diſturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'ſt thou? What woldſt yͧ? Thy name? Why ſpeak'ſt not? Speake man: What's thy name?

Corio. If *Tullus* not yet thou know'ſt me, and ſeeing me, doſt not thinke me for the man I am, neceſſitie commands me name my ſelfe.

Auf. What is thy name?

Corio. A name vnmuſicall to the Volcians eares,
And harſh in ſound to thine.

Auf. Say,what's thy name?
Thou haſt a Grim apparance, and thy Face
Beares a Command in't: Though thy Tackles torne,
Thou ſhew'ſt a Noble Veſſell: What's thy name?

Corio. Prepare thy brow to frowne: knowſt yͧ me yet?

Auf. I know thee not? Thy Name?

Corio. My name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the Volces
Great hurt and Miſchiefe: thereto witneſſe may
My Surname *Coriolanus*. The painfull Seruice,
The extreme Dangers, and the droppes of Blood
Shed for my thankleſſe Country, are requitted:
But with that Surname, a good memorie
And witneſſe of the Malice and Diſpleaſure
Which thou ſhould'ſt beare me, only that name remains.
The Cruelty and Enuy of the people,
Permitted by our daſtard Nobles, who
Haue all forſooke me, hath deuour'd the reſt:
And ſuffer'd me by th'voyce of Slaues to be
Hoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity,
Hath brought me to thy Harth, not out of Hope
(Miſtake me not) to ſaue my life: for if
I had fear'd death, of all the Men i'th'World
I would haue voided thee. But in meere ſpight
To be full quit of thoſe my Baniſhers,
Stand I before thee heere: Then if thou haſt
A heart of wreake in thee, that wilt reuenge
Thine owne particular wrongs, and ſtop thoſe maimes
Of ſhame ſeene through thy Country, ſpeed thee ſtraight
And make my miſery ſerue thy turne: So vſe it,
That my reuengefull Seruices may proue
As Benefits to thee. For I will fight
Againſt my Cankred Countrey, with the Spleene
Of all the vnder Fiends. But if ſo be,
Thou dar'ſt not this, and that to proue more Fortunes
Th'art tyr'd, then in a word, I alſo am
Longer to liue moſt wearie: and preſent
My throat to thee, and to thy Ancient Malice:
Which not to cut, would ſhew thee but a Foole,
Since I haue euer followed thee with hate,
Drawne Tunnes of Blood out of thy Countries breſt,
And cannot liue but to thy ſhame, vnleſſe
It be to do thee ſeruice.

Auf. Oh *Martius*, *Martius*;
Each word thou haſt ſpoke, hath weeded from my heart
A roote of Ancient Enuy. If Iupiter
Should from yond clowd ſpeake diuine things,
And ſay 'tis true; I'de not beleeue them more
Then thee all-Noble *Martius*. Let me twine
Mine armes about that body, where againſt
My grained Aſh an hundred times hath broke,
And ſcarr'd the Moone with ſplinters: heere I cleep
The Anuile of my Sword, and do conteſt
As hotly, and as Nobly with thy Loue,
As euer in Ambitious ſtrength, I did
Contend againſt thy Valour. Know thou firſt,
I lou'd the Maid I married: neuer man
Sigh'd truer breath. But that I ſee thee heere
Thou Noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
Then when I firſt my wedded Miſtris ſaw
Beſtride my Threſhold. Why, thou Mars I tell thee,
We haue a Power on foote: and I had purpoſe
Once more to hew thy Target from thy Brawne,
Or looſe mine Arme for't: Thou haſt beate mee out
Twelue ſeuerall times, and I haue nightly ſince
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy ſelfe and me:
We haue beene downe together in my ſleepe,
Vnbuckling Helmes, fiſting each others Throat,
And wak'd halfe dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*,
Had we no other quarrell elſe to Rome, but that
Thou art thence Baniſh'd, we would muſter all
From twelue, to ſeuentie: and powring Warre
Into the bowels of vngratefull Rome,
Like a bold Flood o're-beate. Oh come, go in,
And take our Friendly Senators by'th'hands
Who now are heere, taking their leaues of mee,
Who am prepar'd againſt your Territories,
Though not for Rome it ſelfe.

Corio. You bleſſe me Gods.

Auf. Therefore moſt abſolute Sir, if thou wilt haue
The leading of thine owne Reuenges, take
Th'one halfe of my Commiſſion, and ſet downe
As beſt thou art experienc'd, ſince thou know'ſt
Thy Countries ſtrength and weakneſſe, thine own waies
Whether to knocke againſt the Gates of Rome,
Or rudely viſit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere deſtroy. But come in,
Let me commend thee firſt, to thoſe that ſhall
Say yea to thy deſires. A thouſand welcomes,
And more a Friend, then ere an Enemie,
Yet *Martius* that was much. Your hand: moſt welcome. *Exeunt*

Enter two of the Seruingmen.

1 Heere's a ſtrange alteration?

2 By my hand, I had thoght to haue ſtroken him with a Cudgell, and yet my minde gaue me, his cloathes made a falſe report of him.

1 What an Arme he has, he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumbe, as one would ſet vp a Top.

2 Nay, I knew by his face that there was ſome-thing in him. He had ſir, a kinde of face me thought, I cannot

tell how to tearme it.

1 He had ſo, looking as it were, would I were hang'd but I thought there was more in him, then I could think.

2 So did I, Ile be ſworne: He is ſimply the rareſt man i'th'world.

1 I thinke he is: but a greater ſoldier then he, You wot one.

2 Who my Maſter?

1 Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 Worth ſix on him.

1 Nay not ſo neither: but I take him to be the greater Souldiour.

2 Faith looke you, one cannot tell how to ſay that: for the Defence of a Towne, our Generall is excellent.

1 I, and for an aſſault too.

Enter the third Seruingman.

3 Oh Slaues, I can tell you Newes, News you Raſcals

Both. What, what, what? Let's partake.

3 I would not be a Roman of all Nations; I had as liue be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? Wherefore?

3 Why here's he that was wont to thwacke our Generall, *Caius Martius*.

1 Why do you ſay, thwacke our Generall?

3 I do not ſay thwacke our Generall, but he was alwayes good enough for him

2 Come we are fellowes and friends: he was euer too hard for him, I haue heard him ſay ſo himſelfe.

1 He was too hard for him directly, to ſay the Troth on't before *Corioles*, he ſcotcht him, and notcht him like a Carbinado.

2 And hee had bin Cannibally giuen, hee might haue boyld and eaten him too.

1 But more of thy Newes.

3 Why he is ſo made on heere within, as if hee were Son and Heire to Mars, ſet at vpper end o'th'Table: No queſtion askt him by any of the Senators, but they ſtand bald before him. Our Generall himſelfe makes a Miſtris of him, Sanctifies himſelfe with's hand, and turnes vp the white o'th'eye to his Diſcourſe. But the bottome of the Newes is, our Generall is cut i'th'middle, & but one halfe of what he was yeſterday. For the other ha's halfe, by the intreaty and graunt of the whole Table. Hee'l go he ſayes, and ſole the Porter of Rome Gates by th'eares. He will mowe all downe before him, and leaue his paſſage poul'd.

2 And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 Doo't? he will doo't: for look you ſir, he has as many Friends as Enemies: which Friends ſir as it were, durſt not (looke you ſir) ſhew themſelues (as we terme it) his Friends, whileſt he's in Directitude.

1 Directitude? What's that?

3 But when they ſhall ſee ſir, his Creſt vp againe, and the man in blood, they will out of their Burroughes (like Conies after Raine) and reuell all with him.

1 But when goes this forward?

3 To morrow, to day, preſently, you ſhall haue the Drum ſtrooke vp this afternoone: 'Tis as it were a parcel of their Feaſt, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 Why then wee ſhall haue a ſtirring World againe: This peace is nothing, but to ruſt Iron, encreaſe Taylors, and breed Ballad-makers.

1 Let me haue Warre ſay I, it exceeds peace as farre as day do's night: It's ſprightly walking, audible, and full of Vent. Peace, is a very Apoplexy, Lethargie, mull'd, deafe, ſleepe, inſenſible, a getter of more baſtard Children, then warres a deſtroyer of men.

2 'Tis ſo, and as warres in ſome ſort may be ſaide to be a Rauiſher, ſo it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of Cuckolds.

1 I, and it makes men hate one another.

3 Reaſon, becauſe they then leſſe neede one another: The Warres for my money. I hope to ſee Romanes as cheape as Volcians. They are riſing, they are riſing.

Both. In, in, in, in. *Exeunt*

Enter the two Tribunes, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Sicin. We heare not of him, neither need we fear him,
His remedies are tame, the preſent peace,
And quietneſſe of the people, which before
Were in wilde hurry. Heere do we make his Friends
Bluſh, that the world goes well: who rather had,
Though they themſelues did ſuffer by't, behold
Diſſentious numbers peſtring ſtreets, then ſee
Our Tradeſmen ſinging in their ſhops, and going
About their Functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We ſtood too't in good time. Is this *Menenius*?

Sicin. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown moſt kind of late:
Haile Sir. *Mene.* Haile to you both.

Sicin. Your *Coriolanus* is not much miſt, but with his Friends: the Commonwealth doth ſtand, and ſo would do, were he more angry at it.

Mene. All's well, and might haue bene much better, if he could haue temporiz'd.

Sicin. Where is he, heare you?

Mene. Nay I heare nothing:
His Mother and his wife, heare nothing from him.

Enter three or foure Citizens.

All. The Gods preſerue you both.

Sicin. Gooden our Neighbours.

Bru. Gooden to you all, gooden to you all.

1 Our ſelues, our wiues, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Sicin. Liue, and thriue.

Bru. Farewell kinde Neighbours:
We wiſht *Coriolanus* had lou'd you as we did.

All. Now the Gods keepe you.

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. *Exeunt Citizens*

Sicin. This is a happier and more comely time,
Then when theſe Fellowes ran about the ſtreets,
Crying Confuſion.

Bru. *Caius Martius* was
A worthy Officer i'th'Warre, but Inſolent,
O'recome with Pride, Ambitious, paſt all thinking
Selfe-louing.

Sicin. And affecting one ſole Throne, without aſſiſtãce

Mene. I thinke not ſo.

Sicin. We ſhould by this, to all our Lamention,
If he had gone forth Conſull, found it ſo.

Bru. The Gods haue well preuented it, and Rome
Sits ſafe and ſtill, without him.

Enter an Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a Slaue whom we haue put in priſon,
Reports the Volces with two ſeuerall Powers
Are entred in the Roman Territories,
And with the deepeſt malice of the Warre,
Deſtroy, what lies before 'em.

Mene. 'Tis *Auffidius*,
Who hearing of our *Martius* Baniſhment,
Thruſts forth his hornes againe into the world
Which were In-ſhell'd, when *Martius* ſtood for Rome,

And durſt not once peepe out.
Sicin. Come, what talke you of *Martius.*
Bru. Go ſee this Rumorer whipt, it cannot be,
The Volces dare breake with vs.
Mene. Cannot be?
We haue Record, that very well it can,
And three examples of the like, hath beene
Within my Age. But reaſon with the fellow
Before you puniſh him, where he heard this,
Leaſt you ſhall chance to whip your Information,
And beate the Meſſenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.
Sicin. Tell not me: I know this cannot be.
Bru. Not poſſible.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The Nobles in great earneſtneſſe are going
All to the Senate-houſe: ſome newes is comming
That turnes their Countenances.
Sicin. 'Tis this Slaue:
Go whip him fore the peoples eyes: His raiſing,
Nothing but his report.
Meſ. Yes worthy Sir,
The Slaues report is ſeconded, and more
More fearfull is deliuer'd.
Sicin. What more fearefull?
Meſ. It is ſpoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*
Ioyn'd with *Auffidius*, leads a power 'gainſt Rome,
And vowes Reuenge as ſpacious, as betweene
The yong'ſt and oldeſt thing.
Sicin. This is moſt likely.
Bru. Rais'd onely, that the weaker ſort may wiſh
Good *Martius* home againe.
Sicin. The very tricke on't.
Mene. This is vnlikely,
He, and *Auffidius* can no more attone
Then violent'ſt Contrariety.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. You are ſent for to the Senate:
A fearefull Army, led by *Caius Martius,*
Aſſociated with *Auffidius*, Rages
Vpon our Territories, and haue already
O're-borne their way, conſum'd with fire, and tooke
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh you haue made good worke.
Mene. What newes? What newes?
Com. You haue holp to rauiſh your owne daughters, &
To melt the Citty Leades vpon your pates,
To ſee your Wiues diſhonour'd to your Noſes.
Mene. What's the newes? What's the newes?
Com. Your Temples burned in their Ciment, and
Your Franchiſes, whereon you ſtood, confin'd
Into an Augors boare.
Mene. Pray now, your Newes:
You haue made faire worke I feare me: pray your newes,
If *Martius* ſhould be ioyn'd with Volceans.
Com. If? He is their God, he leads them like a thing
Made by ſome other Deity then Nature,
That ſhapes man Better: and they follow him
Againſt vs Brats, with no leſſe Confidence,
Then Boyes purſuing Summer Butter-flies,
Or Butchers killing Flyes.
Mene. You haue made good worke,
You and your Apron men: you, that ſtood ſo much
Vpon the voyce of occupation, and
The breath of Garlicke-eaters.
Com. Hee'l ſhake your Rome about your eares.
Mene. As *Hercules* did ſhake downe Mellow Fruite:
You haue made faire worke.
Brut. But is this true ſir?
Com, I, and you'l looke pale
Before you finde it other. All the Regions
Do ſmilingly Reuolt, and who reſiſts
Are mock'd for valiant Ignorance,
And periſh conſtant Fooles: who is't can blame him?
Your Enemies and his, finde ſomething in him.
Mene. We are all vndone, vnleſſe
The Noble man haue mercy.
Com. Who ſhall aske it?
The Tribunes cannot doo't for ſhame; the people
Deſerue ſuch pitty of him, as the Wolfe
Doe's of the Shepheards: For his beſt Friends, if they
Should ſay be good to Rome, they charg'd him, euen
As thoſe ſhould do that had deſeru'd his hate,
And therein ſhew'd like Enemies.
Me. 'Tis true, if he were putting to my houſe, the brand
That ſhould conſume it, I haue not the face
To ſay, beſeech you ceaſe. You haue made faire hands,
You and your Crafts, you haue crafted faire.
Com. You haue brought
A Trembling vpon Rome, ſuch as was neuer
S'incapeable of helpe.
Tri. Say not, we brought it.
Mene. How? Was't we? We lou'd him,
But like Beaſts, and Cowardly Nobles,
Gaue way vnto your Cluſters, who did hoote
Him out o'th'Citty.
Com. But I feare
They'l roare him in againe. *Tullus Auffidius,*
The ſecond name of men, obeyes his points
As if he were his Officer: Deſperation,
Is all the Policy, Strength, and Defence
That Rome can make againſt them.

Enter a Troope of Citizens.

Mene. Heere come the Cluſters.
And is *Auffidius* with him? You are they
That made the Ayre vnwholſome, when you caſt
Your ſtinking, greaſie Caps, in hooting
At *Coriolanus* Exile. Now he's comming,
And not a haire vpon a Souldiers head
Which will not proue a whip: As many Coxcombes
As you threw Caps vp, will he tumble downe,
And pay you for your voyces. 'Tis no matter,
If he could burne vs all into one coale,
We haue deſeru'd it.
Omnes. Faith, we heare fearfull Newes.
1 *Cit.* For mine owne part,
When I ſaid baniſh him, I ſaid 'twas pitty.
2 And ſo did I.
3 And ſo did I: and to ſay the truth, ſo did very many of vs, that we did we did for the beſt, and though wee willingly conſented to his Baniſhment, yet it was againſt our will.
Com. Y'are goodly things, you Voyces.
Mene. You haue made good worke
You and your cry. Shal's to the Capitoll?
Com. Oh I, what elſe? *Exeunt both.*
Sicin. Go Maſters get you home, be not diſmaid,
Theſe are a Side, that would be glad to haue
This true, which they ſo ſeeme to feare. Go home,
And ſhew no ſigne of Feare.

1 *Cit.* The Gods bee good to vs: Come Maſters let's home, I euer ſaid we were i'th wrong, when we baniſh'd him.
2 *Cit.* So did we all. But come, let's home. *Exit Cit.*
Bru. I do not like this Newes.
Sicin. Nor I.
Bru. Let's to the Capitoll: would halfe my wealth
Would buy this for a lye.
Sicin. Pray let's go. *Exeunt Tribunes.*

Enter Auffidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they ſtill flye to'th'Roman?
Lieu. I do not know what Witchcraft's in him: but
Your Soldiers vſe him as the Grace 'fore meate,
Their talke at Table, and their Thankes at end,
And you are darkned in this action Sir,
Euen by your owne.
Auf. I cannot helpe it now,
Vnleſſe by vſing meanes I lame the foote
Of our deſigne. He beares himſelfe more proudlier,
Euen to my perſon, then I thought he would
When firſt I did embrace him. Yet his Nature
In that's no Changeling, and I muſt excuſe
What cannot be amended.
Lieu. Yet I wiſh Sir,
(I meane for your particular) you had not
Ioyn'd in Commiſſion with him: but either haue borne
The action of your ſelfe, or elſe to him, had left it ſoly.
Auf. I vnderſtand thee well, and be thou ſure
When he ſhall come to his account, he knowes not
What I can vrge againſt him, although it ſeemes
And ſo he thinkes, and is no leſſe apparant
To th'vulgar eye, that he beares all things fairely:
And ſhewes good Husbandry for the Volcian State,
Fights Dragon-like, and does atcheeue as ſoone
As draw his Sword: yet he hath left vndone
That which ſhall breake his necke, or hazard mine,
When ere we come to our account.
Lieu. Sir, I beſeech you, think you he'l carry Rome?
Auf. All places yeelds to him ere he ſits downe,
And the Nobility of Rome are his:
The Senators and Patricians loue him too:
The Tribunes are no Soldiers: and their people
Will be as raſh in the repeale, as haſty
To expell him thence. I thinke hee'l be to Rome
As is the Aſpray to the Fiſh, who takes it
By Soueraignty of Nature. Firſt, he was
A Noble ſeruant to them, but he could not
Carry his Honors eeuen: whether 'was Pride
Which out of dayly Fortune euer taints
The happy man; whether detect of iudgement,
To faile in the diſpoſing of thoſe chances
Which he was Lord of: or whether Nature,
Not to be other then one thing, not mouing
From th'Caske to th'Cuſhion: but commanding peace
Euen with the ſame auſterity and garbe,
As he controll'd the warre. But one of theſe
(As he hath ſpices of them all) not all,
For I dare ſo farre free him, made him fear'd,
So hated, and ſo baniſh'd: but he ha's a Merit
To choake it in the vtt'rance: So our Vertue,
Lie in th'interpretation of the time,
And power vnto it ſelfe moſt commendable,
Hath not a Tombe ſo euident as a Chaire
T'extoll what it hath done.
One fire driues out one fire; one Naile, one Naile;
Rights by rights fouler, ſtrengths by ſtrengths do faile.
Come let's away: when *Caius* Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'ſt of all; then ſhortly art thou mine. *exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, the two Tribunes, with others.

Menen. No, Ile not go: you heare what he hath ſaid
Which was ſometime his Generall: who loued him
In a moſt deere particular. He call'd me Father:
But what o'that? Go you that baniſh'd him
A Mile before his Tent, fall downe, and knee
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To heare *Cominius* ſpeake, Ile keepe at home.
Com. He would not ſeeme to know me.
Menen. Do you heare?
Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I vrg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we haue bled together. *Coriolanus*
He would not anſwer too: Forbad all Names,
He was a kinde of Nothing, Titleleſſe,
Till he had forg'd himſelfe a name a'th'fire
Of burning Rome.
Menen. Why ſo: you haue made good worke:
A paire of Tribunes, that haue wrack'd for Rome,
To make Coales cheape: A Noble memory.
Com. I minded him, how Royall 'twas to pardon
When it was leſſe expected. He replyed
It was a bare petition of a State
To one whom they had puniſh'd.
Menen. Very well, could he ſay leſſe.
Com. I offered to awaken his regard
For's priuate Friends. His anſwer to me was
He could not ſtay to picke them, in a pile
Of noyſome muſty Chaffe. He ſaid, 'twas folly
For one poore graine or two, to leaue vnburnt
And ſtill to noſe th'offence.
Menen. For one poore graine or two?
I am one of thoſe: his Mother, Wife, his Childe,
And this braue Fellow too: we are the Graines,
You are the muſty Chaffe, and you are ſmelt
Aboue the Moone. We muſt be burnt for you.
Sicin. Nay, pray be patient: If you refuſe your ayde
In this ſo neuer-needed helpe, yet do not
Vpbraid's with our diſtreſſe. But ſure if you
Would be your Countries Pleader, your good tongue
More then the inſtant Armie we can make
Might ſtop our Countryman.
Mene. No: Ile not meddle.
Sicin. Pray you go to him.
Mene. What ſhould I do?
Bru. Onely make triall what your Loue can do,
For Rome, towards *Martius.*
Mene. Well, and ſay that *Martius* returne mee,
As *Cominius* is return'd, vnheard: what then?
But as a diſcontented Friend, greefe-ſhot
With his vnkindneſſe. Say't be ſo?
Sicin. Yet your good will
Muſt haue that thankes from Rome, after the meaſure
As you intended well.
Mene. Ile vndertak't:
I thinke hee'l heare me. Yet to bite his lip,
And humme at good *Cominius*, much vnhearts mee.

He was not taken well, he had not din'd,
The Veines vnfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt vpon the Morning, are vnapt
To giue or to forgiue; but when we haue ſtufft
Theſe Pipes, and theſe Conueyances of our blood
With Wine and Feeding, we haue ſuppler Soules
Then in our Prieſt-like Faſts: therefore Ile watch him
Till he be dieted to my requeſt,
And then Ile ſet vpon him.
Bru. You know the very rode into his kindneſſe,
And cannot loſe your way.
Mene. Good faith Ile proue him,
Speed how it will. I ſhall ere long, haue knowledge
Of my ſucceſſe. *Exit.*
Com. Hee'l neuer heare him.
Sicin. Not.
Com. I tell you, he doe's ſit in Gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burne Rome: and his Iniury
The Gaoler to his pitty. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he ſaid Riſe: diſmiſt me
Thus with his ſpeechleſſe hand. What he would do
He ſent in writing after me: what he would not,
Bound with an Oath to yeeld to his conditions:
So that all hope is vaine, vnleſſe his Noble Mother,
And his Wife, who (as I heare) meane to ſolicite him
For mercy to his Countrey: therefore let's hence,
And with our faire intreaties haſt them on. *Exeunt*

Enter Menenius to the Watch or Guard.

1 *Wat.* Stay: whence are you.
2. *Wat.* Stand, and go backe.
Me. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leaue,
I am an Officer of State, & come to ſpeak with *Coriolanus*
1 From whence? *Mene.* From Rome.
1 You may not paſſe, you muſt returne: our Generall will no more heare from thence.
2 You'l ſee your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'l ſpeake with *Coriolanus.*
Mene. Good my Friends,
If you haue heard your Generall talke of Rome,
And of his Friends there, it is Lots to Blankes,
My name hath touch't your eares: it is *Menenius.*
1 Be it ſo, go back: the vertue of your name,
Is not heere paſſable.
Mene. I tell thee Fellow,
Thy Generall is my Louer: I haue beene
The booke of his good Acts, whence men haue read
His Fame vnparalell'd, happely amplified:
For I haue euer verified my Friends,
(Of whom hee's cheefe) with all the ſize that verity
Would without lapſing ſuffer: Nay, ſometimes,
Like to a Bowle vpon a ſubtle ground
I haue tumbled paſt the throw: and in his praiſe
Haue (almoſt) ſtampt the Leaſing. Therefore Fellow,
I muſt haue leaue to paſſe.
1 Faith Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalſe, as you haue vttered words in your owne, you ſhould not paſſe heere: no, though it were as vertuous to lye, as to liue chaſtly. Therefore go backe.
Men. Prythee fellow, remember my name is *Menenius*, alwayes factionary on the party of your Generall.
2 Howſoeuer you haue bin his Lier, as you ſay you haue, I am one that telling true vnder him, muſt ſay you cannot paſſe. Therefore go backe.
Mene. Ha's he din'd can'ſt thou tell? For I would not ſpeake with him, till after dinner.
1 You are a Roman, are you?
Mene. I am as thy Generall is.
1 Then you ſhould hate Rome, as he do's. Can you, when you haue puſht out your gates, the very Defender of them, and in a violent popular ignorance, giuen your enemy your ſhield, thinke to front his reuenges with the eaſie groanes of old women, the Virginall Palms of your daughters, or with the palſied interceſſion of ſuch a decay'd Dotant as you ſeeme to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire, your City is ready to flame in, with ſuch weake breath as this? No, you are deceiu'd, therfore backe to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd, our Generall has ſworne you out of repreeue and pardon.
Mene. Sirra, if thy Captaine knew I were heere,
He would vſe me with eſtimation.
1 Come, my Captaine knowes you not.
Mene. I meane thy Generall.
1 My Generall cares not for you. Back I ſay, go: leaſt I let forth your halfe pinte of blood. Backe, that's the vtmoſt of your hauing, backe.
Mene. Nay but Fellow, Fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Auffidius.

Corio. What's the matter?
Mene. Now you Companion: Ile ſay an arrant for you: you ſhall know now that I am in eſtimation: you ſhall perceiue, that a Iacke gardant cannot office me from my Son *Coriolanus*, gueſſe but my entertainment with him: if thou ſtand'ſt not i'th ſtate of hanging, or of ſome death more long in Spectatorſhip, and crueller in ſuffering, behold now preſently, and ſwoond for what's to come vpon thee. The glorious Gods ſit in hourely Synod about thy particular proſperity, and loue thee no worſe then thy old Father *Menenius* do's. O my Son, my Son! thou art preparing fire for vs: looke thee, heere's water to quench it. I was hardly moued to come to thee: but beeing aſſured none but my ſelfe could moue thee, I haue bene blowne out of your Gates with ſighes: and coniure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary Countrimen. The good Gods aſſwage thy wrath, and turne the dregs of it, vpon this Varlet heere: This, who like a blocke hath denyed my acceſſe to thee.
Corio. Away.
Mene. How? Away?
Corio. Wife, Mother, Child, I know not. My affaires
Are Seruanted to others: Though I owe
My Reuenge properly, my remiſſion lies
In Volcean breſts. That we haue beene familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulneſſe ſhall poiſon rather
Then pitty: Note how much, therefore be gone.
Mine eares againſt your ſuites, are ſtronger then
Your gates againſt my force. Yet for I loued thee,
Take this along, I writ it for thy ſake,
And would haue ſent it. Another word *Menenius*,
I will not heare thee ſpeake. This man *Auffidius*
Was my belou'd in Rome: yet thou behold'ſt.
Auffid. You keepe a conſtant temper. *Exeunt*

Manet the Guard and Menenius.

1 Now ſir, is your name *Menenius*?
2 'Tis a ſpell you ſee of much power:
You know the way home againe.
1 Do you heare how wee are ſhent for keeping your greatneſſe backe?
2 What cauſe do you thinke I haue to ſwoond?
Menen. I neither care for th'world, nor your General: for ſuch things as you, I can ſcarſe thinke ther's any, y'are ſo ſlight. He that hath a will to die by himſelfe, feares it not from another: Let your Generall do his worſt. For you, bee that you are, long; and your miſery encreaſe with your age. I ſay to you, as I was ſaid to, Away. *Exit*
1 A Noble Fellow I warrant him.
2 The worthy Fellow is our General. He's the Rock,
The Oake not to be winde-ſhaken. *Exit Watch.*

Enter Coriolanus and Auffidius.

Corio. We will before the walls of Rome to morrow
Set downe our Hoaſt. My partner in this Action,
You muſt report to th'Volcian Lords, how plainly
I haue borne this Buſineſſe.
Auf. Onely their ends you haue reſpected,
Stopt your eares againſt the generall ſuite of Rome:
Neuer admitted a priuat whiſper, no not with ſuch frends
That thought them ſure of you.
Corio. This laſt old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I haue ſent to Rome,
Lou'd me, aboue the meaſure of a Father,
Nay godded me indeed. Their lateſt refuge
Was to ſend him: for whoſe old Loue I haue
(Though I ſhew'd ſowrely to him) once more offer'd
The firſt Conditions which they did refuſe,
And cannot now accept, to grace him onely,
That thought he could do more: A very little
I haue yeelded too. Freſh Embaſſes, and Suites,
Nor from the State, nor priuate friends heereafter
Will I lend eare to. Ha? what ſhout is this? *Shout within*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the ſame time 'tis made? I will not.

Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, yong Martius, with Attendants.

My wife comes formoſt, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this Trunke was fram'd, and in her hand
The Grandchilde to her blood. But out affection,
All bond and priuiledge of Nature breake;
Let it be Vertuous to be Obſtinate.
What is that Curt'ſie worth? Or thoſe Doues eyes,
Which can make Gods forſworne? I melt, and am not
Of ſtronger earth then others: my Mother bowes,
As if Olympus to a Mole-hill ſhould
In ſupplication Nod: and my yong Boy
Hath an Aſpect of interceſsion, which
Great Nature cries, Deny not. Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy, Ile neuer
Be ſuch a Goſling to obey inſtinct; but ſtand
As if a man were Author of himſelf, & knew no other kin
Virgil. My Lord and Husband.
Corio. Theſe eyes are not the ſame I wore in Rome.
Virg. The ſorrow that deliuers vs thus chang'd,
Makes you thinke ſo.
Corio. Like a dull Actor now, I haue forgot my part,
And I am out, euen to a full Diſgrace. Beſt of my Fleſh,
Forgiue my Tyranny: but do not ſay,
For that forgiue our Romanes. O a kiſſe
Long as my Exile, ſweet as my Reuenge!
Now by the iealous Queene of Heauen, that kiſſe
I carried from thee deare; and my true Lippe
Hath Virgin'd it ere ſince. You Gods, I pray,
And the moſt noble Mother of the world
Leaue vnſaluted: Sinke my knee i'th'earth, *Kneeles*
Of thy deepe duty, more impreſsion ſhew
Then that of common Sonnes.
Volum. Oh ſtand vp bleſt!
Whil'ſt with no ſofter Cuſhion then the Flint
I kneele before thee, and vnproperly
Shew duty as miſtaken, all this while,
Betweene the Childe, and Parent.
Corio. What's this? your knees to me?
To your Corrected Sonne?
Then let the Pibbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the Starres: Then, let the mutinous windes
Strike the proud Cedars 'gainſt the fiery Sun:
Murd'ring Impoſſibility, to make
What cannot be, ſlight worke.
Volum. Thou art my Warriour, I hope to frame thee
Do you know this Lady?
Corio. The Noble Siſter of *Publicola*;
The Moone of Rome: Chaſte as the Iſicle
That's curdied by the Froſt, from pureſt Snow,
And hangs on *Dians* Temple: Deere *Valeria.*
Volum. This is a poore Epitome of yours,
Which by th'interpretation of full time,
May ſhew like all your ſelſe.
Corio. The God of Souldiers:
With the conſent of ſupreame Ioue, informe
Thy thoughts with Nobleneſſe, that thou mayſt proue
To ſhame vnvulnerable, and ſticke i'th Warres
Like a great Sea-marke ſtanding euery flaw,
And ſauing thoſe that eye thee.
Volum. Your knee, Sirrah.
Corio. That's my braue Boy.
Volum. Euen he, your wife, this Ladie, and my ſelfe,
Are Sutors to you.
Corio. I beſeech you peace:
Or if you'ld aske, remember this before;
The thing I haue forſworne to graunt, may neuer
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Diſmiſſe my Soldiers, or capitulate
Againe, with Romes Mechanickes. Tell me not
Wherein I ſeeme vnnaturall: Deſire not t'allay
My Rages and Reuenges, with your colder reaſons.
Volum. Oh no more, no more:
You haue ſaid you will not grant vs any thing:
For we haue nothing elſe to aske, but that
Which you deny already: yet we will aske,
That if you faile in our requeſt, the blame
May hang vpon your hardneſſe, therefore heare vs.
Corio. *Auffidius*, and you Volces marke, for wee'l
Heare nought from Rome in priuate. Your requeſt?
Volum. Should we be ſilent & not ſpeak, our Raiment
And ſtate of Bodies would bewray what life
We haue led ſince thy Exile. Thinke with thy ſelfe,
How more vnfortunate then all liuing women
Are we come hither; ſince that thy ſight, which ſhould
Make our eies flow with ioy, harts dance with comforts,
Conſtraines them weepe, and ſhake with feare & ſorow,
Making the Mother, wife, and Childe to ſee,
The Sonne, the Husband, and the Father tearing
His Countries Bowels out; and to poore we
Thine enmities moſt capitall: Thou barr'ſt vs
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enioy. For how can we?
Alas! how can we, for our Country pray?
Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory:
Whereto we are bound: Alacke, or we muſt looſe
The Countrie our deere Nurſe, or elſe thy perſon
Our comfort in the Country. We muſt finde
An euident Calamity, though we had
Our wiſh, which ſide ſhould win. For either thou
Muſt as a Forraine Recreant be led
With Manacles through our ſtreets, or elſe
Triumphantly treade on thy Countries ruine,

And beare the Palme, for hauing brauely ſhed
Thy Wife and Childrens blood: For my ſelfe, Sonne,
I purpoſe not to waite on Fortune, till
Theſe warres determine: If I cannot perſwade thee,
Rather to ſhew a Noble grace to both parts,
Then ſeeke the end of one; thou ſhalt no ſooner
March to aſſault thy Country, then to treade
(Truſt too't, thou ſhalt not) on thy Mothers wombe
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. I,and mine,that brought you forth this boy,
To keepe your name liuing to time.

Boy. A ſhall not tread on me: Ile run away
Till I am bigger, but then Ile fight.

Corio. Not of a womans tenderneſſe to be,
Requires nor Childe,nor womans face to ſee:
I haue ſate too long.

Volum. Nay,go not from vs thus:
If it were ſo,that our requeſt did tend
To ſaue the Romanes, thereby to deſtroy
The Volces whom you ſerue, you might condemne vs
As poyſonous of your Honour. No,our ſuite
Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces
May ſay, this mercy we haue ſhew'd: the Romanes,
This we receiu'd, and each in either ſide
Giue the All-haile to thee, and cry be Bleſt
For making vp this peace. Thou know'ſt (great Sonne)
The end of Warres vncertaine: but this certaine,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou ſhalt thereby reape, is ſuch a name
Whoſe repetition will be dogg'd with Curſes:
Whoſe Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
But with his laſt Attempt,he wip'd it out:
Deſtroy'd his Country,and his name remaines
To th'inſuing Age,abhorr'd. Speake to me Son:
Thou haſt affected the fiue ſtraines of Honor,
To imitate the graces of the Gods.
To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th'Ayre,
And yet to change thy Sulphure with a Boult
That ſhould but riue an Oake. Why do'ſt not ſpeake?
Think'ſt thou it Honourable for a Nobleman
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter,ſpeake you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,
Perhaps thy childiſhneſſe will moue him more
Then can our Reaſons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate
Like one i'th'Stockes. Thou haſt neuer in thy life,
Shew'd thy deere Mother any curteſie,
When ſhe(poore Hen) fond of no ſecond brood,
Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and ſafelie home
Loden with Honor. Say my Requeſt's vniuſt,
And ſpurne me backe: But, if it be not ſo
Thou art not honeſt, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou reſtrain'ſt from me the Duty, which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away:
Down Ladies:let vs ſhame him with him with our knees
To his ſur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride
Then pitty to our Prayers. Downe: an end,
This is the laſt. So, we will home to Rome,
And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,
But kneeles, and holds vp hands for fellowſhip,
Doe's reaſon our Petition with more ſtrength
Then thou haſt to deny't. Come,let vs go:
This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:
His Wife is in *Corioles*, and his Childe
Like him by chance: yet giue vs our diſpatch:
I am huſht vntill our City be afire,& then Ile ſpeak a litle

Holds her by the hand ſilent.

Corio. O Mother, Mother!
What haue you done? Behold, the Heauens do ope,
The Gods looke downe, and this vnnaturall Scene
They laugh at. Oh my Mother, Mother: Oh!
You haue wonne a happy Victory to Rome.
But for your Sonne, beleeue it: Oh beleeue it,
Moſt dangerouſly you haue with him preuail'd,
If not moſt mortall to him. But let it come:
Auffidius, though I cannot make true Warres,
Ile frame conuenient peace. Now good *Auffidius*,
Were you in my ſteed, would you haue heard
A Mother leſſe? or granted leſſe *Auffidius*?

Auf. I was mou'd withall.

Corio. I dare be ſworne you were:
And ſir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to ſweat compaſſion. But (good ſir)
What peace you'l make,aduiſe me: For my part,
Ile not to Rome, Ile backe with you,and pray you
Stand to me in this cauſe. Oh Mother! Wife!

Auf. I am glad thou haſt ſet thy mercy, & thy Honor
At difference in thee: Out of that Ile worke
My ſelfe a former Fortune.

Corio. I by and by; But we will drinke together:
And you ſhall beare
A better witneſſe backe then words, which we
On like conditions,will haue Counter-ſeal'd.
Come enter with vs: Ladies you deſerue
To haue a Temple built you: All the Swords
In Italy,and her Confederate Armes
Could not haue made this peace. *Exeunt.*

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Mene. See you yon'd Coin a'th Capitol, yon'd corner (ſtone?

Sicin. Why what of that?

Mene. If it be poſſible for you to diſplace it with your little finger, there is ſome hope the Ladies of Rome,eſpecially his Mother, may preuaile with him. But I ſay,there is no hope in't,our throats are ſentenc'd, and ſtay vppon execution.

Sicin. Is't poſsible, that ſo ſhort a time can alter the condition of a man.

Mene. There is differency between a Grub & a Butterfly, yet your Butterfly was a Grub: this *Martius*, is growne from Man to Dragon: He has wings, hee's more then a creeping thing.

Sicin. He lou'd his Mother deerely.

Mene. So did he mee: and he no more remembers his Mother now,then an eight yeare old horſe. The tartneſſe of his face,ſowres ripe Grapes. When he walks,he moues like an Engine,and the ground ſhrinkes before his Treading. He is able to pierce a Corſlet with his eye: Talkes like a knell,and his hum is a Battery. He ſits in his State, as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids bee done,is finiſht with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God but Eternity,and a Heauen to Throne in.

Sicin. Yes,mercy,if you report him truly.

Mene. I paint him in the Character. Mark what mercy his Mother ſhall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him,then there is milke in a male-Tyger, that ſhall our poore City finde: and all this is long of you.

Sicin. The Gods be good vnto vs.

Mene. No,in ſuch a caſe the Gods will not bee good vnto vs. When we baniſh'd him,we reſpected not them: and he returning to breake our necks,they reſpect not vs.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Sir, if you'ld ſaue your life, flye to your Houſe,
The Plebeians haue got your Fellow Tribune,
And hale him vp and downe; all ſwearing, if
The Romane Ladies bring not comfort home,
They'l giue him death by Inches.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Sicin. What's the Newes?

Meſſ. Good Newes, good newes,the Ladies haue (preuayl'd,
The Volcians are diſlodg'd, and *Martius* gone:
A merrier day did neuer yet greet Rome,
No,not th'expulſion of the *Tarquins*.

Sicin. Friend, art thou certaine this is true?
Is't moſt certaine.

Meſ. As certaine as I know the Sun is fire:
Where haue you lurk'd that you make doubt of it:
Ne're through an Arch ſo hurried the blowne Tide,
As the recomforted through th'gates. Why harke you:

Trumpets, Hoboyes, Drums beate, altogether.

The Trumpets, Sack-buts, Pſalteries,and Fifes,
Tabors,and Symboles,and the ſhowting Romans,
Make the Sunne dance. Hearke you. *A ſhout within*

Mene. This is good Newes:
I will go meete the Ladies. This *Volumnia*,
Is worth of Conſuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full: Of Tribunes ſuch as you,
A Sea and Land full: you haue pray'd well to day:
This Morning, for ten thouſand of your throates,
I'de not haue giuen a doit. Harke,how they ioy.

Sound ſtill with the Shouts.

Sicin. Firſt,the Gods bleſſe you for your tydings:
Next,accept my thankefulneſſe.

Meſſ. Sir,we haue all great cauſe to giue great thanks.

Sicin. They are neere the City.

Meſ. Almoſt at point to enter.

Sicin. Wee'l meet them, and helpe the ioy. *Exeunt.*

*Enter two Senators,with Ladies, paſsing ouer
the Stage, with other Lords.*

Sena. Behold our Patronneſſe, the life of Rome:
Call all your Tribes together, praiſe the Gods,
And make triumphant fires, ſtrew Flowers before them:
Vnſhoot the noiſe that Baniſh'd *Martius*;
Repeale him, with the welcome of his Mother:
Cry welcome Ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome Ladies, welcome.

A Flouriſh with Drummes & Trumpets.

Enter Tullus Auffidius,with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the Lords a'th'City, I am heere:
Deliuer them this Paper: hauing read it,
Bid them repayre to th'Market place, where I
Euen in theirs,and in the Commons eares
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuſe:
The City Ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends t'appeare before the People, hoping
To purge himſelfe with words. Diſpatch.

Enter 3 or 4 Conſpiratorr of Auffidius Faction.

Moſt Welcome.

1.Con. How is it with our Generall?

Auf. Euen ſo,as with a man by his owne Almes impoyſon'd, and with his Charity ſlaine.

2.Con. Moſt Noble Sir, If you do hold the ſame intent
Wherein you wiſht vs parties: Wee'l deliuer you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell,
We muſt proceed as we do finde the People.

3.Con. The People will remaine vncertaine,whil'ſt
'Twixt you there's difference: but the fall of either
Makes the Suruiuor heyre of all.

Auf. I know it:
And my pretext to ſtrike at him, admits
A good conſtruction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine Honor for his truth: who being ſo heighten'd,
He watered his new Plants with dewes of Flattery,
Seducing ſo my Friends: and to this end,
He bow'd his Nature, neuer knowne before,
But to be rough, vnſwayable,and free.

3.Conſp. Sir, his ſtoutneſſe
When he did ſtand for Conſull, which he loſt
By lacke of ſtooping.

Auf. That I would haue ſpoke of:
Being baniſh'd for't, he came vnto my Harth,
Preſented to my knife his Throat: I tooke him,
Made him ioynt-ſeruant with me: Gaue him way
In all his owne deſires: Nay, let him chooſe
Out of my Files, his proiects,to accompliſh
My beſt and freſheſt men, ſeru'd his deſignements
In mine owne perſon: holpe to reape the Fame
Which he did end all his; and tooke ſome pride
To do my ſelfe this wrong: Till at the laſt
I ſeem'd his Follower, not Partner; and
He wadg'd me with his Countenance,as if
I had bin Mercenary.

1.Con. So he did my Lord:
The Army marueyl'd at it, and in the laſt,
When he had carried Rome, and that we look'd
For no leſſe Spoile, then Glory.

Auf. There was it:
For which my ſinewes ſhall be ſtretcht vpon him,
At a few drops of Womens rhewme, which are
As cheape as Lies; he ſold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action; therefore ſhall he dye,
And Ile renew me in his fall. But hearke.

*Drummes and Trumpets ſounds,with great
ſhowts of the people.*

1.Con. Your Natiue Towne you enter'd like a Poſte,
And had no welcomes home, but he returnes
Splitting the Ayre with noyſe.

2.Con. And patient Fooles,
Whoſe children he hath ſlaine, their baſe throats teare
With giuing him glory.

3.Con. Therefore at your vantage,
Ere he expreſſe himſelfe, or moue the people
With what he would ſay, let him feele your Sword:
Which we will ſecond, when he lies along
After your way. His Tale pronounc'd, ſhall bury
His Reaſons, with his Body.

Auf. Say no more. Heere come the Lords,

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You are moſt welcome home.

Auff. I haue not deſeru'd it.
But worthy Lords, haue you with heede peruſed
What I haue written to you?

All. We haue.

1.Lord. And greeue to heare't:
What faults he made before the laſt, I thinke
Might haue found eaſie Fines: But there to end
Where he was to begin,and giue away
The benefit of our Leuies, anſwering vs
With our owne charge: making a Treatie, where
There was a yeelding; this admits no excuſe.

Auf. He approaches, you ſhall heare him.

Enter Coriolanus marching with Drumme, and Colours. The Commoners being with him.

Corio. Haile Lords, I am return'd your Souldier:
No more infected with my Countries loue
Then when I parted hence: but ſtill ſubſiſting
Vnder your great Command. You are to know,
That proſperouſly I haue attempted, and
With bloody paſſage led your Warres, euen to
The gates of Rome: Our ſpoiles we haue brought home
Doth more then counterpoize a full third part
The charges of the Action. We haue made peace
With no leſſe Honor to the *Antiates*
Then ſhame to th'Romaines. And we heere deliuer
Subſcrib'd by'th'Conſuls; and Patricians,
Together with the Seale a'th Senat, what
We haue compounded on.

Auf. Read it not Noble Lords,
But tell the Traitor in the higheſt degree
He hath abus'd your Powers.

Corio. Traitor? How now?

Auf. I Traitor, *Martius.*

Corio. *Martius?*

Auf. I *Martius, Caius Martius*: Do'ſt thou thinke
Ile grace thee with that Robbery, thy ſtolne name
Coriolanus in *Corioles?*
You Lords and Heads a'th'State, perfidiouſly
He ha's betray'd your buſineſſe, and giuen vp
For certaine drops of Salt, your City Rome:
I ſay your City to his Wife and Mother,
Breaking his Oath and Reſolution, like
A twiſt of rotten Silke, neuer admitting
Counſaile a'th'warre: But at his Nurſes teares
He whin'd and roar'd away your Victory,
That Pages bluſh'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wond'ring each at others.

Corio. Hear'ſt thou Mars?

Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of Teares.

Corio. Ha?

Aufid. No more.

Corio. Meaſureleſſe Lyar, thou haſt made my heart
Too great for what containes it. Boy? Oh Slaue,
Pardon me Lords, 'tis the firſt time that euer
I was forc'd to ſcoul'd. Your iudgments my graue Lords
Muſt giue this Curre the Lye: and his owne Notion,
Who weares my ſtripes impreſt vpon him, that
Muſt beare my beating to his Graue, ſhall ioyne
To thruſt the Lye vnto him.

1 Lord. Peace both, and heare me ſpeake.

Corio. Cut me to peeces Volces men and Lads,
Staine all your edges on me. Boy, falſe Hound:
If you haue writ your Annales true, 'tis there,
That like an Eagle in a Doue-coat, I
Flatter'd your Volcians in *Corioles.*
Alone I did it, Boy.

Auf. Why Noble Lords,
Will you be put in minde of his blinde Fortune,
Which was your ſhame, by this vnholy Braggart?
'Fore your owne eyes, and eares?

All Conſp. Let him dye for't.

All People. Teare him to peeces, do it preſently:
He kill'd my Sonne, my daughter, he kill'd my Coſine
Marcus, he kill'd my Father.

2 Lord. Peace hoe: no outrage, peace:
The man is Noble, and his Fame folds in
This Orbe o'th'earth: His laſt offences to vs
Shall haue Iudicious hearing. Stand *Auffidius*,
And trouble not the peace.

Corio. O that I had him, with ſix *Auffidiuſſes*, or more:
His Tribe, to vſe my lawfull Sword.

Auf. Inſolent Villaine.

All Conſp. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

Draw both the Conſpirators, and kils Martius, who falles, Auffidius ſtands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My Noble Maſters, heare me ſpeake.

1. Lord. O *Tullus.*

2. Lord. Thou haſt done a deed, whereat
Valour will weepe.

3. Lord. Tread not vpon him Maſters, all be quiet,
Put vp your Swords.

Auf. My Lords,
When you ſhall know (as in this Rage
Prouok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this mans life did owe you, you'l reioyce
That he is thus cut off. Pleaſe it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, Ile deliuer
My ſelfe your loyall Seruant, or endure
Your heauieſt Cenſure.

1. Lord. Beare from hence his body,
And mourne you for him. Let him be regarded
As the moſt Noble Coarſe, that euer Herald
Did follow to his Vrne.

2. Lord. His owne impatience,
Takes from *Auffidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the Beſt of it.

Auf. My Rage is gone,
And I am ſtrucke with ſorrow. Take him vp:
Helpe three a'th'cheefeſt Souldiers, Ile be one.
Beate thou the Drumme that it ſpeake mournfully:
Traile your ſteele Pikes. Though in this City hee
Hath widdowed and vnchilded many a one,
Which to this houre bewaile the Iniury,
Yet he ſhall haue a Noble Memory. Aſſiſt.

Exeunt bearing the Body of Martius. A dead March Sounded.

FINIS.

The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Flouriſh. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft And then enter Saturninus and his Followers at one doore, and Baſsianus and his Followers at the other, with Drum & Colours.

Saturninus.

NOble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the iuſtice of my Cauſe with Armes.
And Countrey-men, my louing Followers,
Pleade my Succeſſiue Title with your Swords.
I was the firſt borne Sonne, that was the laſt
That wore the Imperiall Diadem of Rome:
Then let my Fathers Honours liue in me,
Nor wrong mine Age with this indignitie.

Baſsianus. Romaines, Friends, Followers,
Fauourers of my Right:
If euer *Baſsianus, Cæſars* Sonne,
Were gracious in the eyes of Royall Rome,
Keepe then this paſſage to the Capitoll:
And ſuffer not Diſhonour to approach
Th'Imperiall Seate to Vertue: conſecrate
To Iuſtice, Continence, and Nobility:
But let Deſert in pure Election ſhine;
And Romanes, fight for Freedome in your Choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the Crowne.

Princes, that ſtriue by Factions, and by Friends,
Ambitiouſly for Rule and Empery:
Know, that the people of Rome for whom we ſtand
A ſpeciall Party, haue by Common voyce
In Election for the Romane Emperie,
Choſen *Andronicus*, Sur-named *Pious*,
For many good and great deſerts to Rome.
A Nobler man, a brauer Warriour,
Liues not this day within the City Walles.
He by the Senate is accited home
From weary Warres againſt the barbarous Gothes,
That with his Sonnes (a terror to our Foes)
Hath yoak'd a Nation ſtrong, train'd vp in Armes.
Ten yeares are ſpent, ſince firſt he vndertooke
This Cauſe of Rome, and chaſticed with Armes
Our Enemies pride. Fiue times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his Valiant Sonnes
In Coffins from the Field.
And now at laſt, laden with Honours Spoyles,
Returnes the good *Andronicus* to Rome,
Renowned *Titus*, flouriſhing in Armes.
Let vs intreat, by Honour of his Name,
Whom (worthily) you would haue now ſucceede,
And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
Whom you pretend to Honour and Adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your Strength,
Diſmiſſe your Followers, and as Suters ſhould,
Pleade your Deſerts in Peace and Humbleneſſe.

Saturnine. How fayre the Tribune ſpeakes,
To calme my thoughts.

Baſsia. *Marcus Andronicus*, ſo I do affie
In thy vprightneſſe and Integrity:
And ſo I Loue and Honor thee, and thine,
Thy Noble Brother *Titus*, and his Sonnes,
And Her (to whom my thoughts are humbled all)
Gracious *Lauinia*, Romes rich Ornament,
That I will heere diſmiſſe my louing Friends:
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples Fauour,
Commit my Cauſe in ballance to be weigh'd.

Exit Souldiours.

Saturnine. Friends, that haue beene
Thus forward in my Right,
I thanke you all, and heere Diſmiſſe you all,
And to the Loue and Fauour of my Countrey,
Commit my Selfe, my Perſon, and the Cauſe:
Rome, be as iuſt and gracious vnto me,
As I am confident and kinde to thee.
Open the Gates, and let me in.

Baſsia. Tribunes, and me, a poore Competitor.

Flouriſh. They go vp into the Senat houſe.

Enter a Captaine.

Cap. Romanes make way: the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of Vertue, Romes beſt Champion,
Succeſſefull in the Battailes that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumſcribed with his Sword,
And brought to yoke the Enemies of Rome.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets. And then enter two of Titus Sonnes; After them, two men bearing a Coffin couered with blacke, then two other Sonnes. After them, Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora the Queene of Gothes, & her two Sonnes Chiron and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moore, and others, as many as can bee: They ſet downe the Coffin, and Titus ſpeakes.

Andronicus. Haile Rome:
Victorious in thy Mourning Weedes:

Loe as the Barke that hath diſcharg'd his fraught,
Returnes with precious lading to the Bay,
From whence at firſt ſhe wegih'd her Anchorage:
Commeth *Andronicus* bound with Lawrell bowes,
To reſalute his Country with his teares,
Teares of true ioy for his returne to Rome,
Thou great defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend.
Romaines, of fiue and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Halfe of the number that King *Priam* had,
Behold the poore remaines aliue and dead!
Theſe that Suruiue, let Rome reward with Loue:
Theſe that I bring vnto their lateſt home,
With buriall amongſt their Aunceſtors.
Heere Gothes haue giuen me leaue to ſheath my Sword:
Titus vnkinde, and careleſſe of thine owne,
Why ſuffer'ſt thou thy Sonnes vnburied yet,
To houer on the dreadfull ſhore of Stix?
Make way to lay them by their Bretheren.

They open the Tombe.

There greete in ſilence as the dead are wont,
And ſleepe in peace, ſlaine in your Countries warres:
O ſacred receptacle of my ioyes,
Sweet Cell of vertue and Noblitie,
How many Sonnes of mine haſt thou in ſtore,
That thou wilt neuer render to me more?
Luc. Giue vs the proudeſt priſoner of the Gothes,
That we may hew his limbes, and on a pile
Ad manus fratrum, ſacrifice his fleſh:
Before this earthly priſon of their bones,
That ſo the ſhadowes be not vnappeas'd,
Nor we diſturb'd with prodigies on earth.
Tit. I giue him you, the Nobleſt that Suruiues,
The eldeſt Son of this diſtreſſed Queene.
Tam. Stay Romaine Bretheren, gracious Conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the teares I ſhed,
A Mothers teares in paſſion for her ſonne:
And if thy Sonnes were euer deere to thee,
Oh thinke my ſonnes to be as deere to mee.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautifie thy Triumphs, and returne
Captiue to thee, and to thy Romaine yoake,
But muſt my Sonnes be ſlaughtred in the ſtreetes,
For Valiant doings in their Countries cauſe?
O! If to fight for King and Common-weale,
Were piety in thine, it is in theſe:
Andronicus, ſtaine not thy Tombe with blood.
Wilt thou draw neere the nature of the Gods?
Draw neere them then in being mercifull.
Sweet mercy is Nobilities true badge,
Thrice Noble *Titus*, ſpare my firſt borne ſonne.
Tit. Patient your ſelfe Madam, and pardon me.
Theſe are the Brethren, whom you Gothes beheld
Aliue and dead, and for their Bretheren ſlaine,
Religiouſly they aske a ſacrifice:
To this your ſonne is markt, and die he muſt,
T'appeaſe their groaning ſhadowes that are gone.
Luc. Away with him, and make a fire ſtraight,
And with our Swords vpon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbes till they be cleane conſum'd.

Exit Sonnes with Alarbus.

Tamo. O cruell irreligious piety.
Chi. Was euer Scythia halfe ſo barbarous?
Dem. Oppoſe me Scythia to ambitious Rome,
Alarbus goes to reſt, and we ſuruiue,
To tremble vnder *Titus* threatning lookes,
Then Madam ſtand reſolu'd, but hope withall,
The ſelfe ſame Gods that arm'd the Queene of Troy
With opportunitie of ſharpe reuenge
Vpon the Thracian Tyrant in his Tent,
May fauour *Tamora* the Queene of Gothes,
(When Gothes were Gothes, and *Tamora* was Queene)
To quit the bloody wrongs vpon her foes.

Enter the Sonnes of Andronicus againe.

Luci. See Lord and Father, how we haue perform'd
Our Romaine rightes, *Alarbus* limbs are lopt,
And intrals feede the ſacrifiſing fire,
Whoſe ſmoke like incenſe doth perfume the skie.
Remaineth nought but to interre our Brethren,
And with low'd Larums welcome them to Rome.
Tit. Let it be ſo, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his lateſt farewell to their ſoules.

Flouriſh.

Then Sound Trumpets, and lay the Coffins in the Tombe.

In peace and Honour reſt you heere my Sonnes,
Romes readieſt Champions, repoſe you heere in reſt,
Secure from worldly chaunces and miſhaps:
Heere lurks no Treaſon, heere no enuie ſwels,
Heere grow no damned grudges, heere are no ſtormes,
No noyſe, but ſilence and Eternall ſleepe,
In peace and Honour reſt you heere my Sonnes.

Enter Lauinia.

Laui. In peace and Honour, liue Lord *Titus* long,
My Noble Lord and Father, liue in Fame:
Loe at this Tombe my tributarie teares,
I render for my Bretherens Obſequies:
And at thy feete I kneele, with teares of ioy
Shed on the earth for thy returne to Rome.
O bleſſe me heere with thy victorious hand,
Whoſe Fortune Romes beſt Citizens applau'd.
Ti. Kind Rome,
That haſt thus louingly referu'd
The Cordiall of mine age to glad my hart,
Lauinia liue, out-liue thy Fathers dayes:
And Fames eternall date for vertues praiſe.
Marc. Long liue Lord *Titus*, my beloued brother,
Gracious Triumpher in the eyes of Rome,
Tit. Thankes Gentle Tribune,
Noble brother *Marcus*.
Mar. And welcome Nephews from ſucceſſfull wars,
You that ſuruiue and you that ſleepe in Fame:
Faire Lords your Fortunes are all alike in all,
That in your Countries ſeruice drew your Swords.
But ſafer Triumph is this Funerall Pompe,
That hath aſpir'd to *Solons* Happines,
And Triumphs ouer chaunce in honours bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whoſe friend in iuſtice thou haſt euer bene,
Send thee by me their Tribune and their truſt,
This Palliament of white and ſpotleſſe Hue,
And name thee in Election for the Empire,
With theſe our late deceaſed Emperours Sonnes:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And helpe to ſet a head on headleſſe Rome.
Tit. A better head her Glorious body fits,
Then his that ſhakes for age and feebleneſſe:

What

What ſhould I d'on this Robe and trouble you,
Be choſen with proclamations to day,
To morrow yeeld vp rule, reſigne my life,
And ſet abroad new buſineſſe for you all.
Rome I haue bene thy Souldier forty yeares,
And led my Countries ſtrength ſucceſſefully,
And buried one and twenty Valiant Sonnes,
Knighted in Field, ſlaine manfully in Armes,
In right and Seruice of their Noble Countrie:
Giue me a ſtaffe of Honour for mine age,
But not a Scepter to controule the world,
Vpright he held it Lords, that held it laſt.
Mar. *Titus*, thou ſhalt obtaine and aske the Emperie.
Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune can'ſt thou tell?
Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus*.
Sat. Romaines do me right.
Patricians draw your Swords, and ſheath them not
Till *Saturninus* be Romes Emperour:
Andronicus would thou wert ſhipt to hell,
Rather then rob me of the peoples harts.
Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That Noble minded *Titus* meanes to thee.
Tit. Content thee Prince, I will reſtore to thee
The peoples harts, and weane them from themſelues.
Baſs. *Andronicus*, I do not flatter thee
But Honour thee, and will doe till I die:
My Faction if thou ſtrengthen with thy Friend?
I will moſt thankefull be, and thankes to men
Of Noble mindes, is Honourable Meede.
Tit. People of Rome, and Noble Tribunes heere,
I aske your voyces and your Suffrages,
Will you beſtow them friendly on *Andronicus*?
Tribunes. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And Gratulate his ſafe returne to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.
Tit. Tribunes I thanke you, and this ſure I make,
That you Create your Emperours eldeſt ſonne,
Lord *Saturnine*, whoſe Vertues will I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Tytans Rayes on earth,
And ripen Iuſtice in this Common-weale:
Then if you will elect by my aduiſe,
Crowne him, and ſay: Long liue our Emperour.
Mar. An. With Voyces and applauſe of euery ſort,
Patricians and Plebeans we Create
Lord *Saturninus* Romes Great Emperour.
And ſay, *Long liue our Emperour Saturnine.*

A long Flouriſh till they come downe.

Satu. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy Fauours done,
To vs in our Election this day,
I giue thee thankes in part of thy Deſerts,
And will with Deeds requite thy gentleneſſe:
And for an Onſet *Titus* to aduance
Thy Name, and Honorable Familie,
Lauinia will I make my Empreſſe,
Romes Royall Miſtris, Miſtris of my hart
And in the Sacred *Pathan* her eſpouſe:
Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion pleaſe thee?
Tit. It doth my worthy Lord, and in this match,
I hold me Highly Honoured of your Grace,
And heere in ſight of Rome, to *Saturnine*,
King and Commander of our Common-weale,
The Wide-worlds Emperour, do I Conſecrate,
My Sword, my Chariot, and my Priſoners,
Preſents well Worthy Romes Imperiall Lord:
Receiue them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honours Enſignes humbled at my feete.
Satu. Thankes Noble *Titus*, Father of my life,
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts
Rome ſhall record, and when I do forget
The leaſt of theſe vnſpeakable Deſerts,
Romans forget your Fealtie to me.
Tit. Now Madam are your priſoner to an Emperour,
To him that for you Honour and your State,
Will vſe you Nobly and your followers.
Satu. A goodly Lady, truſt me of the Hue
That I would chooſe, were I to chooſe a new:
Cleere vp Faire Queene that cloudy countenance,
Though chance of warre
Hath wrought this change of cheere,
Thou com'ſt not to be made a ſcorne in Rome:
Princely ſhall be thy vſage euery way.
Reſt on my word, and let not diſcontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam he comforts you,
Can make your Greater then the Queene of Gothes?
Lauinia you are not diſpleaſ'd with this?
Lau. Not I my Lord, ſith true Nobilitie,
Warrants theſe words in Princely curteſie.
Sat. Thankes ſweete *Lauinia*, Romans let vs goe:
Ranſomleſſe heere we ſet our Priſoners free,
Proclaime our Honors Lords with Trumpe and Drum.
Baſs. Lord *Titus* by your leaue, this Maid is mine.
Tit. How ſir? Are you in earneſt then my Lord?
Baſs. I Noble *Titus*, and reſolu'd withall,
To doe my ſelfe this reaſon, and this right.
Marc. *Suum cuiquam*, is our Romane Iuſtice,
This Prince in Iuſtice ceazeth but his owne.
Luc. And that he will and ſhall, if *Lucius* liue.
Tit. Traytors auant, where is the Emperours Guarde?
Treaſon my Lord, *Lauinia* is ſurpriſ'd.
Sat. Surpriſ'd, by whom?
Baſs. By him that iuſtly may
Beare his Betroth'd, from all the world away.
Muti. Brothers helpe to conuey her hence away,
And with my Sword Ile keepe this doore ſafe.
Tit. Follow my Lord, and Ile ſoone bring her backe.
Mut. My Lord you paſſe not heere.
Tit. What villaine Boy, bar'ſt me my way in Rome?
Mut. Helpe *Lucius* helpe. *He kils him.*
Luc. My Lord you are vniuſt, and more then ſo,
In wrongfull quarrell, you haue ſlaine your ſon.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he are any ſonnes of mine,
My ſonnes would neuer ſo diſhonour me.
Traytor reſtore *Lauinia* to the Emperour.
Luc. Dead if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is anothers lawfull promiſt Loue.

Enter aloft the Emperour with Tamora and her two ſonnes, and Aaron the Moore.

Empe. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy ſtocke:
Ile truſt by Leiſure him that mocks me once.
Thee neuer: nor thy Trayterous haughty ſonnes,
Confederates all, thus to diſhonour me.
Was none in Rome to make a ſtale
But *Saturnine*? Full well *Andronicus*
Agree theſe Deeds, with that proud bragge of thine,
That ſaid'ſt, I beg'd the Empire at thy hands.
Tit. O monſtrous, what reproachfull words are theſe?
Sat. But goe thy wayes, goe giue that changing peece,
To him that flouriſht for her with his Sword:
A Valliant ſonne in-law thou ſhalt enioy:
One, fit to bandy with thy lawleſſe Sonnes,

To ruffle in the Common-wealth of Rome.
Tit. Theſe words are Razors to my wounded hart.
Sat. And therefore louely *Tamora* Queene of Gothes,
That like the ſtately *Thebe* mong'ſt her Nimphs
Doſt ouer-ſhine the Gallant'ſt Dames of Rome,
If thou be pleaſ'd with this my ſodaine choyſe,
Behold I chooſe thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
And will Create thee Empreſſe of Rome.
Speake Queene of Goths doſt thou applau'd my choyſe?
And heere I ſweare by all the Romaine Gods,
Sith Prieſt and Holy-water are ſo neere,
And Tapers burne ſo bright, and euery thing
In readines for *Hymeneus* ſtand,
I will not reſalute the ſtreets of Rome,
Or clime my Pallace, till from forth this place,
I leade eſpouſ'd my Bride along with me,
Tamo. And heere in ſight of heauen to Rome I ſweare,
If *Saturnine* aduance the Queen of Gothes,
Shee will a Hand-maid be to his deſires,
A louing Nurſe, a Mother to his youth.
Satur. Aſcend Faire Qeene,
Panthean Lords, accompany
Your Noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
Sent by the heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whoſe wiſedome hath her Fortune Conquered,
There ſhall we Conſummate our Spouſall rites,
Exeunt omnes.
Tit. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride:
Titus when wer't thou wont to walke alone,
Diſhonoured thus and Challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus and Titus Sonnes.

Mar O *Titus* ſee! O ſee what thou haſt done!
In a bad quarrell, ſlaine a Vertuous ſonne.
Tit. No fooliſh Tribune, no: No ſonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor theſe Confedrates in the deed,
That hath diſhonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy Sonnes.
Luci. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes:
Giue *Mutius* buriall with our Bretheren.
Tit. Traytors away, he reſt's not in this Tombe:
This Monument fiue hundreth yeares hath ſtood,
Which I haue Sumptuouſly re-edified:
Heere none but Souldiers, and Romes Seruitors,
Repoſe in Fame: None baſely ſlaine in braules,
Bury him where you can, he comes not heere.
Mar. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds do plead for him,
He muſt be buried with his bretheren.
Titus two Sonnes ſpeakes.
And ſhall, or him we will accompany.
Ti. And ſhall! What villaine was it ſpake that word?
Titus ſonne ſpeakes.
He that would vouch'd it in any place but heere.
Tit. What would you bury him in my deſpight?
Mar. No Noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.
Tit. *Marcus*, Euen thou haſt ſtroke vpon my Creſt,
And with theſe Boyes mine Honour thou haſt wounded,
My foes I doe repute you euery one.
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
1.Sonne. He is not himſelfe, let vs withdraw.
2.Sonne. Not I tell *Mutius* bones be buried.
The Brother and the ſonnes kneele.
Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plea'd.
2.Sonne. Father, and in that name doth nature ſpeake.
Tit. Speake thou no more if all the reſt will ſpeede.
Mar. Renowned *Titus* more then halfe my ſoule.
Luc. Deare Father, ſoule and ſubſtance of vs all.
Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interre
His Noble Nephew heere in vertues neſt,
That died in Honour and *Lauinia's* cauſe.
Thou art a Romaine, be not barbarous:
The Greekes vpon aduiſe did bury *Aiax*
That ſlew himſelfe: And *Laertes* ſonne,
Did graciouſly plead for his Funerals:
Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy ioy,
Be bar'd his entrance heere.
Tit. Riſe *Marcus*, riſe,
The diſmall'ſt day is this that ere I ſaw,
To be diſhonored by my Sonnes in Rome:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
They put him in the Tombe.
Luc. There lie thy bones ſweet *Mutius* with thy
Till we with Trophees do adorne thy Tombe; (friends
They all kneele and ſay.
No man ſhed teares for Noble *Mutius*,
He liues in Fame, that di'd in vertues cauſe. *Exit.*
Mar. My Lord to ſtep out of theſe ſudden dumps,
How comes it that the ſubtile Queene of Gothes,
Is of a ſodaine thus aduanc'd in Rome?
Ti. I know not *Marcus*: but I know it is,
(Whether by deuiſe or no) the heauens can tell,
Is ſhe not then beholding to the man,
That brought her for this high good turne ſo farre?
Yes, and will Nobly him remunerate.

Flouriſh.
Enter the Emperor, Tamora, and her two ſons, with the Moore at one doore. Enter at the other doore Baſsianus and Lauinia with others.

Sat. So *Baſsianus*, you haue plaid your prize,
God giue you ioy ſir of your Gallant Bride.
Baſs. And you of yours my Lord: I ſay no more,
Nor wiſh no leſſe, and ſo I take my leaue.
Sat. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,
Thou and thy Faction ſhall repent this Rape.
Baſs. Rape call you it my Lord, to ceaſe my owne,
My true betrothed Loue, and now my wife?
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,
Meane while I am poſſeſt of that is mine.
Sat. 'Tis good ſir: you are very ſhort with vs,
But if we liue, weele be as ſharpe with you.
Baſs. My Lord, what I haue done as beſt I may,
Anſwere I muſt, and ſhall do with my life,
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* heere,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the reſcue of *Lauinia*,
With his owne hand did ſlay his youngeſt Son,
In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath.
To be controul'd in that he frankly gaue:
Receiue him then to fauour *Saturnine*,
That hath expre'ſt himſelfe in all his deeds,
A Father and a friend to thee, and Rome.
Tit. Prince *Baſsianus* leaue to plead my Deeds,
'Tis thou, and thoſe, that haue diſhonoured me,
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,
How I haue lou'd and Honour'd *Saturnine*.
Tam. My worthy Lord if euer *Tamora*,
Were

Were gracious in thoſe Princely eyes of thine,
Then heare me ſpeake indifferently for all:
And at my ſute (ſweet) pardon what is paſt.
Satu. What Madam, be diſhonoured openly,
And baſely put it vp without reuenge?
Tam. Not ſo my Lord,
The Gods of Rome for-fend,
I ſhould be Authour to diſhonour you.
But on mine honour dare, I vndertake
For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all:
Whoſe fury not diſſembled ſpeakes his griefes:
Then at my ſute looke graciouſly on him,
Looſe not ſo noble a friend on vaine ſuppoſe,
Nor with ſowre lookes afflict his gentle heart.
My Lord, be rul'd by me, be wonne at laſt,
Diſſemble all your griefes and diſcontents,
You are but newly planted in your Throne,
Leaſt then the people, and Patricians too,
Vpon a iuſt ſuruey take *Titus* part,
And ſo ſupplant vs for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous ſinne.
Yeeld at intreats, and then let me alone:
Ile finde a day to maſſacre them all,
And race their faction, and their familie,
The cruell Father, and his trayt'rous ſonnes,
To whom I ſued for my deare ſonnes life.
And make them know what 'tis to let a Queene.
Kneele in the ſtreetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, ſweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempeſt of thy angry frowne.
King. Riſe *Titus*, riſe,
My Empreſſe hath preuail'd.
Titus. I thanke your Maieſtie,
And her my Lord.
Theſe words, theſe lookes,
Infuſe new life in me.
Tamo. *Titus*, I am incorparate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily.
And muſt aduiſe the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*.
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you Prince *Baſsianus*, I haue paſt
My word and promiſe to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords:
And you *Lauinia*,
By my aduiſe all humbled on your knees,
You ſhall aske pardon of his Maieſtie.
Son. We doe,
And vow to heauen, and to his Highnes,
That what we did, was mildly, as we might,
Tendring our ſiſters honour and our owne.
Mar. That on mine honour heere I do proteſt.
King. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.
Tamora. Nay, nay,
Sweet Emperour, we muſt all be friends,
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, ſweet hart looke back.
King. *Marcus*,
For thy ſake and thy brothers heere,
And at my louely *Tamora's* intreats,
I doe remit theſe young mens haynous faults.
Stand vp: *Lauinia*, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and ſure as death I ſware,
I would not part a Batchellour from the Prieſt.
Come, if the Emperours Court can feaſt two Brides,
You are my gueſt *Lauinia*, and your friends:
This day ſhall be a Loue-day *Tamora*.
Tit. To morrow and it pleaſe your Maieſtie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and Hound,
Weele giue your Grace *Bon iour*.
Satur. Be it ſo *Titus*, and Gramercy to. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secunda.

Flouriſh. *Enter Aaron alone.*

Aron. Now climbeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes ſhot, and ſits aloft,
Secure of Thunders cracke or lightning flaſh,
Aduanc'd about pale enuies threatning reach:
As when the golden Sunne ſalutes the morne,
And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his gliſtering Coach,
And ouer-lookes the higheſt piering hills:
So *Tamora*:
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue ſtoopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aaron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Miſtris,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Haſt priſoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,
And faſter bound to *Aarons* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheus* ti'de to *Caucaſus*.
Away with ſlauiſh weedes, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and ſhine in Pearle and Gold,
To waite vpon this new made Empreſſe.
To waite ſaid I? To wanton with this Queene,
This Goddeſſe, this *Semerimis*, this Queene,
This Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,
And ſee his ſhipwracke, and his Common weales.
Hollo, what ſtorme is this?
Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing.
Dem. *Chiron* thy yeres wants wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners to intru'd where I am grac'd,
And may for ought thou know'ſt affected be.
Chi. *Demetrius*, thou doo'ſt ouer-weene in all,
And ſo in this, to beare me downe with braues,
'Tis not the difference of a yeere or two
Makes me leſſe gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To ſerue, and to deſerue my Miſtris grace,
And that my ſword vpon thee ſhall approue,
And plead my paſſions for *Lauinia's* loue.
Aron. Clubs, clubs, theſe louers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why Boy, although our mother (vnaduiſed)
Gaue you a daunſing Rapier by your ſide,
Are you ſo deſperate growne to threat your friends?
Goe too: haue your Lath glued within your ſheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Meane while ſir, with the little skill I haue,
Full well ſhalt thou perceiue how much I dare.
Deme. I Boy, grow ye ſo braue? *They drawe.*
Aron. Why how now Lords?
So nere the Emperours Pallace dare you draw,
And

And maintaine ſuch a quarrell openly?
Full well I wote, the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of Gold,
The cauſe were knowne to them it moſt concernes.
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be ſo diſhonored in the Court of Rome:
For ſhame put vp.
Deme. Not I, till I haue ſheath'd
My rapier in his boſome, and withall
Thruſt theſe reprochfull ſpeeches downe his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my diſhonour heere.
Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full reſolu'd,
Foule ſpoken Coward,
That thundreſt with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'ſt performe.
Aron. A way I ſay.
Now by the Gods that warlike Gothes adore,
This pretty brabble will vndoo vs all:
Why Lords, and thinke you not how dangerous
It is to ſet vpon a Princes right?
What is *Lauinia* then become ſo looſe,
Or *Baſsianus* ſo degenerate,
That for her loue ſuch quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulement, Iuſtice, or reuenge?
Young Lords beware, and ſhould the Empreſſe know,
This diſcord ground, the muſicke would not pleaſe.
Chi. I care not I, knew ſhe and all the world,
I loue *Lauinia* more then all the world.
Demet. Youngling,
Learne thou to make ſome meaner choiſe,
Lauinia is thine elder brothers hope.
Aron. Why are ye mad? Or know ye not in Rome,
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brooke Competitors in loue?
I tell you Lords, you doe but plot your deaths,
By this deuiſe.
Chi. *Aaron*, a thouſand deaths would I propoſe,
To atchieue her whom I do loue.
Aron. To atcheiue her, how?
Deme. Why, mak'ſt thou it ſo ſtrange?
Shee is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
Shee is a woman, therfore may be wonne,
Shee is *Lauinia* therefore muſt be lou'd.
What man, more water glideth by the Mill
Then wots the Miller of, and eaſie it is
Of a cut loafe to ſteale a ſhiue we know:
Though *Baſsianus* be the Emperours brother,
Better then he haue worne *Vulcans* badge.
Aron. I, and as good as *Saturnius* may.
Deme. Then why ſhould he diſpaire that knowes to (court it
With words, faire lookes, and liberality:
What haſt not thou full often ſtrucke a Doe,
And borne her cleanly by the Keepers noſe?
Aron. Why then it ſeemes ſome certaine ſnatch or ſo
Would ſerue your turnes.
Chi. I ſo the turne were ſerued.
Deme. *Aaron* thou haſt hit it.
Aron. Would you had hit it too,
Then ſhould not we be tir'd with this adoo:
Why harke yee, harke yee, and are you ſuch fooles,
To ſquare for this? Would it offend you then?
Chi. Faith not me.
Deme. Nor me, ſo I were one.
Aron. For ſhame be friends, & ioyne for that you iar:
'Tis pollicie, and ſtratageme muſt doe
That you affect, and ſo muſt you reſolue,
That what you cannot as you would atcheiue,
You muſt perforce accompliſh as you may:
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaſt
Then this *Lauinia*, *Baſsianus* loue,
A ſpeedier courſe this lingring languiſhment
Muſt we purſue, and I haue found the path:
My Lords, a ſolemne hunting is in hand.
There will the louely Roman Ladies troope:
The Forreſt walkes are wide and ſpacious,
And many vnfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kinde for rape and villanie:
Single you thither then this dainty Doe,
And ſtrike her home by force, if not by words:
This way or not at all, ſtand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empreſſe with her ſacred wit
To villainie and vengance conſecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
And ſhe ſhall file our engines with aduiſe,
That will not ſuffer you to ſquare your ſelues,
But to your wiſhes height aduance you both.
The Emperours Court is like the houſe of Fame,
The pallace full of tongues, of eyes, of eares:
The Woods are ruthleſſe, dreadfull, deafe, and dull:
There ſpeake, and ſtrike braue Boyes, & take your turnes,
There ſerue your luſts, ſhadow'd from heauens eye,
And reuell in *Lauinia's* Treaſurie.
Chi. Thy counſell Lad ſmells of no cowardiſe.
Deme. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I finde the ſtreames,
To coole this heat, a Charme to calme their fits,
Per Stigia per manes Vehor. *Exeunt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus and his three ſonnes, making a noyſe with hounds and hornes, and Marcus.

Tit. The hunt is vp, the morne is bright and gray,
The fields are fragranr, and the Woods are greene,
Vncouple heere, and let vs make a bay,
And wake the Emperour, and his louely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunters peale,
That all the Court may eccho with the noyſe.
Sonnes let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the Emperours perſon carefully:
I haue bene troubled in my ſleepe this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inſpir'd.

Winde Hornes.
Heere a cry of houndes, and winde hornes in a peale, then Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Baſsianus, Lauinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their Attendants.

Ti. Many good morrowes to your Maieſtie,
Madam to you as many and as good.
I promiſed your Grace, a Hunters peale.
Satur. And you haue rung it luſtily my Lords,
Somewhat to earely for new married Ladies.
Baſs. *Lauinia*, how ſay you?
Laui. I ſay no:
I haue bene awake two houres and more.
Satur. Come on then, horſe and Chariots let vs haue,
And to our ſport: Madam, now ſhall ye ſee,
Our Romaine hunting.
Mar. I haue dogges my Lord,
Will rouze the proudeſt Panther in the Chaſe,
And clime the higheſt Promontary top.
Tit. And I haue horſe will follow where the game
Makes way, and runnes likes Swallowes ore the plaine

Deme. *Chiron* we hunt not we, with Horſe nor Hound
But hope to plucke a dainty Doe to ground. *Exeunt*
Enter Aaron alone.
Aron. He that had wit, would thinke that I had none,
To bury ſo much Gold vnder a Tree,
And neuer after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me ſo abiectly,
Know that this Gold muſt coine a ſtratageme,
Which cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent peece of villany:
And ſo repoſe ſweet Gold for their vnreſt,
That haue their Almes out of the Empreſſe Cheſt.
Enter Tamora to the Moore.
Tamo. My louely *Aaron*,
Wherefore look'ſt thou ſad,
When euery thing doth make a Gleefull boaſt?
The Birds chaunt melody on euery buſh,
The Snake lies rolled in the chearefull Sunne,
The greene leaues quiuer, with the cooling winde,
And make a cheker'd ſhadow on the ground:
Vnder their ſweete ſhade, *Aaron* let vs ſit,
And whil'ſt the babling Eccho mock's the Hounds,
Replying ſhrilly to the well tun'd-Hornes,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let vs ſit downe, and marke their yelping noyſe:
And after conflict, ſuch as was ſuppos'd.
The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enioy'd,
When with a happy ſtorme they were ſurpris'd,
And Curtain'd with a Counſaile-keeping Caue,
We may each wreathed in the others armes,
(Our paſtimes done) poſſeſſe a Golden ſlumber,
Whiles Hounds and Hornes, and ſweet Melodious Birds
Be vnto vs, as is a Nurſes Song
Of Lullabie, to bring her Babe aſleepe.
Aron. Madame,
Though *Venus* gouerne your deſires,
Saturne is Dominator ouer mine:
What ſignifies my deadly ſtanding eye,
My ſilence, and my Cloudy Melancholie,
My fleece of Woolly haire, that now vncurles,
Euen as an Adder when ſhe doth vnrowle
To do ſome fatall execution?
No Madam, theſe are no Veneriall ſignes,
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood, and reuenge, are Hammering in my head.
Harke *Tamora*, the Empreſſe of my Soule,
Which neuer hopes more heauen, then reſts in thee,
This is the day of Doome for *Baſsianus*;
His *Philomel* muſt looſe her tongue to day,
Thy Sonnes make Pillage of her Chaſtity,
And waſh their hands in *Baſsianus* blood.
Seeſt thou this Letter, take it vp I pray thee,
And giue the King this fatall plotted Scrowle,
Now queſtion me no more, we are eſpied,
Heere comes a parcell of our hopefull Booty,
Which dreads not yet their liues deſtruction.

Enter Baſsianus and Lauinia.

Tamo. Ah my ſweet *Moore*:
Sweeter to me then life.
Aron. No more great Empreſſe, *Baſsianus* comes,
Be croſſe with him, and Ile goe fetch thy Sonnes
To backe thy quarrell what ſo ere they be.
Baſsi. Whom haue we heere?
Romes Royall Empreſſe,
Vnfurniſht of our well beſeeming troope?
Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy Groues,
To ſee the generall Hunting in this Forreſt?
Tamo. Sawcie controuler of our priuate ſteps:
Had I the power, that ſome ſay *Dian* had,
Thy Temples ſhould be planted preſently.
With Hornes, as was *Acteons*, and the Hounds
Should driue vpon his new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly Intruder as thou art.
Laui. Vnder your patience gentle Empreſſe,
'Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in Horning,
And to be doubted, that your *Moore* and you
Are ſingled forth to try experiments:
Ioue ſheild your husband from his Hounds to day,
'Tis pitty they ſhould take him for a Stag.
Baſsi. Beleeue me Queene, your ſwarth Cymerion,
Doth make your Honour of his bodies Hue,
Spotted, deteſted, and abhominable.
Why are you ſequeſtred from all your traine?
Diſmounted from your Snow-white goodly Steed,
And wandred hither to an obſcure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moore*,
If foule deſire had not conducted you?
Laui. And being intercepted in your ſport,
Great reaſon that my Noble Lord, be rated
For Saucineſſe, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her Rauen coloured loue,
This valley fits the purpoſe paſſing well.
Baſsi. The King my Brother ſhall haue notice of this.
Laui. I, for theſe ſlips haue made him noted long,
Good King, to be ſo mightily abuſed.
Tamora. Why I haue patience to endure all this?
Enter Chiron and Demetrius.
Dem. How now deere Soueraigne
And our gracious Mother,
Why doth your Highnes looke ſo pale and wan?
Tamo. Haue I not reaſon thinke you to looke pale.
Theſe two haue tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren, deteſted vale you ſee it is.
The Trees though Sommer, yet forlorne and leane,
Ore-come with Moſſe, and balefull Miſſelto.
Heere neuer ſhines the Sunne, heere nothing breeds,
Vnleſſe the nightly Owle, or fatall Rauen:
And when they ſhew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me heere at dead time of the night,
A thouſand Fiends, a thouſand hiſſing Snakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling Toades, as many Vrchins,
Would make ſuch fearefull and confuſed cries,
As any mortall body hearing it,
Should ſtraite fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.
No ſooner had they told this helliſh tale,
But ſtrait they told me they would binde me heere,
Vnto the body of a diſmall yew,
And leaue me to this miſerable death.
And then they call'd me foule Adultereſſe,
Laſciuious Goth, and all the bittereſt tearmes
That euer eare did heare to ſuch effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Reuenge it, as you loue your Mothers life,
Or be ye not henceforth cal'd my Children.
Dem. This is a witneſſe that I am thy Sonne. *ſtab him.*
Chi. And this for me,
Strook home to ſhew my ſtrength.
Laui. I come *Semeramus* nay Barbarous *Tamora*.

For no name fits thy nature but thy owne.
Tam. Giue me thy poyniard, you ſhal know my boyes
Your Mothers hand ſhall right your Mothers wrong.
Deme. Stay Madam heere is more belongs to her,
Firſt thraſh the Corne, then after burne the ſtraw:
This Minion ſtood vpon her chaſtity,
Vpon her Nuptiall vow, her loyaltie.
And with that painted hope, braues your Mightineſſe,
And ſhall ſhe carry this vnto her graue?
Chi. And if ſhe doe,
I would I were an Eunuch,
Drag hence her husband to ſome ſecret hole,
And make his dead Trunke-Pillow to our luſt.
Tamo. But when ye haue the hony we deſire,
Let not this Waſpe out-liue vs both to ſting.
Chir. I warrant you Madam we will make that ſure:
Come Miſtris, now perforce we will enioy,
That nice-preſerued honeſty of yours.
Laui. Oh *Tamora*, thou bear'ſt a woman face.
Tamo. I will not heare her ſpeake, away with her.
Laui. Sweet Lords intreat her heare me but a word.
Demet. Liſten faire Madam, let it be your glory
To ſee her teares, but be your hart to them,
As vnrelenting flint to drops of raine.
Laui. When did the Tigers young-ones teach the dam?
O doe not learne her wrath, ſhe taught it thee,
The milke thou ſuck'ſt from her did turne to Marble,
Euen at thy Teat thou had'ſt thy Tyranny,
Yet euery Mother breeds not Sonnes alike,
Do thou intreat her ſhew a woman pitty.
Chiro. What,
Would'ſt thou haue me proue my ſelfe a baſtard?
Laui. 'Tis true,
The Rauen doth not hatch a Larke,
Yet haue I heard, Oh could I finde it now,
The Lion mou'd with pitty, did indure
To haue his Princely pawes par'd all away.
Some ſay, that Rauens foſter forlorne children,
The whil'ſt their owne birds famiſh in their neſts:
Oh be to me though thy hard hart ſay no,
Nothing ſo kind but ſomething pittifull.
Tamo. I know not what it meanes, away with her.
Lauin, Oh let me teach thee for my Fathers ſake,
That gaue thee life when well he might haue ſlaine thee:
Be not obdurate, open thy deafe eares.
Tamo. Had'ſt thou in perſon nere offended me.
Euen for his ſake am I pittileſſe:
Remember Boyes I powr'd forth teares in vaine,
To ſaue your brother from the ſacrifice,
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent,
Therefore away with her, and vſe her as you will,
The worſe to her, the better lou'd of me.
Laui. Oh *Tamora*,
Be call'd a gentle Queene,
And with thine owne hands kill me in this place,
For 'tis not life that I haue beg'd ſo long,
Poore I was ſlaine, when *Baſſianus* dy'd.
Tam. What beg'ſt thou then? fond woman let me go?
Laui. 'Tis preſent death I beg, and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
Oh keepe me from their worſe then killing luſt,
And tumble me into ſome loathſome pit,
Where neuer mans eye may behold my body,
Doe this, and be a charitable murderer.
Tam. So ſhould I rob my ſweet Sonnes of their fee,
No let them ſatiſfie their luſt on thee.

Deme. Away,
For thou haſt ſtaid vs heere too long.
Lauinia. No Garace,
No womanhood? Ah beaſtly creature,
The blot and enemy to our generall name,
Confuſion fall——
Chi. Nay then Ile ſtop your mouth.
Bring thou her husband,
This is the Hole where *Aaron* bid vs hide him.
Tam. Farewell my Sonnes, ſee that you make her ſure,
Nere let my heart know merry cheere indeed,
Till all the *Andronici* be made away:
Now will I hence to ſeeke my louely *Moore*,
And let my ſpleenefull Sonnes this Trull defloure. *Exit.*

Enter Aaron with two of Titus Sonnes.

Aron. Come on my Lords, the better foote before,
Straight will I bring you to the lothſome pit,
Where I eſpied the Panther faſt aſleepe.
Quin. My ſight is very dull what ere it bodes.
Marti. And mine I promiſe you, were it not for ſhame,
Well could I leaue our ſport to ſleepe a while.
Quin. What art thou fallen?
What ſubtile Hole is this,
Whoſe mouth is couered with Rude growing Briers,
Vpon whoſe leaues are drops of new-ſhed-blood,
As freſh as mornings dew diſtil'd on flowers,
A very fatall place it ſeemes to me:
Speake Brother haſt thou hurt thee with the fall?
Martius. Oh Brother,
With the diſmal'ſt obiect
That euer eye with ſight made heart lament.
Aron. Now will I fetch the King to finde them heere,
That he thereby may haue a likely geſſe,
How theſe were they that made away his Brother.
Exit Aaron.
Marti. Why doſt not comfort me and helpe me out,
From this vnhallow'd and blood-ſtained Hole?
Quintus. I am ſurpriſed with an vncouth feare,
A chilling ſweat ore-runs my trembling ioynts,
My heart ſuſpects more then mine eie can ſee.
Marti. To proue thou haſt a true diuining heart,
Aaron and thou looke downe into this den,
And ſee a fearefull ſight of blood and death.
Quintus. *Aaron* is gone,
And my compaſſionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by ſurmiſe:
Oh tell me how it is, for nere till now
Was I a child, to feare I know not what.
Marti. Lord *Baſſianus* lies embrewed heere,
All on a heape like to the ſlaughtred Lambe,
In this deteſted, darke, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be darke, how dooſt thou know 'tis he?
Mart. Vpon his bloody finger he doth weare
A precious Ring, that lightens all the Hole:
Which like a Taper in ſome Monument,
Doth ſhine vpon the dead mans earthly cheekes,
And ſhewes the ragged intrailes of the pit:
So pale did ſhine the Moone on *Piramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in Maiden blood:
O Brother helpe me with thy fainting hand.
If feare hath made thee faint, as mee it hath,
Out of this fell deuouring receptacle,
As hatefull as *Ocitus* miſtie mouth.
Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may helpe thee out,

Or wanting ſtrength to doe thee ſo much good,
I may be pluckt into the ſwallowing wombe,
Of this deepe pit, poore *Baſſianus* graue:
I haue no ſtrength to plucke thee to the brinke.
Martius. Nor I no ſtrength to clime without thy help.
Quin. Thy hand once more, I will not looſe againe,
Till thou art heere aloft, or I below,
Thou can'ſt not come to me, I'come to thee. *Boths fall in.*

Enter the Emperour, Aaron the Moore.

Satur. Along with me, Ile ſee what hole is heere,
And what he is that now is leapt into it.
Say, who art thou that lately did'ſt deſcend,
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
Marti. The vnhappie ſonne of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a moſt vnluckie houre,
To finde thy brother *Baſſianus* dead.
Satur. My brother dead? I know thou doſt but ieſt,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the North-ſide of this pleaſant Chaſe,
'Tis not an houre ſince I left him there.
Marti. We know not where you left him all aliue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tamo. Where is my Lord the King?
King. Heere *Tamora*, though grieu'd with killing griefe.
Tam. Where is thy brother *Baſſianus*?
King. Now to the bottome doſt thou ſearch my wound,
Poore *Baſſianus* heere lies murthered.
Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatall writ,
The complot of this timeleſſe Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murderous Tyrannie.
She giueth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.
And if we miſſe to meete him hanſomely,
Sweet huntſman, Baſſianus 'tis we meane,
Doe thou ſo much as dig the graue for him,
Thou know'ſt our meaning, looke for thy reward
Among the Nettles at the Elder tree:
Which ouer-ſhades the mouth of that ſame pit,
Where we decreed to bury Baſſianuss
Doe this and purchaſe vs thy laſting friends.

King. Oh *Tamora*, was euer heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the Elder tree,
Looke ſirs, if you can finde the huntſman out,
That ſhould haue murthered *Baſſianus* heere.
Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of Gold.
King. Two of thy whelpes, fell Curs of bloody kind
Haue heere bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the priſon,
There let them bide vntill we haue deuis'd
Some neuer heard-of tortering paine for them.
Tamo. What are they in this pit,
Oh wondrous thing!
How eaſily murder is diſcouered?
Tit. High Emperour, vpon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares, not lightly ſhed,
That this fell fault of my accurſed Sonnes,
Accurſed, if the faults be prou'd in them.
King. If it be prou'd? you ſee it is apparant,

Who found this Letter, *Tamora* was it you?
Tamora. *Andronicus* himſelfe did take it vp.
Tit. I did my Lord,
Yet let me be their baile,
For by my Fathers reuerent Tombe I vow
They ſhall be ready at yout Highnes will,
To anſwere their ſuſpition with their liues.
King. Thou ſhalt not baile them, ſee thou follow me:
Some bring the murthered body, ſome the murtherers,
Let them not ſpeake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my ſoule, were there worſe end then death,
That end vpon them ſhould be executed.
Tamo. *Andronicus* I will entreat the King,
Feare not thy Sonnes, they ſhall do well enough.
Tit. Come *Lucius* come,
Stay not to talke with them. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Empreſſe Sonnes, with Lauinia, her hands cut off and her tongue cut out, and rauiſht.

Deme. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can ſpeake,
Who t'was that cut thy tongue and rauiſht thee.
Chi. Write downe thy mind, bewray thy meaning ſo,
And if thy ſtumpes will let thee play the Scribe.
Dem. See how with ſignes and tokens ſhe can ſcowle.
Chi. Goe home,
Call for ſweet water, waſh thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to waſh.
And ſo let's leaue her to her ſilent walkes.
Chi. And t'were my cauſe, I ſhould goe hang my ſelfe.
Dem. If thou had'ſt hands to helpe thee knit the cord.
Exeunt.

Winde Hornes.
Enter Marcus from hunting, to Lauinia.
Who is this, my Neece that flies away ſo faſt?
Coſen a word, where is your husband?
If I do dreame, would all my wealth would wake me;
If I doe wake, ſome Planet ſtrike me downe,
That I may ſlumber in eternall ſleepe.
Speake gentle Neece, what ſterne vngentle hands
Hath lopt, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, thoſe ſweet Ornaments
Whoſe circkling ſhadowes, Kings haue ſought to ſleep in
And might not gaine ſo great a happines
As halfe thy Loue: Why dooſt not ſpeake to me?
Alas, a Crimſon riuer of warme blood,
Like to a bubling fountaine ſtir'd with winde,
Doth riſe and fall betweene thy Roſed lips,
Comming and going with thy hony breath.
But ſure ſome *Tereus* hath deflowred thee,
And leaſt thou ſhould'ſt detect them, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'ſt away thy face for ſhame:
And notwithſtanding all this loſſe of blood,
As from a Conduit with their iſſuing Spouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,
Bluſhing to be encountred with a Cloud,
Shall I ſpeake for thee? ſhall I ſay 'tis ſo?
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beaſt
That I might raile at him to eaſe my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an Ouen ſtopt,
Doth burne the hart to Cinders where it is.
Faire *Philomela* ſhe but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious Sampler ſowed her minde.
But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus* haſt thou met, withall
And he hath cut thoſe pretty fingers off,

That could haue better ſowed then *Philomel.*
Oh had the monſter ſeene thoſe Lilly hands,
Tremble like Aſpen leaues vpon a Lute,
And make the ſilken ſtrings delight to kiſſe them,
He would not then haue toucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmony,
Which that ſweet tongue hath made:
He would haue dropt his knife and fell aſleepe,
As *Cerberus* at the Thracian Poets feete.
Come, let vs goe, and make thy father blinde,
For ſuch a ſight will blinde a fathers eye.
One houres ſtorme will drowne the fragrant meades,
What, will whole months of teares thy Fathers eyes?
Doe not draw backe, for we will mourne with thee:
Oh could our mourning eaſe thy miſery. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius.

Enter the Iudges and Senatours with Titus two ſonnes bound, paſſing on the Stage to the place of execution, and Titus going before pleading.

Ti. Heare me graue fathers, noble Tribunes ſtay,
For pitty of mine age, whoſe youth was ſpent
In dangerous warres, whilſt you ſecurely ſlept:
For all my blood in Romes great quarrell ſhed,
For all the froſty nights that I haue watcht,
And for theſe bitter teares, which now you ſee,
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheekes,
Be pittifull to my condemned Sonnes,
Whoſe ſoules is not corrupted as 'tis thought:
For two and twenty ſonnes I neuer wept,
Becauſe they died in honours lofty bed.

Andronicus lyeth downe, and the Iudges paſſe by him.

For theſe, Tribunes, in the duſt I write
My harts deepe languor, and my ſoules ſad teares:
Let my teares ſtanch the earths drie appetite.
My ſonnes ſweet blood, will make it ſhame and bluſh:
O earth! I will be friend thee more with raine *Exeunt*
That ſhall diſtill from theſe two ancient ruines,
Then youthfull Aprill ſhall with all his ſhowres
In ſummers drought: Ile drop vpon thee ſtill,
In Winter with warme teares Ile melt the ſnow,
And keepe eternall ſpring time on thy face,
So thou refuſe to drinke my deare ſonnes blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawne.

Oh reuerent Tribunes, oh gentle aged men,
Vnbinde my ſonnes, reuerſe the doome of death,
And let me ſay (that neuer wept before)
My teares are now preualing Oratours.
Lu. Oh noble father, you lament in vaine,
The Tribunes heare not, no man is by,
And you recount your ſorrowes to a ſtone.
Ti. Ah *Lucius* for thy brothers let me plead,
Graue Tribunes, once more I intreat of you.
Lu. My gracious Lord, no Tribune heares you ſpeake.
Ti. Why 'tis no matter man, if they did heare
They would not marke me: oh if they did heare
They would not pitty me.
Therefore I tell my ſorrowes bootles to the ſtones.
Who though they cannot anſwere my diſtreſſe,
Yet in ſome ſort they are better then the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I doe weepe, they humbly at my feete
Receiue my teares, and ſeeme to weepe with me,
And were they but attired in graue weedes,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to theſe.
A ſtone is as ſoft waxe,
Tribunes more hard then ſtones:
A ſtone is ſilent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doome men to death.
But wherefore ſtand'ſt thou with thy weapon drawne?
Lu. To reſcue my two brothers from their death,
For which attempt the Iudges haue pronounc'ſt
My euerlaſting doome of baniſhment.
Ti. O happy man, they haue befriended thee:
Why fooliſh *Lucius*, doſt thou not perceiue
That Rome is but a wildernes of Tigers?
Tigers muſt pray, and Rome affords no prey
But me and and mine: how happy art thou then,
From theſe deuourers to be baniſhed?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* heere?

Enter Marcus and Lauinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weepe,
Or if not ſo, thy noble heart to breake:
I bring conſuming ſorrow to thine age.
Ti. Will it conſume me? Let me ſee it then.
Mar. This was thy daughter.
Ti. Why *Marcus* ſo ſhe is.
Luc. Aye me this obiect kils me.
Ti. Faint-harted boy, ariſe and looke vpon her,
Speake *Lauinia*, what accurſed hand
Hath made thee handleſſe in thy Fathers ſight?
What foole hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?
My griefe was at the height before thou cam'ſt,
And now like *Nylus* it diſdaineth bounds:
Giue me a ſword, Ile chop off my hands too,
For they haue fought for Rome, and all in vaine;
And they haue nur'ſt this woe,
In feeding life:
In booteleſſe prayer haue they bene held vp,
And they haue ſeru'd me to effectleſſe vſe.
Now all the ſeruice I require of them,
Is that the one will helpe to cut the other:
'Tis well *Lauinia*, that thou haſt no hands,
For hands to do Rome ſeruice, is but vaine.
Luci. Speake gentle ſiſter, who hath martyr'd thee?
Mar. O that delightfull engine of her thoughts,
That blab'd them with ſuch pleaſing eloquence,
Is torne from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where like a ſweet mellodius bird it ſung,
Sweet varied notes inchanting euery eare.
Luci. Oh ſay thou for her,
Who hath done this deed?
Marc. Oh thus I found her ſtraying in the Parke,
Seeking to hide herſelfe as doth the Deare
That hath receiude ſome vnrecuring wound.
Tit. It was my Deare,
And he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, then had he kild me dead:
For now I ſtand as one vpon a Rocke,
Inuiron'd with a wilderneſſe of Sea.
Who markes the waxing tide,
Grow waue by waue,

Expecting euer when ſome enuious ſurge,
Will in his briniſh bowels ſwallow him.
This way to death my wretched ſonnes are gone:
Heere ſtands my other ſonne, a baniſht man,
And heere my brother weeping at my woes.
But that which giues my ſoule the greateſt ſpurne,
Is deere *Lauinia*, deerer then my ſoule.
Had I but ſeene thy picture in this plight,
It would haue madded me. What ſhall I doe?
Now I behold thy liuely body ſo?
Thou haſt no hands to wipe away thy teares,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Looke *Marcus*, ah ſonne *Lucius* looke on her:
When I did name her brothers, then freſh teares
Stood on her cheekes, as doth the hony dew,
Vpon a gathred Lillie almoſt withered.
Mar. Perchance ſhe weepes becauſe they kil'd her husband,
Perchance becauſe ſhe knowes him innocent.
Ti. If they did kill thy husband then be ioyfull,
Becauſe the law hath tane reuenge on them.
No, no, they would not doe ſo foule a deede,
Witnes the ſorrow that their ſiſter makes.
Gentle *Lauinia* let me kiſſe thy lips,
Or make ſome ſignes how I may do thee eaſe:
Shall thy good Vncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I ſit round about ſome Fountaine,
Looking all downewards to behold our cheekes
How they are ſtain'd in meadowes, yet not dry
With miery ſlime left on them by a flood:
And in the Fountaine ſhall we gaze ſo long,
Till the freſh taſte be taken from that cleerenes,
And made a brine pit with our bitter teares?
Or ſhall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or ſhall we bite our tongues, and in dumbe ſhewes
Paſſe the remainder of our hatefull dayes?
What ſhall we doe? Let vs that haue our tongues
Plot ſome deuiſe of further miſeries
To make vs wondred at in time to come.
Lu. Sweet Father ceaſe your teares, for at your griefe
See how my wretched ſiſter ſobs and weeps.
Mar. Patience deere Neece, good *Titus* drie thine eyes.
Ti. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, Brother well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drinke a teare of mine,
For thou poore man haſt drown'd it with thine owne.
Lu. Ah my *Lauinia* I will wipe thy cheekes.
Ti Marke *Marcus* marke, I vnderſtand her ſignes,
Had ſhe a tongue to ſpeake, now would ſhe ſay
That to her brother which I ſaid to thee.
His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,
Can do no ſeruice on her ſorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a ſimpathy of woe is this!
As farre from helpe as Limbo is from bliſſe,

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. Titus Andronicus, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy ſonnes,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy ſelfe old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And ſend it to the King: he for the ſame,
Will ſend thee hither both thy ſonnes aliue,
And that ſhall be the ranſome for their fault.
Ti. Oh gracious Emperour, oh gentle *Aaron.*
Did euer Rauen ſing ſo like a Larke,
That giues ſweet tydings of the Sunnes vpriſe?
With all my heart, Ile ſend the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aron* wilt thou help to chop it off?
Lu. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe ſo many enemies,
Shall not be ſent: my hand will ſerue the turne,
My youth can better ſpare my blood then you,
And therfore mine ſhall ſaue my brothers liues.
Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
Writing deſtruction on the enemies Caſtle?
Oh none of both but are of high deſert:
My hand hath bin but idle, let it ſerue
To ranſome my two nephewes from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.
Moore. Nay come agree, whoſe hand ſhall goe along
For feare they die before their pardon come.
Mar. My hand ſhall goe.
Lu. By heauen it ſhall not goe.
Ti. Sirs ſtriue no more, ſuch withered hearbs as theſe
Are meete for plucking vp, and therefore mine.
Lu. Sweet Father, if I ſhall be thought thy ſonne,
Let me redeeme my brothers both from death.
Mar. And for our fathers ſake, and mothers care,
Now let me ſhew a brothers loue to thee.
Ti. Agree betweene you, I will ſpare my hand.
Lu. Then Ile goe fetch an Axe.
Mar. But I will vſe the Axe. *Exeunt*
Ti. Come hither *Aaron*, Ile deceiue them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will giue thee mine,
Moore. If that be cal'd deceit, I will be honeſt,
And neuer whil'ſt I liue deceiue men ſo:
But Ile deceiue you in another ſort,
And that you'l ſay ere halfe an houre paſſe.

He cuts off Titus hand.

Enter Lucius and Marcus againe.

Ti. Now ſtay you ſtrife, what ſhall be, is diſpatcht:
Good *Aron* giue his Maieſtie me hand,
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thouſand dangers: bid him bury it:
More hath it merited: That let it haue.
As for for my ſonnes, ſay I account of them,
As iewels purchaſt at an eaſie price,
And yet deere too, becauſe I bought mine owne.
Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Looke by and by to haue thy ſonnes with thee:
Their heads I meane: Oh how this villany
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it.
Let fooles doe good, and faire men call for grace,
Aron will haue his ſoule blacke like his face. *Exit.*
Ti. O heere I lift this one hand vp to heauen,
And bow this feeble ruine to the earth,
If any power pitties wretched teares,
To that I call: what wilt thou kneele with me?
Doe then deare heart, for heauen ſhall heare our prayers,
Or with our ſighs weele breath the welkin dimme,
And ſtaine the Sun with fogge as ſomtime cloudes,
When they do hug him in their melting boſomes.
Mar. Oh brother ſpeake with poſſibilities,
And do not breake into theſe deepe extreames.
Ti. Is not my ſorrow deepe, hauing no bottome?

Then be my paſſions bottomleſſe with them.
Mar. But yet let reaſon gouerne thy lament.
Titus. If there were reaſon for theſe miſeries,
Then into limits could I binde my woes:
When heauen doth weepe, doth not the earth oreflow?
If the windes rage, doth not the Sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-ſwolne face?
And wilt thou haue a reaſon for this coile?
I am the Sea. Harke how her ſighes doe flow:
Shee is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then muſt my Sea be moued with her ſighes,
Then muſt my earth with her continuall teares,
Become a deluge: ouerflow'd and drown'd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard muſt I vomit them:
Then giue me leaue, for looſers will haue leaue,
To eaſe their ſtomackes with their bitter tongues,

Enter a meſſenger with two heads and a hand.

Meſſ. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repaid,
For that good hand thou ſentſt the Emperour:
Heere are the heads of thy two noble ſonnes.
And heeres thy hand in ſcorne to thee ſent backe:
Thy griefes, their ſports: Thy reſolution mockt,
That woe is me to thinke vpon thy woes,
More then remembrance of my fathers death. *Exit.*
Marc. Now let hot Ætna coole in Cicilie,
And be my heart an euer-burning hell:
Theſe miſeries are more then may be borne.
To weepe with them that weepe, doth eaſe ſome deale,
But ſorrow flouted at, is double death.
Luci. Ah that this ſight ſhould make ſo deep a wound,
And yet deteſted life not ſhrinke thereat:
That euer death ſhould let life beare his name,
Where life hath no more intereſt but to breath.
Mar. Alas poore hart that kiſſe is comfortleſſe,
As frozen water to a ſtarued ſnake.
Titus. When will this fearefull ſlumber haue an end?
Mar. Now farwell flatterie, die *Andronicus*,
Thou doſt not ſlumber, ſee thy two ſons heads,
Thy warlike hands, thy mangled daughter here:
Thy other baniſht ſonnes with this deere ſight
Strucke pale and bloodleſſe, and thy brother I,
Euen like a ſtony Image, cold and numme.
Ah now no more will I controule my griefes,
Rent off thy ſiluer haire, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this diſmall ſight
The cloſing vp of our moſt wretched eyes:
Now is a time to ſtorme, why art thou ſtill?
Titus. Ha, ha, ha,
Mar. Why doſt thou laugh? it fits not with this houre.
Ti. Why I haue not another teare to ſhed:
Beſides, this ſorrow is an enemy,
And would vſurpe vpon my watry eyes,
And make them blinde with tributarie teares.
Then which way ſhall I finde Reuenges Caue?
For theſe two heads doe ſeeme to ſpeake to me,
And threat me, I ſhall neuer come to bliſſe,
Till all theſe miſchiefes be returned againe,
Euen in their throats that haue committed them.
Come let me ſee what taske I haue to doe,
You heauie people, circle me about,
That I may turne me to each one of you,
And ſweare vnto my ſoule to right your wrongs.
The vow is made, come Brother take a head,
And in this hand the other will I beare.
And *Lauinia* thou ſhalt be employd in theſe things:
Beare thou my hand ſweet wench betweene thy teeth:
As for thee boy, goe get thee from my ſight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou muſt not ſtay,
Hie to the *Gothes*, and raiſe an army there,
And if you loue me, as I thinke you doe,
Let's kiſſe and part, for we haue much to doe. *Exeunt.*

Manet Lucius.

Luci. Farewell *Andronicus* my noble Father:
The woful'ſt man that euer liu'd in Rome:
Farewell proud Rome, til *Lucius* come againe,
Heloues his pledges dearer then his life:
Farewell *Lauinia* my noble ſiſter,
O would thou wert as thou to fore haſt beene,
But now, nor *Lucius* nor *Lauinia* liues
But in obliuion and hateful griefes:
If *Lucius* liue, he will requit your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturnine* and his Empreſſe
Beg at the gates likes *Tarquin* and his Queene.
Now will I to the Gothes and raiſe a power,
To be reueng'd on Rome and *Saturnine*. *Exit Lucius*

A Bnaket.
Enter Andronicus, Marcus, Lauinia, and the Boy.

An. So, ſo, now ſit, and looke you eate no more
Then will preſerue iuſt ſo much ſtrength in vs
As will reuenge theſe bitter woes of ours.
Marcus vnknit that ſorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy Neece and I (poore Creatures) want our hands
And cannot paſſionate our tenfold griefe,
With fouldED Armes. This poore right hand of mine,
Is left to tirranize vppon my breaſt.
Who when my hart all mad with miſery,
Beats in this hollow priſon of my fleſh,
Then thus I thumpe it downe.
Thou Map of woe, that thus doſt talk in ſignes,
When thy poore hart beates without ragious beating,
Thou canſt not ſtrike it thus to make it ſtill?
Wound it with ſighing girle, kil it with grones:
Or get ſome little knife betweene thy teeth,
And iuſt againſt thy hart make thou a hole,
That all the teares that thy poore eyes let fall
May run into that ſinke, and ſoaking in,
Drowne the lamenting foole, in Sea ſalt teares.
Mar. Fy brother fy, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands vppon her tender life.
An. How now! Has ſorrow made thee doate already?
Why *Marcus*, no man ſhould be mad but I:
What violent hands can ſhe lay on her life:
Ah, wherefore doſt thou vrge the name of hands,
To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice ore
How Troy was burnt, and he made miſerable?
O handle not the theame, to talke of hands,
Leaſt we remember ſtill that we haue none,
Fie, fie, how Frantiquely I ſquare my talke
As if we ſhould forget we had no hands:
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands.
Come, lets fall too, and gentle girle eate this,
Heere is no drinke? Harke *Marcus* what ſhe ſaies,
I can interpret all her martir'd ſignes,
She ſaies, ſhe drinkes no other drinke but teares
Breu'd with her ſorrow: meſh'd vppon her cheekes,

Speechleſſe complaynet, I will learne thy thought:
In thy dumb action, will I be as perfect
As begging Hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou ſhalt not ſighe nor hold thy ſtumps to heauen,
Nor winke, nor nod, nor kneele, nor make a ſigne,
But I (of theſe) will wreſt an Alphabet,
And by ſtill practice, learne to know thy meaning.
Boy. Good grandſire leaue theſe bitter deepe laments,
Make my Aunt merry, with ſome pleaſing tale.
Mar. Alas, the tender boy in paſſion mou'd,
Doth weepe to ſee his grandſires heauineſſe.
An. Peace tender Sapling, thou art made of teares,
And teares will quickly melt thy life away.
Marcus ſtrikes the diſh with a knife.
What doeſt thou ſtrike at *Marcus* with knife.
Mar. At that that I haue kil'd my Lord, a Flys
An. Out on the murderour: thou kil'ſt my hart,
Mine eyes cloi'd with view of Tirranie:
A deed of death done on the Innocent
Becoms not *Titus* broher: get thee gone,
I ſee thou art not for my company.
Mar. Alas (my Lord) I haue but kild a flie.
An. But? How: if that Flie had a father and mother?
How would he hang his ſlender gilded wings
And buz lamenting doings in the ayer,
Poore harmeleſſe Fly,
That with his pretty buzing melody,
Came heere to make vs merry,
And thou haſt kil'd him.
Mar. Pardon me ſir,
It was a blacke illfauour'd Fly,
Like to the Empreſſe Moore, therefore I kild him.
An. O, o, o,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou haſt done a Charitable deed:
Giue me thy knife, I will inſult on him,
Flattering my ſelfes, as if it were the Moore,
Come hither purpoſely to poyſon me.
There's for thy ſelfe, and thats for *Tamira*: Ah ſirra,
Yet I thinke we are not brought ſo low,
But that betweene vs, we can kill a Fly,
That comes in likeneſſe of a Cole-blacke Moore.
Mar. Alas poore man, griefe ha's ſo wrought on him,
He takes falſe ſhadowes, for true ſubſtances.
An. Come, take away: *Lauinia*, goe with me,
Ile to thy cloſſet, and goe read with thee
Sad ſtories, chanced in the times of old.
Come boy, and goe with me, thy ſight is young,
And thou ſhalt read, when mine begin to dazell. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus.

Enter young Lucius and Lauinia running after him, and the Boy flies from her with his bookes vnder his arme.
Enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Helpe Grandſier helpe, my Aunt *Lauinia*,
Followes me euery where I know not why.
Good Vncle *Marcus* ſee how ſwift ſhe comes,
Alas ſweet Aunt, I know not what you meane.
Mar. Stand by me *Lucius*, doe not feare thy Aunt.
Titus. She loues thee boy too well to doe thee harme
Boy. I when my father was in Rome ſhe did.
Mar. What meanes my Neece *Lauinia* by theſe ſignes?
Ti. Feare not *Lucius*, ſomewhat doth ſhe meane:
See *Lucius* ſee, how much ſhe makes of thee:
Some whether would ſhe haue thee goe with her.
Ah boy, *Cornelia* neuer with more care
Read to her ſonnes, then ſhe hath read to thee,
Sweet Poetry, and Tullies Oratour:
Canſt thou not geſſe wherefore ſhe plies thee thus?
Boy. My Lord I know not I, nor can I geſſe,
Vnleſſe ſome fit or frenzie do poſſeſſe her:
For I haue heard my Grandſier ſay full oft,
Extremitie of griefes would make men mad.
And I haue read that *Hecubæ* of Troy,
Ran mad through ſorrow, that made me to feare,
Although my Lord, I know my noble Aunt,
Loues me as deare as ere my mother did,
And would not but in fury fright my youth,
Which made me downe to throw my bookes, and flie
Cauſles perhaps, but pardon me ſweet Aunt,
And Madam, if my Vncle *Marcus* goe,
I will moſt willingly attend your Ladyſhip.
Mar. *Lucius* I will.
Ti. How now *Lauinia*, *Marcus* what meanes this?
Some booke there is that ſhe deſires to ſee,
Which is it girle of theſe? Open them boy,
But thou art deeper read and better skild,
Come and take choyſe of all my Library,
And ſo beguile thy ſorrow, till the heauens
Reueale the damn'd contriuer of this deed.
What booke?
Why lifts ſhe vp her armes in ſequence thus?
Mar. I thinke ſhe meanes that ther was more then one
Confederate in the fact, I more there was:
Or elſe to heauen ſhe heaues them to reuenge.
Ti. *Lucius* what booke is that ſhe toſſeth ſo?
Boy. Grandſier 'tis Ouids Metamorphoſis,
My mother gaue it me.
Mar. For loue of her that's gone,
Perhahs ſhe culd it from among the reſt.
Ti. Soft, ſo buſily ſhe turnes the leaues,
Helpe her, what would ſhe finde? *Lauinia* ſhall I read?
This is the tragicke tale of *Philomel*?
And treates of *Tereus* treaſon and his rape,
And rape I feare was roote of thine annoy.
Mar. See brother ſee, note how ſhe quotes the leaues
Ti. *Lauinia*, wert thou thus ſurpriz'd ſweet girle,
Rauiſht and wrong'd as *Philomela* was?
Forc'd in the ruthleſſe, vaſt, and gloomy woods?
See, ſee, I ſuch a place there is where we did hunt,
(O had we neuer, neuer hunted there)
Patern'd by that the Poet heere deſcribes,
By nature made for murthers and for rapes.
Mar. O why ſhould nature build ſo foule a den,
Vnleſſe the Gods delight in tragedies?
Ti. Giue ſignes ſweet girle, for heere are none but friends
What Romaine Lord it was durſt do the deed?
Or ſlunke not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erſts,
That left the Campe to ſinne in *Lucrece* bed.
Mar. Sit downe ſweet Neece, brother ſit downe by me,
Appollo, *Pallas*, *Ioue*, or *Mercury*,
Inſpire me that I may this treaſon finde.
My Lord looke heere, looke heere *Lauinia*.

He writes his Name with his ſtaffe, and guides it with feete and mouth.

This ſandie plot is plaine, guide if thou canſt

This after me, I haue writ my name,
Without the helpe of any hand at all.
Curſt be that hart that forc'ſt vs to that ſhift:
Write thou good Neece, and heere diſplay at laſt,
What God will haue diſcouered for reuenge,
Heauen guide thy pen to print thy ſorrowes plaine,
That we may know the Traytors and the truth.

She takes the ſtaffe in her mouth, and guides it with her ſtumps and writes.

Ti. Oh doe ye read my Lord what ſhe hath writs?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.
Mar. What, what, the luſtfull ſonnes of *Tamora,*
Performers of this hainous bloody deed?
Ti. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis ſcelera, tam lentus vides?
Mar. Oh calme thee gentle Lord: Although I know
There is enough written vpon this earth,
To ſtirre a mutinie in the mildeſt thoughts,
And arme the mindes of infants to exclaimes.
My Lord kneele downe with me: *Lauinia* kneele,
And kneele ſweet boy, the Romaine *Hectors* hope,
And ſweare with me, as with the wofull Feere
And father of that chaſt diſhonoured Dame,
Lord *Iunius Brutus* ſweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will proſecute (by good aduiſe)
Mortall reuenge vpon theſe traytorous Gothes,
And ſee their blood, or die with this reproach.
Ti. Tis ſure enough, and you knew how.
But if you hunt theſe Beare-whelpes, then beware
The Dam will wake, and if ſhe winde you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deepely ſtill in league.
And lulls him whilſt ſhe palyeth on her backe,
And when he ſleepes will ſhe do what ſhe liſt.
You are a young huntſman *Marcus*, let it alone:
And come, I will goe get a leafe of braſſe,
And with a Gad of ſteele will write theſe words,
And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde
Will blow theſe ſands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
And wheres your leſſon then. Boy what ſay you?
Boy. I ſay my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber ſhould not be ſafe,
For theſe bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.
Mar. I that's my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull country done the like.
Boy. And Vncle ſo will I, and if I liue.
Ti. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empreſſe ſonnes,
Preſents that I intend to ſend them both,
Come, come, thou'lt do thy meſſage, wilt thou not?
Boy. I with my dagger in their boſomes Grandſire:
Ti. No boy not ſo, Ile teach thee another courſe,
Lauinia come, *Marcus* looke to my houſe,
Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the Court,
I marry will we ſir, and weele be waited on. *Exeunt.*
Mar. O heauens! Can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compaſſion him?
Marcus attend him in his extaſie,
That hath more ſcars of ſorrow in his heart,
Then foe-mens markes vpon his batter'd ſhield,
But yet ſo iuſt, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus.* *Exit*

Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one dore: and at another dore young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verſes writ vpon them.

Chi. Demetrius heeres the ſonne of *Lucius,*
He hath ſome meſſage to deliuer vs.
Aron. I ſome mad meſſage from his mad Grandfather.
Boy. My Lords, with all the humbleneſſe I may,
I greete your honours from *Andronicus,*
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.
Deme. Gramercie louely *Lucius*, what's the newes?
For villanie's markt with rape. May it pleaſe you,
My Grandſire well aduiſ'd hath ſent by me,
The goodlieſt weapons of his Armorie,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome, for ſo he bad me ſay:
And ſo I do and with his gifts preſent
Your Lordſhips, when euer you haue need,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And ſo I leaue you both: like bloody villaines. *Exit*
Deme. What's heere? a ſcrole, & written round about?
Let's ſee.
Integer vitæ ſceleriſque purus, non egit maury iaculis nec arcus.
Chi. O 'tis a verſe in *Horace*, I know it well.
I read it in the Grammer long agoe.
Moore. I iuſt, a verſe in *Horace*: right, you haue it,
Now what a thing it is to be an Aſſe?
Heer's no ſound ieſt, the old man hath found their guilt,
And ſends the weapons wrapt about with lines,
That wound (beyond their feeling) to the quick:
But were our witty Empreſſe well a foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus* conceit:
But let her reſt, in her vnreſt a while.
And now young Lords, wa'st not a happy ſtarre
Led vs to Rome ſtrangers, and more then ſo:
Captiues, to be aduanced to this height?
It did me good before the Pallace gate,
To braue the Tribune in his brothers hearing.
Deme. But me more good, to ſee ſo great a Lord
Baſely inſinuate, and ſend vs gifts.
Moore. Had he not reaſon Lord *Demetrius*?
Did you not vſe his daughter very friendly?
Deme. I would we had a thouſand Romane Dames
At ſuch a bay, by turne to ſerue our luſt.
Chi. A charitable wiſh, and full of loue.
Moore. Heere lack's but you mother for to ſay, Amen.
Chi. And that would ſhe for twenty thouſand more.
Deme. Come, let vs go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloued mother in her paines.
Moore. Pray to the deuils, the gods haue giuen vs ouer.

Flouriſh.

Dem. Why do the Emperors trumpets flouriſh thus?
Chi. Belike for ioy the Emperour hath a ſonne.
Deme. Soft, who comes heere?

Enter Nurſe with a blacke a Moore childe.

Nur. Good morrow Lords:
O tell me, did you ſee *Aaron* the Moore?
Aron. Well, more or leſſe, or nere a whit at all,
Heere *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?
Nurſe. Oh gentle *Aaron*, we are all vndone,
Now helpe, or woe betide thee euermore.
Aron. Why, what a catterwalling doſt thou keepe?
What doſt thou wrap and fumble in thine armes?
Nurſe. O that which I would hide from heauens eye,
Our Empreſſe ſhame, and ſtately Romes diſgrace,
She is deliuered Lords, ſhe is deliuered.
Aron To whom?
Nurſe. I meane ſhe is brought a bed?
Aron. Wel God giue her good reſt,
What

What hath he ſent her?
Nurſe. A deuill.
Aron. Why then ſhe is the Deuils Dam: a ioyfull iſſue.
Nurſe. A ioyleſſe, diſmall, blacke &, ſorrowfull iſſue,
Heere is the babe as loathſome as a toad,
Among'ſt the faireſt breeders of our clime,
The Empreſſe ſends it thee, thy ſtampe, thy ſeale,
And bids thee chriſten it with thy daggers point.
Aron. Out you whore, is black ſo baſe a hue?
Sweet blowſe, you are a beautious bloſſome ſure.
Deme. Villaine what haſt thou done?
Aron. That which thou canſt not vndoe.
Chi. Thou haſt vndone our mother.
Deme. And therein helliſh dog, thou haſt vndone,
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choyce,
Accur'ſt the off-ſpring of ſo foule a fiend.
Chi. It ſhall not liue.
Aron. It ſhall not die.
Nurſe. *Aaron* it muſt, the mother wils it ſo.
Aron. What, muſt it *Nurſe*? Then let no man but I
Doe execution on my fleſh and blood.
Deme. Ile broach the Tadpole on my Rapiers point:
Nurſe giue it me, my ſword ſhall ſoone diſpatch it.
Aron. Sooner this ſword ſhall plough thy bowels vp.
Stay murtherous villaines, will you kill your brother?
Now by the burning Tapers of the skie,
That ſh'one ſo brightly when this Boy was got,
He dies vpon my Semitars ſharpe point,
That touches this my firſt borne ſonne and heire.
I tell you young-lings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatning band of *Typhons* broode,
Nor great *Alcides* nor the God of warre,
Shall ceaze this prey out of his fathers hands:
What, what, ye ſanguine ſhallow harted Boyes,
Ye white-limb'd walls, ye Ale-houſe painted ſignes,
Cole-blacke is better then another hue,
In that it ſcornes to beare another hue:
For all the water in the Ocean,
Can neuer turne the Swans blacke legs to white,
Although ſhe laue them hourely in the flood:
Tell the Empreſſe from me, I am of age
To keepe mine owne, excuſe it how ſhe can.
Deme. Wilt thou betray thy noble miſtris thus?
Aron. My miſtris is my miſtris: this my ſelfe,
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This, before all the world do I preferre,
This mauger all the world will I keepe ſafe,
Or ſome of you ſhall ſmoake for it in Rome.
Deme. By this our mother is for euer ſham'd.
Chi. Rome will deſpiſe her for this foule eſcape.
Nur. The Emperour in his rage will doome her death.
Chi. I bluſh to thinke vpon this ignominie.
Aron. Why ther's the priuiledge your beauty beares:
Fie trecherous hue, that will betray with bluſhing
The cloſe enacts and counſels of the hart:
Heer's a young Lad fram'd of another leere,
Looke how the blacke ſlaue ſmiles vpon the father;
As who ſhould ſay, old Lad I am thine owne.
He is your brother Lords, ſenſibly fed
Of that ſelfe blood that firſt gaue life to you,
And from that wombe where you impriſoned were
He is infranchiſed and come to light:
Nay he is your brother by the ſurer ſide,
Although my ſeale be ſtamped in his face.
Nurſe. *Aaron* what ſhall I ſay vnto the Empreſſe?
Dem. Aduiſe thee *Aaron*, what is to be done,
And we will all ſubſcribe to thy aduiſe:
Saue thou the child, ſo we may all be ſafe.
Aron. Then ſit we downe and let vs all conſult.
My ſonne and I will haue the winde of you:
Keepe there, now talke at pleaſure of your ſafety.
Deme. How many women ſaw this childe of his?
Aron. Why ſo braue Lords, when we ioyne in league
I am a Lambe: but if you braue the *Moore,*
The chafed Bore, the mountaine Lyoneſſe,
The Ocean ſwells not ſo at *Aaron* ſtormes:
But ſay againe, how many ſaw the childe?
Nurſe. *Cornelia*, the midwife, and my ſelfe,
And none elſe but the deliuered Empreſſe.
Aron. The Empreſſe, the Midwife, and your ſelfe,
Two may keepe counſell, when the the third's away:
Goe to the Empreſſe, tell her this I ſaid, *He kils her*
Weeke, weeke, ſo cries a Pigge prepared to th' ſpit.
Deme. What mean'ſt thou *Aaron*?
Wherefore did'ſt thou this?
Aron. O Lord ſir, 'tis a deed of pollicie?
Shall ſhe liue to betray this guilt of our's?
A long tongu'd babling Goſſip? No Lords no:
And now be it knowne to you my full intent.
Not farre, one *Muliteus* my Country-man
His wife but yeſternight was brought to bed,
His childe is like to her, faire as you are:
Goe packe with him, and giue the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumſtance of all,
And how by this their Childe ſhall be aduaunc'd,
And be receiued for the Emperours heyre,
And ſubſtituted in the place of mine,
To calme this tempeſt whirling in the Court,
And let the Emperour dandle him for his owne.
Harke ye Lords, ye ſee I haue giuen her phyſicke,
And you muſt needs beſtow her funerall,
The fields are neere, and you are gallant Groomes:
This done, ſee that you take no longer daies
But ſend the Midwife preſently to me.
The Midwife and the Nurſe well made away,
Then let the Ladies tattle what they pleaſe.
Chi. *Aaron* I ſee thou wilt not ttuſt the ayre with ſecrets.
Deme. For this care of *Tamora,*
Her ſelfe, and hers are highly bound to thee. *Exeunt.*
Aron. Now to the Gothes as ſwift as Swallow flies,
There to diſpoſe this treaſure in mine armes,
And ſecretly to greete the Empreſſe friends:
Come on you thick-lipt-ſlaue, Ile beare you hence,
For it is you that puts vs to our ſhifts:
Ile make you feed on berries, and on rootes,
And feed on curds and whay, and ſucke the Goate,
And cabbin in a Caue, and bring you vp
To be a warriour, and command a Campe. *Exit*

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other gentlemen with bowes, and Titus beares the arrowes with Letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come *Marcus*, come, kinſmen this is the way.
Sir Boy let me ſee your Archerie,
Looke yee draw home enough, and 'tis there ſtraight:
Terras Aſtrea reliquit be you remembred *Marcus.*
She's gone, ſhe's fled, ſirs take you to your tooles,
You Coſens ſhall goe ſound the Ocean:
And caſt your nets, haply you may find her in the Sea,
Yet ther's as little iuſtice as at Land:
No *Publius* and *Sempronius*, you muſt doe it,
'Tis

'Tis you muſt dig with Mattocke,and with Spade,
And pierce the inmoſt Center of the earth:
Then when you come to *Platoes* Region,
I pray you deliuer him this petition,
Tell him it is for iuſtice,and for aide,
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with ſorrowes in vngratefull Rome.
Ah Rome! Well,well,I made thee miſerable,
What time I threw the peoples ſuffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize ore me.
Goe get you gone,and pray be carefull all,
And leaue you not a man of watre vnſearcht,
This wicked Emperour may haue ſhipt her hence,
And kinſmen then we may goe pipe for iuſtice.
Marc. O *Publius* is not this a heauie caſe
To ſee thy Noble Vnckle thus diſtract?
Publ. Therefore my Lords it highly vs concernes,
By day and night t'attend him carefully:
And feede his humour kindely as we may,
Till time beget ſome carefull remedie.
Marc. Kinſmen,his ſorrowes are paſt remedie.
Ioyne with the Gothes,and with reuengefull warre,
Take wreake on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the Traytor *Saturnine.*
Tit. Publius how now? how now my Maiſters?
What haue you met with her?
Publ. No my good Lord,but *Pluto* ſends you word,
If you will haue reuenge from hell you ſhall,
Marrie for iuſtice ſhe is ſo imploy'd,
He thinkes with *Ioue* in heauen,or ſome where elſe:
So that perforce you muſt needs ſtay a time.
Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delayes,
Ile diue into the burning Lake below,
And pull her out of *Acaron* by the heeles·
Marcus we are but ſhrubs,no Cedars we,
No big-bon'd-men,fram'd of the Cyclops ſize,
But mettall *Marcus*,ſteele to the very backe,
Yet wrung with wrongs more then our backe can beare:
And ſith there's no iuſtice in earth nor hell,
We will ſollicite heauen,and moue the Gods·
To ſend downe Iuſtice for to wreake our wongs:
Come to this geare,you are a good Archer *Marcus.*
He giues them the Arrowes.
*Ad Iouem,*that's for you:here *ad Appollonem,*
*Ad Martem,*that's for my ſelfe,
Heere Boy to *Pallas*,heere to *Mercury*,
To *Saturnine*,to *Caius*,not to *Saturnine*,
You were as good to ſhoote againſt the winde.
Too it Boy, *Marcus* looſe when I bid:
Of my word, I haue written to effect,
Ther's not a God left vnſollicited.
Marc. Kinſmen,ſhoot all your ſhafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperour in his pride.
Tit, Now Maiſters draw,Oh well ſaid *Lucius*:
Good Boy in *Virgoes* lap,giue it *Pallas.*
Marc. My Lord,I aime a Mile beyond the Moone;
Your letter is with *Iupiter* by this.
Tit. Ha,ha,*Publius*,*Publius*,what haſt thou done?
See,ſee,thou haſt ſhot off one of *Taurus* hornes.
Mar. This was the ſport my Lord,when *Publius* ſhot,
The Bull being gal'd,gaue *Aries* ſuch a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,
And who ſhould finde them but the Empreſſe villaine:
She laught,and told the Moore he ſhould not chooſe
But giue them to his Maiſter for a preſent.
Tit. Why there it goes,God giue your Lordſhip ioy.

Enter the Clowne with a basket and two Pigeons in it.

Titus. Newes,newes,from heauen,
Marcus the poaſt is come.
Sirrah,what tydings? haue you any letters?
Shall I haue Iuſtice,what ſayes *Iupiter*?

Clowne. Ho the Iibbetmaker,he ſayes that he hath taken them downe againe, for the man muſt not be hang'd till the next weeke.

Tit. But what ſayes *Iupiter* I aske thee?
Clowne. Alas ſir I know not *Iupiter*:
I neuer dranke with him in all my life.
Tit. Why villaine art not thou the Carrier?
Clowne. I of my Pigions ſir,nothing elſe.
Tit. Why, did'ſt thou not come from heauen?

Clowne. From heauen? Alas ſir,I neuer came there, God forbid I ſhould be ſo bold,to preſſe to heauen in my young dayes. Why I am going with my pigeons to the Tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle, betwixt my Vncle,and one of the Emperialls men.

Mar. Why ſir, that is as fit as can be to ſerue for your Oration,and let him deliuer the Pigions to the Emperour from you.

Tit. Tell mee,can you deliuer an Oration to the Emperour with a Grace?

Clowne. Nay truely ſir, I could neuer ſay grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah come hither,make no more adoe,
But giue your Pigeons to the Emperour,
By me thou ſhalt haue Iuſtice at his hands.
Hold,hold,meane while her's money for thy charges.
Giue me pen and inke.
Sirhra,can you with a Grace deliuer a Suhplication?
Clowne. I ſir

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you, and when you come to him, at the firſt approach you muſt kneele, then kiſſe his foote, then deliuer vp your Pigeons, and then looke for your reward. Ile be at hand ſir, ſee you do it brauely.

Clowne. I warrant you ſir, let me alone.
Tit. Sirrha haſt thou a knife? Come let me ſee it.
Heere *Marcus*,fold it in the Oration,
For thou haſt made it like an humble Suppliant:
And when thou haſt giuen it the Emperour,
Knocke at my dore,and tell me what he ſayes.
Clowne. God be with you ſir,I will. *Exit.*
Tit. Come *Marcus* let vs goe,*Publius* follow me.
Exeunt.

Enter Emperour and Empreſſe,and her two ſonnes,the
Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand
that Titus ſhot at him.

Satur. Why Lords,
What wrongs are theſe? was euer ſeene
An Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne,
Troubled,Confronted thus,and for the extent
Of eg all iuſtice,vſ'd in ſuch contempt?
My Lords,you know the mightfull Gods,
(How euer theſe diſturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares)there nought hath paſt,
But euen with law againſt the willfull Sonnes
Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His ſorrowes haue ſo ouerwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits,his frenzie,and his bitterneſſe?
And now he writes to heauen for his redreſſe.
See,heeres to *Ioue*,and this to *Mercury*,

This to *Apollo*,this to the God of warre:
Sweet ſcrowles to flie about the ſtreets of Rome:
What's this but Libelling againſt the Senate,
And blazoning our Iniuſtice euery where?
A goodly humour,is it not my Lords?
As who would ſay,in Rome no Iuſtice were.
But if I liue,his fained extaſies
Shall be no ſhelter to theſe outrages:
But he and his ſhall know,that Iuſtice liues
In *Saturninus* health; whom if he ſleepe,
Hee'l ſo awake,as he in fury ſhall
Cut off the proud'ſt Conſpirator that liues.
Tamo. My gracious Lord,my louely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life,Commander of my thoughts,
Calme thee,and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
Th'effects of ſorrow for his valiant Sonnes,
Whoſe loſſe hath pier'ſt him deepe,and ſcar'd his heart;
And rather comfort his diſtreſſed plight,
Then proſecute the meaneſt or the beſt
For theſe contempts. Why thus it ſhall become
High witted *Tamora* to gloſe with all: *Aſide.*
But *Titus*,I haue touch'd thee to the quicke,
Thy life blood out: If *Aaron* now be wiſe,
Then is all ſafe,the Anchor's in the Port.
Enter Clowne.
How now good fellow,would'ſt thou ſpeake with vs?
Clow. Yea forſooth,and your Miſterſhip be Emperiall.
Tam. Empreſſe I am,but yonder ſits the Emperour.
Clo. 'Tis he; God & Saint Stephen giue you good den;
I haue brought you a Letter,& a couple of Pigions heere.
He reads the Letter.
Satu. Goe take him away,and hang him preſently.
Clowne. How much money muſt I haue?
Tam. Come ſirrah you muſt be hang'd.
Clow. Hang'd? ber Lady,then I haue brought vp a neck to a faire end. *Exit.*
Satu. Deſpightfull and intollerable wrongs,
Shall I endure this monſtrous villany?
I know from whence this ſame deuiſe proceedes:
May this be borne? As if his traytrous Sonnes,
That dy'd by law for murther of our Brother,
Haue by my meanes beene butcher'd wrongfully?
Goe dragge the villaine hither by the haire,
Nor Age,nor Honour,ſhall ſhape priuiledge:
For this proud mocke,Ile be thy ſlaughter man:
Sly franticke wretch,that holp'ſt to make me great,
In hope thy ſelfe ſhould gouerne Rome and me.
Enter Nuntius Emillius.
Satur. What newes with thee *Emillius*?
Emil. Arme my Lords,Rome neuer had more cauſe,
The Gothes haue gather'd head,and with a power
Of high reſolued men,bent to the ſpoyle
They hither march amaine,vnder conduct
Of *Lucius*,Sonne to old *Andronicus*:
Who threats in courſe of this reuenge to do
As much as euer *Coriolanus* did.
King. Is warlike *Lucius* Generall of the Gothes?
Theſe tydings nip me,and I hang the head
As flowers with froſt,or graſſe beat downe with ſtormes:
I,now begins our ſorrowes to approach,
'Tis he the common people loue ſo much,
My ſelfe hath often heard them ſay,
(When I haue walked like a priuate man)
That *Lucius* baniſhment was wrongfully,
And they haue wiſht that *Lucius* were their Emperour.
Tam. Why ſhould you feare? Is not our City ſtrong?
King. I,but the Cittizens fauour *Lucius*,
And will reuolt from me,to ſuccour him.
Tam. King,be thy thoughts Imperious like thy name.
Is the Sunne dim'd, that Gnats do flie in it?
The Eagle ſuffers little Birds to ſing,
And is not carefull what they meane thereby,
Knowing that with the ſhadow of his wings,
He can at pleaſure ſtint their melodie.
Euen ſo mayeſt thou,the giddy men of Rome,
Then cheare thy ſpirit,for know thou Emperour,
I will enchaunt the old *Andronicus*,
With words more ſweet, and yet more dangerous
Then baites to fiſh,or hony ſtalkes to ſheepe,
When as the one is wounded with the baite,
The other rotted with delicious foode.
King. But he will not entreat his Sonne for vs.
Tam. If *Tamora* entreat him, then he will,
For I can ſmooth and fill his aged eare,
With golden promiſes,that were his heart
Almoſt Impregnable,his old eares deafe,
Yet ſhould both eare and heart obey my tongue.
Goe thou before to our Embaſſadour,
Say,that the Emperour requeſts a parly
Of warlike *Lucius*,and appoint the meeting.
King. *Emillius* do this meſſage Honourably,
And if he ſtand in Hoſtage for his ſafety,
Bid him demaund what pledge will pleaſe him beſt.
Emill. Your bidding ſhall I do effectually. *Exit.*
Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the Art I haue,
To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike Gothes.
And now ſweet Emperour be blithe againe,
And bury all thy feare in my deuiſes.
Satu. Then goe ſucceſſantly and plead for him. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

Flouriſh. Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes,
with Drum and Souldiers.

Luci. Approued warriours,and my faithfull Friends,
I haue receiued Letters from great Rome,
Which ſignifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
And how deſirous of our ſight they are.
Therefore great Lords,be as your Titles witneſſe,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein Rome hath done you any ſcathe,
Let him make treble ſatiſfaction.
Goth. Braue ſlip,ſprung from the Great *Andronicus*,
Whoſe name was once our terrour,now our comfort,
Whoſe high exploits,and honourable Deeds,
Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt:
Behold in vs,weele follow where thou lead'ſt,
Like ſtinging Bees in hotteſt Sommers day,
Led by their Maiſter to the flowred fields,
And be aueng'd on curſed *Tamora*:
And as he ſaith,ſo ſay we all with him.
Luci. I humbly thanke him,and I thanke you all.
But who comes heere,led by a luſty *Goth*?
Enter a Goth leading of Aaron with his child
in his armes.
Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troups I ſtraid,
To gaze vpon a ruinous Monaſterie,

And as I earneſtly did fixe mine eye
Vpon the waſted building, ſuddainely
I heard a childe cry vnderneath a wall:
I made vnto the noyſe, when ſoone I heard,
The crying babe control'd with this diſcourſe:
Peace Tawny ſlaue, halfe me, and halfe thy Dam,
Did not thy Hue bewray whoſe brat thou art?
Had nature lent thee, but thy Mothers looke,
Villaine thou might'ſt haue bene an Emperour.
But where the Bull and Cow are both milk-white,
They neuer do beget a cole-blacke-Calfe:
Peace, villaine peace, euen thus he rates the babe,
For I muſt beare thee to a truſty Goth,
Who when he knowes thou art the Empreſſe babe,
Will hold thee dearely for thy Mothers ſake.
With this, my weapon drawne I ruſht vpon him,
Surpriz'd him ſuddainely, and brought him hither
To vſe, as you thinke neeedefull of the man.
Luci. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate deuill,
That rob'd *Andronicus* of his good hand:
This is the Pearle that pleas'd your Empreſſe eye,
And heere's the Baſe Fruit of his burning luſt.
Say wall-ey'd ſlaue, whether would'ſt thou conuay
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?
Why doſt not ſpeake? what deafe? Not a word?
A halter Souldiers, hang him on this Tree,
And by his ſide his Fruite of Baſtardie.
Aron. Touch not the Boy, he is of Royall blood.
Luci. Too like the Syre for euer being good.
Firſt hang the Child that he may ſee it ſprall,
A ſight to vexe the Fathers ſoule withall.
Aron. Get me a Ladder *Lucius*, ſaue the Childe,
And beare it from me to the Empreſſe:
If thou do this, Ile ſhew thee wondrous things,
That highly may aduantage thee to heare;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile ſpeake no more: but vengeance rot you all.
Luci. Say on, and if it pleaſe me which thou ſpeak'ſt,
Thy child ſhall liue, and I will ſee it Nouriſht.
Aron. And if it pleaſe thee? why aſſure thee *Lucius*,
'Twill vexe thy ſoule to heare what I ſhall ſpeake:
For I muſt talke of Murthers, Rapes, and Maſſacres,
Acts of Blacke-night, abhominable Deeds,
Complots of Miſchiefe, Treaſon, Villanies
Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiouſly preform'd,
And this ſhall all be buried by my death,
Vnleſſe thou ſweare to me my Childe ſhall liue.
Luci. Tell on thy minde,
I ſay thy Childe ſhall liue.
Aron. Sweare that he ſhall, and then I will begin.
Luci. Who ſhould I ſweare by,
Thou beleeueſt no God;
That graunted, how can'ſt thou beleeue an oath?
Aron. What if I do not, as indeed I do not,
Yet for I know thou art Religious,
And haſt a thing within thee, called Conſcience,
With twenty Popiſh trickes and Ceremonies,
Which I haue ſeene thee carefull to obſerue:
Therefore I vrge thy oath, for that I know
An Ideot holds his Bauble for a God,
And keepes the oath which by that God he ſweares,
To that Ile vrge him: therefore thou ſhalt vow
By that ſame God, what God ſo ere it be
That thou adoreſt, and haſt in reuerence,
To ſaue my Boy, to nouriſh and bring him vp,
Ore elſe I will diſcouer nought to thee.
Luci. Euen by my God I ſweare to to thee I will.
Aron. Firſt know thou,
I begot him on the Empreſſe.
Luci. Oh moſt Inſatiate luxurious woman!
Aron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but a deed of Charitie,
To that which thou ſhalt heare of me anon,
'Twas her two Sonnes that murdered *Baſſianus*,
They cut thy Siſters tongue, and rauiſht her,
And cut her hands off, and trim'd her as thou ſaw'ſt.
Lucius. Oh deteſtable villaine!
Call'ſt thou that Trimming?
Aron. Why ſhe was waſht, and cut, and trim'd,
And 'twas trim ſport for them that had the doing of it.
Luci. Oh barbarous beaſtly villaines like thy ſelfe!
Aron. Indeede, I was their Tutor to inſtruct them,
That Codding ſpirit had they from their Mother,
As ſure a Card as euer wonne the Set:
That bloody minde I thinke they learn'd of me,
As true a Dog as euer fought at head.
Well, let my Deeds be witneſſe of my worth:
I trayn'd thy Bretheren to that guilefull Hole,
Where the dead Corps of *Baſſianus* lay:
I wrote the Letter, that thy Father found,
And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd.
Confederate with the Queene, and her two Sonnes,
And what not done, that thou haſt cauſe to rue,
Wherein I had no ſtroke of Miſcheife in it.
I play'd the Cheater for thy Fathers hand,
And when I had it, drew my ſelfe apart,
And almoſt broke my heart with extreame laughter.
I pried me through the Creuice of a Wall,
When for his hand, he had his two Sonnes heads,
Beheld his teares, and laught ſo hartily,
That both mine eyes were rainie like to his:
And when I told the Empreſſe of this ſport,
She ſounded almoſt at my pleaſing tale,
And for my tydings, gaue me twenty kiſſes.
Goth. What canſt thou ſay all this, and neuer bluſh?
Aron. I, like a blacke Dogge, as the ſaying is.
Luci. Art thou not ſorry for theſe hainous deedes?
Aron. I, that I had not done a thouſand more:
Euen now I curſe the day, and yet I thinke
Few come within few compaſſe of my curſe,
Wherein I did not ſome Notorious ill,
As kill a man, or elſe deuiſe his death,
Rauiſh a Maid, or plot the way to do it,
Accuſe ſome Innocent, and forſweare my ſelfe,
Set deadly Enmity betweene two Friends,
Make poore mens Cattell breake their neckes,
Set fire on Barnes and Hayſtackes in the night,
And bid the Owners quench them with the teares:
Oft haue I dig'd vp dead men from their graues,
And ſet them vpright at their deere Friends doore,
Euen when their ſorrowes almoſt was forgot,
And on their skinnes, as on the Barke of Trees,
Haue with my knife carued in Romaine Letters,
Let not your ſorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I haue done a thouſand dreadfull things
As willingly, as one would kill a Fly,
And nothing greeues me hartily indeede,
But that I cannot doe ten thouſand more.
Luci. Bring downe the diuell, for he muſt not die
So ſweet a death as hanging preſently.
Aron. If there be diuels, would I were a deuill,
To liue and burne in euerlaſting fire,
So I might haue your company in hell,

But to torment you with my bitter tongue.
Luci. Sirs ſtop his mouth, & let him ſpeake no more.

Enter Emillius.

Goth. My Lord, there is a Meſſenger from Rome
Deſires to be admitted to your preſence.
Luc. Let him come neere.
Welcome *Emillius*, what the newes from Rome?
Emi. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the Gothes,
The Romaine Emperour greetes you all by me,
And for he vnderſtands you are in Armes,
He craues a parly at your Fathers houſe
Willing you to demand your Hoſtages,
And they ſhall be immediately deliuered.
Goth. What ſaies our Generall?
Luc. *Emillius*, let the Emperour giue his pledges
Vnto my Father, and my Vncle *Marcus*, *Flouriſh.*
And we will come: march away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tamora, and her two Sonnes diſguiſed.

Tam. Thus in this ſtrange and ſad Habilliament,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,
And ſay, I am Reuenge ſent from below,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs:
Knocke at his ſtudy where they ſay he keepes,
To ruminate ſtrange plots of dire Reuenge,
Tell him Reuenge is come to ioyne with him,
And worke confuſion on his Enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his ſtudy dore.

Tit. Whe doth molleſt my Contemplation?
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dore,
That ſo my ſad decrees may flie away,
And all my ſtudie be to no effect?
You are deceiu'd, for what I meane to do,
See heere in bloody lines I haue ſet downe:
And what is written ſhall be executed.
Tam. *Titus*, I am come to talke with thee,
Tit. No not a word: how can I grace my talke,
Wanting a hand to giue it action,
Thou haſt the ods of me, therefore no more.
Tam. If thou did'ſt know me,
Thou would'ſt talke with me.
Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough,
Witneſſe this wretched ſtump,
Witneſſe theſe crimſon lines,
Witneſſe theſe Trenches made by griefe and care,
Witneſſe the tyring day, and heauie night,
Witneſſe all ſorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empreſſe, Mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand?
Tamo. Know thou ſad man, I am not *Tamora*,
She is thy Enemie, and I thy Friend,
I am Reuenge ſent from th'infernall Kingdome,
To eaſe the gnawing Vulture of the mind,
By working wreakefull vengeance on my Foes:
Come downe and welcome me to this worlds light,
Conferre with me of Murder and of Death,
Ther's not a hollow Caue or lurking place,
No Vaſt obſcurity, or Miſty vale,
Where bloody Murther or deteſted Rape,
Can couch for feare, but I will finde them out,
And in their eares tell them my dreadfull name,
Reuenge, which makes the foule offenders quake.
Tit. Art thou Reuenge? and art thou ſent to me,
To be a torment to mine Enemies?
Tam. I am, therefore come downe and welcome me.
Tit. Doe me ſome ſeruice ere I come to thee:
Loe by thy ſide where Rape and Murder ſtands,
Now giue ſome ſurance that thou art Reuenge,
Stab them, or teare them on thy Chariot wheeles,
And then Ile come and be thy Waggoner,
And whirle along with thee about the Globes.
Prouide thee two proper Palfries, as blacke as Iet,
To hale thy vengefull Waggon ſwift away,
And finde out Murder in their guilty cares.
And when thy Car is loaden with their heads,
I will diſmount, and by the Waggon wheele,
Trot like a Seruile footeman all day long,
Euen from *Eptons* riſing in the Eaſt,
Vntill his very downefall in the Sea.
And day by day Ile do this heauy taske,
So thou deſtroy Rapine and Murder there.
Tam. Theſe are my Miniſters, and come with me.
Tit. Are them thy Miniſters, what are they call'd?
Tam. Rape and Murder, therefore called ſo,
Cauſe they take vengeance of ſuch kind of men.
Tit. Good Lord how like the Empreſſe Sons they are,
And you the Empreſſe: But we worldly men,
Haue miſerable mad miſtaking eyes:
Oh ſweet Reuenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one armes imbracement will content thee,
I will imbrace thee in it by and by.
Tam. This cloſing with him, fits his Lunacie,
What ere I forge to feede his braine-ſicke fits,
Do you vphold, and maintaine in your ſpeeches,
For now he firmely takes me for Reuenge,
And being Credulous in this mad thought,
Ile make him ſend for *Lucius* his Sonne,
And whil'ſt I at a Banquet hold him ſure,
Ile find ſome cunning practiſe out of hand
To ſcatter and diſperſe the giddie Gothes,
Or at the leaſt make them his Enemies:
See heere he comes, and I muſt play my theame.
Tit. Long haue I bene forlorne, and all for thee,
Welcome dread Fury to my woefull houſe,
Rapine and Murther, you are welcome too,
How like the Empreſſe and her Sonnes you are.
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moore,
Could not all hell afford you ſuch a deuill?
For well I wote the Empreſſe neuer wags;
But in her company there is a Moore,
And would you repreſent our Queene aright
It were conuenient you had ſuch a deuill:
But welcome as you are, what ſhall we doe?
Tam. What would'ſt thou haue vs doe *Andronicus*?
Dem. Shew me a Murtherer, Ile deale with him.
Chi. Shew me a Villaine that hath done a Rape,
And I am ſent to be reueng'd on him.
Tam. Shew me a thouſand that haue done thee wrong,
And Ile be reuenged on them all.
Tit. Looke round about the wicked ſtreets of Rome,
And when thou find'ſt a man that's like thy ſelfe,
Good Murder ſtab him, hee's a Murtherer.
Goe thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To finde another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine ſtab him, he is a Rauiſher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
There is a Queene attended by a Moore,
Well maiſt thou know her by thy owne proportion,
For vp and downe ſhe doth reſemble thee.
I pray thee doe on them ſome violent death,
They haue bene violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well haſt thou leſſon'd vs,this ſhall we do.
But would it pleaſe thee good *Andronicus*,
To ſend for *Lucius* thy thrice Valiant Sonne,
Who leades towards Rome a Band of Warlike Gothes,
And bid him come and banquet at thy houſe.
When he is heere,euen at thy Solemne Feaſt,
I will bring in the Empreſſe and her Sonnes,
The Emperour himſelfe,and all thy Foes,
And at thy mercy ſhall they ſtoop,and kneele,
And on them ſhalt thou eaſe,thy angry heart:
What ſaies *Andronicus* to this deuiſe?

Enter Marcus.

Tit. Marcus my Brother,'tis ſad *Titus* calls,
Go gentle *Marcus* to thy Nephew *Lucius*,
Thou ſhalt enquire him out among the Gothes,
Bid him repaire to me,and bring with him
Some of the chiefeſt Princes of the Gothes,
Bid him encampe his Souldiers where they are,
Tell him the Emperour,and the Empreſſe too,
Feaſts at my houſe,and he ſhall Feaſt with them,
This do thou for my loue,and ſo let him,
As he regards his aged Fathers life.
Mar. This will I do,and ſoone returne againe.
Tam. Now will I hence about thy buſineſſe,
And take my Miniſters along with me.
Tit. Nay,nay,let Rape and Murder ſtay with me,
Or els Ile call my Brother backe againe,
And cleaue to no reuenge but *Lucius*.
Tam. What ſay you Boyes,will you bide with him,
Whiles I goe tell my Lord the Emperour,
How I haue gouern'd our determined ieſt?
Yeeld to his Humour,ſmooth and ſpeake him faire,
And tarry with him till I turne againe.
Tit. I know them all,though they ſuppoſe me mad,
And will ore-reach them in their owne deuiſes,
A payre of curſed hell-hounds and their Dam.
Dem. Madam depart at pleaſure,leaue vs heere.
Tam. Farewell *Andronicus*,reuenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy Foes.
Tit. I know thou doo'ſt,and ſweet reuenge farewell.
Chi. Tell vs old man,how ſhall we be imploy'd?
Tit. Tut,I haue worke enough for you to doe,
Publius come hither,*Caius*,and *Valentine*.
Pub. What is your will?
Tit. Know you theſe two?
Pub. The Empreſſe Sonnes
I take them,*Chiron*,*Demetrius*.
Titus. Fie *Publius*,fie,thou art too much deceau'd,
The one is Murder,Rape is the others name,
And therefore bind them gentle *Publius*,
Caius,and *Valentine*,lay hands on them,
Oft haue you heard me wiſh for ſuch an houre,
And now I find it,therefore binde them ſure,
Chi. Villaines forbeare,we are the Empreſſe Sonnes.
Pub. And therefore do we,what we are commanded.
Stop cloſe their mouthes,let them not ſpeake a word,
Is he ſure bound,looke that you binde them faſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Titus Andronicus with a knife,and Lauinia with a Baſon.

Tit. Come,come *Lauinia*,looke,thy Foes are bound,
Sirs ſtop their mouthes,let them not ſpeake to me,
But let them heare what fearefull words I vtter.
Oh Villaines,*Chiron*,and *Demetrius*,
Here ſtands the ſpring whom you haue ſtain'd with mud,
This goodly Sommer with your Winter mixt,
You kil'd her husband,and for that vil'd fault,
Two of her Brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off,and made a merry ieſt,
Both her ſweet Hands,her Tongue,and that more deere
Then Hands or tongue,her ſpotleſſe Chaſtity,
Inhumaine Traytors,you conſtrain'd and for'ſt.
What would you ſay,if I ſhould let you ſpeake?
Villaines for ſhame you could not beg for grace.
Harke Wretches,how I meane to martyr you,
This one Hand yet is left,to cut your throats,
Whil'ſt that *Lauinia* tweene her ſtumps doth hold:
The Baſon that receiues your guilty blood.
You know your Mother meanes to feaſt with me,
And calls herſelfe Reuenge,and thinkes me mad.
Harke Villaines,I will grin'd your bones to duſt,
And with your blood and it,Ile make a Paſte,
And of the Paſte a Coffen I will reare,
And make two Paſties of your ſhamefull Heads,
And bid that ſtrumpet your vnhallowed Dam,
Like to the earth ſwallow her increaſe.
This is the Feaſt,that I haue bid her to,
And this the Banquet ſhe ſhall ſurfet on,
For worſe then *Philomel* you vſ'd my Daughter,
And worſe then *Progne*,I will be reueng'd,
And now prepare your throats: *Lauinia* come.
Receiue the blood,and when that they are dead,
Let me goe grin'd their Bones to powder ſmall,
And with this hatefull Liquor temper it,
And in that Paſte let their vil'd Heads be bakte,
Come,come,be euery one officious,
To make this Banket, which I wiſh might proue,
More ſterne and bloody then the Centaures Feaſt.
He cuts their throats.
So now bring them in,for Ile play the Cooke,
And ſee them ready,gainſt their Mother comes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lucius,Marcus,and the Gothes.

Luc. Vnckle *Marcus*,ſince 'tis my Fathers minde
That I repair to Rome,I am content.
Goth. And ours with thine befall,what Fortune will.
Luc. Good Vnckle take you in this barbarous *Moore*,
This Rauenous Tiger,this accurſed deuill,
Let him receiue no ſuſtenance,fetter him,
Till he be brought vnto the Emperous face,
For teſtimony of her foule proceedings.
And ſee the Ambuſh of our Friends be ſtrong,
If ere the Emperour meanes no good to vs.
Aron. Some deuill whiſper curſes in my eare,
And prompt me that my tongue may vtter forth,
The Venemous Mallice of my ſwelling heart.
Luc. Away Inhumaine Dogge,Vnhallowed Slaue,
Sirs,helpe our Vnckle,to conuey him in, *Flouriſh.*
The Trumpets ſhew the Emperour is at hand.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperour and Empreſſe,with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What,hath the Firemament more Suns then one?
Luc. What bootes it thee to call thy ſelfe a Sunne?
Mar. Romes Emperour & Nephewe breake the parle
Theſe quarrels muſt be quietly debated,
The Feaſt is ready which the carefull *Titus*,

Hath ordained to an Honourable end,
For Peace,for Loue,for League,and good to Rome:
Pleaſe you therfore draw nie and take your places.
Satur. Marcus we will. *Hoboyes.*

A Table brought in.

Enter Titus like a Cooke,placing the meat on the Table,and Lauinia with a vale ouer her face.

Titus. Welcome my gracious Lord,
Welcome Dread Queene,
Welcome ye Warlike Gothes,welcome *Lucius*,
And welcome all:although the cheere be poore,
'Twill fill your ſtomacks, pleaſe you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd *Andronicus*?
Tit. Becauſe I would be ſure to haue all well,
To entertaine your Highneſſe,and your Empreſſe.
Tam. We are beholding to you good *Andronicus*?
Tit. And if your Highneſſe knew my heart,you were:
My Lord the Emperour reſolue me this,
Was it well done of rath *Virginius*,
To ſlay his daughter with his owne right hand,
Becauſe ſhe was enfor'ſt,ſtain'd,and deſlowr'd?
Satur. It was *Andronicus*.
Tit. Your reaſon,Mighty Lord?
Sat. Becauſe the Girle,ſhould not ſuruiue her ſhame,
And by her preſence ſtill renew his ſorrowes.
Tit. A reaſon mighty,ſtrong,and effectuall,
A patterne,preſident,and liuely warrant,
For me(moſt wretched) to performe the like:
Die,die,*Lauinia*,and thy ſhame with thee,
And with thy ſhame,thy Fathers ſorrow die.
He kils her.
Sat. What haſt done,vnnaturall and vnkinde?
Tit. Kil'd her for whom my teares haue made me blind.
I am as wofull as *Virginius* was,
And haue a thouſand times more cauſe then he.
Sat. What was ſhe rauiſht? tell who did the deed,
Tit. Wilt pleaſe you eat,
Wilt pleaſe your Hignеſſe feed?
Tam. Why haſt thou ſlaine thine onely Daughter?
Titus. Not I,'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*,
They rauiſht her, and cut away her tongue,
And they,'twas they,that did her all this wrong.
Satu. Go fetch them hither to vs preſently.
Tit. Why there they are both,baked in that Pie,
Whereof their Mother dantily hath fed,
Eating the fleſh that ſhe herſelfe hath bred.
'Tis true,'tis true,witneſſe my kniues ſharpe point.
He ſtabs the Empreſſe.
Satu. Die franticke wretch, for this accurſed deed.
Luc. Can the Sonnes eye,behold his Father bleed?
There's meede for meede,death for a deadly deed.
Mar. You ſad fac'd men, people and Sonnes of Rome,
By vprores ſeuer'd like a flight of Fowle,
Scattred by windes and high tempeſtuous guſts:
Oh let me teach you how, to knit againe
This ſcattred Corne,into one mutuall ſheafe,
Theſe broken limbs againe into one body.
Goth. Let Rome herſelfe be bane vnto herſelfe,
And ſhee whom mightie kingdomes curſie too,
Like a forlorne and deſperate caſtaway,
Doe ſhamefull execution on her ſelfe.
But if my froſtie ſignes and chaps of age,
Graue witneſſes of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speake Romes deere friend, as 'erſt our Aunceſtor,
When with his ſolemne tongue he did diſcourſe
To loue-ſicke *Didoes* ſad attending eare,
The ſtory of that balefull burning night,
When ſubtil Greekes ſurpriz'd King *Priams* Troy:
Tell vs what *Sinon* hath bewicht our eares,
Or who hath brought the fatall engine in,
That giues our Troy,our Rome the ciuill wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor ſteele,
Nor can I vtter all our bitter griefe,
But floods of teares will drowne my Oratorie,
And breake my very vttrance,euen in the time
When it ſhould moue you to attend me moſt,
Lending your kind hand Commiſeration.
Heere is a Captaine,let him tell the tale,
Your hearts will throb and weepe to heare him ſpeake.
Luc. This Noble Auditory,be it knowne to you,
That curſed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they that murdred our Emperours Brother,
And they it were that rauiſhed our Siſter,
For their fell faults our Brothers were beheaded,
Our Fathers teares deſpiſ'd,and baſely couſen'd,
Of that true hand that fought Romes quarrell out,
And ſent her enemies vnto the graue.
Laſtly,my ſelfe vnkindly baniſhed,
The gates ſhut on me,and turn'd weeping out,
To beg reliefe among Romes Enemies,
Who drown'd their enmity in my true teares,
And op'd their armes to imbrace me as a Friend:
And I am turned forth,be it knowne to you,
That haue preſeru'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her boſome tooke the Enemies point,
Sheathing the ſteele in my aduentrous body.
Alas you know,I am no Vaunter I,
My ſcars can witneſſe,dumbe although they are,
That my report is iuſt and full of truth:
But ſoft,me thinkes I do digreſſe too much,
Cyting my worthleſſe praiſe:Oh pardon me,
For when no Friends are by,men praiſe themſelues,
Marc. Now is my turne to ſpeake:Behold this Child,
Of this was *Tamora* deliuered,
The iſſue of an Irreligious *Moore*,
Chiefe Architect and plotter of theſe woes,
The Villaine is aliue in *Titus* houſe,
And as he is,to witneſſe this is true.
Now iudge what courſe had *Titus* to reuenge
Theſe wrongs,vnſpeakeable paſt patience,
Or more then any liuing man could beare.
Now you haue heard the truth,what ſay you Romaines?
Haue we done ought amiſſe? ſhew vs wherein,
And from the place where you behold vs now,
The poore remainder of *Andronici*,
Will hand in hand all headlong caſt vs downe,
And on the ragged ſtones beat forth our braines,
And make a mutuall cloſure of our houſe:
Speake Romaines ſpeake,and if you ſay we ſhall,
Loe hand in hand,*Lucius* and I will fall.
Emilli. Come come,thou reuerent man of Rome,
And bring our Emperour gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperour:for well I know,
The common voyce do cry it ſhall be ſo.
Mar. Lucius,all haile Romes Royall Emperour,
Goe,goe into old *Titus* ſorrowfull houſe,
And hither hale that misbelieuing *Moore*,
To be adiudg'd ſome direfull ſlaughtering death,
As puniſhment for his moſt wicked life.
Lucius all haile to Romes gracious Gouernour.

Luc. Thankes gentle Romanes, may I gouerne ſo,
To heale Romes harmes, and wipe away her woe.
But gentle people, giue me ayme a-while,
For Nature puts me to a heauy taske :
Stand all aloofe, but Vnckle draw you neere,
To ſhed obſequious teares vpon this Trunke :
Oh take this warme kiſſe on thy pale cold lips,
Theſe ſorrowfull drops vpon thy bloud-ſlaine face,
The laſt true Duties of thy Noble Sonne.
Mar. Teare for teare, and louing kiſſe for kiſſe,
Thy Brother *Marcus* tenders on thy Lips :
O were the ſumme of theſe that I ſhould pay
Countleſſe, and infinit, yet would I pay them.
Luc. Come hither Boy, come, come, and learne of vs
To melt in ſhowres : thy Grandſire lou'd thee well :
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee :
Sung thee aſleepe, his Louing Breſt, thy Pillow :
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
IMeete, and agreeing with thine Iufancie :
n that reſpect then, like a louing Childe,
Shed yet ſome ſmall drops from thy tender Spring,
Becauſe kinde Nature doth require it ſo:
Friends, ſhould aſſociate Friends, in Greefe and Wo.
Bid him farwell, commit him to the Graue,
Do him that kindneſſe, and take leaue of him.
Boy. O Grandſire, Grandſire : euen with all my heart
Would I were Dead, ſo you did Liue againe.
O Lord, I cannot ſpeake to him for weeping,
My teares will choake me, if I ope my mouth.
Romans. You ſad *Andronici*, haue done with woes,
Giue ſentence on this execrable Wretch,
That hath beene breeder of theſe dire euents.
Luc. Set him breſt deepe in earth, and famiſh him :
There let him ſtand, and raue, and cry for foode :
If any one releeues, or pitties him,
For the offence, he dyes. This is our doome :
Some ſtay, to ſee him faſt'ned in the earth.
Aron. O why ſhould wrath be mute, & Fury dumbe?
I am no Baby I, that with baſe Prayers
I ſhould repent the Euils I haue done.
Ten thouſand worſe, then euer yet I did,
Would I performe if I might haue my will :
If one good Deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very Soule.
Lucius. Some louing Friends conuey the Emp. hence,
And giue him buriall in his Fathers graue.
My Father, and *Lauinia*, ſhall forthwith
Be cloſed in our Houſholds Monument :
As for that heynous Tyger *Tamora*,
No Funerall Rite, nor man in mournfull Weeds :]
No mournfull Bell ſhall ring her Buriall :
But throw her foorth to Beaſts and Birds of prey :
Her life was Beaſt-like, and deuoid of pitty,
And being ſo, ſhall haue like want of pitty.
See Iuſtice done on *Aaron* that damn'd Moore,
From whom, our heauy happes had their beginning :
Then afterwards, to Order well the State,
That like Euents, may ne're it Ruinate. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF ROMEO and IVLIET.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Sampſon and Gregory, with Swords and Bucklers, of the Houſe of Capulet.

Sampſon.
GRegory : A my word wee'l not carry coales.
Greg. No, for then we ſhould be Colliars.
Samp. I mean, if we be in choller, wee'l draw.
Greg. I, While you liue, draw your necke out o'th Collar.
Samp. I ſtrike quickly, being mou'd.
Greg. But thou art not quickly mou'd to ſtrike.
Samp. A dog of the houſe of *Mountague*, moues me.
Greg. To moue, is to ſtir: and to be valiant, is to ſtand:
Therefore, if thou art mou'd, thou runſt away.
Samp. A dogge of that houſe ſhall moue me to ſtand.
I will take the wall of any Man or Maid of *Mountagues.*
Greg. That ſhewes thee a weake ſlaue, for the weakeſt goes to the wall.
Samp. True, and therefore women being the weaker
Veſſels, are euer thruſt to the wall : therefore I will puſh
Mountagues men from the wall, and thruſt his Maides to
(their men.
the wall.
Greg. The Quarrell is betweene our Maſters, and vs
Samp. 'Tis all one, I will ſhew my ſelfe a tyrant: when
I haue fought with the men, I will bee ciuill with the
Maids, and cut off their heads.
Greg. The heads of the Maids?
Sam. I, the heads of the Maids, or their Maiden-heads,
Take it in what ſence thou wilt.
Greg. They muſt take it ſence, that feele it.
Samp. Me they ſhall feele while I am able to ſtand :
And 'tis knowne I am a pretty peece of fleſh.
Greg. 'Tis well thou art not Fiſh : If thou had'ſt, thou
had'ſt beene poore Iohn. Draw thy Toole, here comes of
the Houſe of the *Mountagues.*

Enter two other Seruingmen.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I wil back thee
Gre. How? Turne thy backe, and run.
Sam. Feare me not.
Gre. No marry : I feare thee.
Sam. Let vs take the Law of our ſides: let them begin.
Gr. I wil frown as I paſſe by, & let thẽ take it as they liſt
Sam. Nay, as they dare. I wil bite my Thumb at them,
which is a diſgrace to them, if they beare it.
Abra. Do you bite your Thumbe at vs ſir?
Samp. I do bite my Thumbe, ſir.
Abra. Do you bite your Thumb at vs, ſir?
Sam. Is the Law of our ſide, if I ſay I? *Gre.* No.
Sam. No ſir, I do not bite my Thumbe at you ſir: but
I bite my Thumbe ſir.
Greg. Do you quarrell ſir?
Abra. Quarrell ſir? no ſir. (as you
Sam. If you do ſir, I am for you, I ſerue as good a man
Abra. No better? *Samp.* Well ſir.

Enter Benuolio.

Gr. Say better: here comes one of my maſters kinſmen.
Samp. Yes, better.
Abra. You Lye.
Samp. Draw if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy
waſhing blow. *They Fight.*
Ben. Part Fooles, put vp your Swords, you know not
what you do.

Enter Tibalt.

Tyb. What art thou drawne, among theſe heartleſſe
Hindes? Turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy death.
Ben. I do but keepe the peace, put vp thy Sword,
Or manage it to part theſe men with me.
Tyb. What draw, and talke of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all *Mountagues*, and thee :
Haue at thee Coward. *Fight.*

Enter three or foure Citizens with Clubs.

Offi. Clubs, Bils, and Partiſons, ſtrike, beat them down
Downe with the *Capulets*, downe with the *Mountagues.*

Enter old Capulet in his Gowne, and his wife.

Cap. What noiſe is this? Giue me my long Sword ho.
Wife. A crutch, a crutch : why call you for a Sword?
Cap. My Sword I ſay : Old *Mountague* is come,
And flouriſhes his Blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Mountague, & his wife.

Moun. Thou villaine *Capulet.* Hold me not, let me go
2. Wife. Thou ſhalt not ſtir a foote to ſeeke a Foe.

Enter Prince Eskales, with his Traine.

Prince. Rebellious Subiects, Enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this Neighbor-ſtained Steele,
Will they not heare? What hoe, you Men, you Beaſts,
That quench the fire of your pernitious Rage,
With purple Fountaines iſſuing from your Veines :
On paine of Torture, from thoſe bloody hands
Throw your miſtemper'd Weapons to the ground,
And heare the Sentence of your mooued Prince.
Three ciuill Broyles, bred of an Ayery word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice diſturb'd the quiet of our ſtreets,
And made *Verona's* ancient Citizens
Caſt by their Graue beſeeming Ornaments,
To wield old Partizans, in hands as old,

Cankred with peace,to part your Cankred hate,
If euer you diſturbe our ſtreets againe,
Your liues ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the reſt depart away:
You *Capulet* ſhall goe along with me,
And *Mountague* come you this afternoone,
To know our Fathers pleaſure in this caſe:
To old Free-towne,our common iudgement place:
Once more on paine of death, all men depart. *Exeunt.*

Moun. Who ſet this auncient quarrell new abroach?
Speake Nephew,were you by,when it began:

Ben. Heere were the ſeruants of your aduerſarie,
And yours cloſe fighting ere I did approach,
I drew to part them,in the inſtant came
The fiery *Tibalt*,with his ſword prepar'd,
Which as he breath'd defiance to my eares,
He ſwong about his head,and cut the windes,
Who nothing hurt withall,hiſt him in ſcorne.
While we were enterchanging thruſts and blowes,
Came more and more,and fought on part and part,
Till the Prince came,who parted either part.

Wife. O where is *Romeo*,ſaw you him to day?
Right glad am I,he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam,an houre before the worſhipt Sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the Eaſt,
A troubled mind draue me to walke abroad,
Where vnderneath the groue of Sycamour,
That Weſt-ward rooteth from this City ſide:
So earely walking did I ſee your Sonne:
Towards him I made,but he was ware of me,
And ſtole into the couert of the wood,
I meaſuring his affections by my owne,
Which then moſt ſought,wher moſt might not be found:
Being one too many by my weary ſelfe,
Purſued my Honour,not purſuing his
And gladly ſhunn'd,who gladly fled from me.

Mount. Many a morning hath he there beene ſeene,
With teares augmenting the freſh mornings deaw,
Adding to cloudes,more cloudes with his deepe ſighes,
But all ſo ſoone as the all-cheering Sunne,
Should in the fartheſt Eaſt begin to draw
The ſhadie Curtaines from *Auroras* bed,
Away from light ſteales home my heauy Sonne,
And priuate in his Chamber pennes himſelfe,
Shuts vp his windowes,lockes faire day-light out,
And makes himſelfe an artificiall night:
Blacke and portendous muſt this humour proue,
Vnleſſe good counſell may the cauſe remoue.

Ben. My Noble Vncle doe you know the cauſe?

Moun. I neither know it,nor can learne of him.

Ben. Haue you importun'd him by any meanes?

Moun. Both by my ſelfe and many others Friends,
But he his owne affections counſeller,
Is to himſelfe(I will not ſay how true)
But to himſelfe ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So farre from ſounding and diſcouery,
As is the bud bit with an enuious worme,
Ere he can ſpread his ſweete leaues to the ayre,
Or dedicate his beauty to the ſame.
Could we but learne from whence his ſorrowes grow,
We would as willingly giue cure,as know.

Enter Romeo.

Be.n See where he comes,ſo pleaſe you ſtep aſide,
Ile know his greeuance,or be much denide.

Moun. I would thou wert ſo happy by thy ſtay,
To heare true ſhrift. Come Madam let's away. *Exeunt.*

Ben. Good morrow Couſin.

Rom. Is the day ſo young?

Ben. But new ſtrooke nine.

Rom. Aye me,ſad houres ſeeme long:
Was that my Father that went hence ſo faſt?

Ben. It was: what ſadnes lengthens *Romeo's* houres?

Ro. Not hauing that,which hauing,makes them ſhort

Ben. In loue.

Romeo. Out.

Ben. Of loue.

Rom. Out of her fauour where I am in loue.

Ben. Alas that loue ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proofe.

Rom. Alas that loue,whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without eyes,ſee path-wayes to his will:
Where ſhall we dine? O me: what fray was heere?
Yet tell me not,for I haue heard it all:
Heere's much to do with hate,but more with loue:
Why then,O brawling loue,O louing hate,
O any thing,of nothing firſt created:
O heauie lightneſſe,ſerious vanity,
Miſhapen Chaos of welſeeing formes,
Feather of lead,bright ſmoake,cold fire,ſicke health,
Still waking ſleepe,that is not what it is:
This loue feele I,that feele no loue in this.
Doeſt thou not laugh?

Ben. No Coze,I rather weepe.

Rom. Good heart,at what?

Ben. At thy good hearts oppreſsion.

Rom. Why ſuch is loues tranſgreſsion.
Griefes of mine owne lie heauie in my breaſt,
Which thou wilt propagate to haue it preaſt
With more of thine,this loue that thou haſt ſhowne,
Doth adde more griefe,to too much of mine owne,
Loue,is a ſmoake made with the fume of ſighes,
Being purg'd,a fire ſparkling in Louers eyes,
Being vext,a Sea nouriſht with louing teares,
What is it elſe? a madneſſe,moſt diſcreet,
A choking gall,and a preſeruing ſweet:
Farewell my Coze.

Ben. Soft I will goe along.
And if you leaue me ſo,you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut I haue loſt my ſelfe,I am not here,
This is not *Romeo*,hee's ſome other where.

Ben. Tell me in ſadneſſe,who is that you loue?

Rom. What ſhall I grone and tell thee?

Ben. Grone,why no: but ſadly tell me who.

Rom. A ſicke man in ſadneſſe makes his will:
A word ill vrg'd to one that is ſo ill:
In ſadneſſe Cozin,I do loue a woman.

Ben. I aym'd ſo neare,when I ſuppos'd you lou'd.

Rom. A right good marke man,and ſhee's faire I loue

Ben. A right faire marke,faire Coze,is ſooneſt hit.

Rom. Well in that hit you miſſe,ſheel not be hit
With Cupids arrow,ſhe hath *Dians* wit:
And in ſtrong proofe of chaſtity well arm'd:
From loues weake childiſh Bow,ſhe liues vncharm'd.
Shee will not ſtay the ſiege of louing tearmes,
Nor bid th'incounter of aſſailing eyes.
Nor open her lap to Sainct-ſeducing Gold:
O ſhe is rich in beautie,onely poore,
That when ſhe dies,with beautie dies her ſtore.

Ben. Then ſhe hath ſworne,that ſhe will ſtill liue chaſt?

Rom. She hath,and in that ſparing make huge waſt?
For beauty ſteru'd with her ſeuerity,
Cuts beauty off from all poſteritie.

She is too faire,too wiſe wiſely too faire,
To merit bliſſe by making me diſpaire:
She hath forſworne to loue,and in that vow
Do I liue dead,that liue to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me,forget to thinke of her.

Rom. O teach me how I ſhould forget to thinke.

Ben. By giuing liberty vnto thine eyes,
Examine other beauties,

Ro. 'Tis the way to cal hers(exquiſit)in queſtion more,
Theſe happy maskes that kiſſe faire Ladies browes,
Being blacke,puts vs in mind they hide the faire:
He that is ſtrooken blind,cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt:
Shew me a Miſtreſſe that is paſſing faire,
What doth her beauty ſerue but as a note,
Where I may read who paſt that paſſing faire.
Farewell thou can'ſt not teach me to forget,

Ben. Ile pay that doctrine,or elſe die in debt. *Exeunt*

Enter Capulet,Countie Paris,and the Clowne.

Capu. *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike,and tis not hard I thinke,
For men ſo old as wee, to keepe the peace.

Par. Of Honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie 'tis you liu'd at ods ſo long:
But now my Lord, what ſay you to my ſute?

Capu. But ſaying ore what I haue ſaid before,
My Child is yet a ſtranger in the world,
Shee hath not ſeene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.

Pari. Younger then ſhe,are happy mothers made.

Capu. And too ſoone mar'd are thoſe ſo early made:
Earth hath ſwallowed all my hopes but ſhe,
Shee's the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*,get her heart,
My will to her conſent,is but a part,
And ſhee agree,within her ſcope of choiſe,
Lyes my conſent,and faire according voice:
This night I hold an old accuſtom'd Feaſt,
Whereto I haue inuited many a Gueſt,
Such as I loue,and you among the ſtore,
One more,moſt welcome makes my number more:
At my poore houſe,looke to behold this night,
Earth-treading ſtarres,that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as do luſty young men feele,
When well apparrel'd Aprill on the heele
Of limping Winter treads,euen ſuch delight
Among freſh Fennell buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe:heare all,all ſee:
And like her moſt,whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Which one more veiw,of many,mine being one,
May ſtand in number,though in reckning none.
Come,goe with me: goe ſirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*,find thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there,and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome,on their pleaſure ſtay. *Exit.*

Ser. Find them out whoſe names are written. Heere it is written, that the Shoo-maker ſhould meddle with his Yard, and the Tayler with his Laſt,the Fiſher with his Penſill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe perſons whoſe names are writ,& can neuer find what names the writing perſon hath here writ,(I muſt to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolio,and Romeo.

Ben. Tut man,one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is leſned by anothers anguiſh:
Turne giddie,and be holpe by backward turning:
One deſparate greefe,cures with anothers lauguiſh:
Take thou ſome new infection to the eye,
And the rank poyſon of the old wil die.

Rom. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.

Ben. For what I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken ſhin.

Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad,but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in priſon,kept without my foode,
Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,

Ser. Godgigoden,I pray ſir can you read?

Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miſerie.

Ser. Perhaps you haue learn'd it without booke:
But I pray can you read any thing you ſee?

Rom. I,if I know the Letters and the Language.

Ser. Ye ſay honeſtly,reſt you merry.

Rom. Stay fellow,I can read.

He reades the Letter.

Seigneur Martino,and his wife and daughter: County Anſelme and his beautious ſiſters: the Lady widdow of Vtrunio,Seigneur Placentio,and his louely Neeces: Mercutio and his brother Valentine: mine vncle Capulet his wife and daughters: my faire Neece Roſaline,Liuia,Seigneur Valentio,& his Coſen Tybalt: Lucio and the liuely Helena.

A faire aſſembly,whither ſhould they come?

Ser. Vp.

Rom. Whither? to ſupper?

Ser. To our houſe.

Rom. Whoſe houſe?

Ser. My Maiſters.

Rom. Indeed I ſhould haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now Ile tell you without asking. My maiſter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the houſe of *Mountagues* I pray come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merry. *Exit.*

Ben. At this ſame auncient Feaſt of *Capulets*
Sups the faire *Roſaline*,whom thou ſo loues:
With all the admired Beauties of *Verona*,
Go thither and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee thinke thy Swan a Crow.

Rom. When the deuout religion of mine eye
Maintaines ſuch falſhood,then turne teares to fire:
And theſe who often drown'd could neuer die,
Tranſparent Heretiques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue: the all-ſeeing Sun
Nere ſaw her match,ſince firſt the world begun.

Ben. Tut,you ſaw her faire,none elſe being by,
Herſelfe poys'd with herſelfe in either eye:
But in that Chriſtall ſcales,let there be waid,
Your Ladies loue againſt ſome other Maid
That I will ſhow you,ſhining at this Feaſt,
And ſhe ſhew ſcant ſhell,well,that now ſhewes beſt.

Rom. Ile goe along,no ſuch ſight to be ſhowne,
But to reioyce in ſplendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets Wife and Nurſe.

Wife Nurſe wher's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurſe. Now by my Maidenhead, at twelue yeare old
I bad her come,what Lamb:what Ladi-bird, God forbid,
Where's this Girle? what *Iuliet*?

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now,who calls?

Nur. Your Mother.

Iuliet. Madam I am heere, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter: Nurſe giue leaue awhile, we muſt talke in ſecret. Nurſe come backe againe,I haue remembred me,thou'ſe heare our counſell. Thou knoweſt my daughter's of a prety age.

Nurſe. Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.

Wiſe. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurſe. Ile lay fourteene of my teeth,
And yet to my teene be it ſpoken,
I haue but foure,ſhee's not fourteene.
How long is it now to *Lammas* tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurſe. Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come *Lammas* Eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene. *Suſan* & ſhe, God reſt all Chriſtian ſoules, were of an age. Well *Suſan* is with God,ſhe was too good for me.But as I ſaid, on *Lamas* Eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene, that ſhall ſhe marie,I remember it well. 'Tis ſince the Earth-quake now eleuen yeares,and ſhe was wean'd I neuer ſhall forget it, of all the daies of the yeare,vpon that day: for I had then laid Worme-wood to my Dug ſitting in the Sunne vnder the Douehouſe wall, my Lord and you were then at *Mantua*,nay I doe beare a braine. But as I ſaid, when it did taſt the Worme-wood on the nipple of my Dugge, and felt it bitter,pretty foole,to ſee it teachie, and fall out with the Dugge, Shake quoth the Doue-houſe, 'twas no neede I trow to bid mee trudge: and ſince that time it is a eleuen yeares,for then ſhe could ſtand alone, nay bi'th' roode ſhe could haue runne,& wadled all about: for euen the day before ſhe broke her brow, & then my Husband God be with his ſoule, a was a merrie man, tooke vp the Child, yea quoth hee,doeſt thou fall vpon thy face? thou wilt fall backeward when thou haſt more wit, wilt thou not *Iule*? And by my holy-dam, the pretty wretch lefte crying,& ſaid I: to ſee now how a Ieſt ſhall come about. I warrant,& I ſhall liue a thouſand yeares,I neuer ſhould forget it: wilt thou not *Iulet* quoth he?and pretty foole it ſtinted,and ſaid I.

Old La. Inough of this,I pray thee hold thy peace.

Nurſe. Yes Madam,yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to thinke it ſhould leaue crying, & ſay I: and yet I warrant it had vpon it brow, a bumpe as big as a young Cockrels ſtone? A perilous knock,and it cryed bitterly. Yea quoth my husband, fall'ſt vpon thy face, thou wilt fall backward when thou commeſt to age: wilt thou not *Iule*? It ſtinted;and ſaid I.

Iule. And ſtint thou too,I pray thee *Nurſe*,ſay I.

Nur. Peace I haue done:God marke thee too his grace thou waſt the pretrieſt Babe that ere I nurſt, and I might liue to ſee thee married once, I haue my wiſh.

Old La. Marry that marry is the very theame
I came to talke of,tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſition to be Married?

Iuli. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nur. An houre,were not I thine onely Nurſe,I would ſay thou had'ſt ſuckt wiſedome from thy teat.

Old La. Well thinke of marriage now,yonger then you
Heere in *Verona*, Ladies of eſteeme,
Are made already Mothers. By my count
I was your Mother,much vpon theſe yeares
That you are now a Maide,thus then in briefe:
The valiant *Paris* ſeekes you for his loue.

Nurſe. A man young Lady,Lady, ſuch a man as all the world. Why hee's a man of waxe.

Old La. *Veronas* Summer hath not ſuch a flower.

Nurſe. Nay hee's a flower,infaith a very flower.

Old La: What ſay you,can you loue the Gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our Feaſt,
Read ore the volume of young *Paris* face,
And find delight,writ there with Beauties pen:
Examine euery ſeuerall liniament,
And ſee how one another lends content:
And what obſcur'd in this faire volume lies,
Find written in the Margent of his eyes.
This precious Booke of Loue,this vnbound Louer,
To Beautifie him,onely lacks a Couer.
The fiſh liues in the Sea, and 'tis much pride
For faire without,the faire within to hide:
That Booke in manies eyes doth ſhare the glorie,
That in Gold claſpes,Lockes in the Golden ſtorie:
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſſe,
By hauing him,making your ſelfe no leſſe.

Nurſe. No leſſe,nay bigger:women grow by men.

Old La. Speake briefly,can you like of *Paris* loue?

Iuli. Ile looke to like,if looking liking moue.
But no more deepe will I endart mine eye,
Then your conſent giues ſtrength to make flye.

Enter a Seruing man.

Ser. Madam,the gueſts are come,ſupper ſeru'd vp,you cal'd,my young Lady askt for,the Nurſe cur'ſt in the Pantery,and euery thing in extremitie: I muſt hence to wait, I beſeech you follow ſtraight. *Exit.*

Mo. We follow thee,*Iuliet*, the Countie ſtaies.

Nurſe. Goe Gyrle,ſeeke happie nights to happy daies.

Exeunt.

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benuolio, with fiue or ſixe other Maskers, Torch-bearers.

Rom. What ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid*,hood winkt with a skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them meaſure vs by what they will,
Weele meaſure them a Meaſure,and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a Torch,I am not for this ambling.
Being but heauy I will beare the light.

Mer. Nay gentle *Romeo*,we muſt haue you dance.

Rom. Not I beleeue me,you haue dancing ſhooes
With nimble ſoles,I haue a ſoale of Lead
So ſtakes me to the ground, I cannot moue.

Mer. You are a Louer,borrow *Cupids* wings,
And ſoare with them aboue a common bound.

Rom. I am too ſore enpearced with his ſhaft,
To ſoare with his light feathers,and to bound:
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauy burthen doe I ſinke.

Hora. And to ſinke in it ſhould you burthen loue,
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing.

Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude,too boyſterous,and it pricks like thorne.

Mer. If loue be rough with you,be rough with loue,
Pricke loue for pricking,and you beat loue downe,
Giue me a Caſe to put my viſage in,
A Viſor for a Viſor,what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities:
Here are the Beetle-browes ſhall bluſh for me.

Ben. Come knocke and enter,and no ſooner in,
But euery man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A Torch for me,let wantons light of heart
Tickle the ſenceleſſe ruſhes with their heeles:
For I am prouerb'd with a Grandſier Phraſe,
Ile be a Candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere ſo faire,and I am done.

Mer. Tut,duns the Mouſe,the Conſtables owne word,
If thou art dun,weele draw thee from the mire.
Or ſaue your reuerence loue,wherein thou ſtickeſt
Vp to the eares,come we burne day-light ho.

Rom. Nay that's not ſo.

Mer. I meane ſir I delay,
We waſt our lights in vaine,lights,lights,by day;
Take our good meaning,for our Iudgement ſits
Fiue times in that,ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maske,
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why may one aske?

Rom. I dreampt a dreame to night.

Mer. And ſo did I.

Rom. Well what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lye.

Ro. In bed a ſleepe while they do dreame things true.

Mer. O then I ſee Queene Mab hath beene with you: She is the Fairies Midwife, & ſhe comes in ſhape no bigger then Agat-ſtone, on the fore-finger of an Alderman, drawne with a teeme of little Atomies,ouer mens noſes as they lie aſleepe: her Waggon Spokes made of long Spinners legs: the Couer of the wings of Graſhoppers, her Traces of the ſmalleſt Spiders web, her coullers of the Moonſhines watry Beames,her Whip of Crickets bone, the Laſh of Philome,her Waggoner, a ſmall gray-coated Gnat,not halfe ſo bigge as a round little Worme, prickt from the Lazie-finger of a man. Her Chariot is an emptie Haſelnut, made by the Ioyner Squirrel or old Grub, time out a mind, the Faries Coach-makers: & in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night,through Louers braines: and then they dreame of Loue.On Courtiers knees,that dreame on Curſies ſtrait: ore Lawyers fingers, who ſtrait dreamt on Fees, ore Ladies lips, who ſtrait on kiſſes dreame, which oft the angry Mab with bliſters plagues, becauſe their breath with Sweet meats tainted are. Sometime ſhe gallops ore a Courtiers noſe, & then dreames he of ſmelling out a ſute: & ſomtime comes ſhe with Tith pigs tale, tickling a Parſons noſe as a lies aſleepe, then he dreames of another Benefice. Sometime ſhe driueth ore a Souldiers necke, & then dreames he of cutting Forraine throats, of Breaches, Ambuſcados, Spaniſh Blades: Of Healths fiue Fadome deepe,and then anon drums in his eares,at which he ſtartes and wakes; and being thus frighted, ſweares a prayer or two & ſleepes againe:this is that very Mab that plats the manes of Horſes in the night: & bakes the Elk-locks in foule ſluttiſh haires,which once vntangled,much misfortune bodes,
This is the hag,when Maides lie on their backs,
That preſſes them,and learnes them firſt to beare,
Making them women of good carriage:
This is ſhe.

Rom. Peace,peace,*Mercutio* peace,
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.

Mer. True,I talke of dreames:
Which are the children of an idle braine,
Begot of nothing,but vaine phantaſie,
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the ayre,
And more inconſtant then the wind,who wooes
Euen now the frozen boſome of the North:
And being anger'd,puffes away from thence,
Turning his ſide to the dew dropping South.

Ben. This wind you talke of blowes vs from our ſelues,
Supper is done,and we ſhall come too late.

Rom. I feare too early,for my mind miſgiues,
Some conſequence yet hanging in the ſtarres,
Shall bitterly begin his fearefull date
With this nights reuels,and expire the tearme
Of a deſpiſed life cloſ'd in my breſt:
By ſome vile forfeit of vntimely death.
But he that hath the ſtirrage of my courſe,
Direct my ſute: on luſtie Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike Drum.

They march about the Stage, and Seruingmen come forth with their napkins.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Where's *Potpan*,that he helpes not to take away? He ſhift a Trencher? he ſcrape a Trencher?

1. When good manners,ſhall lie in one or two mens hands,and they vnwaſht too, 'tis a foule thing.

Ser. Away with the Ioynſtooles, remoue the Court-cubbord, looke to the Plate: good thou, ſaue mee a piece of Marchpane,and as thou loueſt me, let the Porter let in *Suſan Grindſtone*,and *Nell*, *Anthonie* and *Potpan*.

2. I Boy readie.

Ser. You are lookt for,and cal'd for,askt for,& ſought for,in the great Chamber.

1 We cannot be here and there too,chearly Boyes,
Be brisk awhile,and the longer liuer take all.

Exeunt.

Enter all the Gueſts and Gentlewomen to the Maskers.

1. *Capu.* Welcome Gentlemen,
Ladies that haue their toes
Vnplagu'd with Cornes,will walke about with you:
Ah my Miſtreſſes,which of you all
Will now deny to dance? She that makes dainty,
She Ile ſweare hath Cornes: am I come neare ye now?
Welcome Gentlemen,I haue ſeene the day
That I haue worne a Viſor, and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a faire Ladies eare:
Such as would pleaſe: 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone,
You are welcome Gentlemen,come Muſitians play:

Muſicke plaies: and the dance.

A Hall,Hall,giue roome,and foote it Girles,
More light you knaues,and turne the Tables vp:
And quench the fire,the Roome is growne too hot.
Ah ſirrah,this vnlookt for ſport comes well:
Nay ſit,nay ſit,good Cozin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paſt our dauncing daies:
How long 'iſt now ſince laſt your ſelfe and I
Were in a Maske?

2. *Capu.* Berlady thirty yeares.

1. *Capu.* What man: 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much,
'Tis ſince the Nuptiall of *Lucentio*,
Come Pentycoſt as quickely as it will,
Some fiue and twenty yeares,and then we Maskt.

2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more,his Sonne is elder ſir:
His Sonne is thirty.

3. *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His Sonne was but a Ward two yeares agoe.

Rom. What Ladie is that which doth inrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?

Ser. I know not ſir.

Rom. O ſhe doth teach the Torches to burne bright:
It ſeemes ſhe hangs vpon the cheeke of night,
As a rich Iewel in an Æthiops eare:
Beauty too rich for vſe,for earth too deare:
So ſhewes a Snowy Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes ſhowes;
The meaſure done,Ile watch her place of ſtand,
And touching hers,make bleſſed my rude hand.

Did my heart loue till now,forſweare it ſight,
For I neuer ſaw true Beauty till this night.
Tib. This by his voice,ſhould be a *Mountague.*
Fetch me my Rapier Boy,what dares the ſlaue
Come hither couer'd with an antique face,
To fleere and ſcorne at our Solemnitie?
Now by the ſtocke and Honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.
Cap. Why how now kinſman,
Wherefore ſtorme you ſo?
Tib. Vncle this is a *Mountague*, our foe:
A Villaine that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorne at our Solemnitie this night.
Cap. Young *Romeo* is it ?
Tib. 'Tis he,that Villaine *Romeo.*
Cap. Content thee gentle Coz,let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to ſay truth,*Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and well gouern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all the towne,
Here in my houſe do him diſparagement:
Therfore be patient,take no note of him,
It is my will,the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a faire preſence,and put off theſe frownes,
An ill beſeeming ſemblance for a Feaſt.
Tib. It fits when ſuch a Villaine is a gueſt,
Ile not endure him.
Cap. He ſhall be endu'rd.
What goodman boy,I ſay he ſhall,go too,
Am I the Maiſter here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him,God ſhall mend my ſoule,
Youle make a Mutinie among the Gueſts:
You will ſet cocke a hoope,youle be the man.
Tib. Why Vncle,'tis a ſhame.
Cap. Go too,go too,
You are a ſawcy Boy, 'iſt ſo indeed?
This tricke may chance to ſcath you,I know what,
You muſt contrary me,marry 'tis time.
Well ſaid my hearts,you are a Princox,goe,
Be quiet,or more light,more light for ſhame,
Ile make you quiet. What,chearely my hearts.
Tib. Patience perforce,with wilfull choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intruſion ſhall
Now ſeeming ſweet,conuert to bitter gall. *Exit.*
Rom. If I prophane with my vnworthieſt hand,
This holy ſhrine,the gentle ſin is this,
My lips to bluſhing Pilgrims did ready ſtand,
To ſmooth that rough touch,with a tender kiſſe.
Iul. Good Pilgrime,
You do wrong your hand too much.
Which mannerly deuotion ſhewes in this,
For Saints haue hands,that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
And palme to palme,is holy Palmers kiſſe.
Rom. Haue not Saints lips,and holy Palmers too?
Iul. I Pilgrim,lips that they muſt vſe in prayer.
Rom. O then deare Saint,let lips do what hands do,
They pray(grant thou)leaſt faith turne to diſpaire.
Iul. Saints do not moue,
Though grant for prayers ſake.
Rom. Then moue not while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips,by thine my ſin is purg'd.
Iul. Then haue my lips the ſin that they haue tooke.
Rom. Sin from my lips?O treſpaſſe ſweetly vrg'd:
Giue me my ſin againe.
Iul. You kiſſe by'th'booke.

Nur. Madam your Mother craues a word with you.
Rom. What is her Mother?
Nurſ. Marrie Batcheler,
Her Mother is the Lady of the houſe,
And a good Lady,and a wiſe,and Vertuous,
I Nur'ſt her Daughter that you talkt withall:
I tell you,he that can lay hold of her,
Shall haue the chincks.
Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet*?
O deare account! My life is my foes debt.
Ben. Away,be gone,the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. I ſo I feare,the more is my vnreſt.
Cap. Nay Gentlemen prepare not to be gone,
We haue a trifling fooliſh Banquet towards:
Is it e'ne ſo? why then I thanke you all.
I thanke you honeſt Gentlemen,good night:
More Torches here:come on,then let's to bed.
Ah ſirrah,by my faie it waxes late,
Ile to my reſt.
Iuli. Come hither Nurſe,
What is yond Gentleman:
Nur. The Sonne and Heire of old *Tyberio.*
Iuli. What's he that now is going out of doore?
Nur. Marrie that I thinke be young *Petruchio.*
Iul. What's he that follows here that would not dance?
Nur. I know not.
Iul. Go aske his name:if he be married,
My graue is like to be my wedded bed.
Nur. His name is *Romeo*,and a *Mountague*,
The onely Sonne of your great Enemie.
Iul. My onely Loue ſprung from my onely hate,
Too early ſeene,vnknowne,and knowne too late,
Prodigious birth of Loue it is to me,
That I muſt loue a loathed Enemie.
Nur. What's this? whats this?
Iul. A rime,I learne euen now
Of one I dan'ſt withall.
One cals within,Iuliet.
Nur. Anon,anon:
Come let's away,the ſtrangers all are gone.
Exeunt.

Chorus.

Now old deſire doth in his death bed lie,
And yong affection gapes to be his Heire,
That faire,for which Loue gron'd for and would die,
With tender *Iuliet* matcht,is now not faire.
Now *Romeo* is beloued,and Loues againe,
A like bewitched by the charme of lookes:
But to his foe ſuppos'd he muſt complaine,
And ſhe ſteale Loues ſweet bait from fearefull hookes:
Being held a foe,he may not haue acceſſe
To breath ſuch vowes as Louers vſe to ſweare,
And ſhe as much in Loue,her meanes much leſſe,
To meete her new Beloued any where:
But paſſion lends them Power,time,meanes to meete,
Temp'ring extremities with extreame ſweete.

Enter Romeo alone.

Rom. Can I goe forward when my heart is here?
Turne backe dull earth,and find thy Center out.

Enter Bennolio,with Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*,my Cozen *Romeo*,*Romeo.*
Merc. He is wiſe,
And on my life hath ſtolne him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way and leapt this Orchard wall.
Call good *Mercutio*:
Nay,Ile coniure too.

Mer.

Mer. *Romeo*,Humours,Madman,Paſſion,Louer,
Appeare thou in the likeneſſe of a ſigh,
Speake but one rime,and I am ſatisfied:
Cry me but ay me,Prouant,but Loue and day,
Speake to my goſhip *Venus* one faire word,
One Nickname for her purblind Sonne and her,
Young *Abraham Cupid* he that ſhot ſo true,
When King *Cophetua* lou'd the begger Maid,
He heareth not,he ſtirreth not,he moueth not,
The Ape is dead,I muſt coniure him,
I coniure thee by *Roſalines* bright eyes,
By her High forehead,and her Scarlet lip,
By her Fine foote,Straight leg,and Quiuering thigh,
And the Demeanes,that there Adiacent lie,
That in thy likeneſſe thou appeare to vs.
Ben. And if he heare thee thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him,t'would anger him
To raiſe a ſpirit in his Miſtreſſe circle,
Of ſome ſtrange nature,letting it ſtand
Till ſhe had laid it,and coniured it downe,
That were ſome ſpight.
My inuocation is faire and honeſt,& in his Miſtris name,
I coniure onely but to raiſe vp him.
Ben. Come,he hath hid himſelfe among theſe Trees
To be conſorted with the Humerous night:
Blind is his Loue,and beſt befits the darke.
Mer. If Loue be blind,Loue cannot hit the marke,
Now will he ſit vnder a Medler tree,
And wiſh his Miſtreſſe were that kind of Fruite,
As Maides call Medlers when they laugh alone,
O *Romeo* that ſhe were,O that ſhe were
An open,or thou a Poprin Peare,
Romeo goodnight,Ile to my Truckle bed,
This Field-bed is to cold for me to ſleepe,
Come ſhall we go?
Ben. Go then,for 'tis in vaine to ſeeke him here
That meanes not to be found. *Exeunt.*
Rom. He ieaſts at Scarres that neuer felt a wound,
But ſoft,what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the Eaſt,and *Iuliet* is the Sunne,
Ariſe faire Sun and kill the enuious Moone,
Who is already ſicke and pale with griefe,
That thou her Maid art far more faire then ſhe:
Be not her Maid ſince ſhe is enuious,
Her Veſtal liuery is but ſicke and greene,
And none but fooles do weare it,caſt it off:
It is my Lady,O it is my Loue,O that ſhe knew ſhe were,
She ſpeakes,yet ſhe ſayes nothing,what of that?
Her eye diſcourſes,I will anſwere it:
I am too bold 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeakes:
Two of the faireſt ſtarres in all the Heauen,
Hauing ſome buſineſſe do entreat her eyes,
To twinckle in their Spheres till they returne.
What if her eyes were there,they in her head,
The brightneſſe of her cheeke would ſhame thoſe ſtarres,
As day-light doth a Lampe,her eye in heauen,
Would through the ayrie Region ſtreame ſo bright,
That Birds would ſing,and thinke it were not night:
See how ſhe leanes her cheeke vpon her hand.
O that I were a Gloue vpon that hand,
That I might touch that cheeke.
Iul. Ay me.
Rom. She ſpeakes.
Oh ſpeake againe bright Angell,for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged meſſenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And ſailes vpon the boſome of the ayre.
Iul. O *Romeo*,*Romeo*,wherefore art thou *Romeo*?
Denie thy Father and refuſe thy name:
Or if thou wilt not,be but ſworne my Loue,
And Ile no longer be a *Capulet.*
Rom. Shall I heare more,or ſhall I ſpeake at this?
Iu. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:
Thou art thy ſelfe,though not a *Mountague*,
What's *Mountague*? it is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme,nor face,O be ſome other name
Belonging to a man.
What? in a names that which we call a Roſe,
By any other word would ſmell as ſweete,
So *Romeo* would,were he not *Romeo* cal'd,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title *Romeo*,doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my ſelfe.
Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Loue,and Ile be new baptiz'd,
Hence foorth I neuer will be *Romeo.*
Iuli. What man art thou,that thus beſcreen'd in night
So ſtumbleſt on my counſell?
Rom. By a name,
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name deare Saint,is hatefull to my ſelfe,
Becauſe it is an Enemy to thee,
Had I it written,I would teare the word.
Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunke a hundred words
Of thy tongues vttering,yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*,and a *Montague*?
Rom. Neither faire Maid,if either thee diſlike.
Iul. How cam'ſt thou hither.
Tell me,and wherefore?
The Orchard walls are high,and hard to climbe,
And the place death,conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here,
Rom. With Loues light wings
Did I ore-perch theſe Walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold Loue out,
And what Loue can do,that dares Loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.
Iul. If they do ſee thee,they will murther thee.
Rom. Alacke there lies more perill in thine eye,
Then twenty of their Swords,looke thou but ſweete,
And I am proofe againſt their enmity.
Iul. I would not for the world they ſaw thee here.
Rom. I haue nights cloake to hide me from their eyes
And but thou loue me,let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy Loue.
Iul. By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place?
Rom. By Loue that firſt did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counſell,and I lent him eyes,
I am no Pylot,yet wert thou as far
As that vaſt-ſhore-waſhet with the fartheſt Sea,
I ſhould aduenture for ſuch Marchandiſe.
Iul. Thou knoweſt the maske of night is on my face,
Elſe would a Maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme,faine,faine,denie
What I haue ſpoke,but farewell Complement,
Doeſt thou Loue? I know thou wilt ſay I,

And I will take thy word,yet if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou maieſt proue falſe:at Louers periuries
They ſay *Ioue* laught,oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt Loue,pronounce it faithfully :
Or if thou thinkeſt I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerſe,and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe : But elſe not for the world.
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond :
And therefore thou maieſt thinke my behauiour light,
But truſt me Gentleman,Ile proue more true,
Then thoſe that haue coying to be ſtrange,
I ſhould haue beene more ſtrange,I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou ouer heard'ſt ere I was ware
My true Loues paſſion,therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light Loue,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.

Rom. Lady,by yonder Moone I vow,
That tips with ſiluer all theſe Fruite tree tops.

Iul. O ſweare not by the Moone,th'inconſtant Moone,
That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,
Leaſt that thy Loue proue likewiſe variable.

Rom. What ſhall I ſweare by ?

Iul. Do not ſweare at all :
O rif thou wilt ſweare by thy gratious ſelfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And Ile beleeue thee.

Rom. If my hearts deare loue.

Iuli. Well do not ſweare,although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too raſh,too vnaduiſ'd,too ſudden,
Too like the lightning which doth ceaſe to be
Ere,one can ſay,it lightens,Sweete good night:
This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath,
May proue a beautious Flower when next we meete:
Goodnight,goodnight,as ſweete repoſe and reſt,
Come to thy heart,as that within my breſt.

Rom. O wilt thou leaue me ſo vnſatisfied ?

Iuli. What ſatiſfaction can'ſt thou haue to night ?

Ro. Th'exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow for mine.

Iul. I gaue thee mine before thou did'ſt requeſt it :
And yet I would it were to giue againe.

Rom. Would'ſt thou withdraw it,
For what purpoſe Loue ?

Iul. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I haue,
My bounty is as boundleſſe as the Sea,
My Loue as deepe,the more I giue to thee
The more I haue,for both are Infinite :
I heare ſome noyſe within deare Loue adue :

Cals within.

Anon good Nurſe,ſweet *Mountague* be true :
Stay but alittle,I will come againe.

Rom. O bleſſed bleſſed night,I am afear'd
Being in night,all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering ſweet to be ſubſtantiall.

Iul. Three words deare *Romeo*,
And goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of Loue be Honourable,
Thy purpoſe marriage,ſend me word to morrow,
By one that Ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the right,
And all my Fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
And follow thee my Lord throughout the world.

Within: Madam.

I come,anon : but if thou meaneſt not well,
I do beſeech theee *Within*: Madam.
(By and by I come)
To ceaſe thy ſtrife,and leaue me to my griefe,
To morrow will I ſend.

Rom. So thriue my ſoule.

Iu. A thouſand times goodnight. *Exit.*

Rome. A thouſand times the worſe to want thy light,
Loue goes toward Loue as ſchool-boyes frõ thier books
But Loue frõ Loue,towards ſchoole with heauie lookes.

Enter Iuliet againe.

Iul. Hiſt *Romeo* hiſt:O for a Falkners voice,
To lure,this Taſſell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarſe,and may not ſpeake aloud,
Elſe would I teare the Caue where Eccho lies,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarſe,then
With repetition of my *Romeo*.

Rom. It is my ſoule that calls vpon my name.
How ſiluer ſweet,ſound Louers tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt Muſicke to attending eares.

Iul. *Romeo*.

Rom. My Neece.

Iul. What a clock to morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?

Rom. By the houre of nine.

Iul. I will not faile,'tis twenty yeares till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.

Rom. Let me ſtand here till thou remember it.

Iul. I ſhall forget,to haue thee ſtill ſtand there,
Remembring how I Loue thy company.

Rom. And Ile ſtill ſtay,to haue thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Iul. 'Tis almoſt morning,I would haue thee gone,
And yet no further then a wantons Bird,
That let's it hop a little from his hand,
Like a poore priſoner in his twiſted Gyues,
And with a ſilken thred plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy Bird.

Iul. Sweet ſo would I,
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing:
Good night,good night.

Rom. Parting is ſuch ſweete ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay goodnight,till it be morrow.

Iul. Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy breſt.

Rom. Would I were ſleepe and peace ſo ſweet to reſt,
The gray ey'd morne ſmiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Eaſterne Clouds with ſtreakes of light,
And darkneſſe fleckel'd like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes pathway,made by *Titans* wheeles.
Hence will I to my ghoſtly Fries cloſe Cell,
His helpe to craue,and my deare hap to tell. *Exit.*

Enter Frier alone with a basket.

Fri. The gray ey'd morne ſmiles on the frowning night,
Checkring the Eaſterne Cloudes with ſtreaks of light:
And fleckled darkneſſe like a drunkard reeles,
From forth daies path,and *Titans* burning wheeles :
Now ere the Sun aduance his burning eye,
The day to cheere,and nights danke dew to dry,
I muſt vpfill this Oſier Cage of ours,
With balefull weedes,and precious Iuiced flowers,
The earth that's Natures mother, is her Tombe,
What is her burying graue that is her wombe :
And from her wombe children of diuers kind

We ſucking on her naturall boſome find :
Many for many vertues excellent :
None but for ſome,and yet all different.
Omickle is the powerfull grace that lies
In Plants,Hearbs,ſtones,and their true qualities :
For nought ſo vile,that on the earth doth liue,
But to the earth ſome ſpeciall good doth giue .
Nor ought ſo good,but ſtrain'd from that faire vſe,
Reuolts from true birth,ſtumbling on abuſe.
Vertue it ſelfe turnes vice being miſapplied,
And vice ſometime by action dignified.

Enter Romeo.

Within the infant rin'd of this weake flower,
Poyſon hath reſidence,and medicine power :
For this being ſmelt,with that part cheares each part,
Being taſted ſlayes all ſences with the heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed Kings encampe them ſtill,
In man as well as Hearbes,grace and rude will :
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full ſoone the Canker death eates vp that Plant.

Rom. Good morrow Father.

Fri. Benedecite.
What early tongue ſo ſweet ſaluteth me?
Young Sonne,it argues a diſtempered head,
So ſoone to bid goodmorrow to thy bed ;
Care keepes his watch in euery old mans eye,
And where Care lodges,ſleepe will neuer lye :
But where vnbruſed youth with vnſtuft braine
Doth couch his lims,there,golden ſleepe doth raigne;
Therefore thy earlineſſe doth me aſſure,
Thou art vprous'd with ſome diſtemprature;
Or if not ſo,then here I hit it right.
Our *Romeo* hath not beene in bed to night.

Rom. That laſt is true,the ſweeter reſt was mine.

Fri. God pardon ſin:waſt thou with *Roſaline* ?

Rom. With *Roſaline*,my ghoſtly Father ? No,
I haue forgot that name,and that names woe.

Fri. That's my good Son,but wher haſt thou bin then ?

Rom. Ile tell thee ere thou aske it me agen :
I haue beene feaſting with mine enemie,
Where on a ſudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded:both our remedies
Within thy helpe and holy phiſicke lies :
I beare no hatred,bleſſed man:for loe
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.

Fri. Be plaine good Son,reſt homely in thy drift,
Ridling confeſſion,findes but ridling ſhrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my hearts deare Loue is ſet,
On the faire daughter of rich *Capulet* :
As mine on hers,ſo hers is ſet on mine;
And all combin'd,ſaue what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage : when and where,and how,
We met,we wooed,and made exchange of vow :
Ile tell thee as we paſſe,but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marrie vs to day.

Fri. Holy S. *Francis*,what a change is heere?
Is *Roſaline* that thou didſt Loue ſo deare
So ſoone forſaken ? young mens Loue then lies
Not truely in their hearts,but in their eyes.
Ieſu *Maria*,what a deale of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheekes for *Roſaline* ?
How much ſalt water throwne away in waſt,
To ſeaſon Loue that of it doth not taſt.
The Sun not yet thy ſighes,from heauen cleares,
Thy old grones yet ringing in my auncient eares :
Lo here vpon thy cheeke the ſtaine doth ſit,
Of an old teare that is not waſht off yet.
If ere thou waſt thy ſelfe,and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes,were all for *Roſaline*.
And art thou chang'd?pronounce this ſentence then,
Women may fall,when there's no ſtrength in men.

Rom. Thou chid'ſt me oft for louing *Roſaline*.

Fri. For doting,not for louing pupill mine.

Rom. And bad'ſt me bury Loue.

Fri. Not in a graue,
To lay one in,another out to haue.

Rom. I pray thee chide me not,her I Loue now
Doth grace for grace,and Loue for Loue allow :
The other did not ſo.

Fri. O ſhe knew well,
Thy Loue did read by rote,that could not ſpell :
But come young wauerer,come goe with me,
In one reſpect, Ile thy aſſiſtant be :
For this alliance may ſo happy proue,
To turne your houſhould rancor to pure Loue.

Rom. O let vs hence,I ſtand on ſudden haſt.

Fri. Wiſely and ſlow,they ſtumble that run faſt.

Exeunt

Enter Benuolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the deu le ſhould this *Romeo* be ? came he not home to night ?

Ben, Not to his Fathers,I ſpoke with his man.

Mer. Why that ſame pale hard-harted wench, that *Roſaline* torments him ſo,that he will ſure run mad.

Ben. *Tibalt*,the kinſman to old *Capulet*,hath ſent a Letter to his Fathers houſe.

Mer. A challenge on my life.

Ben. *Romeo* will anſwere it.

Mer. Any man that can write,may anſwere a Letter.

Ben. Nay, he will anſwere the Letters Maiſter how he dares,being dared.

Mer. Alas poore *Romeo*, he is already dead ſtab'd with a white wenches blacke eye, runne through the eare with a Loue ſong, the very pinne of his heart, cleft with the blind Bowe-boyes but- ſhaft,and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt* ?

Ben. Why what is *Tibalt* ?

Mer. More then Prince of Cats. Oh hee's the Couragious Captaine of Complements : he fights as you ſing prickſong, keeps time, diſtance,and proportion, he reſts his minum, one, two,and the third in your boſom :the very butcher of a ſilk button,a Dualiſt,a Dualiſt: a Gentleman of the very firſt houſe of the firſt and ſecond cauſe: ah the immortall Paſſado,the Punto reuerſo,the Hay.

Ben. The what ?

Mer. The Pox of ſuch antique liſping affecting phantacies,theſe new tuners of accent : Ieſu a very good blade, a very tall man,a very good whore. Why is not this a lamentable thing Grandſire,that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies : theſe faſhion Mongers,theſe pardon-mee's,who ſtand ſo much on the new form, that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench. O their bones,their bones.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*,here comes *Romeo*.

Mer. Without his Roe, like a dryed Hering. O fleſh, fleſh,how art thou fiſhified ? Now is he for the numbers that *Petrarch* flowed in : *Laura* to his Lady, was a kitchen wench,marrie ſhe had a better Loue to berime her : *Dido* a dowdie, *Cleopatra* a Gipſie, *Hellen* and *Hero*, hildings and Harlots: *Thisbie* a gray eie or ſo,but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo*, *Bon iour*, there's a French ſalutation to your

French ſlop: you gaue vs the the counterfait fairely laſt night.

Romeo. Good morrow to you both, what counterfeit did I giue you?

Mer. The ſlip ſir, the ſlip, can you not conceiue?

Rom. Pardon *Mercutio*, my buſineſſe was great, and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtraine curteſie.

Mer. That's as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning to curſie.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt curteous expoſition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pinck of curteſie.

Rom. Pinke for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why then is my Pump well flowr'd.

Mer. Sure wit, follow me this ieaſt, now till thou haſt worne out thy Pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worne, the ieaſt may remaine after the wearing, ſole-ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle ſol'd ieaſt,
Soly ſingular for the ſingleneſſe.

Mer. Come betweene vs good *Benuolio*, my wits faints.

Rom. Swits and ſpurs,
Swits and ſpurs, or Ile crie a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the Wild-Gooſe chaſe, I am done: For thou haſt more of the Wild-Gooſe in one of thy wits, then I am ſure I haue in my whole fiue. Was I with you there for the Gooſe?

Rom. Thou waſt neuer with mee for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the Gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that ieſt.

Rom. Nay, good Gooſe bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very Bitter-ſweeting,
It is a moſt ſharpe ſawce.

Rom. And is it not well ſeru'd into a Sweet-Gooſe?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheuerell, that ſtretches from an ynch narrow, to an ell broad.

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word, broad, which added to the Gooſe, proues thee farre and wide, abroad Gooſe.

Mer. Why is not this better now, then groning for Loue, now art thou ſociable, now art thou *Romeo*: now art thou what thou art, by Art as well as by Nature, for this driueling Loue is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling vp and downe to hid his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſir'ſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the

Ben. Thou would'ſt elſe haue made thy tale large. (haire.

Mer. O thou art deceiu'd, I would haue made it ſhort, or I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupie the argument no longer.

Enter Nurſe and her man.

Rom. Here's goodly geare.
A ſayle, a ſayle.

Mer. Two, two: a Shirt and a Smocke.

Nur. *Peter?*

Peter. Anon.

Nur. My Fan *Peter?*

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face?
For her Fans the fairer face?

Nur. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer. God ye gooden faire Gentlewoman.

Nur. Is it gooden?

Mer. 'Tis no leſſe I tell you: for the bawdy hand of the Dyall is now vpon the pricke of Noone.

Nur. Out vpon you: what a man are you?

Rom. One Gentlewoman,
That God hath made, himſelfe to mar.

Nur. By my troth it is ſaid, for himſelfe to, mar quatha: Gentlemen, can any of you tel me where I may find the young *Romeo*?

Romeo. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older when you haue found him, then he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nur. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea is the worſt well,
Very well tooke: Ifaith, wiſely, wiſely.

Nur. If you be he ſir,
I deſire ſome confidence with you?

Ben. She will endite him to ſome Supper.

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Rom. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No Hare ſir, vnleſſe a Hare ſir in a Lenten pie, that is ſomething ſtale and hoare ere it be ſpent.
An old Hare hoare, and an old Hare hoare is very good meat in Lent.
But a Hare that is hoare is too much for a ſcore, when it hoares ere it be ſpent,
Romeo will you come to your Fathers? Weele to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell auncient Lady:
Farewell Lady, Lady, Lady.

Exit. Mercutio, Benuolio.

Nur. I pray you ſir, what ſawcie Merchant was this that was ſo full of his roperie?

Rom. A Gentleman Nurſe, that loues to heare himſelfe talke, and will ſpeake more in a minute, then he will ſtand to in a Moneth.

Nur. And a ſpeake any thing againſt me, Ile take him downe, & a were luſtier then he is, and twentie ſuch Iacks: and if I cannot, Ile finde thoſe that ſhall: ſcuruie knaue, I am none of his flurt-gils, I am none of his skaines mates, and thou muſt ſtand by too and ſuffer euery knaue to vſe me at his pleaſure.

Pet. I ſaw no man vſe you at his pleaſure: if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly haue beene out, I warrant you, I dare draw aſſoone as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrell, and the law on my ſide.

Nur. Now afore God, I am ſo vext, that euery part about me quiuers, skuruy knaue: pray you ſir a word: and as I told you, my young Lady bid me enquire you out, what ſhe bid me ſay, I will keepe to my ſelfe: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould leade her in a fooles paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſſe kind of behauiour, as they ſay: for the Gentlewoman is yong: & therefore, if you ſhould deale double with her, truely it were an ill thing to be offered to any Gentlewoman, and very weake dealing.

Nur. Nurſe commend me to thy Lady and Miſtreſſe, I proteſt vnto thee.

Nur. Good heart, and yfaith I will tell her as much: Lord, Lord ſhe will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her Nurſe? thou doeſt not marke me?

Nur. I will tell her ſir, that you do proteſt, which as I take it, is a Gentleman-like offer. (afternoone,

Rom. Bid her deuiſe ſome meanes to come to ſhrift this
And there ſhe ſhall at Frier *Lawrence* Cell
Beſhriu'd and married: here is for thy paines.

Nur. No truly ſir not a penny.

Rom. Go too, I ſay you ſhall.

Nur. This afternoone ſir? well ſhe ſhall be there.

Ro. And ſtay thou good Nurſe behind the Abbey wall,
Within this houre my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee Cords made like a tackled ſtaire,
Which to the high top gallant of my ioy,
Muſt be my conuoy in the ſecret night.
Farewell, be truſtie and Ile quite thy paines:
Farewell, commend me to thy Miſtreſſe.

Nur. Now God in heauen bleſſe thee: harke you ſir,

Rom. What ſaiſt thou my deare Nurſe?

Nurſe. Is your man ſecret, did you nere heare ſay two may keepe counſell putting one away.

Ro. Warrant thee my man as true as ſteele.

Nur. Well ſir, my Miſtreſſe is the ſweeteſt Lady, Lord, Lord, when 'twas a little prating thing. O there is a Noble man in Towne one *Paris*, that would faine lay knife aboard: but ſhe good ſoule had as leeue a ſee Toade, a very Toade as ſee him: I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that *Paris* is the properer man, but Ile warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhee lookes as pale as any clout in the verſall world. Doth not Roſemarie and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Rom. I Nurſe, what of that? Both with an *R*

Nur. A mocker that's the dogsname. *R.* is for the no, I know it begins with ſome other letter, and ſhe hath the prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and Roſemary, that it would do you good to heare it.

Rom. Commend me to thy Lady.

Nur. I a thouſand times. *Peter?*

Pet. Anon.

Nur. Before and apace. *Exit Nurſe and Peter.*

Enter Iuliet.

Iul. The clocke ſtrook nine, when I did ſend the Nurſe,
In halfe an houre ſhe promiſed to returne,
Perchance ſhe cannot meete him: that's not ſo:
Oh ſhe is lame, Loues Herauld ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glides then the Sunnes beames,
Driuing backe ſhadowes ouer lowring hils.
Therefore do nimble Pinion'd Doues draw Loue,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift *Cupid* wings:
Now is the Sun vpon the highmoſt hill
Of this daies iourney, and from nine till twelue,
I three long houres, yet ſhe is not come.
Had ſhe affections and warme youthfull blood,
She would be as ſwift in motion as a ball,
My words would bandy her to my ſweete Loue,
And his to me, but old folkes,
Many faine as they were dead,
Vnwieldie, ſlow, heauy, and pale as lead.

Enter Nurſe.

O God ſhe comes, O hony Nurſe what newes?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.

Nur. *Peter* ſtay at the gate.

Iul. Now good ſweet Nurſe:
O Lord, why lookeſt thou ſad?
Though newes, be ſad, yet tell them merrily.
If good thou ſham'ſt the muſicke of ſweet newes,
By playing it to me, with ſo ſower a face.

Nur. I am a weary, giue me leaue awhile,
Fie how my bones ake, what a iaunt haue I had?

Iul. I would thou had'ſt my bones, and I thy newes:
Nay come I pray thee ſpeake, good good Nurſe ſpeake.

Nur. Ieſu what haſt? can you not ſtay a while?
Do you not ſee that I am out of breath?

Iul How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breth
To ſay to me, that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe that thou doſt make in this delay,
Is longer then the tale thou doſt excuſe.
Is thy newes good or bad? anſwere to that,
Say either, and Ile ſtay the circuſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, iſt good or bad?

Nur. Well, you haue made a ſimple choice, you know not how to chuſe a man: *Romeo*, no not he though his face be better then any mans, yet his legs excels all mens, and for a hand, and a foote, and a body, though they be not to be talkt on, yet they are paſt compare: he is not the flower of curteſie, but Ile warrant him as gentle a Lambe: go thy waies wench, ſerue God, What haue you din'd at home?

Iul. No no: but all this this did I know before
What ſaies he of our marriage? what of that?

Nur. Lord how my head akes, what a head haue I?
It beates as it would fall in twenty peeces.
My backe a tother ſide: o my backe, my backe:
Beſhrew your heart for ſending me about
To catch my death with iaunting vp and downe.

Iul. Ifaith: I am ſorrie that that thou art ſo well.
Sweet ſweet, ſweet Nurſe, tell me what ſaies my Loue?

Nur. Your Loue ſaies like an honeſt Gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſome,
And I warrant a vertuous: where is your Mother?

Iul. Where is my Mother?
Why ſhe is within, where ſhould ſhe be?
How odly thou repli'ſt:
Your Loue ſaies like an honeſt Gentleman:
Where is your Mother?

Nur. O Gods Lady deare,
Are you ſo hot? marrie come vp I trow,
Is this the Poultis for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your meſſages your ſelfe.

Iul. Heere's ſuch a coile, come what ſaies *Romeo*?

Nur. Haue you got leaue to go to ſhrift to day?

Iul. I haue.

Nur. Then high you hence to Frier *Lawrence* Cell,
There ſtaies a Husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton bloud vp in your cheekes,
Thei'le be in Scarlet ſtraight at any newes:
Hie you to Church, I muſt an other way,
To fetch a Ladder by the which your Loue
Muſt climde a birds neſt Soone when it is darke:
I am the drudge, and toile in your delight:
But you ſhall beare the burthen ſoone at night,
Go Ile to dinner, hie you to the Cell.

Iul. Hie to high Fortune, honeſt Nurſe, farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. So ſmile the heauens vpon this holy act,
That after houres, with ſorrow chide vs not.

Rom. Amen, amen, but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot counteruaile the exchange of ioy
That one ſhort minute giues me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then Loue-deuouring death do what he dare,
It is inough, I may but call her mine.

Fri. Theſe violent delights haue violent endes,
And in their triumph: die like fire and powder;
Which as they kiſſe conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in his owne deliciousneſſe,
And in the taſte confoundes the appetite.
Therefore Loue moderately, long Loue doth ſo,
Too ſwift arriues as tardie as too ſlow.

Enter Iuliet.

Here comes the Lady. Oh ſo light a foot
Will nere weare out the euerlaſting flint,

A Louer may beſtride the Goſſamours,
That ydles in the wanton Summer ayre,
And yet not fall,ſo light is vanitie.
Iul. Good euen to my ghoſtly Confeſſor.
Fri. *Romeo* ſhall thanke thee Daughter for vs both.
Iul. As much to him,elſe in his thanks too much.
Fri. Ah *Iuliet*,if the meaſure of thy ioy
Be heapt like mine,and that thy skill be more
To blaſon it,then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour ayre,and let rich muſickes tongue,
Vnfold the imagin'd happineſſe that both
Receiue in either,by this deere encounter.
Iul. Conceit more rich in matter then in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance,not of Ornament:
They are but beggers that can count their worth,
But my true Loue is growne to ſuch ſuch exceſſe,
I cannot ſum vp ſome of halfe my wealth.
Fri. Come,come with me,& we will make ſhort worke,
For by your leaues,you ſhall not ſtay alone,
Till holy Church incorporate two in one.

Enter Mercutio,Benuolio,and men.

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot,the *Capulets* abroad:
And if we meet, we ſhal not ſcape a brawle,for now theſe hot dayes,is the mad blood ſtirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of theſe fellowes,that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne,claps me his Sword vpon the Table,and ſayes,God ſend me no need of thee: and by the operation of the ſecond cup,drawes him on the Drawer,when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a Fellow?

Mer. Come,come,thou art as hot a Iacke in thy mood, as any in *Italie*: and aſſoone moued to be moodie, and aſſoone moodie to be mou'd.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay, and there were two ſuch, we ſhould haue none ſhortly,for one would kill the other:thou, why thou wilt quarrell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire leſſe in his beard,then thou haſt:thou wilt quarrell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reaſon, but becauſe thou haſt haſell eyes: what eye, but ſuch an eye, would ſpie out ſuch a quarrell? thy head is as full of quarrels,as an egge is full of meat, and yet thy head hath bin beaten as addle as an egge for quarreling:thou haſt quarrel'd with a man for coffing in the ſtreet,becauſe he hath wakened thy Dog that hath laine aſleepe in the Sun.Did'ſt thou not fall out with a Tailor for wearing his new Doublet before Eaſter? with another,for tying his new ſhooes with old Riband,and yet thou wilt Tutor me from quarrelling?

Ben. And I were ſo apt to quarell as thou art,any man ſhould buy the Fee-ſimple of my life, for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The Fee-ſimple? O ſimple.

Enter Tybalt,Petruchio,and others.

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets*.
Mer. By my heele I care not.
Tyb. Follow me cloſe,for I will ſpeake to them.
Gentlemen,Good den,a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs?couple it with ſomething,make it a word and a blow.

Tib. You ſhall find me apt inough to that ſir, and you will giue me occaſion.

Mercu. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giuing?

Tib. *Mercutio* thou conſort'ſt with *Romeo*.

Mer. Conſort?what doſt thou make vs Minſtrels? & thou make Minſtrels of vs,looke to heare nothing but diſcords:heere's my fiddleſticke,heere's that ſhall make you daunce. Come conſort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto ſome priuate place,
Or reaſon coldly of your greeuances:
Or elſe depart,here all eies gaze on vs.
Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke,and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no mans pleaſure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tib. Well peace be with you ſir,here comes my man.
Mer. But Ile be hang'd ſir if he weare your Liuery:
Marry go before to field,heele be your follower,
Your worſhip in that ſenſe,may call him man.
Tib. *Romeo*,the loue I beare thee,can affoord
No better terme then this:Thou art a Villaine.
Rom. *Tibalt*,the reaſon that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting:Villaine am I none;
Therefore farewell,I ſee thou know'ſt me not.
Tib. Boy,this ſhall not excuſe the iniuries
That thou haſt done me,therefore turne and draw.
Rom. I do proteſt I neuer iniur'd thee,
But lou'd thee better then thou can'ſt deuiſe:
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my loue,
And ſo good *Capulet*,which name I tender
As dearely as my owne,be ſatisfied.
Mer. O calme,diſhonourable,vile ſubmiſſion:
Alla ſtucatho carries it away.
Tybalt,you Rat-catcher,will you walke?
Tib. What wouldſt thou haue with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats,nothing but one of your nine liues,that I meane to make bold withall, and as you ſhall vſe me hereafter dry beate the reſt of the eight. Will you pluck your Sword out of his Pilcher by the eares? Make haſt,leaſt mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you.
Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*,put thy Rapier vp.
Mer. Come ſir,your Paſſado.
Rom. Draw *Benuolio*,beat downe their weapons:
Gentlemen,for ſhame forbeare this outrage,
Tibalt,*Mercutio*,the Prince expreſly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* ſtreetes.
Hold *Tybalt*,good *Mercutio*.

Exit Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague a both the Houſes,I am ſped:
Is he gone and hath nothing?
Ben. What art thou hurt?
Mer. I,I,a ſcratch,a ſcratch,marry 'tis inough,
Where is my Page?go Villaine fetch a Surgeon.
Rom. Courage man,the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No:'tis not ſo deepe as a well,nor ſo wide as a Church doore,but 'tis inough,'twill ſerue:aske for me to morrow,and you ſhall find me a graue man.I am pepper'd I warrant,for this world:a plague a both your houſes. What, a Dog, a Rat, a Mouſe,a Cat to ſcratch a man to death: a Braggart,a Rogue,a Villaine, that fights by the booke of Arithmeticke, why the deu'le came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Rom. I thought all for the beſt.
Mer. Helpe me into ſome houſe *Benuolio*,
Or I ſhall faint:a plague a both your houſes.
They haue made wormes meat of me,

I haue it,and ſoundly to your Houſes. *Exit.*
Rom. This Gentleman the Princes neere Alie,
My very Friend hath got his mortall hurt
In my behalfe,my reputation ſtain'd
With *Tibalts* ſlaunder,*Tybalt* that an houre
Hath beene my Cozin:O Sweet *Iuliet*,
Thy Beauty hath made me Effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned Valours ſteele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*,*Romeo*,braue *Mercutio's* is dead,
That Gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the Cloudes,
Which too vntimely here did ſcorne the earth.
Rom. This daies blacke Fate,on mo daies doth depend,
This but begins,the wo others muſt end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the Furious *Tybalt* backe againe.
Rom. He gon in triumph,and *Mercutio* ſlaine?
Away to heauen reſpectiue Lenitie,
And fire and Fury,be my conduct now.
Now *Tybalt* take the Villaine backe againe
That late thou gau'ſt me,for *Mercutios* ſoule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I,or both,muſt goe with him.
Tib. Thou wretched Boy that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This ſhall determine that.

They fight. Tybalt falles.

Ben. *Romeo*,away be gone:
The Citizens are vp,and *Tybalt* ſlaine,
Stand not amaz'd,the Prince will Doome thee death
If thou art taken:hence,be gone, away.
Rom. O! I am Fortunes foole.
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay?

Exit Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Citi. Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?
Tibalt that Murtherer,which way ran he?
Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.
Citi. Vp ſir go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes names obey.

Enter Prince,old Montague,Capulet,their Wiues and all.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this Fray?
Ben. O Noble Prince,I can diſcouer all
The vnluckie Mannage of this fatall brall:
There lies the man ſlaine by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kinſman braue *Mercutio*.
Cap. Wi. *Tybalt*,my Cozin? O my Brothers Child,
O Prince,O Cozin,Husband,O the blood is ſpild
Of my deare kinſman.Prince as thou art true,
For bloud of ours,ſhed bloud of *Mountague*.
O Cozin,Cozin.
Prin. *Benuolio*,who began this Fray?
Ben. *Tybalt* here ſlaine, whom *Romeo's* hand did ſlay,
Romeo that ſpoke him faire,bid him bethinke
How nice the Quarrell was,and vrg'd withall
Your high diſpleaſure:all this vttered,
With gentle breath,calme looke,knees humbly bow'd
Could not take truce with the vnruly ſpleene
Of *Tybalts* deafe to peace,but that he Tilts
With Peircing ſteele at bold *Mercutio's* breaſt,
Who all as hot,turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martiall ſcorne,with one hand beates
Cold death aſide,and with the other ſends
It back to *Tybalt*,whoſe dexterity
Retorts it:*Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold Friends,Friends part,and ſwifter then his tongue,
His aged arme,beats downe their fatall points,
And twixt them ruſhes,vnderneath whoſe arme,
An enuious thruſt from *Tybalt*,hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*,and then *Tybalt* fled.
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertained Reuenge,
And too't they goe like lightning,for ere I
Could draw to part them,was ſtout *Tybalt* ſlaine:
And as he fell,did *Romeo* turne and flie:
This is the truth,or let *Benuolio* die.
Cap. Wi. He is a kinſman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him falſe,he ſpeakes not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for Iuſtice,which thou Prince muſt giue:
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*,*Romeo* muſt not liue.
Prin. *Romeo* ſlew him,he ſlew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare blood doth owe.
Cap. Not *Romeo* Prince,he was *Mercutios* Friend,
His fault concludes,but what the law ſhould end,
The life of *Tybalt*.
Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence:
I haue an intereſt in your hearts proceeding:
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But Ile Amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſſe of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excuſes,
Nor teares,nor prayers ſhall purchaſe our abuſes.
Therefore vſe none,let *Romeo* hence in haſt,
Elſe when he is found,that houre is his laſt.
Beare hence this body,and attend our will:
Mercy not Murders,pardoning thoſe that kill.

Exeunt.

Enter Iuliet alone.

Iul. Gallop apace,you fiery footed ſteedes,
Towards *Phœbus* lodging,ſuch a Wagoner
As *Phaeton* would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in Cloudie night immediately.
Spred thy cloſe Curtaine Loue-performing night,
That run-awayes eyes may wincke,and *Romeo*
Leape to theſe armes,vntalkt of and vnſeene,
Louers can ſee to doe their Amorous rights,
And by their owne Beauties:or if Loue be blind,
It beſt agrees with night:come ciuill night,
Thou ſober ſuted Matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to looſe a winning match,
Plaid for a paire of ſtainleſſe Maidenhoods,
Hood my vnman'd blood bayting in my Cheekes,
With thy Blacke mantle,till ſtrange Loue grow bold,
Thinke true Loue acted ſimple modeſtie:
Come night,come *Romeo*,come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the wings of night;
Whiter then new Snow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night,come louing blackebrow'd night.
Giue me my *Romeo*,and when I ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtarres,
And he will make the Face of heauen ſo fine,
That all the world will be in Loue with night,
And pay no worſhip to the Gariſh Sun.
O I haue bought the Manſion of a Loue,
But not poſſeſt it,and though I am ſold,
Not yet enioy'd,ſo tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome Feſtiuall,

To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them,O here comes my Nurſe :
Enter Nurſe with cords.
And ſhe brings newes and euery tongue that ſpeaks
But *Romeos*, name,ſpeakes heauenly eloquence:
Now Nurſe,what newes?what haſt thou there ?
The Cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch ?
Nur. I,I,the Cords.
Iuli. Ay me,what newes ?
Why doſt thou wring thy hands.
Nur. A welady,hee's dead,hee's dead,
We are vndone Lady,we are vndone.
Alacke the day,hee's gone,hee's kil'd,he's dead.
Iul. Can heauen be ſo enuious ?
Nur. Romeo can,
Though heauen cannot.O *Romeo,Romeo.*
Who euer would haue thought it *Romeo.*
Iuli. What diuell art thou,
That doſt torment me thus ?
This torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmall hell,
Hath *Romeo* ſlaine himſelfe ? ſay thou but I,
And that bare vowell I ſhall poyſon more
Then the death-darting eye of Cockatrice,
I am not I,if there be ſuch an I.
Or thoſe eyes ſhot,that makes thee anſwere I :
If he be ſlaine ſay I,or if not,no.
Briefe,ſounds,determine of my weale or wo.
Nur. I ſaw the wound,I ſaw it with mine eyes,
God ſaue the marke,here on his manly breſt,
A pitteous Coarſe,a bloody piteous Coarſe :
Pale,pale as aſhes,all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood,I ſounded at the ſight.
Iul. O breake my heart,
Poore Banckrout breake at once,
To priſon eyes,nere looke on libertie.
Vile earth to earth reſigne,end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſſe on heauie beere.
Nur. O *Tybalt,Tybalt*,the beſt Friend I had:
O curteous *Tybalt* honeſt Gentleman,
That euer I ſhould liue to ſee thee dead.
Iul. What ſtorme is this that blowes ſo contrarie ?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughtred ? and is *Tybalt* dead ?
My deareſt Cozen,and my dearer Lord:
Then dreadfull Trumpet ſound the generall doome,
For who is liuing,if thoſe two aregone ?
Nur. Tybalt is gone,and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo that kil'd him,he is baniſhed.
Iul. O God!
Did *Rom'os* hand ſhed *Tybalts* blood
It did,it did,alas the day,it did.
Nur. O Serpent heart,hid with a flowring face.
Iul. Did euer Dragon keepe ſo faire a Caue ?
Beautifull Tyrant,fiend Angelicall :
Rauenous Doue-feather'd Rauen,
Woluiſh-rauening Lambe,
Diſpiſed ſubſtance of Diuineſt ſhow :
Iuſt oppoſite to what thou iuſtly ſeem'ſt,
A dimne Saint,an Honourable Villaine :
O Nature ! what had'ſt thou to doe in hell,
When thou did'ſt bower the ſpirit of a fiend
In mortall paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh ?
Was euer booke containing ſuch vile matter
So fairely bound ? O that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous Pallace.
Nur. There's no truſt,no faith,no honeſtie in men,
All periur'd,all forſworne,all naught,all diſſemblers,
Ah where's my man ? giue me ſome Aqua-vitæ ?
Theſe griefes,theſe woes,theſe ſorrowes make me old:
Shame come to *Romeo.*
Iul. Bliſter'd be thy tongue
For ſuch a wiſh,he was not borne to ſhame :
Vpon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit ;
For 'tis a throane where Honour may be Crown'd
Sole Monarch of the vniuerſall earth:
O what a beaſt was I to chide him ?
Nur. Will you ſpeake well of him,
That kil'd your Cozen ?
Iul. Shall I ſpeake ill of him that is my husband?
Ah poore my Lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I thy three houres wife haue mangled it.
But wherefore Villaine did'ſt thou kill my Cozin ?
That Villaine Cozin would haue kil'd my husband :
Backe fooliſh teares,backe to your natiue ſpring,
Your tributarie drops belong to woe,
Which you miſtaking offer vp to ioy :
My husband liues that *Tibalt* would haue ſlaine,
And *Tibalt* dead that would haue ſlaine my husband :
All this is comfort,wherefore weepe I then ?
Some words there was worſer then *Tybalts* death
That murdered me,I would forget it feine,
But oh,it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deedes to ſinners minds,
Tybalt is dead and *Romeo* baniſhed :
That baniſhed,that one word baniſhed,
Hath ſlaine ten thouſand *Tibalts* : *Tibalts* death
Was woe inough if it had ended there:
Or if ſower woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be rankt with other griefes,
Why followed not when ſhe ſaid *Tibalts* dead,
Thy Father or thy Mother,nay or both,
Which moderne lamentation might haue mou'd.
But which a rere-ward following *Tybalts* death
Romeo is baniſhed to ſpeake that word,
Is Father,Mother,*Tybalt,Romeo,Iuliet*,
All ſlaine,all dead: *Romeo* is baniſhed,
There is no end,no limit,meaſure,bound,
In that words death,no words can that woe ſound,
Where is my Father and my Mother Nurſe ?
Nur. Weeping and wailing ouer *Tybalts* Coarſe,
Will you go to them ?I will bring you thither.
Iu. Waſh they his wounds with tears:mine ſhal be ſpent
When theirs are drie for *Romeo's* baniſhment.
Take vp thoſe Cordes,poore ropes you are beguil'd,
Both you and I for *Romeo* is exild:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a Maid,die Maiden widowed.
Come Cord,come Nurſe,Ile to my wedding bed,
And death not *Romeo*,take my Maiden head.
Nur. Hie to your Chamber,Ile find *Romeo*
To comfort you,I wot well where he is :
Harke ye your *Romeo* will be heere at night,
Ile to him,he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
Iul. O find him,giue this Ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come,to take his laſt farewell.
Exit.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo come forth,
Come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts :
And thou art wedded to calamitie.
Rom. Father what newes ?

What

What is the Princes Doome ?
What ſorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not ?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare Sonne with ſuch ſowre Company :
I bring thee tydings of the Princes Doome.
Rom. What leſſe then Doomeſday,
Is the Princes Doome ?
Fri. A gentler iudgement vaniſht from his lips,
Not bodies death,but bodies baniſhment.
Rom. Ha,baniſhment?be mercifull,ſay death :
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death:do not ſay baniſhment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou baniſhed :
Be patient,for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without *Verona* walles,
But Purgatorie,Torture , hell it ſelfe :
Hence baniſhed,is baniſh: from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then baniſhed,
Is death,miſtearm'd,calling death baniſhed,
Thou cut'ſt my head off with a golden Axe,
And ſmileſt vpon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly ſin,O rude vnthankefulneſſe!
Thy falt our Law calles death,but the kind Prince
Taking thy part,hath ruſht aſide the Law,
And turn'd that blacke word death,to baniſhment.
This is deare mercy,and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom. 'Tis Torture and not mercy,heauen is here
Where *Iuliet* liues,and euery Cat and Dog,
And little Mouſe,euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in Heauen and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not.More Validitie,
More Honourable ſtate,more Courtſhip liues
In carrion Flies,then *Romeo*:they may ſeaze
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,
And ſteale immortall bleſſing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and veſtall modeſtie
Still bluſh,as thinking their owne kiſſes ſin.
This may Flies doe,when I from this muſt flie,
And ſaiſt thou yet,that exile is not death ?
But *Romeo* may not,hee is baniſhed.
Had'ſt thou no poyſon mixt,no ſharpe ground knife,
No ſudden meane of death,though nere ſo meane,
But baniſhed to kill me? Baniſhed ?
O Frier,the damned vſe that word in hell :
Howlings attends it,how haſt thou the hart
Being a Diuine, a Ghoſtly Confeſſor,
A Sin-Abſoluer,and my Friend profeſt :
To mangle me with that word,baniſhed ?
Fri. Then fond Mad man,heare me ſpeake.
Rom. O thou wilt ſpeake againe of baniſhment.
Fri. Ile giue thee Armour to keepe off that word,
Aduerſities ſweete milke,Philoſophie,
To comfort thee,though thou art baniſhed.
Rom. Yet baniſhed?hang vp Philoſophie:
Vnleſſe Philoſohpie can make a *Iuliet*,
Diſplant a Towne,reuerſe a Princes Doome,
It helpes not,it preuailes not,talke no more.
Fri. O then I ſee,that Mad men haue no eares.
Rom. How ſhould they,
When wiſemen haue no eyes ?
Fri. Let me diſpaire with thee of thy eſtate,
Rom. Thou can'ſt not ſpeake of that ỳ doſt not feele,
Wert thou as young as *Iuliet* my Loue:
An houre but married,*Tybalt* murdered,
Doting like me,and like me baniſhed,
Then mighteſt thou ſpeake,
Then mighteſt thou teare thy hayre,
And fall vpon the ground as I doe now,
Taking the meaſure of an vnmade graue.
Enter Nurſe,and knockes.
Frier. Ariſe one knockes,
Good *Romeo* hide thy ſelfe.
Rom. Not I,
Vnleſſe the breath of Hartſicke groanes
Miſt-like infold me from the ſearch of eyes.
Knocke

Fri. Harke how they knocke :
(Who's there) *Romeo* ariſe,
Thou wilt be taken,ſtay a while,ſtand vp :
Knocke.

Run to my ſtudy:by and by,Gods will
What ſimpleneſſe is this:I come,I come.
Knocke.

Who knocks ſo hard ?
Whence come you ? what's your will ?
Enter Nurſe.
Nur. Let me come in,
And you ſhall know my errand :
I come from Lady *Iuliet.*
Fri. Welcome then.
Nur. O holy Frier,O tell me holy Frier,
Where's my Ladies Lord?where's *Romeo* ?
Fri. There on the ground,
With his owne teares made drunke.
Nur. O he is euen in my Miſtreſſe caſe,
Iuſt in her caſe.O wofull ſimpathy :
Pittious predicament,euen ſo lies ſhe,
Blubbring and weeping,weeping and blubbring,
Stand vp,ſtand vp,ſtand and you be a man,
For *Iuliets* ſake,for her ſake riſe and ſtand :
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deepe an O.
Rom. Nurſe.
Nur. Ah ſir,ah ſir,deaths the end of all.
Rom. Speak'ſt thou of *Iuliet*?how is it with her ?
Doth not ſhe thinke me an old Murtherer,
Now I haue ſtain'd the Childhood of our ioy,
With blood remoued,but little from her owne ?
Where is ſhe ? and how doth ſhe ? and what ſayes
My conceal'd Lady to our conceal'd Loue ?
Nur. Oh ſhe ſayes nothing ſir, but weeps and weeps,
And now fals on her bed,and then ſtarts vp,
And *Tybalt* calls,and then on *Romeo* cries,
And then downe falls againe.
Ro. As if that name ſhot from the dead leuell of a Gun,
Did murder her,as that names curſed hand
Murdred her kinſman.Oh tell me Frier,tell me,
In what vile part of this Anatomie
Doth my name lodge ? Tell me,that I may ſacke
The hatefull Manſion.
Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand :
Art thou a man ? thy forme cries out thou art :
Thy teares are womaniſh,thy wild acts denote
The vnreaſonable Furie of a beaſt.
Vnſeemely woman,in a ſeeming man,
And ill beſeeming beaſt in ſeeming both,
Thou haſt amaz'd me.By my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlaine *Tybalt* ? wilt thou ſlay thy ſelfe ?
And ſlay thy Lady,that in thy life lies,
By doing damned hate vpon thy ſelfe ?
Why rayl'ſt thou on thy birth ? the heauen and earth ?

Since birth,and heauen and earth,all three do meete
In thee at once,which thou at once would'ſt looſe.
Fie,fie,thou ſham'ſt thy ſhape,thy loue,thy wit,
Which like a Vſurer abound'ſt in all:
And vſeſt none in that true vſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedecke thy ſhape,thy loue,thy wit:
Thy Noble ſhape,is but a forme of waxe,
Digreſſing from the Valour of a man,
Thy deare Loue ſworne but hollow periurie,
Killing that Loue which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh.
Thy wit,that Ornament,to ſhape and Loue,
Miſhapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skilleſſe Souldiers flaske,
Is ſet a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou diſmembred with thine owne defence.
What,rowſe thee man,thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whoſe deare ſake thou waſt but lately dead.
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou ſlew'ſt *Tybalt*, there art thou happie.
The law that threatned death became thy Friend,
And turn'd it to exile,there art thou happy.
A packe or bleſſing light vpon thy backe,
Happineſſe Courts thee in her beſt array,
But like a miſhaped and ſullen wench,
Thou putteſt vp thy Fortune and thy Loue:
Take heed,take heed,for ſuch die miſerable.
Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
Aſcend her Chamber,hence and comfort her:
But looke thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſſe to *Mantua*,
Where thou ſhalt liue till we can finde a time
To blaze your marriage,reconcile your Friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince,and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thouſand times more ioy
Then thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurſe,commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heauy ſorrow makes them apt vnto.
Romeo is comming.
Nur. O Lord,I could haue ſtaid here all night,
To heare good counſell:oh what learning is!
My Lord Ile tell my Lady you will come.
Rom. Do ſo,and bid my Sweete prepare to chide.
Nur. Heere ſir,a Ring ſhe bid me giue you ſir:
Hie you,make haſt, for it growes very late.
Rom. How well my comfort is reuiu'd by this.
Fri. Go hence,
Goodnight,and here ſtands all your ſtate:
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the breake of day diſguis'd from hence,
Soiourne in *Mantua*,Ile find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignifie from time to time,
Euery good hap to you,that chaunces heere:
Giue me thy hand, 'tis late,farewell,goodnight.
Rom. But that a ioy paſt ioy,calls out on me,
It were a griefe,ſo briefe to part with thee:
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Capulet,his Wife and Paris.

Cap. Things haue falne out ſir ſo vnluckily,
That we haue had no time to moue our Daughter:
Looke you,ſhe Lou'd her kinſman *Tybalt* dearely,
And ſo did I. Well,we were borne to die.
'Tis very late,ſhe'l not come downe to night:
I promiſe you,but for your company,
I would haue bin a bed an houre ago.
Par. Theſe times of wo,affoord no times to wooe:
Madam goodnight,commend me to your Daughter.
Lady. I will,and know her mind early to morrow,
To night,ſhe is mewed vp to her heauineſſe.
Cap. Sir *Paris*,I will make a deſperate tender
Of my Childes loue: I thinke ſhe will be rul'd
In all reſpects by me: nay more,I doubt it not.
Wife,go you to her ere you go to bed,
Acquaint her here,of my Sonne *Paris* Loue,
And bid her,marke you me,on Wendſday next,
But ſoft,what day is this?
Par. Monday my Lord.
Cap. Monday,ha ha: well Wendſday is too ſoone,
A Thurſday let it be: a Thurſday tell her,
She ſhall be married to this Noble Earle:
Will you be ready? do you like this haſt?
Weele keepe no great adoe,a Friend or two,
For harke you,*Tybalt* being ſlaine ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly,
Being our kinſman,if we reuell much:
Therefore weele haue ſome halfe a dozen Friends,
And there an end. But what ſay you to Thurſday?
Paris. My Lord,
I would that Thurſday were to morrow.
Cap. Well,get you gone,a Thurſday,be it then:
Go you to *Iuliet* ere you go to bed,
Prepare her wife,againſt this wedding day.
Farewell my Lord,light to my Chamber hoa,
Afore me,it is ſo late, that we may call it early by and by,
Goodnight. *Exeunt.*

Enter Romeo and Iuliet aloft.

Iul. Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet neere day:
It was the Nightingale,and not the Larke,
That pier'ſt the fearefull hollow of thine eare,
Nightly ſhe ſings on yond Pomgranet tree,
Beleeue me Loue,it was the Nightingale.
Rom. It was the Larke the Herauld of the Morne:
No Nightingale:looke Loue what enuious ſtreakes
Do lace the ſeuering Cloudes in yonder Eaſt:
Nights Candles are burnt out,and Iocond day
Stands tipto on the miſtie Mountaines tops,
I muſt be gone and liue,or ſtay and die.
Iul. Yond light is not daylight,I know it I:
It is ſome Meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a Torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*.
Therefore ſtay yet,thou need'ſt not to be gone,
Rom. Let me be tane,let me be put to death,
I am content,ſo thou wilt haue it ſo.
Ile ſay yon gray is not the mornings eye,
'Tis but the pale reflexe of *Cinthias* brow.
Nor that is not Larke whoſe noates do beate
The vaulty heauen ſo high aboue our heads,
I haue more care to ſtay,then will to go:
Come death and welcome,*Iuliet* wills it ſo.
How iſt my ſoule,lets talke,it is not day.
Iuli. It is,it is,hie hence be gone away:
It is the Larke that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh Diſcords,and vnpleaſing Sharpes.
Some ſay the Larke makes ſweete Diuiſion;
This doth not ſo:for ſhe diuideth vs.
Some ſay,the Larke and loathed Toad change eyes,
O now I would they had chang'd voyces too:
Since

Since arme from arme that voyce doth vs affray,
Hunting thee hence,with Hunt ſ-vp to the day,
O now be gone,more light and it light growes.
Rom. More light & light,more darke & darke our woes.
Enter Madam and Nurſe.
Nur. Madam.
Iul. Nurſe.
Nur. Your Lady Mother is comming to your chamber,
The day is broke,be wary,looke about.
Iul. Then window let day in,and let life out.
Rom. Farewell,farewell,one kiſſe and Ile deſcend.
Iul. Art thou gone ſo? Loue,Lord,ay Husband,Friend,
I muſt heare from thee euery day in the houre,
For in a minute there are many dayes,
O by this count I ſhall be much in yeares,
Ere I againe behold my *Romeo*.
Rom. Farewell:
I will omit no oportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings Loue,to thee.
Iul. O thinkeſt thou we ſhall euer meet againe?
Rom. I doubt it not,and all theſe woes ſhall ſerue
For ſweet diſcourſes in our time to come.
Iuilet. O God! I haue an ill Diuining ſoule,
Me thinkes I ſee thee now,thou art ſo lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,
Either my eye-ſight failes,or thou look'ſt pale.
Rom. And truſt me Loue,in my eye ſo do you:
Drie ſorrow drinkes our blood. Adue,adue. *Exit.*
Iul. O Fortune,Fortune,all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle,what doſt thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But ſend him backe.
Enter Mother.
Lad. Ho Daughter,are you vp?
Iul: Who iſt that calls? Is it my Lady Mother.
Is ſhe not downe ſo late, or vp ſo early?
What vnaccuſtom'd cauſe procures her hither?
Lad. Why how now *Iuliet*?
Iul. Madam I am not well.
Lad. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou waſh him from his graue with teares?
And if thou could'ſt,thou could'ſt not make him liue:
Therefore haue done,ſome griefe ſhewes much of Loue,
But much of griefe,ſhewes ſtill ſome want of wit.
Iul. Yet let me weepe,for ſuch a feeling loſſe.
Lad. So ſhall you feele the loſſe,but not the Friend
Which you weepe for.
Iul. Feeling ſo the loſſe,
I cannot chuſe but euer weepe the Friend.
La. Well Girle,thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the Villaine liues which ſlaughter'd him.
Iul. What Villaine,Madam?
Lad. That ſame Villaine *Romeo*.
Iul. Villaine and he,be many Miles aſſunder:
God pardon,I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he,doth grieue my heart.
Lad. That is becauſe the Traitor liues.
Iul. I Madam from the reach of theſe my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.
Lad. We will haue vengeance for it,feare thou not.
Then weepe no more,Ile ſend to one in *Mantua*,
Where that ſame baniſht Run-agate doth liue,
Shall giue him ſuch an vnaccuſtom'd dram,
That he ſhall ſoone keepe *Tybalt* company:
And then I hope thou wilt be ſatisfied.
Iul. Indeed I neuer ſhall be ſatisfied
With *Romeo*,till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart ſo for a kinſman vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyſon,I would temper it;
That *Romeo* ſhould vpon receit thereof,
Soone ſleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him nam'd,and cannot come to him,
To wreake the Loue I bore my Cozin,
Vpon his body that hath ſlaughter'd him.
Mo. Find thou the meanes, and Ile find ſuch a man.
But now Ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.
Iul. And ioy comes well,in ſuch a needy time,
What are they,beſeech your Ladyſhip?
Mo. Well,well,thou haſt a carefull Father Child?
One who to put thee from thy heauineſſe,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not,nor I lookt not for.
Iul. Madam in happy time,what day is this?
Mo. Marry my Child,early next Thurſday morne,
The gallant,young,and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happily make thee a ioyfull Bride.
Iul. Now by Saint *Peters* Church,and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this haſt,that I muſt wed
Ere he that ſhould be Husband comes to woe:
I pray you tell my Lord and Father Madam,
I will not marrie yet,and when I doe,I ſweare
It ſhallbe *Romeo*,whom you know I hate
Rather then *Paris*. Theſe are newes indeed.
Mo. Here comes your Father,tell him ſo your ſelfe,
And ſee how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet and Nurſe.

Cap. When the Sun ſets,the earth doth drizzle daew
But for the Sunſet of my Brothers Sonne,
It raines downright.
How now? A Conduit Gyrle,what ſtill in teares?
Euermore ſhowring in one little body?
Thou counterfaits a Barke,a Sea,a Wind:
For ſtill thy eyes,which I may call the Sea,
Do ebbe and flow with teares,the Barke thy body is
Sayling in this ſalt floud,the windes thy ſighes,
Who raging with the teares and they with them,
Without a ſudden calme will ouer ſet
Thy tempeſt toſſed body. How now wife?
Haue you deliuered to her our decree?
Lady. I ſir;
But ſhe will none,ſhe giues you thankes,
I would the foole were married to her graue.
Cap. Soft,take me with you,take me with you wife,
How,will ſhe none? doth ſhe not giue vs thanks?
Is ſhe not proud? doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
Vnworthy as ſhe is,that we haue wrought
So worthy a Gentleman,to be her Bridegroome
Iul. Not proud you haue,
But thankfull that you haue:
Proud can I neuer be of what I haue,
But thankfull euen for hate,that is meant Loue.
Cap. How now?
How now? Chopt Logicke? what is this?
Proud, and I thanke you: and I thanke you not,
Thanke me no thankings,nor proud me no prouds,
But ſettle your fine ioints 'gainſt Thurſday next,
To

To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peters* Church:
Or I will drag thee,on a Hurdle thither.
Out you greene ſickneſſe carrion,out you baggage,
You tallow face.
Lady. Fie,fie,what are you mad?
Iul. Good Father,I beſeech you on my knees
Heare me with patience,but to ſpeake a word.
Fa. Hang thee young baggage,diſobedient wretch,
I tell thee what,get thee to Church a Thurſday,
Or neuer after looke me in the face.
Speake not,reply not,do not anſwere me.
My fingers itch,wife: we ſcarce thought vs bleſt,
That God had lent vs but this onely Child,
But now I ſee this one is one too much,
And that we haue a curſe in hauing her:
Out on her Hilding.
Nur. God in heauen bleſſe her,
You are too blame my Lord to rate her ſo.
Fa. And why my Lady wiſedome?hold your tongue,
Good Prudence,ſmatter with your goſſip,go.
Nur. I ſpeake no treaſon,
Father,O Godigoden,
May not one ſpeake?
Fa. Peace you mumbling foole,
Vtter your grauitie ore a Goſſips bowles
For here we need it not.
La. You are too hot.
Fa. Gods bread, it makes me mad:
Day,night,houre,ride,time,worke,play,
Alone in companie,ſtill my care hath bin
To haue her matcht,and hauing now prouided
A Gentleman of Noble Parentage,
Of faire Demeanes,Youthfull,and Nobly Allied,
Stuft as they ſay with Honourable parts,
Proportion'd as ones thought would wiſh a man,
And then to haue a wretched puling foole,
A whining mammet,in her Fortunes tender,
To anſwer,Ile not wed, I cannot Loue:
I am too young,I pray you pardon me.
But,and you will not wed,Ile pardon you.
Graze where you will,you ſhall not houſe with me:
Looke too't,thinke on't,I do not vſe to ieſt.
Thurſday is neere,lay hand on heart,aduiſe,
And you be mine,Ile giue you to my Friend:
And you be not,hang,beg,ſtraue,die in the ſtreets,
For by my ſoule,Ile nere acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall neuer do thee good:
Truſt too't,bethinke you,Ile not be forſworne *Exit.*
Iuli. Is there no pittie ſitting in the Cloudes,
That ſees into the bottome of my griefe?
O ſweet my Mother caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage,for a month,a weeke,
Or if you do not,make the Bridall bed
In that dim Monument where *Tybalt* lies.
Mo. Talke not to me,for Ile not ſpeake a word,
Do as thou wilt,for I haue done with thee. *Exit.*
Iul. O God!
O Nurſe,how ſhall this be preuented?
My Husband is on earth,my faith in heauen,
How ſhall that faith returne againe to earth,
Vnleſſe that Husband ſend it me from heauen,
By leauing earth?Comfort me,counſaile me:
Hlacke,alacke,that heauen ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Vpon ſo ſoft a ſubiect as my ſelfe.
What ſaiſt thou?haſt thou not a word of ioy?
Some comfort Nurſe.
Nur. Faith here it is,
Romeo is baniſhed,and all the world to nothing,
That he dares nere come backe to challenge you:
Or if he do,it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands as now it doth,
I thinke it beſt you married with the Countie,
O hee's a Louely Gentleman:
Romeos a diſh-clout to him: an Eagle Madam
Hath not ſo greene,ſo quicke,ſo faire an eye
As *Paris* hath,beſhrow my very heart,
I thinke you are happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt:or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead,or 'twere as good he were,
As liuing here and you no vſe of him.
Iul. Speakeſt thou from thy heart?
Nur. And from my ſoule too,
Or elſe beſhrew them both.
Iul. Amen.
Nur. What?
Iul. Well,thou haſt comforted me marue'lous much,
Goe in,and tell my Lady I am gone,
Hauing diſpleas'd my Father,to *Lawrence* Cell,
To make confeſſion,and to be abſolu'd.
Nur. Marrie I will,and this is wiſely done.
Iul. Auncient damnation,O moſt wicked fiend!
It is more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworne,
Or to diſpraiſe my Lord with that ſame tongue
Which ſhe hath prais'd him with aboue compare,
So many thouſand times? Go Counſellor,
Thou and my boſom thenceforth ſhall be twaine:
Ile to the Frier to know his remedie,
If all elſe faile,my ſelfe haue power to die. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier and Countie Paris.

Fri. On Thurſday ſir?the time is very ſhort.
Par. My Father *Capulet* will haue it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlack his haſt.
Fri. You ſay you do not know the Ladies mind?
Vneuen is the courſe,I like it not.
Pa. Immoderately ſhe weepes for *Tybalts* death,
And therfore haue I little talke of Loue,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of teares.
Now ſir,her Father counts it dangerous
That ſhe doth giue her ſorrow ſo much ſway:
And in his wiſedome,haſts our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her teares,
Which too much minded by her ſelfe alone,
May be put from her by ſocietie.
Now doe you know the reaſon of this haſt?
Fri. I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd.
Looke ſir,here comes the Lady towards my Cell.
Enter Iuliet.
Par. Happily met,my Lady and my wife.
Iul. That may be ſir,when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be,muſt be Loue,on Thurſday next.
Iul. What muſt be ſhall be.
Fri. That's a certaine text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this Father?
Iul. To anſwere that,I ſhould confeſſe to you.
Par. Do not denie to him,that you Loue me.
Iul. I will confeſſe to you that I Loue him.
Par. So will ye,I am ſure that you Loue me.
Iul. If I do ſo,it will be of more price,
Being ſpoke behind your backe,then to your face.
Par. Poore ſoule,thy face is much abus'd with teares.
Iuli. The

Iul. The teares haue got ſmall victorie by that:
For it was bad inough before their ſpight.
Pa. Thou wrong'ſt it more then teares with that report.
Iul. That is no ſlaunder ſir,which is a truth,
And what I ſpake,I ſpake it to thy face.
Par. Thy face is mine,and thou haſt ſlaundred it.
Iul. It may be ſo,for it is not mine owne.
Are you at leiſure,Holy Father now,
Or ſhall I come to you at euening Maſſe?
Fri. My leiſure ſerues me penſiue daughter now.
My Lord you muſt intreat the time alone.
Par. Godſheild: I ſhould diſturbe Deuotion,
Iuliet,on Thurſday early will I rowſe yee,
Till then adue,and keepe this holy kiſſe. *Exit Paris.*
Iul. O ſhut the doore,and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weepe with me,paſt hope,paſt care,paſt helpe.
Fri. O *Iuliet*,I alreadie know thy griefe,
It ſtreames me paſt the compaſſe of my wits:
I heare thou muſt and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thurſday next be married to this Countie.
Iul. Tell me not Frier that thou heareſt of this,
Vnleſſe thou tell me how I may preuent it:
If in thy wiſedome,thou canſt giue no helpe,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with' his knife,Ile helpe it preſently.
God ioyn'd my heart,and *Romeos*,thou our hands,
And ere this hand by thee to *Romeo* ſeal'd:
Shall be the Labell to another Deede,
Or my true heart with trecherous reuolt,
Turne to another,this ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore out of thy long experien'ſt time,
Giue me ſome preſent counſell,or behold
Twixt my extreames and me,this bloody knife
Shall play the vmpeere,arbitrating that,
Which the commiſſion of thy yeares and art,
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring:
Be not ſo long to ſpeak,I long to die,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt,ſpeake not of remedy.
Fri. Hold Daughter,I doe ſpie a kind of hope,
Which craues as deſperate an execution,
As that is deſperate which we would preuent.
If rather then to marrie Countie *Paris*
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſlay thy ſelfe,
Then is it likely thou wilt vndertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That coap'ſt with death himſelfe,to ſcape fro it:
And if thou dar'ſt,Ile giue thee remedie.
Iul. Oh bid me leape,rather then marrie *Paris*,
From of the Battlements of any Tower,
Or walke in theeuiſh waies,or bid me lurke
Where Serpents are: chaine me with roaring Beares
Or hide me nightly in a Charnell houſe,
Orecouered quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reckie ſhankes and yellow chappels ſculls:
Or bid me go into a new made graue,
And hide me with a dead man in his graue,
Things that to heare them told,haue made me tremble,
And I will doe it without feare or doubt,
To liue an vnſtained wife to my ſweet Loue.
Fri. Hold then: goe home,be merrie,giue conſent,
To marrie *Paris*: wenſday is to morrow,
To morrow night looke that thou lie alone,
Let not thy Nurſe lie with thee in thy Chamber:
Take thou this Viall being then in bed,
And this diſtilling liquor drinke thou off,
When preſently through all thy veines ſhall run,
A cold and drowſie humour: for no pulſe
Shall keepe his natiue progreſſe,but ſurceaſe:
No warmth,no breath ſhall teſtifie thou liueſt,
The Roſes in thy lips and cheekes ſhall fade
To many aſhes,the eyes windowes fall
Like death when he ſhut vp the day of life:
Each part depriu'd of ſupple gouernment,
Shall ſtiffe and ſtarke,and cold appeare like death,
And in this borrowed likeneſſe of ſhrunke death
Thou ſhalt continue two and forty houres,
And then awake,as from a pleaſant ſleepe.
Now when the Bridegroome in the morning comes,
To rowſe thee from thy bed,there art thou dead:
Then as the manner of our country is,
In thy beſt Robes vncouer'd on the Beere,
Be borne to buriall in thy kindreds graue:
Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lie,
In the meane time againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my Letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come,and that very night
Shall *Romeo* beare thee hence to *Mantua*.
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame,
If no inconſtant toy nor womaniſh feare,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Iul. Giue me,giue me,O tell not me of feare.
Fri. Hold get you gone,be ſtrong and proſperous:
In this reſolue,Ile ſend a Frier with ſpeed
To *Mantua* with my Letters to thy Lord.
Iu. Loue giue me ſtrength,
And ſtrength ſhall helpe afford:
Farewell deare father. *Exit*

Enter Father Capulet, Mother, Nurſe, and
Seruing men,two or three.

Cap. So many gueſts inuite as here are writ,
Sirrah,go hire me twenty cunning Cookes.
Ser. You ſhall haue none ill ſir, for Ile trie if they can licke their fingers.
Cap. How canſt thou trie them ſo?
Ser. Marrie ſir, 'tis an ill Cooke that cannot licke his owne fingers: therefore he that cannot licke his fingers goes not with me.
Cap. Go be gone,we ſhall be much vnfurniſht for this time: what is my Daughter gone to Frier *Lawrence*?
Nur. I forſooth.
Cap. Well he may chance to do ſome good on her,
A peeuiſh ſelfe-wild harlotry it is.
Enter Iuliet.
Nur. See where ſhe comes from ſhrift
With merrie looke.
Cap. How now my headſtrong,
Where haue you bin gadding?
Iul. Where I haue learnt me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition:
To you and your beheſts,and am enioyn'd
By holy *Lawrence*,to fall proſtrate here,
To beg your pardon:pardon I beſeech you,
Henceforward I am euer rul'd by you.
Cap. Send for the Countie,goe tell him of this,
Ile haue this knot knit vp to morrow morning.
Iul. I met the youthfull Lord at *Lawrence* Cell,
And gaue him what becomed Loue I might,
Not ſtepping ore the bounds of modeſtie.
Cap. Why I am glad on't,this is well,ſtand vp,
This

This is as't ſhould be,let me ſee the County:
I marrie go I ſay,and fetch him hither.
Now afore God,this reueren'd holy Frier,
All our whole Cittie is much bound to him.
Iul. Nurſe will you goe with me into my Cloſet,
To helpe me ſort ſuch needfull ornaments,
As you thinke fit to furniſh me to morrow?
Mo. No not till Thurſday,there's time inough.
Fa. Go Nurſe,go with her,
Weele to Church to morrow.
Exeunt Iuliet and Nurſe.
Mo. We ſhall be ſhort in our prouiſion,
'Tis now neere night.
Fa. Tuſh,I will ſtirre about,
And all things ſhall be well,I warrant thee wife:
Go thou to *Iuliet*,helpe to decke vp her,
Ile not to bed to night,let me alone:
Ile play the huſwife for this once. What ho?
They are all forth,well I will walke my ſelfe
To Countie *Paris*,to prepare him vp
Againſt to morrow,my heart is wondrous light,
Since this ſame way-ward Gyrle is ſo reclaim'd.
Exeunt Father and Mother.

Enter Iuliet and Nurſe.

Iul. I thoſe attires are beſt,but gentle Nurſe
I pray thee leaue me to my ſelfe to night:
For I haue need of many Oryſons,
To moue the heauens to ſmile vpon my ſtate,
Which well thou know'ſt,is croſſe and full of ſin.
Enter Mother.
Mo. What are you buſie ho?need you my help?
Iul. No Madam,we haue cul'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoouefull for our ſtate to morrow:
So pleaſe you,let me now be left alone;
And let the Nurſe this night ſit vp with you,
For I am ſure,you haue your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſſe.
Mo. Goodnight.
Get thee to bed and reſt,for thou haſt need. *Exeunt.*
Iul. Farewell:
God knowes when we ſhall meete againe.
I haue a faint cold feare thrills through my veines,
That almoſt freezes vp the heate of fire:
Ile call them backe againe to comfort me.
Nurſe, what ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmall Sceane,I needs muſt act alone:
Come Viall,what if this mixture do not worke at all?
Shall I be married then to morrow morning?
No,no, this ſhall forbid it. Lie thou there,
What if it be a poyſon which the Frier
Subtilly hath miniſtred to haue me dead,
Leaſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo*?
I feare it is,and yet me thinkes it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill beene tried a holy man.
How,if when I am laid into the Tombe,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Come to redeeme me? There's a fearefull point:
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the Vault?
To whoſe foule mouth no healthſome ayre breaths in,
And there die ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* comes.
Or if I liue,is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a Vaulte,an ancient receptacle,
Where for theſe many hundred yeeres the bones
Of all my buried Aunceſtors are packt,
Where bloody *Tybalt*,yet but greene in earth,
Lies feſtring in his ſhrow'd,where as they ſay,
At ſome houres in the night,Spirits reſort:
Alacke,alacke,is it not like that I
So early waking,what with loathſome ſmels,
And ſhrikes like Mandrakes torne out of the earth,
That liuing mortalls hearing them,run mad.
O if I walke,ſhall I not be diſtraught,
Inuironed with all theſe hidious feares,
And madly play with my forefathers ioynts?
And plucke the mangled *Tybalt* from his ſhrow'd?
And in this rage,with ſome great kinſmans bone,
As (with a club) daſh out my deſperate braines.
O looke,me thinks I ſee my Cozins Ghoſt,
Seeking out *Romeo* that did ſpit his body
Vpon my Rapiers point: ſtay *Tybalt*,ſtay;
Romeo,*Romeo*,*Romeo*,here's drinke: I drinke to thee.

Enter Lady of the houſe,and Nurſe.

Lady. Hold,
Take theſe keies,and fetch more ſpices Nurſe,
Nur. They call for Dates and Quinces in the Paſtrie.
Enter old Capulet.
Cap. Come,ſtir,ſtir,ſtir,
The ſecond Cocke hath Crow'd,
The Curphew Bell hath rung,'tis three a clocke:
Looke to the bakte meates,good *Angelica*,
Spare not for coſt.
Nur. Go you Cot-queane,go,
Get you to bed,faith youle be ſicke to morrow
For this nights watching.
Cap. No not a whit:what? I haue watcht ere now
All night for leſſe cauſe,and nere beene ſicke.
La. I you haue bin a Mouſe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you from ſuch watching now.
Exit Lady and Nurſe.
Cap. A iealous hood,a iealous hood,
Now fellow,what there?
Enter three or foure with ſpits,and logs,and baskets.
Fel. Things for the Cooke ſir,but I know not what.
Cap. Make haſt,make haſt,ſirrah,fetch drier Logs.
Call *Peter*,he will ſhew thee where they are.
Fel. I haue a head ſir,that will find out logs,
And neuer trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Cap. Maſſe and well ſaid,a merrie horſon,ha,
Thou ſhalt be loggerhead; good Father,'tis day.
Play Muſicke
The Countie will be here with Muſicke ſtraight,
For ſo he ſaid he would,I heare him neere,
Nurſe,wife,what ho?what Nurſe I ſay?
Enter Nurſe.
Go waken *Iuliet*,go and trim her vp,
Ile go and chat with *Paris*:hie,make haſt,
Make haſt,the Bridegroome,he is come already:
Make haſt I ſay.
Nur. Miſtris,what Miſtris? *Iuliet*? Faſt I warrant her ſhe.
Why Lambe,why Lady,fie you ſluggabed,
Why Loue I ſay?Madam,ſweet heart:why Bride?
What not a word? You take your peniworths now.
Sleepe for a weeke,for the next night I warrant
The Countie *Paris* hath ſet vp his reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little,God forgiue me:
Marrie and Amen: how ſound is ſhe a ſleepe?

I muſt needs wake her: Madam,Madam,Madam,
I,let the Countie take you in your bed,
Heele fright you vp yfaith. Will it not be?
What dreſt,and in your clothes,and downe againe?
I muſt needs wake you: Lady,Lady,Lady?
Alas,alas,helpe,helpe,my Ladyes dead,
Oh weladay,that euer I was borne,
Some Aqua-vitæ ho,my Lord,my Lady?
Mo. What noiſe is heere? *Enter Mother.*
Nur. O lamentable day.
Mo. What is the matter?
Nur. Looke,looke,oh heauie day.
Mo. O me,O me,my Child,my onely life:
Reuiue,looke vp,or I will die with thee:
Helpe,helpe,call helpe.
Enter Father.
Fa. For ſhame bring *Iuliet* forth,her Lord is come.
Nur. Shee's dead:deceaſt,ſhee's dead:alacke the day.
M. Alacke the day,ſhee's dead,ſhee's dead,ſhee's dead.
Fa. Ha? Let me ſee her:out alas ſhee's cold,
Her blood is ſetled and her ioynts are ſtiffe:
Life and theſe lips haue long bene ſeperated:
Death lies on her like an vntimely froſt
Vpon the ſweeteſt flower of all the field.
Nur. O Lamentable day!
Mo. O wofull time.
Fa. Death that hath tane her hence to make me waile,
Ties vp my tongue, and will not let me ſpeake.
Enter Frier and the Countie.
Fri. Come,is the Bride ready to go to Church?
Fa. Ready to go,but neuer to returne.
O Sonne,the night before thy wedding day,
Hath death laine with thy wife: there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was,deflowred by him.
Death is my Sonne in law,death is my Heire,
My Daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leaue him all life liuing,all is deaths.
Pa. Haue I thought long to ſee this mornings face,
And doth it giue me ſuch a ſight as this?
Mo. Accur'ſt,vnhappie,wretched hatefull day,
Moſt miſerable houre,that ere time ſaw
In laſting labour of his Pilgrimage.
But one,poore one,one poore and louing Child,
But one thing to reioyce and ſolace in,
And cruell death hath catcht it from my ſight.
Nur. O wo,O wofull,wofull,wofull day,
Moſt lamentable day,moſt wofull day,
That euer,euer,I did yet behold.
O day,O day,O day,O hatefull day,
Neuer was ſeene ſo blacke a day as this:
O wofull day,O wofull day.
Pa. Beguild,diuorced,wronged,ſpighted,ſlaine,
Moſt deteſtable death by thee beguil'd,
By cruell,cruell thee,quite ouerthrowne:
O loue,O life;not life,but loue in death.
Fat. Deſpis'd,diſtreſſed,hated,martir'd,kil'd,
Vncomfortable time,why cam'ſt thou now
To murther, murther our ſolemnitie?
O Child,O Child;my ſoule,and not my Child,
Dead art thou,alacke my Child is dead,
And with my Child,my ioyes are buried.
Fri. Peace ho for ſhame,confuſions: Care liues not
In theſe confuſions,heauen and your ſelfe
Had part in this faire Maid,now heauen hath all,
And all the better is it for the Maid:
Your part in her,you could not keepe from death,
But heauen keepes his part in eternall life:
The moſt you ſought was her promotion,
For 'twas your heauen,ſhe ſhouldſt be aduan'ſt,
And weepe ye now,ſeeing ſhe is aduan'ſt
Aboue the Cloudes,as high as Heauen it ſelfe?
O in this loue,you loue your Child ſo ill,
That you run mad,ſeeing that ſhe is well:
Shee's not well married,that liues married long,
But ſhee's beſt married,that dies married yong.
Drie vp your teares,and ſticke your Roſemarie
On this faire Coarſe,and as the cuſtome is,
And in her beſt array beare her to Church:
For though ſome Nature bids all vs lament,
Yet Natures teares are Reaſons merriment.
Fa. All things that we ordained Feſtiuall,
Turne from their office to blacke Funerall:
Our inſtruments to melancholy Bells,
Our wedding cheare,to a ſad buriall Feaſt:
Our ſolemne Hymnes,to ſullen Dyrges change:
Our Bridall flowers ſerue for a buried Coarſe:
And all things change them to the contrarie.
Fri. Sir go you in;and Madam,go with him,
And go ſir *Paris*,euery one prepare
To follow this faire Coarſe vnto her graue:
The heauens do lowre vpon you,for ſome ill:
Moue them no more,by croſſing their high will. *Exeunt*
Mu. Faith we may put vp our Pipes and be gone.
Nur. Honeſt goodfellowes: Ah put vp,put vp,
For well you know,this is a pitifull caſe.
Mu. I by my troth,the caſe may be amended.
Enter Peter.
Pet. Muſitions,oh Muſitions,
Hearts eaſe,hearts eaſe,
O,and you will haue me liue,play hearts eaſe.
Mu. Why hearts eaſe;
Pet. O Muſitions,
Becauſe my heart it ſelfe plaies,my heart is full.
Mu. Not a dump we,'tis no time to play now.
Pet. You will not then?
Mu. No.
Pet. I will then giue it you ſoundly.
Mu. What will you giue vs?
Pet. No money on my faith,but the gleeke.
I will giue you the Minſtrell.
Mu. Then will I giue you the Seruing creature.
Peter. Then will I lay the ſeruing Creatures Dagger on your pate.I will carie no Crochets,Ile Re you,Ile Fa you,do you note me?
Mu And you Re vs,and Fa vs,you Note vs.
2.M. Pray you put vp your Dagger,
And put out your wit,
Then haue at you with my wit.
Peter. I will drie-beate you with an yron wit,
And put vp my yron Dagger.
Anſwere me like men:
When griping griefes the heart doth wound, then Muſicke with her ſiluer ſound.
Why ſiluer ſound? why Muſicke with her ſiluer ſound?
what ſay you *Simon Catling*?
Mu. Mary ſir,becauſe ſiluer hath a ſweet ſound.
Pet. Prateſt,what ſay you *Hugh Rebicke*?
2.M. I ſay ſiluer ſound,becauſe Muſitions ſound for ſiluer.
Pet. Prateſt to,what ſay you *Iames Sound-Poſt*?
3.Mu. Faith I know not what to ſay.
Pet. O I cry you mercy,you are the Singer.
I will ſay for you;it is Muſicke with her ſiluer ſound,

Becauſe Muſitions haue no gold for ſounding:
Then Muſicke with her ſiluer ſound, with ſpeedy helpe
doth lend redreſſe. *Exit.*
Mu. What a peſtilent knaue is this ſame?
M.2. Hang him Iacke, come weele in here, tarrie for
the Mourners,and ſtay dinner. *Exit.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleepe,
My dreames preſage ſome ioyfull newes at hand:
My boſomes L. ſits lightly in his throne:
And all thiſan day an vccuſtom'd ſpirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke,)
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reuiu'd and was an Emperour.
Ah me,how ſweet is loue it ſelfe poſſeſt,
When but loues ſhadowes are ſo rich in ioy.

Enter Romeo's man.

Newes from *Verona*,how now *Balthazer*?
Doſt thou not bring me Letters from the Frier?
How doth my Lady? Is my Father well?
How doth my Lady *Iuliet*? that I aske againe,
For nothing can be ill,if ſhe be well.
Man. Then ſhe is well,and nothing can be ill.
Her body ſleepes in *Capels* Monument,
And her immortall part with Angels liue,
I ſaw her laid low in her kindreds Vault,
And preſently tooke Poſte to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill newes,
Since you did leaue it for my office Sir.
Rom. Is it euen ſo?
Then I denie you Starres.
Thou knoweſt my lodging,get me inke and paper,
And hire Poſt-Horſes,I will hence to night.
Man. I do beſeech you ſir,haue patience:
Your lookes are pale and wild,and do import
Some miſaduenture.
Rom. Tuſh,thou art deceiu'd,
Leaue me,and do the thing I bid thee do.
Haſt thou no Letters to me from the Frier?
Man. No my good Lord. *Exit Man.*
Rom. Mo matter: Get thee gone,
And hyre thoſe Horſes,Ile be with thee ſtraight.
Well *Iuliet*,I will lie with thee to night:
Lets ſee for meanes: O miſchiefe thou art ſwift,
To enter in the thoughts of deſperate men:
I do remember an Appothecarie,
And here abouts dwells,which late I noted
In tattred weeds,with ouerwhelming browes,
Culling of Simples,meager were his lookes,
Sharpe miſerie had worne him to the bones:
And in his needie ſhop a Tortoyrs hung,
An Allegater ſtuft,and other skins
Of ill ſhap'd fiſhes,and about his ſhelues,
A beggerly account of emptie boxes,
Greene earthen pots,Bladders, and muſtie ſeedes,
Remnants of packthred,and old cakes of Roſes
Were thinly ſcattered,to make vp a ſhew.
Noting this penury,to my ſelfe I ſaid,
An if a man did need a poyſon now,
Whoſe ſale is perſent death in *Mantua*,
Here liues a Caitiffe wretch would ſell it him.
O this ſame thought did but fore-run my need,
And this ſame needie man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember,this ſhould be the houſe,
Being holy day,the beggers ſhop is ſhut.
What ho? Appothecarie?

Enter Appothecarie.

App. Who call's ſo low'd?
Rom. Come hither man, I ſee that thou art poore,
Hold,there is fortie Duckets,let me haue
A dram of poyſon,ſuch ſoone ſpeeding geare,
As will diſperſe it ſelfe through all the veines,
That the life-wearie-taker may fall dead,
And that the Trunke may be diſcharg'd of breath,
As violently,as haſtie powder fier'd
Doth hurry from the fatall Canons wombe.
App. Such mortall drugs I haue,but *Mantuas* law
Is death to any he, that vtters them.
Rom. Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchedneſſe,
And fear'ſt to die? Famine is in thy cheekes,
Need and opreſſion ſtarueth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggery hangs vpon thy backe;
The world is not thy friend,nor the worlds law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich.
Then be not poore,but breake it,and take this.
App. My pouerty,but not my will conſents.
Rom. I pray thy pouerty,and not thy will.
App. Put this in any liquid thing you will
And drinke it off,and if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men,it would diſpatch you ſtraight.
Rom. There's thy Gold,
Worſe poyſon to mens ſoules,
Doing more murther in this loathſome world,
Then theſe poore compounds that thou maieſt not ſell.
I ſell thee poyſon,thou haſt ſold me none,
Farewell,buy food,and get thy ſelfe in fleſh.
Come Cordiall,and not poyſon,go with me
To *Iuliets* graue,for there muſt I vſe thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frier Iohn to Frier Lawrence.

Iohn. Holy *Franciſcan* Frier,Brother,ho?

Enter Frier Lawrence.

Law. This ſame ſhould be the voice of Frier *Iohn*.
Welcome from *Mantua*,what ſayes *Romeo*?
Or if his mind be writ,giue me his Letter.
Iohn. Going to find a bare-foote Brother out,
One of our order to aſſociate me,
Here in this Citie viſiting the ſick,
And finding him,the Searchers of the Towne
Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe
Where the infectious peſtilence did raigne,
Seal'd vp the doores,and would not let vs forth,
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtaid.
Law. Who bare my Letter then to *Romeo*?
Iohn. I could not ſend it,here it is againe,
Nor get a meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearefull were they of infection.
Law. Vnhappie Fortune: by my Brotherhood
The Letter was not nice,but full of charge,
Of deare import,and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Frier *Iohn* go hence,
Get me an Iron Crow,and bring it ſtraight
Vnto my Cell. *Exit.*
Iohn. Brother Ile go and bring it thee.
Law. Now muſt I to the Monument alone,
Within this three houres will faire *Iuliet* wake,
Shee will beſhrew me much that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write againe to *Mantua*,

And keepe her at my Cell till *Romeo* come,
Poore liuing Coarſe,clos'd in a dead mans Tombe, *Exit.*

Enter Paris and his Page.

Par. Giue me thy Torch Boy,hence and ſtand aloft,
Yet put it out,for I would not be ſeene:
Vnder yond young Trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy eare cloſe to the hollow ground,
So ſhall no foot vpon the Churchyard tread,
Being looſe,vnfirme with digging vp of Graues,
But thou ſhalt heare it: whiſtle then to me,
As ſignall that thou heareſt ſome thing approach,
Giue me thoſe flowers. Do as I bid thee,go.
Page. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the Churchyard,yet I will aduenture.
Pa. Sweet Flower with flowers thy Bridall bed I ſtrew:
O woe,thy Canopie is duſt and ſtones,
Which with ſweet water nightly I will dewe,
Or wanting that,with teares deſtil'd by mones;
The obſequies that I for thee will keepe,
Nightly ſhall be,to ſtrew thy graue, and weepe.
Whiſtle Boy.
The Boy giues warning,ſomething doth approach,
What curſed foot wanders this wayes to night,
To croſſe my obſequies,and true loues right?
What with a Torch? Muffle me night a while.

Enter Romeo,and Peter.

Rom. Giue me that Mattocke,& the wrenching Iron,
Hold take this Letter,early in the morning
See thou deliuer it to my Lord and Father,
Giue me the light; vpon thy life I charge thee,
What ere thou hear'ſt or ſeeſt,ſtand all aloofe,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my Ladies face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger,
A precious Ring: a Ring that I muſt vſe,
In deare employment,therefore hence be gone:
But if thou iealous doſt returne to prie
In what I further ſhall intend to do,
By heauen I will teare thee ioynt by ioynt,
And ſtrew this hungry Churchyard with thy limbs:
The time,and my intents are ſauage wilde:
More fierce and more inexorable farre,
Then emptie Tygers,or the roaring Sea.
Pet. I will be gone ſir,and not trouble you
Ro. So ſhalt thou ſhew me friendſhip: take thou that,
Liue and be proſperous,and farewell good fellow.
Pet. For all this ſame,Ile hide me here about,
His lookes I feare,and his intents I doubt.
Rom. Thou deteſtable mawe,thou wombe of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſell of the earth:
Thus I enforce thy rotten Iawes to open,
And in deſpight,Ile cram thee with more food.
Par. This is that baniſht haughtie *Mountague*,
That murdred my Loues Cozin; with which griefe,
It is ſuppoſed the faire Creature died,
And here is come to do ſome villanous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle,vile *Mountague*:
Can vengeance be purſued further then death?
Condemned vallaine,I do apprehend thee.
Obey and go with me,for thou muſt die,
Rom. I muſt indeed,and therfore came I hither:
Good gentle youth,tempt not a deſperate man,
Flie hence and leaue me,thinke vpon thoſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee Youth,
Put not an other ſin vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie. O be gone,
By heauen I loue thee better then my ſelfe,
For I come hither arm'd againſt my ſelfe:
Stay not,be gone,liue,and hereafter ſay,
A mad mans mercy bid thee run away.
Par. I do defie thy commiſſeration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.
Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? Then haue at thee Boy.
Pet. O Lord they fight,I will go call the Watch.
Pa. O I am ſlaine,if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe,lay me with *Iuliet*.
Rom. In faith I will,let me peruſe this face:
Mercutius kinſman,Noble Countie *Paris*,
What ſaid my man,when my betoſſed ſoule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* ſhould haue married *Iuliet*.
Said he not ſo? Or did I dreame it ſo?
Or am I mad,hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was ſo? O giue me thy hand,
One,writ with me in ſowre misfortunes booke.
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue.
A Graue; O no,a Lanthorne; ſlaughtred Youth:
For here lies *Iuliet*,and her beautie makes
This Vault a feaſting preſence full of light.
Death lie thou there,by a dead man inter'd.
How oft when men are at the point of death,
Haue they beene merrie? Which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? Oh how may I
Call this a lightning? O my Loue,my Wife,
Death that hath ſuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy Beautie:
Thou are not conquer'd: Beauties enſigne yet
Is Crymſon in thy lips,and in thy cheekes,
And Deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tybalt,ly'ſt thou there in thy bloudy ſheet?
O what more fauour can I do to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To ſunder his that was thy enemie?
Forgiue me Cozen. Ah deare *Iuliet*:
Why art thou yet ſo faire? I will beleeue,
Shall I beleeue,that vnſubſtantiall death is amorous?
And that the leane abhorred Monſter keepes
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
For feare of that,I ſtill will ſtay with thee,
And neuer from this Pallace of dym night
Depart againe: come lie thou in my armes,
Heere's to thy health,where ere thou tumbleſt in.
O true Appothecarie!
Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiſſe I die.
Depart againe; here,here will I remaine,
With Wormes that are thy Chambermaides: O here
Will I ſet vp my euerlaſting reſt:
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtarres
From this world-wearied fleſh: Eyes looke your laſt:
Armes take your laſt embrace: And lips,O you
The doores of breath,ſeale with a righteous kiſſe
A dateleſſe bargaine to ingroſſing death:
Come bitter conduct,come vnſauoury guide,
Thou deſperate Pilot,now at once run on
The daſhing Rocks,thy Sea-ſicke wearie Barke:
Heere's to my Loue. O true Appothecary:

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiſſe I die.
Enter Frier with Lanthorne, Crow, and Spade.
Fri. St. Francis be my ſpeed, how oft to night
Haue my old feet ſtumbled at graues? Who's there?
Man. Here's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well.
Fri. Bliſſe be vpon you. Tell me good my Friend
What Torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs, and eyeleſſe Sculles? As I diſcerne,
It burneth in the *Capels* Monument.
Man. It doth ſo holy ſir,
And there's my Maſter, one that you loue.
Fri. Who is it?
Man. Romeo.
Fri. How long hath he bin there?
Man. Full halfe an houre.
Fri. Go with me to the Vault.
Man. I dare not Sir.
My Maſter knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to looke on his entents.
Fri. Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comes vpon me.
O much I feare ſome ill vnluckie thing.
Man. As I did ſleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreamt my maiſter and another fought,
And that my Maiſter ſlew him.
Fri. Romeo.
Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which ſtaines
The ſtony entrance of this Sepulcher?
What meane theſe Maſterleſſe, and goarie Swords
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who elſe? what *Paris* too?
And ſteept in blood? Ah what an vn knd houre
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady ſtirs.
Iul. O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord?
I do remember well where I ſhould be:
And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?
Fri. I heare ſome noyſe Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and vnnaturall ſleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy boſome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too: come Ile diſpoſe of thee,
Among a Siſterhood of holy Nunnes:
Stay not to queſtion, for the watch is comming.
Come, go good *Iuliet*, I dare no longer ſtay. *Exit.*
Iul. Go get thee hence, for I will not vaway,
What's here? A cup clos'd in my true loues hand?
Poyſon I ſee hath bin his timeleſſe end
O churle, drinke all? and left no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will kiſſe thy lips,
Happlie ſome poyſon yet doth hang on them,
To make me die wth a reſtoratiue.
Thy lips are warme.
Enter Boy and Watch.
Watch. Lead Boy, which way?
Iul. Yea noiſe?
Then ile be briefe. O happy Dagger.
'Tis in thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me die *Kils herſelfe.*
Boy. This is the place,
There where the Torch doth burne
Watch. The ground is bloody,
Search about the Churchyard.
Go ſome of you, who ere you find attach.
Pittifull ſight, here lies the Countie ſlaine,
And *Iuliet* bleeding, warme and newly dead
Who here hath laine theſe two dayes buried.
Go tell the Prince, runne to the *Capulets*,
Raiſe vp the *Mountagues*, ſome others ſearch,
We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes do lye,
But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes,
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.
Enter Romeo's man.
Watch. Here's *Romeo's* man,
We found him in the Churchyard.
Con. Hold him in ſafety, till the Prince come hither.
Enter Frier, and another Watchman.
3. Wat. Here is a Frier that trembles, ſighes, and weepes
We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yard ſide.
Con. A great ſuſpition, ſtay the Frier too.
Enter the Prince.
Prin. What miſaduenture is ſo earely vp,
That calls our perſon from our mornings reſt?

Enter Capulet and his Wife.
Cap. What ſhould it be that they ſo ſhrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the ſtreete crie *Romeo*.
Some *Iuliet*, and ſome *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry toward out Monument.
Pri. What feare is this which ſtartles in your eares?
Wat. Soueraigne, here lies the Countie *Paris* ſlaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warme and new kil'd.
Prin. Search,
Seeke, and know how, this foule murder comes.
Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd *Romeos* man,
With Inſtruments vpon them fit to open
Theſe dead mens Tombes.
Cap. O heauen!
O wife looke how our Daughter bleedes!
This Dagger hath miſtaine, for loe his houſe
Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is miſheathed in my Daughters boſome.
Wife. O me, this ſight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.
Enter Mountague.
Pri. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To ſee thy Sonne and Heire, now early downe.
Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath ſtopt her breath:
What further woe conſpires againſt my age?
Prin. Looke: and thou ſhalt ſee.
Moun. O thou vntaught, what manners in is this,
To preſſe before thy Father to a graue?
Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare theſe ambiguities,
And know their ſpring, their head, their true deſcent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And lead you euen to death? meane time forbeare,
And let miſchance be ſlaue to patience,
Bring forth the parties of ſuſpition.
Fri. I am the greateſt, able to doe leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected as the time and place
Doth make againſt me of this direfull murther:
And heere I ſtand both to impeach and purge
My ſelfe condemned, and my ſelfe excus'd.
Prin. Then ſay at once, what thou doſt know in this?
Fri. I will be briefe, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And ſhe there dead, that's *Romeos* faithfull wife:

I married them; and their ſtolne marriage day
Was *Tybalts* Doomeſday: whoſe vntimely death
Baniſh'd the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie:
For whom (and not for *Tybalt*) *Iuliet* pinde.
You, to remoue that ſiege of Greefe from her,
Betroth'd, and would haue married her perforce
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And (with wilde lookes) bid me deuiſe ſome meanes
To rid her from this ſecond Marriage,
Or in my Cell there would ſhe kill her ſelfe.
Then gaue I her (ſo Tutor'd by my Art)
A ſleeping Potion, which ſo tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to *Romeo*,
That he ſhould hither come, as this dyre night,
To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the Potions force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my Letter, Frier *Iohn*,
Was ſtay'd by accident; and yeſternight
Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,
At the prefixed houre of her waking,
Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,
Meaning to keepe her cloſely at my Cell,
Till I conueniently could ſend to *Romeo*.
But when I came (ſome Minute ere the time
Of her awaking) heere vntimely lay
The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
Shee wakes, and I intreated her come foorth,
And beare this worke of Heauen, with patience:
But then, a noyſe did ſcarre me from the Tombe,
And ſhe (too deſperate) would not go with me,
But (as it ſeemes) did violence on her ſelfe.
All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurſe is priuy:
And if ought in this miſcarried by my fault,
Let my old life be ſacrific'd, ſome houre before the time,
Vnto the rigour of ſeuereſt Law.
Prin. We ſtill haue knowne thee for a Holy man.
Where's *Romeo's* man? What can he ſay to this?
Boy. I brought my Maſter newes of *Iuliets* death,
And then in poſte he came from *Mantua*
To this ſame place, to this ſame Monument.
This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,
And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.
Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will look on it.
Where is the Counties Page that rais'd the Watch?
Sirra, what made your Maſter in this place?
Page. He came with flowres to ſtrew his Ladies graue,
And bid me ſtand aloofe, and ſo I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,
And by and by my Maiſter drew on him,
And then I ran away to call the Watch.
Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,
Their courſe of Loue, the tydings of her death:
And heere he writes, that he did buy a poyſon
Of a poore Pothecarie, and therewithall
Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with *Iuliet*.
Where be theſe Enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague*,
See what a ſcourge is laide vpon your hate,
That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with Loue;
And I, for winking at your diſcords too,
Haue loſt a brace of Kinſmen: All are puniſh'd.
Cap. O Brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,
This is my Daughters ioynture, for no more
Can I demand.
Moun. But I can giue thee more:
For I will raiſe her Statue in pure Gold,
That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,
There ſhall no figure at that Rate be ſet,
As that of True and Faithfull *Iuliet*.
Cap. As rich ſhall *Romeo* by his Lady ly,
Poore ſacrifices of our enmity.
Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,
The Sunne for ſorrow will not ſhew his head;
Go hence, to haue more talke of theſe ſad things,
Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed.
For neuer was a Storie of more Wo,
Then this of *Iuliet*, and her *Romeo*. *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.

THE LIFE OF TYMON OF ATHENS.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Poet, Painter, Ieweller, Merchant, and Mercer, at ſeuerall doores.

Poet.

GOod day Sir.
Pain. I am glad y'are well.
Poet. I haue not ſeene you long, how goes the World?
Pain. It weares ſir, as it growes.
Poet. I that's well knowne:
But what particular Rarity? What ſtrange,
Which manifold record not matches: ſee
Magicke of Bounty, all theſe ſpirits thy power
Hath coniur'd to attend.
I know the Merchant.
Pain. I know them both: th'others a Ieweller.
Mer. O 'tis a worthy Lord.
Iew. Nay that's moſt fixt.
Mer. A moſt incomparable man, breath'd as it were,
To an vntyreable and continuate goodneſſe:
He paſſes.
Iew. I haue a Iewell heere.
Mer. O pray let's ſee't. For the Lord *Timon*, ſir?
Iewel. If he will touch the eſtimate. But for that——
Poet. When we for recompence haue prais'd the vild,
It ſtaines the glory in that happy Verſe,
Which aptly ſings the good.
Mer. 'Tis a good forme.
Iewel. And rich: heere is a Water looke ye.
Pain. You are rapt ſir, in ſome worke, ſome Dedication to the great Lord.
Poet. A thing ſlipt idlely from me.
Our Poeſie is as a Gowne, which vſes
From whence 'tis nouriſht: the fire i'th'Flint
Shewes not, till it be ſtrooke: our gentle flame
Prouokes it ſelfe, and like the currant flyes
Each bound it chaſes. What haue you there?
Pain. A Picture ſir: when comes your Booke forth?
Poet. Vpon the heeles of my preſentment ſir.
Let's ſee your peece.
Pain. 'Tis a good Peece.
Poet. So 'tis, this comes off well, and excellent.
Pain. Indifferent.
Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speakes his owne ſtanding: what a mentall power
This eye ſhootes forth? How bigge imagination
Moues in this Lip, to th'dumbneſſe of the geſture,
One might interpret.
Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Heere is a touch: Is't good?
Poet. I will ſay of it,
It Tutors Nature, Artificiall ſtrife
Liues in theſe toutches, liuelier then life.

Enter certaine Senators.

Pain. How this Lord is followed.
Poet. The Senators of Athens, happy men.
Pain. Looke moe.
Po. You ſee this confluence, this great flood of viſitors,
I haue in this rough worke, ſhap'd out a man
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hugge
With ampleſt entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moues it ſelfe
In a wide Sea of wax, no leuell'd malice
Infects one comma in the courſe I hold,
But flies an Eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leauing no Tract behinde.
Pain. How ſhall I vnderſtand you?
Poet. I will vnboult to you.
You ſee how all Conditions, how all Mindes,
As well of glib and ſlipp'ry Creatures, as
Of Graue and auſtere qualitie, tender downe
Their ſeruices to Lord *Timon*: his large Fortune,
Vpon his good and gracious Nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his loue and tendance
All ſorts of hearts; yea, from the glaſſe-fac'd Flatterer
To *Apemantus*, that few things loues better
Then to abhorre himſelfe; euen hee drops downe
The knee before him, and returnes in peace
Moſt rich in *Timons* nod.
Pain. I ſaw them ſpeake together.
Poet. Sir, I haue vpon a high and pleaſant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd.
The Baſe o'th'Mount
Is rank'd with all deſerts, all kinde of Natures
That labour on the boſome of this Sphere,
To propagate their ſtates; among'ſt them all,
Whoſe eyes are on this Soueraigne Lady fixt,
One do I perſonate of Lord *Timons* frame,
Whom Fortune with her Iuory hand wafts to her,
Whoſe preſent grace, to preſent ſlaues and ſeruants
Tranſlates his Riuals.
Pain. 'Tis conceyu'd, to ſcope
This Throne, this Fortune, and this Hill me thinkes

With one man becken'd from the reſt below,
Bowing his head againſt the ſteepy Mount
To climbe his happineſſe, would be well expreſt
In our Condition.
Poet. Nay Sir, but heare me on:
All thoſe which were his Fellowes but of late,
Some better then his valew; on the moment
Follow his ſtrides, his Lobbies fill with tendance,
Raine Sacrificiall whiſperings in his eare,
Make Sacred euen his ſtyrrop, and through him
Drinke the free Ayre.
Pain. I marry, what of theſe?
Poet. When Fortune in her ſhift and change of mood
Spurnes downe her late beloued; all his Dependants
Which labour'd after him to the Mountaines top,
Euen on their knees and hand, let him ſit downe,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.
Pain. Tis common:
A thouſand morall Paintings I can ſhew,
That ſhall demonſtrate theſe quicke blowes of Fortunes,
More pregnantly then words. Yet you do well,
To ſhew Lord *Timon*, that meane eyes haue ſeene
The foot aboue the head.

Trumpets ſound.
Enter Lord Timon, addreſſing himſelfe curteouſly to euery Sutor.

Tim. Impriſon'd is he, ſay you?
Meſ. I my good Lord, fiue Talents is his debt,
His meanes moſt ſhort, his Creditors moſt ſtraite:
Your Honourable Letter he deſires
To thoſe haue ſhut him vp, which failing,
Periods his comfort.
Tim. Noble *Ventidius*, well:
I am not of that Feather, to ſhake off
My Friend when he muſt neede me. I do know him
A Gentleman, that well deſerues a helpe,
Which he ſhall haue. Ile pay the debt, and free him.
Meſ. Your Lordſhip euer bindes him.
Tim. Commend me to him, I will ſend his ranſome,
And being enfranchized bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to helpe the Feeble vp,
But to ſupport him after. Fare you well.
Meſ. All happineſſe to your Honor. *Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Oldm. Lord *Timon*, heare me ſpeake.
Tim. Freely good Father.
Oldm. Thou haſt a Seruant nam'd *Lucilius.*
Tim. I haue ſo: What of him?
Oldm. Moſt Noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.
Tim. Attends he heere, or no? *Lucillius.*
Luc. Heere at your Lordſhips ſeruice.
Oldm. This Fellow heere, L. *Timon*, this thy Creature,
By night frequents my houſe. I am a man
That from my firſt haue beene inclin'd to thrift,
And my eſtate deſerues an Heyre more rais'd,
Then one which holds a Trencher.
Tim. Well: what further?
Old. One onely Daughter haue I, no Kin elſe,
On whom I may conferre what I haue got:
The Maid is faire, a'th'youngeſt for a Bride,
And I haue bred her at my deereſt coſt
In Qualities of the beſt. This man of thine
Attempts her loue: I prythee (Noble Lord)
Ioyne with me to forbid him her reſort,
My ſelfe haue ſpoke in vaine.
Tim. The man is honeſt.
Oldm. Therefore he will be *Timon*,
His honeſty rewards him in it ſelfe,
It muſt not beare my Daughter.
Tim. Does ſhe loue him?
Oldm. She is yong and apt:
Our owne precedent paſſions do inſtruct vs
What leuities in youth.
Tim. Loue you the Maid?
Luc. I my good Lord, and ſhe accepts of it.
Oldm. If in her Marriage my conſent be miſſing,
I call the Gods to witneſſe, I will chooſe
Mine heyre from forth the Beggers of the world,
And diſpoſſeſſe her all.
Tim. How ſhall ſhe be endowed,
If ſhe be mated with an equall Husband?
Oldm. Three Talents on the preſent; in future, all.
Tim. This Gentleman of mine
Hath ſeru'd me long:
To build his Fortune, I will ſtraine a little,
For 'tis a Bond in men. Giue him thy Daughter,
What you beſtow, in him Ile counterpoize,
And make him weigh with her.
Oldm. Moſt Noble Lord,
Pawne me to this your Honour, ſhe is his.
Tim. My hand to thee,
Mine Honour on my promiſe.
Luc. Humbly I thanke your Lordſhip, neuer may
That ſtate or Fortune fall into my keeping,
Which is not owed to you. *Exit*
Poet. Vouchſafe my Labour,
And long liue your Lordſhip.
Tim. I thanke you, you ſhall heare from me anon:
Go not away. What haue you there, my Friend?
Pain. A peece of Painting, which I do beſeech
Your Lordſhip to accept.
Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almoſt the Naturall man:
For ſince Diſhonor Traffickes with mans Nature,
He is but out-ſide: Theſe Penſil'd Figures are
Euen ſuch as they giue out. I like your worke,
And you ſhall finde I like it; Waite attendance
Till you heare further from me.
Pain. The Gods preſerue ye.
Tim. Well fare you Gentleman: giue me your hand.
We muſt needs dine together: ſir your Iewell
Hath ſuffered vnder praiſe.
Iewel. What my Lord, diſpraiſe?
Tim. A meere ſaciety of Commendations,
If I ſhould pay you for't as 'tis extold,
It would vnclew me quite.
Iewel. My Lord, 'tis rated
As thoſe which ſell would giue: but you well know,
Things of like valew differing in the Owners,
Are prized by their Maſters. Beleeu't deere Lord,
You mend the Iewell by the wearing it.
Tim. Well mock'd. *Enter Apermantus.*
Mer. No my good Lord, he ſpeakes ẏ common toong
Which all men ſpeake with him.
Tim. Looke who comes heere, will you be chid?
Iewel. Wee'l beare with your Lordſhip.
Mer. Hee'l ſpare none.
Tim. Good morrow to thee,
Gentle *Apermantus.*

Ape. Till I be gentle, ſtay thou for thy good morrow.
When thou art *Timons* dogge, and theſe Knaues honeſt.

Tim. Why doſt thou call them Knaues, thou know'ſt them not?

Ape. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Ape. Then I repent not.

Iew. You know me, *Apemantus*?

Ape. Thou know'ſt I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud *Apemantus*?

Ape. Of nothing ſo much, as that I am not like *Timon*

Tim. Whether art going?

Ape. To knocke out an honeſt Athenians braines.

Tim. That's a deed thou't dye for.

Ape. Right, if doing nothing be death by th'Law.

Tim. How lik'ſt thou this picture *Apemantus*?

Ape. The beſt, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well that painted it.

Ape. He wrought better that made the Painter, and yet he's but a filthy peece of worke.

Pain. Y'are a Dogge.

Ape. Thy Mothers of my generation: what's ſhe, if I be a Dogge?

Tim. Wilt dine with me *Apemantus*?

Ape. No: I eate not Lords.

Tim. And thou ſhould'ſt, thoud'ſt anger Ladies.

Ape. O they eate Lords;
So they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a laſciuious apprehenſion.

Ape. So, thou apprehend'ſt it,
Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How doſt thou like this Iewell, *Apemantus*?

Ape. Not ſo well as plain-dealing, which wil not caſt a man a Doit.

Tim. What doſt thou thinke 'tis worth?

Ape. Not worth my thinking.
How now Poet?

poet. How now Philoſopher?

pe. Thou lyeſt.

Poet. Art not one?

Ape. Yes.

Poet. Then I lye not.

Ape. Art not a Poet?

Poet. Yes.

Ape. Then thou lyeſt:
Looke in thy laſt worke, where thou haſt fegin'd him a worthy Fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is ſo.

Ape. Yes he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He that loues to be flattered, is worthy o'th flatterer. Heauens, that I were a Lord.

Tim. What wouldſt do then *Apemantus*?

Ape. E'ne as *Apemantus* does now, hate a Lord with my heart.

Tim. What thy ſelfe?

Ape. I.

Tim. Wherefore?

Ape. That I had no angry wit to be a Lord.]
Art not thou a Merchant?

Mer. I *Apemantus.*

Ape. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not.

Mer. If Trafficke do it, the Gods do it.

Ape. Traffickes thy God, & thy God confound thee.

Trumpet ſounds. Enter a Meſſenger.

Tim. What Trumpets that?

Meſ. 'Tis *Alcibiades*, and ſome twenty Horſe
All of Companionſhip.

Tim. Pray entertaine them, giue them guide to vs.
You muſt needs dine with me: go not you hence
Till I haue thankt you: when dinners done
Shew me this peece, I am ioyfull of your ſights.

Enter Alcibiades with the reſt.

Moſt welcome Sir.

Ape. So, ſo; their Aches contract, and ſterue your ſupple ioynts: that there ſhould bee ſmall loue amongeſt theſe ſweet Knaues, and all this Curteſie. The ſtraine of mans bred out into Baboon and Monkey.

Alc. Sir, you haue ſau'd my longing, and I feed
Moſt hungerly on your ſight.

Tim. Right welcome Sir:
Ere we depart, wee'l ſhare a bounteous time
In different pleaſures.
Pray you let vs in. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Lords.

1. *Lord* What time a day is't *Apemantus*?

Ape. Time to be honeſt.

1 That time ſerues ſtill.

Ape. The moſt accurſed thou that ſtill omitſt it.

2 Thou art going to Lord *Timons* Feaſt.

Ape. I, to ſee meate fill Knaues, and Wine heat fooles.

2 Farthee well, farthee well.

Ape. Thou art a Foole to bid me farewell twice.

2 Why *Apemantus*?

Ape. Should'ſt haue kept one to thy ſelfe, for I meane to giue thee none.

1 Hang thy ſelfe.

Ape. No I will do nothing at thy bidding:
Make thy requeſts to thy Friend.

2 Away vnpeaceable Dogge,
Or Ile ſpurne thee hence.

Ape. I will flye like a dogge, the heeles a'th'Aſſe.

1 Hee's oppoſite to humanity.
Comes ſhall we in,
And taſte Lord *Timons* bountie: he out-goes
The verie heart of kindneſſe.

2 He powres it out: *Plutus* the God of Gold
Is but his Steward: no meede but he repayes
Seuen-fold aboue it ſelfe: No guift to him,
But breeds the giuer a returne: exceeding
All vſe of quittance.

1 The Nobleſt minde he carries,
That euer gouern'd man.

2 Long may he liue in Fortunes. Shall we in?
Ile keepe you Company. *Exeunt.*

Hoboyes Playing lowd Muſicke.

A great Banquet ſeru'd in: and then, Enter Lord Timon, the States, the Athenian Lords, Ventigius which Timon redeem'd from priſon. Then comes dropping after all Apemantus diſcontentedly like himſelfe.

Ventig. Moſt honoured *Timon*,
It hath pleas'd the Gods to remember my Fathers age,
And call him to long peace:
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in gratefull Vertue I am bound
To your free heart, I do returne thoſe Talents
Doubled with thankes and ſeruice, from whoſe helpe
I deriu'd libertie.

Tim. O by no meanes,
Honeſt *Ventigius*: You miſtake my loue,

I gaue it freely euer, and ther's none
Can truely ſay he giues, if he receiues:
If our betters play at that game, we muſt not dare
To imitate them: faults that are rich are faire.

Vint. A Noble ſpirit.

Tim. Nay my Lords, Ceremony was but deuis'd at firſt
To ſet a gloſſe on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneſſe, ſorry ere 'tis ſhowne:
But where there is true friendſhip, there needs none.
Pray ſit, more welcome are ye to my Fortunes,
Then my Fortunes to me.

1. *Lord.* My Lord, we alwaies haue confeſt it.

Aper. Ho ho, confeſt it? Handg'd it? Haue you not?

Timo. O *Apermantus*, you are welcome.

Aper. No: You ſhall not make me welcome:
I come to haue thee thruſt me out of doores.

Tim. Fie, th'art a churle, ye'haue got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much too blame:
They ſay my Lords, *Ira furor breuis eſt*,
But yond man is verie angrie.
Go, let him haue a Table by himſelfe:
For he does neither affect companie,
Nor is he fit for't indeed.

Aper. Let me ſtay at thine apperill *Timon*,
I come to obſerue, I giue thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heede of thee: Th'art an *Athenian*, therefore welcome: I my ſelfe would haue no power, prythee let my meate make thee ſilent.

Aper. I ſcorne thy meate, 'twould choake me: for I ſhould nere flatter thee. Oh you Gods! What a number of men eats *Timon*, and he ſees 'em not? It greeues me to ſee ſo many dip there meate in one mans blood, and all the madneſſe is, he cheeres them vp too.
I wonder men dare truſt themſelues with men.
Me thinks they ſhould enuite them without kniues,
Good for there meate, and ſafer for their liues.
There's much example for't, the fellow that ſits next him, now parts bread with him, pledges the breath of him in a diuided draught: is the readieſt man to kill him. 'Tas beene proued, if I were a huge man I ſhould feare to drinke at meales, leaſt they ſhould ſpie my wind-pipes dangerous noates, great men ſhould drinke with harneſſe on their throates.

Tim. My Lord in heart: and let the health go round.

2. *Lord.* Let it flow this way my good Lord.

Aper. Flow this way? A braue fellow. He keepes his tides well, thoſe healths will make thee and thy ſtate looke ill, *Timon.*
Heere's that which is too weake to be a ſinner,
Honeſt water, which nere left man i'th'mire:
This and my food are equals, there's no ods,
Feaſts are to proud to giue thanks to the Gods.

Apermantus Grace.

Immortall Gods, I craue no pelfe,
I pray for no man but my ſelfe,
Graunt I may neuer proue ſo fond,
To truſt man on his Oath or Bond.
Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dogge that ſeemes aſleeping,
Or a keeper with my freedome,
Or my friends if I ſhould need 'em.
Amen. So fall too't:
Richmen ſin, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy good heart, *Apermantus*

Tim. Captaine,
Alcibiades, your hearts in the field now.

Alci. My heart is euer at your ſeruice, my Lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakefaſt of Enemies, then a dinner of Friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new my Lord, there's no meat like 'em, I could wiſh my beſt friend at ſuch a Feaſt.

Aper. Would all thoſe Flatterers were thine Enemies then, that then thou might'ſt kill 'em: & bid me to 'em.

1. *Lord.* Might we but haue that happineſſe my Lord, that you would once vſe our hearts, whereby we might expreſſe ſome part of our zeales, we ſhould thinke our ſelues for euer perfect.

Timon. Oh no doubt my good Friends, but the Gods themſelues haue prouided that I ſhall haue much helpe from you: how had you beene my Friends elſe. Why haue you that charitable title from thouſands? Did not you chiefely belong to my heart? I haue told more of you to my ſelfe, then you can with modeſtie ſpeake in your owne behalfe. And thus farre I confirme you. Oh you Gods (thinke I,) what need we haue any Friends; if we ſhould nere haue need of 'em? They were the moſt needleſſe Creatures liuing; ſhould we nere haue vſe for 'em? And would moſt reſemble ſweete Inſtruments hung vp in Caſes, that keepes there ſounds to themſelues. Why I haue often wiſht my ſelfe poorer, that I might come neerer to you: we are borne to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our owne, then the riches of our Friends? Oh what a pretious comfort 'tis, to haue ſo many like Brothers commanding one anothers Fortunes. Oh ioyes, e'ne made away er't can be borne: mine eies cannot hold out water me thinks to forget their Faults. I drinke to you.

Aper. Thou weep'ſt to make them drinke, *Timon.*

2. *Lord.* Ioy had the like conception in our eies,
And at that inſtant, like a babe ſprung vp.

Aper. Ho, ho: I laugh to thinke that babe a baſtard.

3. *Lord.* I promiſe you my Lord you mou'd me much.

Aper. Much.

Sound Tucket. Enter the Maskers of Amazons, with Lutes in their hands, dauncing and playing.

Tim. What meanes that Trumpe? How now?

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Pleaſe you my Lord, there are certaine Ladies
Moſt deſirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wils?

Ser. There comes with them a fore-runner my Lord, which beares that office, to ſignifie their pleaſures.

Tim. I pray let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid with the Maske of Ladies.

Cup. Haile to thee worthy *Timon* and to all that of his Bounties taſte: the fiue beſt Sences acknowledge thee their Patron, and come freely to gratulate thy plentious boſome.;
There taſt, touch all, pleas'd from thy Table riſe:
They onely now come but to Feaſt thine eies.

Timo. They'r wecome all, let 'em haue kind admittance. Muſicke make their welcome.

Luc. You ſee my Lord, how ample y'are belou'd.

Aper. Hoyday,
What a ſweepe of vanitie comes this way.
They daunce? They are madwomen,

Like Madneſſe is the glory of this life,
As this pompe ſhewes to a little oyle and roote.
We make our ſelues Fooles, to diſport our ſelues,
And ſpend our Flatteries, to drinke thoſe men,
Vpon whoſe Age we voyde it vp agen
With poyſonous Spight and Enuy.
Who liues, that's not depraued, or depraues;
Who dyes, that beares not one ſpurne to their graues
Of their Friends guift:
I ſhould feare, thoſe that dance before me now,
Would one day ſtampe vpon me: 'Tas bene done,
Men ſhut their doores againſt a ſetting Sunne.

The Lords riſe from Table, with much adoring of Timon, and to ſhew their loues, each ſingle out an Amazon, and all Dance, men with women, a loftie ſtraine or two to the Hoboyes, and ceaſe.

Tim. You haue done our pleaſures
Much grace (faire Ladies)
Set a faire faſhion on our entertainment,
Which was not halfe ſo beautifull, and kinde:
You haue added worth vntoo't, and luſter,
And entertain'd me with mine owne deuice.
I am to thanke you for't.

1 Lord. My Lord you take vs euen at the beſt.

Aper. Faith for the worſt is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you,
Pleaſe you to diſpoſe your ſelues.

All La. Moſt thankfully, my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Tim. Flauius.

Fla. My Lord.

Tim. The little Casket bring me hither.

Fla. Yes, my Lord. More Iewels yet?
There is no croſſing him in's humor,
Elſe I ſhould tell him well, yfaith I ſhould;
When all's ſpent, hee'ld be croſt then, and he could:
'Tis pitty Bounty had not eyes behinde,
That man might ne're be wretched for his minde. *Exit.*

1 Lord. Where be our men?

Ser. Heere my Lord, in readineſſe.

2 Lord. Our Horſes.

Tim. O my Friends:
I haue one word to ſay to you: Looke you, my good L.
I muſt intreat you honour me ſo much,
As to aduance this Iewell, accept it, and weare it,
Kinde my Lord.

1 Lord. I am ſo farre already in your guifts.

All. So are we all.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord, there are certaine Nobles of the Senate newly alighted, and come to viſit you.

Tim. They are fairely welcome.

Enter Flauius.

Fla. I beſeech your Honor, vouchſafe me a word, it does concerne you neere.

Tim. Neere? why then another time Ile heare thee.
I prythee let's be prouided to ſhew them entertainment.

Fla. I ſcarſe know how.

Enter another Seruant.

Ser. May it pleaſe your Honor, Lord *Lucius*
(Out of his free loue) hath preſented to you
Foure Milke-white Horſes, trapt in Siluer.

Tim. I ſhall accept them fairely: let the Preſents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third Seruant.

How now? What newes?

3. Ser. Pleaſe you my Lord, that honourable Gentleman Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your companie to morrow, to hunt with him, and ha's ſent your Honour two brace of Grey-hounds.

Tim. Ile hunt with him,
And let them be receiu'd, not without faire Reward.

Fla. What will this come to?
He commands vs to prouide, and giue great guifts, and
all out of an empty Coffer:
Nor will he know his Purſe, or yeeld me this,
To ſhew him what a Begger his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wiſhes good.
His promiſes flye ſo beyond his ſtate,
That what he ſpeaks is all in debt, he ows for eu'ry word:
He is ſo kinde, that he now payes intereſt for't;
His Land's put to their Bookes. Well, would I were
Gently put out of Office, before I were forc'd out:
Happier is he that has no friend to feede,
Then ſuch that do e'ne Enemies exceede.
I bleed inwardly for my Lord. *Exit*

Tim. You do your ſelues much wrong,
You bate too much of your owne merits.
Heere my Lord, a trifle of our Loue.

2 Lord. With more then common thankes
I will receyue it.

3. Lord. O he's the very ſoule of Bounty.

Tim. And now I remember my Lord, you gaue good words the other day of a Bay Courſer I rod on. Tis yours becauſe you lik'd it.

1. L. Oh, I beſeech you pardon mee, my Lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word my Lord: I know no man can iuſtly praiſe, but what he does affect. I weighe my Friends affection with mine owne: Ile tell you true, Ile call to you.

All Lor. O none ſo welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your ſeuerall viſitations
So kinde to heart, 'tis not enough to giue:
Me thinkes, I could deale Kingdomes to my Friends,
And nere be wearie. *Alcibiades*,
Thou art a Soldiour, therefore ſildome rich,
It comes in Charitie to thee: for all thy liuing
Is mong'ſt the dead: and all the Lands thou haſt
Lye in a pitcht field.

Alc. I, defil'd Land, my Lord.

1. Lord. We are ſo vertuouſly bound.

Tim. And ſo am I to you.

2. Lord. So infinitely endeer'd.

Tim. All to you. Lights, more Lights.

1. Lord. The beſt of Happines, Honor, and Fortunes
Keepe with you Lord *Timon*.

Tim. Ready for his Friends. *Exeunt Lords*

Aper. What a coiles heere, ſeruing of beckes, and iutting out of bummes. I doubt whether their Legges be worth the ſummes that are giuen for 'em.
Friendſhips full of dregges,
Me thinkes falſe hearts, ſhould neuer haue ſound legges.
Thus honeſt Fooles lay out their wealth on Curtſies.

Tim. Now *Apermantus* (if thou wert not ſullen)
I would be good to thee.

Aper. No, Ile nothing; for if I ſhould be brib'd too, there would be none left to raile vpon thee, and then thou wouldſt ſinne the faſter. Thou giu'ſt ſo long *Timon* (I feare me) thou wilt giue away thy ſelfe in paper ſhortly. What needs theſe Feaſts, pompes, and Vaine-glories?

Tim.

Tim. Nay, and you begin to raile on Societie once, I am ſworne not to giue regard to you. Farewell, & come with better Muſicke. *Exit*

Aper. So: Thou wilt not heare mee now, thou ſhalt not then. Ile locke thy heauen from thee:
Oh that mens eares ſhould be
To Counſell deafe, but not to Flatterie. *Exit*

Enter a Senator.

Sen. And late fiue thouſand: to *Varro* and to *Iſidore*
He owes nine thouſand, beſides my former ſumme,
Which makes it fiue and twenty. Still in motion
Of raging waſte? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want Gold, ſteale but a beggers Dogge,
And giue it *Timon*, why the Dogge coines Gold.
If I would ſell my Horſe, and buy twenty moe
Better then he; why giue my Horſe to *Timon*.
Aske nothing, giue it him, it Foles me ſtraight
And able Horſes: No Porter at his gate,
But rather one that ſmiles, and ſtill inuites
All that paſſe by. It cannot hold, no reaſon
Can ſound his ſtate in ſafety. *Caphis* hoa,
Caphis I ſay.

Enter Caphis.

Ca. Heere ſir, what is your pleaſure.

Sen. Get on your cloake, & haſt you to Lord *Timon*,
Importune him for my Moneyes, be not ceaſt
With ſlight deniall; nor then ſilenc'd, when
Commend me to your Maſter, and the Cap
Playes in the right hand, thus: but tell him,
My Vſes cry to me; I muſt ſerue my turne
Out of mine owne, his dayes and times are paſt,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Haue ſmit my credit. I loue, and honour him,
But muſt not breake my backe, to heale his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my releefe
Muſt not be toſt and turn'd to me in words,
But finde ſupply immediate. Get you gone,
Put on a moſt importunate aſpect,
A viſage of demand: for I do feare
When euery Feather ſtickes in his owne wing,
Lord *Timon* will be left a naked gull,
Which flaſhes now a Phœnix, get you gone.

Ca. I go ſir.

Sen. I go ſir?
Take the Bonds along with you,
And haue the dates in. Come.

Ca. I will Sir.

Sen. Go. *Exeunt*

Enter Steward, with many billes in his hand.

Stew. No care, no ſtop, ſo ſenſeleſſe of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintaine it,
Nor ceaſe his flow of Riot. Takes no accompt
How things go from him, nor reſume no care
Of what is to continue: neuer minde,
Was to be ſo vnwiſe, to be ſo kinde.
What ſhall be done, he will not heare, till feele:
I muſt be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fye, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Iſidore, and Varro.

Cap. Good euen *Varro*: what, you come for money?

Var. Is't not your buſineſſe too?

Cap. It is, and yours too, *Iſidore*?

Iſid. It is ſo.

Cap. Would we were all diſcharg'd.

Var. I feare it,

Cap. Heere comes the Lord.

Enter Timon, and his Traine.

Tim. So ſoone as dinners done, wee'l forth againe
My *Alcibiades*. With me, what is your will?

Cap. My Lord, heere is a note of certaine dues.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of Athens heere, my Lord.

Tim. Go to my Steward.

Cap. Pleaſe it your Lordſhip, he hath put me off
To the ſucceſſion of new dayes this moneth:
My Maſter is awak'd by great Occaſion,
To call vpon his owne, and humbly prayes you,
That with your other Noble parts, you'l ſuite,
In giuing him his right.

Tim. Mine honeſt Friend,
I prythee but repaire to me next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my Lord.

Tim. Containe thy ſelfe, good Friend.

Var. One *Varroes* ſeruant, my good Lord.

Iſid. From *Iſidore*, he humbly prayes your ſpeedy payment.

Cap. If you did know my Lord, my Maſters wants.

Var. 'Twas due on forfeyture my Lord, ſixe weekes, and paſt.

Iſi. Your Steward puts me off my Lord, and I
Am ſent expreſſely to your Lordſhip.

Tim. Giue me breath:
I do beſeech you good my Lords keepe on,
Ile waite vpon you inſtantly. Come hither: pray you
How goes the world, that I am thus encountred
With clamorous demands of debt, broken Bonds,
And the detention of long ſince due debts
Againſt my Honor?

Stew. Pleaſe you Gentlemen,
The time is vnagreeable to this buſineſſe:
Your importunacie ceaſe, till after dinner,
That I may make his Lordſhip vnderſtand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do ſo my Friends, ſee them well entertain'd.

Stew. Pray draw neere. *Exit.*

Enter Apemantus and Foole.

Caph. Stay, ſtay, here comes the Foole with *Apemantus*, let's ha ſome ſport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, hee'l abuſe vs.

Iſid. A plague vpon him dogge.

Var. How doſt Foole?

Ape. Doſt Dialogue with thy ſhadow?

Var. I ſpeake not to thee.

Ape. No 'tis to thy ſelfe. Come away.

Iſi. There's the Foole hangs on your backe already.

Ape. No thou ſtand'ſt ſingle, th'art not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the Foole now?

Ape. He laſt ask'd the queſtion. Poore Rogues, and Vſurers men, Bauds betweene Gold and want.

Al. What are we *Apemantus*?

Ape. Aſſes.

All. Why?

Ape. That you ask me what you are, & do not know your ſelues. Speake to 'em Foole.

Foole. How do you Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies good Foole:
How does your Miſtris?

Foole. She's e'ne ſetting on water to ſcal'd ſuch Chickens as you are. Would we could ſee you at Corinth.

Ape. Good, Gramercy.

Enter Page.

Foole. Looke you, heere comes my Maſters Page.

Page. Why how now Captaine? what do you in this wiſe Company.
How doſt thou *Apermantus*?

Ape. Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might anſwer thee profitably.

Boy. Prythee *Apemantus* reade me the ſuperſcription of theſe Letters, I know not which is which.

Ape. Canſt not read?

Page. No.

Ape. There will litle Learning dye then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades*. Go thou was't borne a Baſtard, and thou't dye a Bawd.

Page. Thou was't whelpt a Dogge, and thou ſhalt famiſh a Dogges death.
Anſwer not, I am gone. *Exit*

Ape. E'ne ſo thou out-runſt Grace,
Foole I will go with you to Lord *Timons*.

Foole. Will you leaue me there?

Ape. If *Timon* ſtay at home.
You three ſerue three Vſurers?

All. I would they ſeru'd vs.

Ape. So would I:
As good a tricke as euer Hangman ſeru'd Theefe.

Foole. Are you three Vſurers men?

All. I Foole.

Foole. I thinke no Vſurer, but ha's a Foole to his Seruant. My Miſtris is one, and I am her Foole: when men come to borrow of your Maſters, they approach ſadly, and go away merry: but they enter my Maſters houſe merrily, and go away ſadly. The reaſon of this?

Var. I could render one.

Ap. Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoremaſter, and a Knaue, which notwithſtanding thou ſhalt be no leſſe eſteemed.

Varro. What is a Whoremaſter Foole?

Foole. A Foole in good cloathes, and ſomething like thee. 'Tis a ſpirit, ſometime t'appeares like a Lord, ſomtime like a Lawyer, ſometime like a Philoſopher, with two ſtones moe then's artificiall one. Hee is verie often like a Knight; and generally, in all ſhapes that man goes vp and downe in, from fourescore to thirteen, this ſpirit walkes in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a Foole.

Foole. Nor thou altogether a Wiſe man,
As much foolerie as I haue, ſo much wit thou lack'ſt.

Ape. That anſwer might haue become *Apemantus*.

All. Aſide, aſide, heere comes Lord *Timon*.

Enter Timon and Steward.

Ape. Come with me (Foole) come.

Foole. I do not alwayes follow Louer, elder Brother, aad Woman, ſometime the Philoſopher.

Stew. Pray you walk en eere,
Ile ſpeake with you anon. *Exeunt.*

Tim. You make me meruell wherefore ere this time
Had you not fully laide my ſtate before me,
That I might ſo haue rated my expence
As I had leaue of meanes.

Stew. You would not heare me:
At many leyſures I propoſe.

Tim. Go too:
Perchance ſome ſingle vantages you tooke,
When my indiſpoſition put you backe,
And that vnaptneſſe made your miniſter
Thus to excuſe your ſelfe.

Stew. O my good Lord,
At many times I brought in my accompts,
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,
And ſay you found them in mine honeſtie,
When for ſome trifling preſent you haue bid me
Returne ſo much, I haue ſhooke my head, and wept:
Yea 'gainſt th'Authoritie of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more cloſe: I did indure
Not ſildome, nor no ſlight checkes, when I haue
Prompted you in the ebbe of your eſtate,
And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord,
Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time,
The greateſt of your hauing, lackes a halfe,
To pay your preſent debts.

Tim. Let all my Land be ſold.

Stew. 'Tis all engag'd, ſome forfeyted and gone,
And what remaines will hardly ſtop the mouth
Of preſent dues; the future comes apace:
What ſhall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning?

Tim. To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

Stew. O my good Lord, the world is but a word,
Were it all yours, to giue it in a breath,
How quickely were it gone.

Tim. You tell me true.

Stew. If you ſuſpect my Husbandry or Falſhood,
Call me before th'exacteſt Auditors,
And ſet me on the proofe. So the Gods bleſſe me,
When all our Offices haue beene oppreſt
With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults haue wept
With drunken ſpilth of Wine; when euery roome
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minſtrelſie,
I haue retyr'd me to a waſtefull cocke,
And ſet mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Prythee no more.

Stew. Heauens haue I ſaid, the bounty of this Lord:
How many prodigall bits haue Slaues and Pezants
This night englutted: who is not *Timons*,
What heart, head, ſword, force, meanes, but is L. *Timons*:
Great *Timon*, Noble, Worthy, Royall *Timon*:
Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praiſe,
The breath is gone whereof this praiſe is made:
Feaſt won, faſt loſt; one cloud of Winter ſhowres,
Theſe flyes are coucht.

Tim. Come ſermon me no further.
No villanous bounty yet hath paſt my heart;
Vnwiſely, not ignobly haue I giuen.
Why doſt thou weepe, canſt thou the conſcience lacke,
To thinke I ſhall lacke friends: ſecure thy heart,
If I would broach the veſſels of my loue,
And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,
Men, and mens fortunes could I frankely vſe
As I can bid thee ſpeake.

Ste. Aſſurance bleſſe your thoughts.

Tim. And in ſome ſort theſe wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them bleſſings. For by theſe
Shall I trie Friends. You ſhall perceiue
How you miſtake my Fortunes:
I am wealthie in my Friends.
Within there, *Flauius, Seruilius*?

Enter three Seruants.

Ser. My Lord, my Lord.

Tim. I will diſpatch you ſeuerally.
You to Lord *Lucius*, to Lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted with his Honor to day; you to *Sempronius*; commend me to their loues; and I am proud ſay, that my occaſions haue found time to vſe 'em toward a ſupply of mony: let the requeſt be fifty Talents.

Flam. As you haue ſaid, my Lord.

Stew. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus*? Humh.

Tim. Go you ſir to the Senators;
Of whom, euen to the States beſt health; I haue
Deſeru'd this Hearing: bid 'em ſend o'th'inſtant
A thouſand Talents to me.

Ste. I haue beene bold
(For that I knew it the moſt generall way)
To them, to vſe your Signet, and your Name,
But they do ſhake their heads, and I am heere
No richer in returne.

Tim. Is't true? Can't be?

Stew. They anſwer in a ioynt and corporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want Treature cannot
Do what they would, are ſorrie: you are Honourable,
But yet they could haue wiſht, they know not,
Something hath beene amiſſe; a Noble Nature
May catch a wrench; would all were well; tis pitty,
And ſo intending other ſerious matters,
After diſtaſtefull lookes; and theſe hard Fractions
With certaine halfe-caps, and cold mouing nods,
They froze me into Silence.

Tim. You Gods reward them:
Prythee man looke cheerely. Theſe old Fellowes
Haue their ingratitude in them Hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it ſildome flowes,
'Tis lacke of kindely warmth, they are not kinde;
And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,
Is faſhion'd for the iourney, dull and heauy.
Go to *Ventiddius* (prythee be not ſad,
Thou art true, and honeſt; Ingeniouſly I ſpeake,
No blame belongs to thee:) *Ventiddius* lately
Buried his Father, by whoſe death hee's ſtepp'd
Into a great eſtate: When he was poore,
Impriſon'd, and in ſcarſitie of Friends,
I cleer'd him with fiue Talents: Greet him from me,
Bid him ſuppoſe, ſome good neceſſity
Touches his Friend, which craues to be remembred
With thoſe fiue Talents; that had, giue't theſe Fellowes
To whom 'tis inſtant due. Neu'r ſpeake, or thinke,
That *Timons* fortunes 'mong his Friends can ſinke.

Stew. I would I could not thinke it:
That thought is Bounties Foe;
Being free it ſelfe, it thinkes all others ſo. *Exeunt*

Flaminius waiting to ſpeake with a Lord from his Maſter, enters a ſeruant to him.

Ser. I haue told my Lord of you, he is comming down to you.

Flam. I thanke you Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Heere's my Lord.

Luc. One of Lord *Timons* men? A Guift I warrant. Why this hits right: I dreampt of a Siluer Baſon & Ewre to night. *Flaminius*, honeſt *Flaminius*, you are verie reſpectiuely welcome ſir. Fill me ſome Wine. And how does that Honourable, Compleate, Free-hearted Gentleman of Athens, thy very bouutifull good Lord and Mayſter?

Flam. His health is well ſir.

Luc. I am right glad that his health is well ſir: and what haſt thou there vnder thy Cloake, pretty *Flaminius*?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in my Lords behalfe, I come to intreat your Honor to ſupply: who hauing great and inſtant occaſion to vſe fiftie Talents, hath ſent to your Lordſhip to furniſh him: nothing doubting your preſent aſſiſtance therein.

Luc. La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting ſayes hee? Alas good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep ſo good a houſe. Many a time and often I ha din'd with him, and told him on't, and come againe to ſupper to him of purpoſe, to haue him ſpend leſſe, and yet he wold embrace no counſell, take no warning by my comming, euery man has his fault, and honeſty is his. I ha told him on't, but I could nere get him from't.

Enter Seruant with Wine.

Ser. Pleaſe your Lordſhip, heere is the Wine.

Luc. *Flaminius*, I haue noted thee alwayes wiſe. Heere's to thee.

Flam. Your Lordſhip ſpeakes your pleaſure.

Luc. I haue obſerued thee alwayes for a towardlie prompt ſpirit, giue thee thy due, and one that knowes what belongs to reaſon; and canſt vſe the time wel, if the time vſe thee well. Good parts in thee; get you gone ſirrah. Draw neerer honeſt *Flaminius*. Thy Lords a bountifull Gentleman, but thou art wiſe, and thou know'ſt well enough (although thou com'ſt to me) that this is no time to lend money, eſpecially vpon bare friendſhippe without ſecuritie. Here's three *Solidares* for thee, good Boy winke at me, and ſay thou ſaw'ſt mee not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't poſſible the world ſhould ſo much differ,
And we aliue that liued? Fly damned baſeneſſe
To him that worſhips thee.

Luc. Ha? Now I ſee thou art a Foole, and fit for thy Maſter. *Exit L.*

Flam. May theſe adde to the number ẏ may ſcald thee:
Let moulten Coine be thy damnation,
Thou diſeaſe of a friend, and not himſelfe:
Has friendſhip ſuch a faint and milkie heart,
It turnes in leſſe then two nights? O you Gods!
I feele my Maſters paſſion. This Slaue vnto his Honor,
Has my Lords meate in him:
Why ſhould it thriue, and turne to Nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poyſon?
O may Diſeaſes onely worke vpon't:
And when he's ſicke to death, let not that part of Nature
Which my Lord payd for, be of any power
To expell ſickneſſe, but prolong his hower. *Exit.*

Enter Lucius, with three ſtrangers.

Luc. Who the Lord *Timon*? He is my very good friend and an Honourable Gentleman.

1 We know him for no leſſe, thogh we are but ſtrangers to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and which I heare from common rumours, now Lord *Timons* happie howres are done and paſt, and his eſtate ſhrinkes from him.

Lucius. Fye no, doe not beleeue it: hee cannot want for money.

2 But beleeue you this my Lord, that not long agoe, one of his men was with the Lord *Lucullus*, to borrow ſo many Talents, nay vrg'd extreamly for't, and ſhewed

what neceſſity belong'd too't,and yet was deny'de.

Luci. How?

2 I tell you, deny'de my Lord.

Luci. What a ſtrange caſe was that? Now before the Gods I am aſham'd on't. Denied that honourable man? There was verie little Honour ſhew'd in't. For my owne part, I muſt needes confeſſe, I haue receyued ſome ſmall kindneſſes from him, as Money, Plate, Iewels, and ſuch like Trifles; nothing comparing to his: yet had hee miſtooke him,and ſent to me,I ſhould ne're haue denied his Occaſion ſo many Talents.

Enter Seruilius.

Seruil. See, by good hap yonders my Lord, I haue ſwet to ſee his Honor. My Honor'd Lord.

Lucil. Seruilius? You are kindely met ſir. Farthewell, commend me to thy Honourable vertuous Lord, my very exquiſite Friend.

Seruil. May it pleaſe your Honour, my Lord hath ſent ——

Luci. Ha? what ha's he ſent? I am ſo much endeered to that Lord; hee's euer ſending: how ſhall I thank him think'ſt thou? And what has he ſent now?

Seruil. Has onely ſent his preſent Occaſion now my Lord: requeſting your Lordſhip to ſupply his inſtant vſe with ſo many Talents.

Lucil. I know his Lordſhip is but merry with me,
He cannot want fifty fiue hundred Talents.

Seruil. But in the mean time he wants leſſe my Lord.
If his occaſion were not vertuous,
I ſhould not vrge it halfe ſo faithfully.

Luc. Doſt thou ſpeake ſeriouſly *Seruilius?*

Seruil. Vpon my ſoule 'tis true Sir.

Luci. What a wicked Beaſt was I to diſfurniſh my ſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I might ha ſhewn my ſelfe Honourable? How vnluckily it hapned,that I ſhold Purchaſe the day before for a little part,and vndo a great deale of Honour? *Seruilius.* now before the Gods I am not able to do (the more beaſt I ſay)I was ſending to vſe Lord *Timon* my ſelfe, theſe Gentlemen can witneſſe; but I would not for the wealth of Athens I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good Lordſhip, and I hope his Honor will conceiue the faireſt of mee, becauſe I haue no power to be kinde. And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greateſt afflictions ſay,that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an Honourable Gentleman. Good *Seruilius*, will you befriend mee ſo farre, as to vſe mine owne words to him?

Ser. Yes ſir, I ſhall. *Exit Seruil.*

Lucil. Ile looke you out a good turne *Seruilius.*
True as you ſaid, *Timon* is ſhrunke indeede,
And he that's once deny'de, will hardly ſpeede. *Exit.*

1 Do you obſerue this *Hoſtilius*?

2 I, to well.

1 Why this is the worlds ſoule,
And iuſt of the ſame peece
Is euery Flatterers ſport: who can call him his Friend
That dips in the ſame diſh? For in my knowing
Timon has bin this Lords Father,
And kept his credit with his purſe:
Supported his eſtate, nay *Timons* money
Has paid his men their wages. He ne're drinkes,
But *Timons* Siluer treads vpon his Lip,
And yet, oh ſee the monſtrouſneſſe of man,
When he lookes out in an vngratefull ſhape;
He does deny him (in reſpect of his)
What charitable men affoord to Beggers.

3 Religion grones at it.

1 For mine owne part, I neuer taſted *Timon* in my life
Nor came any of his bounties ouer me,
To marke me for his Friend. Yet I proteſt,
For his right Noble minde, illuſtrious Vertue,
And Honourable Carriage,
Had his neceſſity made vſe of me,
I would haue put my wealth into Donation,
And the beſt halfe ſhould haue return'd to him,
So much I loue his heart: But I perceiue,
Men muſt learne now with pitty to diſpence,
For Policy ſits aboue Conſcience. *Exeunt.*

Enter a third ſeruant with Sempronius, another of Timons Friends.

Semp. Muſt he needs trouble me in't? Hum.
'Boue all others?
He might haue tried Lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidgius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from priſon. All theſe
Owes their eſtates vnto him.

Ser. My Lord,
They haue all bin touch'd, and found Baſe-Mettle,
For they haue all denied him.

Semp. How? Haue they deny'de him?
Has *Ventidgius* and *Lucullus* deny'de him,
And does he ſend to me? Three? Humh?
It ſhewes but little loue, or iudgement in him.
Muſt I be his laſt Refuge? His Friends (like Phyſitians)
Thriue, giue him ouer: Muſt I take th'Cure vpon me?
Has much diſgrac'd me in't, I'me angry at him,
That might haue knowne my place. I ſee no ſenſe for't,
But his Occaſions might haue wooed me firſt:
For in my conſcience, I was the firſt man
That ere receiued guift from him.
And does he thinke ſo backwardly of me now,
That Ile requite it laſt? No:
So it may proue an Argument of Laughter
To th'reſt, and 'mong'ſt Lords be thought a Foole:
I'de rather then the worth of thrice the ſumme,
Had ſent to me firſt, but for my mindes ſake:
I'de ſuch a courage to do him good. But now returne,
And with their faint reply, this anſwer ioyne;
Who bates mine Honor, ſhall not know my Coyne. *Exit*

Ser. Excellent: Your Lordſhips a goodly Villain: the diuell knew not what he did, when hee made man Politicke; he croſſed himſelfe by't: and I cannot thinke, but in the end, the Villanies of man will ſet him cleere. How fairely this Lord ſtriues to appeare foule? Takes Vertuous Copies to be wicked: like thoſe, that vnder hotte ardent zeale, would ſet whole Realmes on fire, of ſuch a nature is his politike loue.
This was my Lords beſt hope, now all are fled
Saue onely the Gods. Now his Friends are dead,
Doores that were ne're acquainted with their Wards
Many a bounteous yeere, muſt be imploy'd
Now to guard ſure their Maſter:
And this is all a liberall courſe allowes,
Who cannot keepe his wealth, muſt keep his houſe. *Exit.*

Enter Varro's man, meeting others. All Timons Creditors to wait for his comming out. Then enter Lucius and Hortenſius.

Var. man. Well met, goodmorrow *Titus* & *Hortenſius*

Tit. The like to you kinde *Varro.*

Hort. *Lucius*, what do we meet together?

Luci. I, and I think one buſineſſe do's command vs all.
For mine is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philotus.

Luci. And ſir *Philotus* too.

Phil. Good day at once.

Luci. Welcome good Brother.
What do you thinke the houre?

Phil. Labouring for Nine.

Luci. So much?

Phil. Is not my Lord ſeene yet?

Luci. Not yet.

Phil. I wonder on't, he was wont to ſhine at ſeauen.

Luci. I, but the dayes are waxt ſhorter with him:
You muſt conſider, that a Prodigall courſe
Is like the Sunnes, but not like his recouerable, I feare:
'Tis deepeſt Winter in Lord *Timons* purſe, that is: One may reach deepe enough, and yet finde little.

Phil. I am of your feare, for that.

Tit. Ile ſhew you how t'obſerue a ſtrange euent:
Your Lord ſends now for Money?

Hort. Moſt true, he doe's.

Tit. And he weares Iewels now of *Timons* guift,
For which I waite for money.

Hort. It is againſt my heart.

Luci. Marke how ſtrange it ſhowes,
Timon in this, ſhould pay more then he owes:
And e'ne as if your Lord ſhould weare rich Iewels,
And ſend for money for 'em.

Hort. I'me weary of this Charge,
The Gods can witneſſe:
I know my Lord hath ſpent of *Timons* wealth,
And now Ingratitude, makes it worſe then ſtealth.

Varro. Yes, mine's three thouſand Crownes:
What's yours?

Luci. Fiue thouſand mine.

Varro. 'Tis much deepe, and it ſhould ſeem by th'ſum
Your Maſters confidence was aboue mine,
Elſe ſurely his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of Lord *Timons* men.

Luc. *Flaminius?* Sir, a word: Pray is my Lord readie to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed he is not.

Tit. We attend his Lordſhip: pray ſignifie ſo much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knowes you are too diligent.

Enter Steward in a Cloake, muffled.

Luci. Ha: is not that his Steward muffled ſo?
He goes away in a Clowd: Call him, call him.

Tit. Do you heare, ſir?

2. Varro. By your leaue, ſir.

Stew. What do ye aske of me, my Friend.

Tit. We waite for certaine Money heere, ſir.

Stew. I, if Money were as certaine as your waiting,
'Twere ſure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your ſummes and Billes
When your falſe Maſters eate of my Lords meat?
Then they could ſmile, and fawne vpon his debts,
And take downe th'Intreſt into their glutt'nous Mawes.
You do your ſelues but wrong, to ſtirre me vp,
Let me paſſe quietly:
Beleeue't, my Lord and I haue made an end,
I haue no more to reckon, he to ſpend.

Luci. I, but this anſwer will not ſerue.

Stew. If't 'twill not ſerue, 'tis not ſo baſe as you,
For you ſerue Knaues.

1. Varro. How? What does his caſheer'd Worſhip mutter?

2. Varro. No matter what, hee's poore, and that's reuenge enough. Who can ſpeake broader, then hee that has no houſe to put his head in? Such may rayle againſt great buildings.

Enter Seruilius.

Tit. Oh heere's *Seruilius*: now wee ſhall know ſome anſwere.

Seru. If I might beſeech you Gentlemen, to repayre ſome other houre, I ſhould deriue much from't. For tak't of my ſoule, my Lord leanes wondrouſly to diſcontent: His comfortable temper has forſooke him, he's much out of health, and keepes his Chamber.

Luci. Many do keepe their Chambers, are not ſicke:
And if it be ſo farre beyond his health,
Me thinkes he ſhould the ſooner pay his debts,
And make a cleere way to the Gods.

Seruil. Good Gods.

Titus. We cannot take this for anſwer, ſir.

Flaminius within. *Seruilius* helpe, my Lord, my Lord.

Enter Timon in a rage.

Tim. What, are my dores oppos'd againſt my paſſage?
Haue I bin euer free, and muſt my houſe
Be my retentiue Enemy? My Gaole?
The place which I haue Feaſted, does it now
(Like all Mankinde) ſhew me an Iron heart?

Luci. Put in now *Titus.*

Tit. My Lord, heere is my Bill.

Luci. Here's mine.

1. Var. And mine, my Lord.

2. Var. And ours, my Lord.

Philo. All our Billes.

Tim. Knocke me downe with 'em, cleaue mee to the Girdle.

Luc. Alas, my Lord.

Tim. Cut my heart in ſummes.

Tit. Mine, fifty Talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Fiue thouſand Crownes, my Lord.

Tim. Fiue thouſand drops payes that.
What yours? and yours?

1. Var. My Lord.

2. Var. My Lord.

Tim. Teare me, take me, and the Gods fall vpon you. *Exit Timon.*

Hort. Faith I perceiue our Maſters may throwe their caps at their money, theſe debts may well be call'd deſperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. *Exeunt.*

Enter Timon.

Timon. They haue e'ene put my breath from mee the ſlaues. Creditors? Diuels.

Stew. My deere Lord.

Tim. What if it ſhould be ſo?

Stew. My Lord.

Tim. Ile haue it ſo. My Steward?

Stew. Heere my Lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my Friends againe,
Lucius, *Lucullus*, and *Sempronius Vllorxa*: All,
Ile once more feaſt the Raſcals.

Stew. O my Lord, you onely ſpeake from your diſtracted ſoule; there's not ſo much left to, furniſh out a moderate Table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care:
Go I charge thee, inuite them all, let in the tide
Of Knaues once more: my Cooke and Ile prouide. *Exeunt*

Enter three Senators at one doore, Alcibiades meeting them, with Attendants.

1. Sen. My Lord, you haue my voyce, too't,
The faults Bloody:
'Tis neceſſary he ſhould dye:
Nothing imboldens ſinne ſo much, as Mercy.
2 Moſt true; the Law ſhall bruiſe 'em.
Alc. Honor, health, and compaſſion to the Senate.
1 Now Captaine.
Alc. I am an humble Sutor to your Vertues;
For pitty is the vertue of the Law,
And none but Tyrants vſe it cruelly.
It pleaſes time and Fortune to lye heauie
Vpon a Friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath ſtept into the Law: which is paſt depth
To thoſe that (without heede) do plundge intoo't.
He is a Man (ſetting his Fate aſide) of comely Vertues,
Nor did he ſoyle the fact with Cowardice,
(And Honour in him, which buyes out his fault)
But with a Noble Fury, and faire ſpirit,
Seeing his Reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppoſe his Foe:
And with ſuch ſober and vnnoted paſſion
He did behooue his anger ere 'twas ſpent,
As if he had but prou'd an Argument.
1 Sen. You vndergo too ſtrict a Paradox,
Striuing to make an vgly deed looke faire:
Your words haue tooke ſuch paines, as if they labour'd
To bring Man-ſlaughter into forme, and ſet Quarrelling
Vpon the head of Valour; which indeede
Is Valour miſ-begot, and came into the world,
When Sects, and Factions were newly borne.
Hee's truly Valiant, that can wiſely ſuffer
The worſt that man can breath,
And make his Wrongs, his Out-ſides,
To weare them like his Rayment, careleſſely,
And ne're preferre his iniuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If Wrongs be euilles, and inforce vs kill,
What Folly 'tis, to hazard life for Ill.
Alci. My Lord.
1. Sen. You cannot make groſſe ſinnes looke cleare,
To reuenge is no Valour, but to beare.
Alci. My Lords, then vnder fauour, pardon me,
If I ſpeake like a Captaine.
Why do fond men expoſe themſelues to Battell,
And not endure all threats? Sleepe vpon't,
And let the Foes quietly cut their Throats
Without repugnancy? If there be
Such Valour in the bearing, what make wee
Abroad? Why then, Women are more valiant
That ſtay at home, if Bearing carry it:
And the Aſſe, more Captaine then the Lyon?
The fellow loaden with Irons, wiſer then the Iudge?
If Wiſedome be in ſuffering, Oh my Lords,
As you are great, be pittifully Good,
Who cannot condemne raſhneſſe in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is ſinnes extreameſt Guſt,
But in defence, by Mercy, 'tis moſt iuſt.
To be in Anger, is impietie:
But who is Man, that is not Angrie.
Weigh but the Crime with this.
2. Sen. You breath in vaine.
Alci. In vaine?
His ſeruice done at Lacedemon, and Bizantium,
Were a ſufficient briber for his life.
1 What's that?
Alc. Why ſay my Lords ha's done faire ſeruice,
And ſlaine in fight many of your enemies:
How full of valour did he beare himſelfe
In the laſt Conflict, and made plenteous wounds?
2 He has made too much plenty with him:
He's a ſworne Riotor, he has a ſinne
That often drownes him, and takes his valour priſoner.
If there were no Foes, that were enough
To ouercome him. In that Beaſtly furie,
He has bin knowne to commit outrages,
And cherriſh Factions. 'Tis inferr'd to vs,
His dayes are foule, and his drinke dangerous.
1 He dyes.
Alci. Hard fate: he might haue dyed in warre.
My Lords, if not for any parts in him,
Though his right arme might purchaſe his owne time,
And be in debt to none: yet more to moue you,
Take my deſerts to his, and ioyne 'em both.
And for I know, your reuerend Ages loue Security,
Ile pawne my Victories, all my Honour to you
Vpon his good returnes.
If by this Crime, he owes the Law his life,
Why let the Warre receiue't in valiant gore,
For Law is ſtrict, and Warre is nothing more.
1 We are for Law, he dyes, vrge it no more
On height of our diſpleaſure: Friend, or Brother,
He forfeits his owne blood, that ſpilles another.
Alc. Muſt it be ſo? It muſt not bee:
My Lords, I do beſeech you know mee.
2 How?
Alc. Call me to your remembrances.
3 What.
Alc. I cannot thinke but your Age has forgot me,
It could not elſe be, I ſhould proue ſo bace,
To ſue and be deny'de ſuch common Grace.
My wounds ake at you.
1 Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but ſpacious in effect:
We baniſh thee for euer.
Alc. Baniſh me?
Baniſh your dotage, baniſh vſurie,
That makes the Senate vgly.
1 If after two dayes ſhine, Athens containe thee,
Attend our waightier Iudgement.
And not to ſwell our Spirit,
He ſhall be executed preſently. *Exeunt.*
Alc. Now the Gods keepe you old enough,
That you may liue
Onely in bone, that none may looke on you.
I'm worſe then mad: I haue kept backe their Foes
While they haue told their Money, and let out
Their Coine vpon large intereſt. I my ſelfe,
Rich onely in large hurts. All thoſe, for this?
Is this the Balſome, that the vſuring Senat
Powres into Captaines wounds? Baniſhment.
It comes not ill: I hate not to be baniſht,
It is a cauſe worthy my Spleene and Furie,
That I may ſtrike at Athens. Ile cheere vp
My diſcontented Troopes, and lay for hearts;
'Tis Honour with moſt Lands to be at ods,
Souldiers ſhould brooke as little wrongs as Gods. *Exit.*

Enter diuers Friends at ſeuerall doores.

1 The good time of day to you, ſir.

2 I alſo wiſh it to you: I thinke this Honorable Lord did but try vs this other day.

1 Vpon that were my thoughts tyring when wee encountred. I hope it is not ſo low with him as he made it ſeeme in the triall of his ſeuerall Friends.

2 It ſhould not be, by the perſwaſion of his new Feaſting.

1 I ſhould thinke ſo. He hath ſent mee an earneſt inuiting, which many my neere occaſions did vrge mee to put off: but he hath coniur'd mee beyond them, and I muſt needs appeare.

2 In like manner was I in debt to my importunat buſineſſe, but he would not heare my excuſe. I am ſorrie, when he ſent to borrow of mee, that my Prouiſion was out.

1 I am ſicke of that greefe too, as I vnderſtand how all things go.

2 Euery man heares ſo: what would hee haue borrowed of you?

1 A thouſand Peeces.
2 A thouſand Peeces?
1 What of you?
2 He ſent to me ſir —— Heere he comes.

Enter Timon and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart Gentlemen both; and how fare you?

1 Euer at the beſt, hearing well of your Lordſhip.

2 The Swallow followes not Summer more willing, then we your Lordſhip.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaues Winter, ſuch Summer Birds are men. Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompence this long ſtay: Feaſt your eares with the Muſicke awhile: If they will fare ſo harſhly o'th Trumpets ſound: we ſhall too't preſently.

1 I hope it remaines not vnkindely with your Lordſhip, that I return'd you an empty Meſſenger.

Tim. O ſir, let it not trouble you.
2 My Noble Lord.
Tim. Ah my good Friend, what cheere?
The Banket brought in.

2 My moſt Honorable Lord, I am e'ne ſick of ſhame, that when your Lordſhip this other day ſent to me, I was ſo vnfortunate a Beggar.

Tim. Thinke not on't, ſir.
2 If you had ſent but two houres before.
Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come bring in all together.
2 All couer'd Diſhes.
1 Royall Cheare, I warrant you.
3 Doubt not that, if money and the ſeaſon can yeild it
1 How do you? What's the newes?
3 *Alcibiades* is baniſh'd: heare you of it?
Both. *Alcibiades* baniſh'd?
3 'Tis ſo, be ſure of it.
1 How? How?
2 I pray you vpon what?
Tim. My worthy Friends, will you draw neere?
3 Ile tell you more anon. Here's a Noble feaſt toward
2 This is the old man ſtill.
3 Wilt hold? Wilt hold?
2 It do's: but time will, and ſo.
3 I do conceyue.

Tim. Each man to his ſtoole, with that ſpurre as hee would to the lip of his Miſtris: your dyet ſhall bee in all places alike. Make not a Citie Feaſt of it, to let the meat coole, ere we can agree vpon the firſt place. Sit, ſit.
The Gods require our Thankes.

You great Benefactors, ſprinkle our Society with Thankefulneſſe. For your owne guifts, make your ſelues prais'd: But reſerue ſtill to giue, leaſt your Deities be deſpiſed. Lend to each man enough, that one neede not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forſake the Gods. Make the Meate be beloued, more then the Man that giues it. Let no Aſſembly of Twenty, be without a ſcore of Villaines. If there ſit twelue Women at the Table, let a dozen of them bee as they are. The reſt of your Fees, O Gods, the Senators of Athens, together with the common legge of People, what is amiſſe in them, you Gods, make ſuteable for deſtruction. For theſe my preſent Friends, as they are to mee nothing, ſo in nothing bleſſe them, and to nothing are they welcome.

Vncouer Dogges, and lap.
Some ſpeake. What do's his Lordſhip meane?
Some other. I know not.
Timon. May you a better Feaſt neuer behold
You knot of Mouth-Friends: Smoke, & lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is *Timons* laſt,
Who ſtucke and ſpangled you with Flatteries,
Waſhes it off and ſprinkles in your faces
Your reeking villany. Liue loath'd, and long
Moſt ſmiling, ſmooth, deteſted Paraſites,
Curteous Deſtroyers, affable Wolues, meeke Beares:
You Fooles of Fortune, Trencher-friends, Times Flyes,
Cap and knee-Slaues, vapours, and Minute Iackes.
Of Man and Beaſt, the infinite Maladie
Cruſt you quite o're. What do'ſt thou go?
Soft, take thy Phyſicke firſt; thou too, and thou:
Stay I will lend thee money, borrow none.
What? All in Motion? Henceforth be no Feaſt,
Whereat a Villaine's not a welcome Gueſt.
Burne houſe, ſinke Athens, henceforth hated be
Of *Timon* Man, and all Humanity. *Exit*

Enter the Senators, with other Lords.

1 How now, my Lords?
2 Know you the quality of Lord *Timons* fury?
3 Puſh, did you ſee my Cap?
4 I haue loſt my Gowne.

1 He's but a mad Lord, & nought but humors ſwaies him. He gaue me a Iewell th'other day, and now hee has beate it out of my hat.
Did you ſee my Iewell?
2 Did you ſee my Cap.
3 Heere 'tis.
4 Heere lyes my Gowne.
1 Let's make no ſtay.
2 Lord *Timons* mad.
3 I feel't vpon my bones.
4 One day he giues vs Diamonds, next day ſtones.
Exeunt the Senators.

Enter Timon.

Tim. Let me looke backe vpon thee. O thou Wall
That girdles in thoſe Wolues, diue in the earth,
And fence not Athens. Matrons, turne incontinent,
Obedience fayle in Children: Slaues and Fooles

Plucke the graue wrinkled Senate from the Bench,
And minister in their ſteeds, to generall Filthes.
Conuert o'th'Inſtant greene Virginity,
Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupts, hold faſt
Rather then render backe; out with your Kniues,
And cut your Truſters throates. Bound Seruants, ſteale,
Large-handed Robbers your graue Maſters are,
And pill by Law. Maide, to thy Maſters bed,
Thy Miſtris is o'th'Brothell. Some of ſixteen,
Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
With it, beate out his Braines. Piety, and Feare,
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Iuſtice, Truth,
Domeſticke awe, Night-reſt, and Neighbour-hood,
Inſtruction, Manners, Myſteries, and Trades,
Degrees, Obſeruances, Cuſtomes, and Lawes,
Decline to your confounding contraries.
And yet Confuſion liue: Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious Feauors, heape
On Athens ripe for ſtroke. Thou cold Sciatica,
Cripple our Senators, that their limbes may halt
As lamely as their Manners. Luſt, and Libertie
Creepe in the Mindes and Marrowes of our youth,
That 'gainſt the ſtreame of Vertue they may ſtriue,
And drowne themſelues in Riot. Itches, Blaines,
Sowe all th'Athenian boſomes, and their crop
Be generall Leproſie: Breath, infect breath,
That their Society (as their Friendſhip) may
Be meerely poyſon. Nothing Ile beare from thee
But nakedneſſe, thou deteſtable Towne,
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:
Timon will to the Woods, where he ſhall finde
Th'vnkindeſt Beaſt, more kinder then Mankinde.
The Gods confound (heare me you good Gods all)
Th'Athenians both within and out that Wall:
And graunt as *Timon* growes, his hate may grow
To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low.
Amen. *Exit.*

Enter Steward with two or three Seruants.

1 Heare you M. Steward, where's our Maſter?
Are we vndone, caſt off, nothing remaining?
Stew. Alack my Fellowes, what ſhould I ſay to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
I am as poore as you.
1 Such a Houſe broke?
So Noble a Maſter falne, all gone, and not
One Friend to take his Fortune by the arme,
And go along with him.
2 As we do turne our backes
From our Companion, throwne into his graue,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Slinke all away, leaue their falſe vowes with him
Like empty purſes pickt; and his poore ſelfe
A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,
With his diſeaſe, of all ſhunn'd pouerty,
Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.

Enter other Seruants.

Stew. All broken Implements of a ruin'd houſe.
3 Yet do our hearts weare *Timons* Liuery,
That ſee I by our Faces: we are Fellowes ſtill,
Seruing alike in ſorrow: Leak'd is our Barke,
And we poore Mates, ſtand on the dying Decke,
Hearing the Surges threat: we muſt all part
Into this Sea of Ayre.
Stew. Good Fellowes all,
The lateſt of my wealth Ile ſhare among'ſt you.
Where euer we ſhall meete, for *Timons* ſake,
Let's yet be Fellowes. Let's ſhake our heads, and ſay
As 'twere a Knell vnto our Maſters Fortunes,
We haue ſeene better dayes. Let each take ſome:
Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more,
Thus part we rich in ſorrow, parting poore.
Embrace and part ſeuerall wayes.
Oh the fierce wretchedneſſe that Glory brings vs!
Who would not wiſh to be from wealth exempt,
Since Riches point to Miſery and Contempt?
Who would be ſo mock'd with Glory, or to liue
But in a Dreame of Friendſhip,
To haue his pompe, and all what ſtate compounds,
But onely painted like his varniſht Friends:
Poore honeſt Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart,
Vndone by Goodneſſe: Strange vnvſuall blood,
When mans worſt ſinne is, He do's too much Good.
Who then dares to be halfe ſo kinde agen?
For Bounty that makes Gods, do ſtill marre Men.
My deereſt Lord, bleſt to be moſt accurſt,
Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
Are made thy cheefe Afflictions. Alas (kinde Lord)
Hee's flung in Rage from this ingratefull Seate
Of monſtrous Friends:
Nor ha's he with him to ſupply his life,
Or that which can command it:
Ile follow and enquire him out.
Ile euer ſerue his minde, with my beſt will,
Whilſt I haue Gold, Ile be his Steward ſtill. *Exit.*

Enter Timon in the woods.

Tim. O bleſſed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity: below thy Siſters Orbe
Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe,
Whoſe procreation, reſidence, and birth,
Scarſe is diuidant; touch them with ſeuerall fortunes,
The greater ſcornes the leſſer. Not Nature
(To whom all ſores lay ſiege) can beare great Fortune
But by contempt of Nature.
Raiſe me this Begger, and deny't that Lord,
The Senators ſhall beare contempt Hereditary,
The Begger Natiue Honor.
It is the Paſtour Lards, the Brothers ſides,
The want that makes him leaue: who dares? who dares
In puritie of Manhood ſtand vpright
And ſay, this mans a Flatterer. If one be,
So are they all: for euerie grize of Fortune
Is ſmooth'd by that below. The Learned pate
Duckes to the Golden Foole. All's obliquie:
There's nothing leuell in our curſed Natures
But direct villanie. Therefore be abhorr'd,
All Feaſts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
His ſemblable, yea himſelfe *Timon* diſdaines,
Deſtruction phang mankinde; Earth yeeld me Rootes,
Who ſeekes for better of thee, ſawce his pallate
With thy moſt operant Poyſon. What is heere?
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
No Gods, I am no idle Votariſt,
Roots you cleere Heauens. Thus much of this will make
Blacke, white; fowle, faire; wrong, right;
Baſe, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.
Ha you Gods! why this? what this, you Gods? why this
Will lugge your Prieſts and Seruants from your ſides:
Plucke ſtout mens pillowes from below their heads.

This yellow Slaue,
Will knit and breake Religions, bleſſe th'accurſt,
Make the hoare Leproſie ador'd, place Theeues,
And giue them Title, knee, and approbation
With Senators on the Bench: This is it
That makes the wappen'd Widdow wed againe;
Shee, whom the Spittle-houſe, and vlcerous ſores,
Would caſt the gorge at. This Embalmes and Spices
To'th'Aprill day againe. Come damn'd Earth,
Thou common whore of Mankinde, that puttes oddes
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
Do thy right Nature. *March afarre off.*
Ha? A Drumme? Th'art quicke,
But yet Ile bury thee: Thou't go (ſtrong Theefe)
When Gowty keepers of thee cannot ſtand:
Nay ſtay thou out for earneſt.

Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and Fife in warlike manner, and Phrynia and Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? ſpeake.
Tim. A Beaſt as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy hart
For ſhewing me againe the eyes of Man.
Alc. What is thy name? Is man ſo hatefull to thee,
That art thy ſelfe a Man?
Tim. I am *Miſantropos*, and hate Mankinde.
For thy part, I do wiſh thou wert a dogge,
That I might loue thee ſomething.
Alc. I know thee well:
But in thy Fortunes am vnlearn'd, and ſtrange.
Tim. I know thee too, and more then that I know thee
I not deſire to know. Follow thy Drumme,
With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannons, ciuill Lawes are cruell,
Then what ſhould warre be? This fell whore of thine,
Hath in her more deſtruction then thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin looke.
Phrin. Thy lips rot off.
Tim. I will not kiſſe thee, then the rot returnes
To thine owne lippes againe.
Alc. How came the Noble *Timon* to this change?
Tim. As the Moone do's, by wanting light to giue:
But then renew I could not like the Moone,
There were no Sunnes to borrow of.
Alc. Noble *Timon*, what friendſhip may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion.
Alc. What is it *Timon*?

Tim. Promiſe me Friendſhip, but performe none. If thou wilt not promiſe, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou do'ſt performe, confound thee, for thou art a man.

Alc. I haue heard in ſome ſort of thy Miſeries.
Tim. Thou ſaw'ſt them when I had proſperitie.
Alc. I ſee them now, then was a bleſſed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.
Timan. Is this th'Athenian Minion, whom the world
Voic'd ſo regardfully?
Tim. Art thou *Timandra*? *Timan.* Yes.

Tim. Be a whore ſtill, they loue thee not that vſe thee, giue them diſeaſes, leauing with thee their Luſt. Make vſe of thy ſalt houres, ſeaſon the ſlaues for Tubbes and Bathes, bring downe Roſe-cheekt youth to the Fubfaſt, and the Diet.

Timan. Hang thee Monſter.
Alc. Pardon him ſweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and loſt in his Calamities.
I haue but little Gold of late, braue *Timon*,
The want whereof, doth dayly make reuolt
In my penurious Band. I haue heard and greeu'd
How curſed Athens, mindeleſſe of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour ſtates
But for thy Sword and Fortune trod vpon them.
Tim. I prythee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone.
Alc. I am thy Friend, and pitty thee deere *Timon.*
Tim. How doeſt thou pitty him whom yͧ doſt troble,
I had rather be alone.
Alc. Why fare thee well:
Heere is ſome Gold for thee.
Tim. Keepe it, I cannot eate it.
Alc. When I haue laid proud Athens on a heape.
Tim. Warr'ſt thou 'gainſt Athens.
Alc. I *Timon*, and haue cauſe.
Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conqueſt,
And thee after, when thou haſt Conquer'd.
Alc. Why me, *Timon*?
Tim. That by killing of Villaines
Thou was't borne to conquer my Country.
Put vp thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, go on;
Be as a Plannetary plague, when Ioue
Will o're ſome high-Vic'd City, hang his poyſon
In the ſicke ayre: let not thy ſword skip one:
Pitty not honour'd Age for his white Beard,
He is an Vſurer. Strike me the counterfet Matron,
It is her habite onely, that is honeſt,
Her ſelfe's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheeke
Make ſoft thy trenchant Sword: for thoſe Milke pappes
That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,
Are not within the Leafe of pitty writ,
But ſet them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe
Whoſe dimpled ſmiles from Fooles exhauſt their mercy;
Thinke it a Baſtard, whom the Oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat ſhall cut,
And mince it ſans remorſe. Sweare againſt Obiects,
Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,
Whoſe proofe, nor yels of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes,
Nor ſight of Prieſts in holy Veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce a iot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers,
Make large confuſion: and thy fury ſpent,
Confounded be thy ſelfe. Speake not, be gone.

Alc. Haſt thou Gold yet, Ile take the Gold thou giueſt me, not all thy Counſell.

Tim. Doſt thou or doſt thou not, Heauens curſe vpon thee.

Both. Giue vs ſome Gold good *Timon*, haſt yͧ more?
Tim. Enough to make a Whore forſweare her Trade,
And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Sluts
Your Aprons mountant; you are not Othable,
Although I know you'l ſweare, terribly ſweare
Into ſtrong ſhudders, and to heauenly Agues
Th'immortall Gods that heare you. Spare your Oathes:
Ile truſt to your Conditions, be whores ſtill.
And he whoſe pious breath ſeekes to conuert you,
Be ſtrong in Whore, allure him, burne him vp,
Let your cloſe fire predominate his ſmoke,
And be no turne-coats: yet may your paines ſix months
Be quite contrary, And Thatch
Your poore thin Roofes with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd) no matter:
Weare them, betray with them; Whore ſtill,
Paint till a horſe may myre vpon your face:
A pox of wrinkles.
Both. Well, more Gold, what then?

Beleeue't that wee'l do any thing for Gold.

Tim. Conſumptions ſowe
In hollow bones of man, ſtrike their ſharpe ſhinnes,
And marre mens ſpurring. Cracke the Lawyers voyce,
That he may neuer more falſe Title pleade,
Nor ſound his Quillets ſhrilly: Hoare the Flamen,
That ſcold'ſt againſt the quality of fleſh,
And not beleeues himſelfe. Downe with the Noſe,
Downe with it flat, take the Bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foreſee (bald
Smels from the generall weale. Make curld'pate Ruffians
And let the vnſcarr'd Braggerts of the Warre
Deriue ſome paine from you. Plague all,
That your Actiuity may defeate and quell
The ſourſe of all Erection. There's more Gold.
Do you damne others, and let this damne you,
And ditches graue you all.

Both. More counſell with more Money, bounteous *Timon.*

Tim. More whore, more Miſcheefe firſt, I haue giuen you earneſt.

Alc. Strike vp the Drum towardes Athens, farewell *Timon*: if I thriue well, Ile viſit thee againe.

Tim. If I hope well, Ile neuer ſee thee more.

Alc. I neuer did thee harme.

Tim. Yes, thou ſpok'ſt well of me.

Alc. Call'ſt thou that harme?

Tim. Men dayly finde it. Get thee away,
And take thy Beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him, ſtrike. *Exeunt.*

Tim. That Nature being ſicke of mans vnkindneſſe
Should yet be hungry: Common Mother, thou
Whoſe wombe vnmeaſureable, and infinite breſt
Teemes and feeds all: whoſe ſelfeſame Mettle
Whereof thy proud Childe (arrogant man) is puſt,
Engenders the blacke Toad, and Adder blew,
The gilded Newt, and eyeleſſe venom'd Worme,
With all th'abhorred Births below Criſpe Heauen,
Whereon *Hyperions* quickning fire doth ſhine:
Yeeld him, who all the humane Sonnes do hate,
From foorth thy plenteous boſome, one poore roote:
Enſeare thy Fertile and Conceptious wombe,
Let it no more bring out ingratefull man.
Goe great with Tygers, Dragons, Wolues, and Beares,
Teeme with new Monſters, whom thy vpward face
Hath to the Marbled Manſion all aboue
Neuer preſented. O, a Root, deare thankes:
Dry vp thy Marrowes, Vines, and Plough-torne Leas,
Whereof ingratefull man with Licouriſh draughts
And Morſels Vnctious, greaſes his pure minde,
That from it all Conſideration ſlippes ——

Enter Apemantus.

More man? Plague, plague.

Ape. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou doſt affect my Manners, and doſt vſe them.

Tim. 'Tis then, becauſe thou doſt not keepe a dogge
Whom I would imitate. Conſumption catch thee.

Ape. This is in thee a Nature but infected,
A poore vnmanly Melancholly ſprung
From change of future. Why this Spade? this place?
This Slaue-like Habit, and theſe lookes of Care?
Thy Flatterers yet weare Silke, drinke Wine, lye ſoft,
Hugge their diſeas'd Perfumes, and haue forgot
That euer *Timon* was. Shame not theſe Woods,
By putting on the cunning of a Carper.
Be thou a Flatterer now, and ſeeke to thriue
By that which ha's vndone thee; hindge thy knee,
And let his very breath whom thou'lt obſerue
Blow off thy Cap: praiſe his moſt vicious ſtraine,
And call it excellent: thou waſt told thus:
Thou gau'ſt thine eares (like Tapſters, that bad welcom)
To Knaues, and all approachers: 'Tis moſt iuſt
That thou turne Raſcall, had'ſt thou wealth againe,
Raſcals ſhould haue't. Do not aſſume my likeneſſe.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'de throw away my ſelfe.

Ape. Thou haſt caſt away thy ſelfe, being like thy ſelf
A Madman ſo long, now a Foole: what think'ſt
That the bleake ayre, thy boyſterous Chamberlaine
Will put thy ſhirt on warme? Will theſe moyſt Trees,
That haue out-liu'd the Eagle, page thy heeles
And skip when thou point'ſt out? Will the cold brooke
Candied with Ice, Cawdle thy Morning taſte
To cure thy o're-nights ſurfet? Call the Creatures,
Whoſe naked Natures liue in all the ſpight
Of wrekefull Heauen, whoſe bare vnhouſed Trunkes,
To the conflicting Elements expos'd
Anſwer meere Nature: bid them flatter thee.
O thou ſhalt finde.

Tim. A Foole of thee: depart.

Ape. I loue thee better now, then ere I did.

Tim. I hate thee worſe.

Ape. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'ſt miſery.

Ape. I flatter not, but ſay thou art a Caytiffe.

Tim. Why do'ſt thou ſeeke me out?

Ape. To vex thee.

Tim. Alwayes a Villaines Office, or a Fooles.
Doſt pleaſe thy ſelfe in't?

Ape. I.

Tim. What, a Knaue too?

Ape. If thou did'ſt put this ſowre cold habit on
To caſtigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Doſt it enforcedly: Thou'dſt Courtier be againe
Wert thou not Beggar: willing miſery
Out-liues: incertaine pompe, is crown'd before:
The one is filling ſtill, neuer compleat:
The other, at high wiſh: beſt ſtate Contentleſſe,
Hath a diſtracted and moſt wretched being,
Worſe then the worſt, Content.
Thou ſhould'ſt deſire to dye, being miſerable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miſerable.
Thou art a Slaue, whom Fortunes tender arme
With fauour neuer claſpt: but bred a Dogge.
Had'ſt thou like vs from our firſt ſwath proceeded,
The ſweet degrees that this breefe world affords,
To ſuch as may the paſſiue drugges of it
Freely command'ſt: thou would'ſt haue plung'd thy ſelf
In generall Riot, melted downe thy youth
In different beds of Luſt, and neuer learn'd
The Icie precepts of reſpect, but followed
The Sugred game before thee. But my ſelfe,
Who had the world as my Confectionarie,
The mouthes, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
At duty more then I could frame employment;
That numberleſſe vpon me ſtucke, as leaues
Do on the Oake, haue with one Winters bruſh
Fell from their boughes, and left me open, bare,
For euery ſtorme that blowes. I to beare this,
That neuer knew but better, is ſome burthen:
Thy Nature, did commence in ſufferance, Time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why ſhould'ſt ÿ hate Men?
They neuer flatter'd thee. What haſt thou giuen?

If thou wilt curſe; thy Father (that poore ragge)
Muſt be thy ſubiect; who in ſpight put ſtuffe
To ſome ſhee-Begger, and compounded thee
Poore Rogue, hereditary. Hence, be gone,
If thou hadſt not bene borne the worſt of men,
Thou hadſt bene a Knaue and Flatterer.

Ape. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. I, that I am not thee.

Ape. I, that I was no Prodigall.

Tim. I, that I am one now.
Were all the wealth I haue ſhut vp in thee,
I'ld giue thee leaue to hang it. Get thee gone:
That the whole life of Athens were in this,
Thus would I eate it.

Ape. Heere, I will mend thy Feaſt.

Tim. Firſt mend thy company, take away thy ſelfe.

Ape. So I ſhall mend mine owne, by'th'lacke of thine

Tim. 'Tis not well mended ſo, it is but botcht;
If not, I would it were.

Ape. What would'ſt thou haue to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlewind: if thou wilt,
Tell them there I haue Gold, looke, ſo I haue.

Ape. Heere is no vſe for Gold.

Tim. The beſt, and trueſt:
For heere it ſleepes, and do's no hyred harme.

Ape. Where lyeſt a nights *Timon*?

Tim. Vnder that's aboue me.
Where feed'ſt thou a-dayes *Apemantus*?

Ape. Where my ſtomacke findes meate, or rather where I eate it.

Tim. Would poyſon were obedient, & knew my mind

Ape. Where would'ſt thou ſend it?

Tim. To ſawce thy diſhes.

Ape. The middle of Humanity thou neuer kneweſt, but the extremitie of both ends. When thou waſt in thy Gilt, and thy Perfume, they mockt thee for too much Curioſitie: in thy Ragges thou know'ſt none, but art deſpis'd for the contrary. There's a medler for thee, eate it.

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Ape. Do'ſt hate a Medler?

Tim. I, though it looke like thee.

Ape. And th'hadſt hated Medlers ſooner, ÿ ſhould'ſt haue loued thy ſelfe better now. What man didd'ſt thou euer know vnthrift, that was beloued after his meanes?

Tim. Who without thoſe meanes thou talk'ſt of, didſt thou euer know belou'd?

Ape. My ſelfe.

Tim. I vnderſtand thee: thou had'ſt ſome meanes to keepe a Dogge.

Apem. What things in the world canſt thou neereſt compare to thy Flatterers?

Tim. Women neereſt, but men: men are the things themſelues. What would'ſt thou do with the world *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

Ape. Giue it the Beaſts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Would'ſt thou haue thy ſelfe fall in the confuſion of men, and remaine a Beaſt with the Beaſts.

Ape. I *Timon.*

Tim. A beaſtly Ambition, which the Goddes graunt thee t'attaine to. If thou wert the Lyon, the Fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the Lambe, the Foxe would eate thee: if thou wert the Fox, the Lion would ſuſpect thee, when peraduenture thou wert accus'd by the Aſſe: If thou wert the Aſſe, thy dulneſſe would torment thee; and ſtill thou liu'dſt but as a Breakefaſt to the Wolfe. If thou wert the Wolfe, thy greedineſſe would afflict thee, & oft thou ſhould'ſt hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the Vnicorne, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine owne ſelfe the conqueſt of thy fury. Wert thou a Beare, thou would'ſt be kill'd by the Horſe: wert thou a Horſe, thou would'ſt be ſeaz'd by the Leopard: wert thou a Leopard, thou wert Germane to the Lion, and the ſpottes of thy Kindred, were Iurors on thy life. All thy ſafety were remotion, and thy defence abſence. What Beaſt could'ſt thou bee, that were not ſubiect to a Beaſt: and what a Beaſt art thou already, that ſeeſt not thy loſſe in transformation.

Ape. If thou could'ſt pleaſe me
With ſpeaking to me, thou might'ſt
Haue hit vpon it heere.
The Commonwealth of Athens, is become
A Forreſt of Beaſts.

Tim. How ha's the Aſſe broke the wall, that thou art out of the Citie.

Ape. Yonder comes a Poet and a Painter:
The plague of Company light vpon thee:
I will feare to catch it, and giue way.
When I know not what elſe to do,
Ile ſee thee againe.

Tim. When there is nothing liuing but thee,
Thou ſhalt be welcome.
I had rather be a Beggers Dogge,
Then *Apemantus.*

Ape. Thou art the Cap
Of all the Fooles aliue.

Tim. Would thou wert cleane enough
To ſpit vpon.

Ape. A plague on thee,
Thou art too bad to curſe.

Tim. All Villaines
That do ſtand by thee, are pure.

Ape. There is no Leproſie,
But what thou ſpeak'ſt.

Tim. If I name thee, Ile beate thee;
But I ſhould infect my hands.

Ape. I would my tongue
Could rot them off.

Tim. Away thou iſſue of a mangie dogge,
Choller does kill me,
That thou art aliue, I ſwoond to ſee thee.

Ape. Would thou would'ſt burſt.

Tim. Away thou tedious Rogue, I am ſorry I ſhall loſe a ſtone by thee.

Ape. Beaſt.

Tim. Slaue.

Ape. Toad.

Tim. Rogue, Rogue, Rogue.
I am ſicke of this falſe world, and will loue nought
But euen the meere neceſſities vpon't:
Then *Timon* preſently prepare thy graue:
Lye where the light Fome of the Sea may beate
Thy graue ſtone dayly, make thine Epitaph,
That death in me, at others liues may laugh.
O thou ſweete King-killer, and deare diuorce
Twixt naturall Sunne and fire: thou bright defiler
of *Himens* pureſt bed, thou valiant Mars,
Thou euer, yong, freſh, loued, and delicate wooer,
Whoſe bluſh doth thawe the conſecrated Snow
That lyes on Dians lap.
Thou viſible God,
That ſouldreſt cloſe Impoſſibilities,
And mak'ſt them kiſſe; that ſpeak'ſt with euerie Tongue

To euerie purpoſe : O thou touch of hearts,
Thinke thy ſlaue-man rebels, and by thy vertue
Set them into confounding oddes, that Beaſts
May haue the world in Empire.
Ape. Would 'twere ſo,
But not till I am dead. Ile ſay th'haſt Gold :
Thou wilt be throng'd too ſhortly.
Tim. Throng'd too?
Ape. I.
Tim. Thy backe I prythee.
Ape. Liue, and loue thy miſery.
Tim. Long liue ſo, and ſo dye. I am quit.
Ape. Mo things like men,
Eate *Timon*, and abhorre then. *Exit Apeman.*

Enter the Bandetti.

1 Where ſhould he haue this Gold? It is ſome poore Fragment, ſome ſlender Ort of his remainder : the meere want of Gold, and the falling from of his Friendes, droue him into this Melancholly.

2 It is nois'd
He hath a maſſe of Treaſure.

3 Let vs make the aſſay vpon him, if he care not for't, he will ſupply vs eaſily : if he couetouſly reſerue it, how ſhall's get it?

2 True : for he beares it not about him:
'Tis hid.
1 Is not this hee?
All. Where?
2 'Tis his deſcription.
3 He? I know him.
All. Saue thee *Timon*.
Tim. Now Theeues.
All. Soldiers, not Theeues.
Tim. Both too, and womens Sonnes.
All. We are not Theeues, but men
That much do want.
Tim. Your greateſt want is, you want much of meat :
Why ſhould you want? Behold, the Earth hath Rootes:
Within this Mile breake forth a hundred Springs:
The Oakes beare Maſt, the Briars Scarlet Heps,
The bounteous Huſwife Nature, on each buſh,
Layes her full Meſſe before you. Want? why Want?
1 We cannot liue on Graſſe, on Berries, Water,
As Beaſts, and Birds, and Fiſhes.
Ti. Nor on the Beaſts themſelues, the Birds & Fiſhes,
You muſt eate men. Yet thankes I muſt you con,
That you are Theeues profeſt : that you worke not
In holier ſhapes : For there is boundleſſe Theft
In limited Profeſſions. Raſcall Theeues
Heere's Gold. Go, ſucke the ſubtle blood o'th'Grape,
Till the high Feauor ſeeth your blood to froth,
And ſo ſcape hanging. Truſt not the Phyſitian,
His Antidotes are poyſon, and he ſlayes
Moe then you Rob : Take wealth, and liues together,
Do Villaine do, ſince you proteſt to doo't.
Like Workemen, Ile example you with Theeuery :
The Sunnes a Theefe, and with his great attraction
Robbes the vaſte Sea. The Moones an arrant Theefe,
And her pale fire, ſhe ſnatches from the Sunne.
The Seas a Theefe, whoſe liquid Surge, reſolues
The Moone into Salt teares. The Earth's a Theefe,
That feeds and breeds by a compoſture ſtolne
From gen'rall excrement : each thing's a Theefe.
The Lawes, your curbe and whip, in their rough power
Ha's vncheck'd Theft. Loue not your ſelues, away,
Rob one another, there's more Gold, cut throates,
All that you meete are Theeues : to Athens go,
Breake open ſhoppes, nothing can you ſteale
But Theeues do looſe it : ſteale leſſe, for this I giue you,
And Gold confound you howſoere : Amen.

3 Has almoſt charm'd me from my Profeſſion, by perſwading me to it.

1 'Tis in the malice of mankinde, that he thus aduiſes vs not to haue vs thriue in our myſtery.

2 Ile beleeue him as an Enemy,
And giue ouer my Trade.

1 Let vs firſt ſee peace in Athens, there is no time ſo miſerable, but a man may be true. *Exit Theeues.*

Enter the Steward to Timon.

Stew. Oh you Gods!
Is yon'd deſpis'd and ruinous man my Lord?
Full of decay and fayling? Oh Monument
And wonder of good deeds, euilly beſtow'd!
What an alteration of Honor has deſp'rate want made?
What vilder thing vpon the earth, then Friends,
Who can bring Nobleſt mindes, to baſeſt ends.
How rarely does it meete with this times guiſe,
When man was wiſht to loue his Enemies :
Grant I may euer loue, and rather woo
Thoſe that would miſcheefe me, then thoſe that doo.
Has caught me in his eye, I will preſent my honeſt griefe vnto him; and as my Lord, ſtill ſerue him with my life.
My deereſt Maſter.
Tim. Away : what art thou?
Stew. Haue you forgot me, Sir?
Tim. Why doſt aske that? I haue forgot all men.
Then, if thou grunt'ſt, th'art a man.
I haue forgot thee.
Stew. An honeſt poore ſeruant of yours.
Tim. Then I know thee not :
I neuer had honeſt man about me, I all
I kept were Knaues, to ſerue in meate to Villaines.
Stew. The Gods are witneſſe,
Neu'r did poore Steward weare a truer greefe
For his vndone Lord, then mine eyes for you.
Tim. What, doſt thou weepe?
Come neerer, then I loue thee
Becauſe thou art a woman, and diſclaim'ſt
Flinty mankinde : whoſe eyes do neuer giue,
But thorow Luſt and Laughter : pittie's ſleeping:
Strange times ý weepe with laughing, not with weeping.
Stew. I begge of you to know me, good my Lord,
T'accept my greefe, and whil'ſt this poore wealth laſts,
To entertaine me as your Steward ſtill.
Tim. Had I a Steward
So true, ſo iuſt, and now ſo comfortable?
It almoſt turnes my dangerous Nature wilde.
Let me behold thy face : Surely, this man
Was borne of woman.
Forgiue my generall, and exceptleſſe raſhneſſe
You perpetuall ſober Gods. I do proclaime
One honeſt man : Miſtake me not, but one :
No more I pray, and hee's a Steward.
How faine would I haue hated all mankinde,
And thou redeem'ſt thy ſelfe. But all ſaue thee,
I fell with Curſes.
Me thinkes thou art more honeſt now, then wiſe :
For, by oppreſſing and betraying mee,
Thou

Thou might'ſt haue ſooner got another Seruice :
For many ſo arriue at ſecond Maſters,
Vpon their firſt Lords necke. But tell me true,
(For I muſt euer doubt, though ne're ſo ſure),
Is not thy kindneſſe ſubtle, couetous,
If not a Vſuring kindneſſe, and as rich men deale Guifts,
Expecting in returne twenty for one?
Stew. No my moſt worthy Maſter, in whoſe breſt
Doubt, and ſuſpect (alas) are plac'd too late :
You ſhould haue fear'd falſe times, when you did Feaſt.
Suſpect ſtill comes, where an eſtate is leaſt.
That which I ſhew, Heauen knowes, is meerely Loue,
Dutie, and Zeale, to your vnmatched minde;
Care of your Food and Liuing, and beleeue it,
My moſt Honour'd Lord,
For any benefit that points to mee,
Either in hope, or preſent, I'de exchange
For this one wiſh, that you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich your ſelfe.
Tim. Looke thee, 'tis ſo : thou ſingly honeſt man,
Heere take : the Gods out of my miſerie
Ha's ſent thee Treaſure. Go, liue rich and happy.
But thus condition'd : Thou ſhalt build from men:
Hate all, curſe all, ſhew Charity to none,
But let the famiſht fleſh ſlide from the Bone,
Ere thou releeue the Begger. Giue to dogges
What thou denyeſt to men. Let Priſons ſwallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em to nothing, be men like blaſted woods
And may Diſeaſes licke vp their falſe bloods,
And ſo farewell, and thriue.
Stew. O let me ſtay, and comfort you, my Maſter.
Tim. If thou hat'ſt Curſes
Stay not : flye, whil'ſt thou art bleſt and free :
Ne're ſee thou man, and let me ne're ſee thee. *Exit*

Enter Poet, and Painter.

Pain. As I tooke note of the place, it cannot be farre where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him?
Does the Rumor hold for true,
That hee's ſo full of Gold?
Painter. Certaine.
Alcibiades reports it : *Phrinica* and *Timandylo*
Had Gold of him. He likewiſe enrich'd
Poore ſtragling Souldiers, with great quantity.
'Tis ſaide, he gaue vnto his Steward
A mighty ſumme.
Poet. Then this breaking of his,
Ha's beene but a Try for his Friends?
Painter. Nothing elſe :
You ſhall ſee him a Palme in Athens againe,
And flouriſh with the higheſt :
Therefore, 'tis not amiſſe, we tender our loues
To him, in this ſuppos'd diſtreſſe of his :
It will ſhew honeſtly in vs,
And is very likely, to loade our purpoſes
With what they trauaile for,
If it be a iuſt and true report, that goes
Of his hauing.
Poet. What haue you now
To preſent vnto him?
Painter. Nothing at this time
But my Viſitation : onely I will promiſe him
An excellent Peece.
Poet. I muſt ſerue him ſo too;
Tell him of an intent that's comming toward him.
Painter. Good as the beſt.
Promiſing, is the verie Ayre o'th'Time;
It opens the eyes of Expectation.
Performance, is euer the duller for his acte,
And but in the plainer and ſimpler kinde of people,
The deede of Saying is quite out of vſe.
To Promiſe, is moſt Courtly and faſhionable;
Performance, is a kinde of Will or Teſtament
Which argues a great ſickneſſe in his iudgement
That makes it.

Enter Timon from his Caue.

Timon. Excellent Workeman,
Thou canſt not paint a man ſo badde
As is thy ſelfe.
Po.t. I am thinking
What I ſhall ſay I haue prouided for him;
It muſt be a perſonating of himſelfe :
A Satyre againſt the ſoftneſſe of Proſperity,
With a Diſcouerie of the infinite Flatteries
That follow youth and opulencie.
Timon. Muſt thou needes
Stand for a Villaine in thine owne Worke?
Wilt thou whip thine owne faults in other men?
Do ſo, I haue Gold for thee.
Poet. Nay let's ſeeke him.
Then do we ſinne againſt our owne eſtate,
When we may profit meete, and come too late.
Painter. True :
When the day ſerues before blacke-corner'd night;
Finde what thou want'ſt, by free and offer'd light.
Come.
Tim. Ile meete you at the turne :
What a Gods Gold, that he is worſhipt
In a baſer Temple, then where Swine feede?
'Tis thou that rigg'ſt the Barke, and plow'ſt the Fome,
Setleſt admired reuerence in a Slaue,
To thee be worſhipt, and thy Saints for aye :
Be crown'd with Plagues, that thee alone obay.
Fit I meet them.
Poet. Haile worthy *Timon*.
Pain. Our late Noble Maſter.
Timon. Haue I once liu'd
To ſee two honeſt men?
Poet. Sir :
Hauing often of your open Bounty taſted,
Hearing you were retyr'd, your Friends falne off,
Whoſe thankeleſſe Natures (O abhorred Spirits)
Not all the Whippes of Heauen, are large enough.
What, to you,
Whoſe Starre-like Nobleneſſe gaue life and influence
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot couer
The monſtrous bulke of this Ingratitude
With any ſize of words.
Timon. Let it go,
Naked men may ſee't the better :
You that are honeſt, by being what you are,
Make them beſt ſeene, and knowne.
Pain. He, and my ſelfe
Haue trauail'd in the great ſhowre of your guifts,
And ſweetly felt it.
Timon. I, you are honeſt man.
Painter. We are hither come
To offer you our ſeruice.
Timon. Moſt honeſt men:
Why

Why how ſhall I requite you?
Can you eate Roots, and drinke cold water, no?
Both. What we can do,
Wee'l do to do you ſeruice.
Tim. Y'are honeſt men,
Y'haue heard that I haue Gold,
I am ſure you haue, ſpeake truth, y'are honeſt men.
Pain. So it is ſaid my Noble Lord, but therefore
Came not my Friend, nor I.
Timon. Good honeſt men: Thou draw'ſt a counterfet
Beſt in all Athens, th'art indeed the beſt,
Thou counterfet'ſt moſt liuely.
Pain. So, ſo, my Lord.
Tim. E'ne ſo ſir as I ſay. And for thy fiction,
Why thy Verſe ſwels with ſtuffe ſo fine and ſmooth,
That thou art euen Naturall in thine Art.
But for all this (my honeſt Natur'd friends)
I muſt needs ſay you haue a little fault,
Marry 'tis not monſtrous in you, neither wiſh I
You take much paines to mend.
Both. Beſeech your Honour
To make it knowne to vs.
Tim. You'l take it ill.
Both. Moſt thankefully, my Lord.
Timon. Will you indeed?
Both. Doubt it not worthy Lord.
Tim. There's neuer a one of you but truſts a Knaue,
That mightily deceiues you.
Both. Do we, my Lord?
Tim. I, and you heare him cogge,
See him diſſemble,
Know his groſſe patchery, loue him, feede him,
Keepe in your boſome, yet remaine aſſur'd
That he's a made-vp-Villaine.
Pain. I know none ſuch, my Lord.
Poet. Nor I.
Timon. Looke you,
I loue you well, Ile giue you Gold
Rid me theſe Villaines from your companies;
Hang them, or ſtab them, drowne them in a draught,
Confound them by ſome courſe, and come to me,
Ile giue you Gold enough.
*. *Both.* Name them my Lord, let's know them.
Tim. You that way, and you this:
But two in Company:
Each man a part, all ſingle, and alone,
Yet an arch Villaine keepes him company:
If where thou art, two Villaines ſhall not be,
Come not neere him. If thou would'ſt not recide
But where one Villaine is, then him abandon.
Hence, packe, there's Gold, you came for Gold ye ſlaues:
You haue worke for me; there's payment, hence,
You are an Alcumiſt, make Gold of that:
Out Raſcall dogges. *Exeunt*

Enter Steward, and two Senators.

Stew. It is vaine that you would ſpeake with *Timon*:
For he is ſet ſo onely to himſelfe,
That nothing but himſelfe, which lookes like man,
Is friendly with him.
1.*Sen.* Bring vs to his Caue.
It is our part and promiſe to th'Athenians
To ſpeake with *Timon.*
2.*Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not ſtill the ſame: 'twas Time and Greefes
That fram'd him thus. Time with his fairer hand,
Offering the Fortunes of his former dayes,
The former man may make him: bring vs to him
And chanc'd it as it may.
Stew. Heere is his Caue:
Peace and content be heere. Lord *Timon, Timon,*
Looke out, and ſpeake to Friends: Th'Athenians
By two of their moſt reuerend Senate greet thee:
Speake to them Noble *Timon.*

Enter Timon out of his Caue.

Tim. Thou Sunne that comforts burne,
Speake and be hang'd:
For each true word, a bliſter, and each falſe
Be as a Cantherizing to the root o'th'Tongue,
Conſuming it with ſpeaking.
1 Worthy *Timon.*
Tim. Of none but ſuch as you,
And you of *Timon.*
1 The Senators of Athens, greet thee *Timon.*
Tim. I thanke them,
And would ſend them backe the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.
1 O forget
What we are ſorry for our ſelues in thee:
The Senators, with one conſent of loue,
Intreate thee backe to Athens, who haue thought
On ſpeciall Dignities, which vacant lye
For thy beſt vſe and wearing.
2 They confeſſe
Toward thee, forgetfulneſſe too generall groſſe;
Which now the publike Body, which doth ſildome
Play the re-canter, feeling in it ſelfe
A lacke of *Timons* ayde, hath ſince withall
Of it owne fall, reſtraining ayde to *Timon,*
And ſend forth vs, to make their ſorrowed render,
Together, with a recompence more fruitfull
Then their offence can weigh downe by the Dramme,
I euen ſuch heapes and ſummes of Loue and Wealth,
As ſhall to thee blot out, what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their loue,
Euer to read them thine.
Tim. You witch me in it;
Surprize me to the very brinke of teares;
Lend me a Fooles heart, and a womans eyes,
And Ile beweepe theſe comforts, worthy Senators.
1 Therefore ſo pleaſe thee to returne with vs,
And of our Athens, thine and ours to take
The Captainſhip, thou ſhalt be met with thankes,
Allowed with abſolute power, and thy good name
Liue with Authoritie: ſo ſoone we ſhall driue backe
Of *Alcibiades* th'approaches wild,
Who like a Bore too ſauage, doth root vp
His Countries peace.
2 And ſhakes his threatning Sword
Againſt the walles of *Athens.*
1 Therefore *Timon.*
Tim. Well ſir, I will: therefore I will ſir thus:
If *Alcibiades* kill my Countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon,*
That *Timon* cares not. But if he ſacke faire Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by'th'Beards,
Giuing our holy Virgins to the ſtaine
Of contumelious, beaſtly, mad-brain'd warre:
Then let him know, and tell him *Timon* ſpeakes it,
In

In pitty of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot chooſe but tell him that I care not,
And let him tak't at worſt: For their Kniues care not,
While you haue throats to anſwer. For my ſelfe,
There's not a whittle, in th'vnruly Campe,
But I do prize it at my loue, before
The reuerends Throat in Athens. So I leaue you
To the protection of the proſperous Gods,
As Theeues to Keepers.
Stew. Stay not, all's in vaine.
Tim. Why I was writing of my Epitaph,
It will be ſeene to morrow. My long ſickneſſe
Of Health, and Liuing, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, liue ſtill,
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his,
And laſt ſo long enough.
1 We ſpeake in vaine.
Tim. But yet I loue my Country, and am not
One that reioyces in the common wracke,
As common bruite doth put it.
1 That's well ſpoke.
Tim. Commend me to my louing Countreymen.
1 Theſe words become your lippes as they paſſe thorow them.
2 And enter in our eares, like great Triumphers
In their applauding gates.
Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to eaſe them of their greefes,
Their feares of Hoſtile ſtrokes, their Aches loſſes,
Their pangs of Loue, with other incident throwes
That Natures fragile Veſſell doth ſuſtaine
In lifes vncertaine voyage, I will ſome kindnes do them,
Ile teach them to preuent wilde *Alcibiades* wrath.
1 I like this well, he will returne againe.
Tim. I haue a Tree which growes heere in my Cloſe,
That mine owne vſe inuites me to cut downe,
And ſhortly muſt I fell it. Tell my Friends,
Tell Athens, in the ſequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that who ſo pleaſe
To ſtop Affliction, let him take his haſte;
Come hither ere my Tree hath felt the Axe,
And hang himſelfe. I pray you do my greeting.
Stew. Trouble him no further, thus you ſtill ſhall
Finde him.
Tim. Come not to me againe, but ſay to Athens,
Timon hath made his euerlaſting Manſion
Vpon the Beached Verge of the ſalt Flood,
Who once a day with his emboſſed Froth
The turbulent Surge ſhall couer; thither come,
And let my graue-ſtone be your Oracle:
Lippes, let foure words go by, and Language end:
What is amiſſe, Plague and Infection mend.
Graues onely be mens workes, and Death their gaine;
Sunne, hide thy Beames, *Timon* hath done his Raigne.
Exit Timon.
1 His diſcontents are vnremoueably coupled to Nature.
2 Our hope in him is dead: let vs returne,
And ſtraine what other meanes is left vnto vs
In our deere perill.
1 It requires ſwift foot. *Exeunt.*

Enter two other Senators, with a Meſſenger.

1 Thou haſt painfully diſcouer'd: are his Files
As full as thy report?
Meſ. I haue ſpoke the leaſt.
Beſides his expedition promiſes preſent approach.
2 We ſtand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon.*
Meſ. I met a Currier, one mine ancient Friend,
Whom though in generall part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old loue made a particular force,
And made vs ſpeake like Friends. This man was riding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timons* Caue,
With Letters of intreaty, which imported
His Fellowſhip i'th'cauſe againſt your City,
In part for his ſake mou'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Heere come our Brothers.
3 No talke of *Timon,* nothing of him expect,
The Enemies Drumme is heard, and fearefull ſcouring
Doth choake the ayre with duſt: In, and prepare,
Ours is the fall I feare, our Foes the Snare. *Exeunt*

Enter a Souldier in the Woods, ſeeking Timon.

Sol. By all deſcription this ſhould be the place.
Whoſe heere? Speake hoa. No anſwer? What is this?
Tymon is dead, who hath out-ſtretcht his ſpan,
Some Beaſt reade this; There do's not liue a Man.
Dead ſure, and this his Graue, what's on this Tomb,
I cannot read: the Charracter Ile take with wax,
Our Captaine hath in euery Figure skill;
An ag'd Interpreter, though yong in dayes:
Before proud Athens hee's ſet downe by this,
Whoſe fall the marke of his Ambition is. *Exit.*

Trumpets ſound. Enter Alcibiades with his Powers before Athens.

Alc. Sound to this Coward, and laſciuious Towne,
Our terrible approach.
Sounds a Parly.
The Senators appeare vpon the wals.
Till now you haue gone on, and fill'd the time
With all Licentious meaſure, making your willes
The ſcope of Iuſtice. Till now, my ſelfe and ſuch
As ſlept within the ſhadow of your power
Haue wander'd with our trauerſt Armes, and breath'd
Our ſufferance vainly: Now the time is fluſh,
When crouching Marrow in the bearer ſtrong
Cries (of it ſelfe) no more: Now breathleſſe wrong,
Shall ſit and pant in your great Chaires of eaſe,
And purſie Inſolence ſhall breake his winde
With feare and horrid flight.
1.*Sen.* Noble, and young;
When thy firſt greefes were but a meere conceit,
Ere thou had'ſt power, or we had cauſe of feare,
We ſent to thee, to giue thy rages Balme,
To wipe out our Ingratitude, with Loues
Aboue their quantitie.
2 So did we wooe
Transformed *Timon,* to our Citties loue
By humble Meſſage, and by promiſt meanes:
We were not all vnkinde, nor all deſerue
The common ſtroke of warre.
1 Theſe walles of ours,
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You haue receyu'd your greefe: Nor are they ſuch,
That theſe great Towres, Trophees, & Schools ſhold fall
For priuate faults in them.
2 Nor are they liuing
Who

Who were the motiues that you firſt went out,
(Shame that they wanted, cunning in exceſſe)
Hath broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,
Into our City with thy Banners ſpred,
By decimation and a tythed death;
If thy Reuenges hunger for that Food
Which Nature loathes, take thou the deſtin'd tenth,
And by the hazard of the ſpotted dye,
Let dye the ſpotted.
1 All haue not offended:
For thoſe that were, it is not ſquare to take
On thoſe that are, Reuenge: Crimes, like Lands
Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,
Bring in thy rankes, but leaue without thy rage,
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and thoſe Kin
Which in the bluſter of thy wrath muſt fall
With thoſe that haue offended, like a Shepheard,
Approach the Fold, and cull th'infected forth,
But kill not altogether.
2 What thou wilt,
Thou rather ſhalt inforce it with thy ſmile,
Then hew too't, with thy Sword.
1 Set but thy foot
Againſt our rampyr'd gates, and they ſhall ope:
So thou wilt ſend thy gentle heart before,
To ſay thou't enter Friendly.
2 Throw thy Gloue,
Or any Token of thine Honour elſe,
That thou wilt vſe the warres as thy redreſſe,
And not as our Confuſion: All thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till wee
Haue ſeal'd thy full deſire.
Alc. Then there's my Gloue,
Defend and open your vncharged Ports,
Thoſe Enemies of *Timons*, and mine owne
Whom you your ſelues ſhall ſet out for reproofe,
Fall and no more; and to attone your feares
With my more Noble meaning, not a man
Shall paſſe his quarter, or offend the ſtreame
Of Regular Iuſtice in your Citties bounds,
But ſhall be remedied to your publique Lawes
At heauieſt anſwer.
Both. 'Tis moſt Nobly ſpoken.
Alc. Deſcend, and keepe your words.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Noble Generall, *Timon* is dead,
Entomb'd vpon the very hemme o'th'Sea,
And on his Graueſtone, this Inſculpture which
With wax I brought away: whoſe ſoft Impreſſion
Interprets for my poore ignorance.

Alcibiades reades the Epitaph.

Heere lies a wretched Coarſe, of wretched Soule bereft,
Seek not my name: A Plague conſume you, wicked Caitifs left:
Heere lye I Timon, who aliue, all liuing men did hate,
Paſſe by, and curſe thy fill, but paſſe and ſtay not here thy gate.
Theſe well expreſſe in thee thy latter ſpirits:
Though thou abhorrd'ſt in vs our humane griefes,
Scornd'ſt our Braines flow, and thoſe our droplets, which
From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit
Taught thee to make vaſt Neptune weepe for aye
On thy low Graue, on faults forgiuen. Dead
Is Noble *Timon*, of whoſe Memorie
Heereafter more. Bring me into your Citie,
And I will vſe the Oliue, with my Sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace ſtint war, make each
Preſcribe to other, as each others Leach.
Let our Drummes ſtrike. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE ACTORS NAMES.

TYMON of Athens.
Lucius, And
Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.
Appemantus, a Churliſh Philoſopher.
Sempronius another flattering Lord.
Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.
Poet.
Painter.
Jeweller.
Merchant.
Certaine Senatours.
Certaine Maskers.
Certaine Theeues.

Flaminius, one of Tymons Seruants.
Seruilius, another.
Caphis.
Varro.
Philo.
Titus.
Lucius.
Hortenſis
Seuerall Seruants to Vſurers.
Ventigius. one of Tymons falſe Friends.
Cupid.
Sempronius.
With diuers other Seruants,
And Attendants.

THE TRAGEDIE OF IVLIVS CÆSAR.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Flauius, Murellus, and certaine Commoners ouer the Stage.

Flauius.

Hence: home you idle Creatures, get you home:
Is this a Holiday? What, know you not
(Being Mechanicall) you ought not walke
Vpon a labouring day, without the ſigne
Of your Profeſſion? Speake, what Trade art thou?

Car. Why Sir, a Carpenter.

Mur. Where is thy Leather Apron, and thy Rule?
What doſt thou with thy beſt Apparrell on?
You ſir, what Trade are you?

Cobl. Truely Sir, in reſpect of a fine Workman, I am but as you would ſay, a Cobler.

Mur. But what Trade art thou? Anſwer me directly.

Cob. A Trade Sir, that I hope I may vſe, with a ſafe Conſcience, which is indeed Sir, a Mender of bad ſoules.

Fla. What Trade thou knaue? Thou naughty knaue, what Trade?

Cobl. Nay I beſeech you Sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out Sir, I can mend you.

Mur. What mean'ſt thou by that? Mend mee, thou ſawcy Fellow?

Cob. Why ſir, Cobble you.

Fla. Thou art a Cobler, art thou?

Cob. Truly ſir, all that I liue by, is with the Aule: I meddle with no Tradeſmans matters, nor womens matters; but withal I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old ſhooes: when they are in great danger, I recouer them. As proper men as euer trod vpon Neats Leather, haue gone vpon my handy-worke.

Fla. But wherefore art not in thy Shop to day?
Why do'ſt thou leade theſe men about the ſtreets?

Cob. Truly ſir, to weare out their ſhooes, to get my ſelfe into more worke. But indeede ſir, we make Holyday to ſee *Cæſar*, and to reioyce in his Triumph.

Mur. Wherefore reioyce?
What Conqueſt brings he home?
What Tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in Captiue bonds his Chariot Wheeles?
You Blockes, you ſtones, you worſe then ſenſleſſe things:
O you hard hearts, you cruell men of Rome,
Knew you not *Pompey* many a time and oft?
Haue you climb'd vp to Walles and Battlements,
To Towres and Windowes? Yea, to Chimney tops,
Your Infants in your Armes, and there haue ſate
The liue-long day, with patient expectation,
To ſee great *Pompey* paſſe the ſtreets of Rome:
And when you ſaw his Chariot but appeare,
Haue you not made an Vniuerſall ſhout,
That Tyber trembled vnderneath her bankes
To heare the replication of your ſounds,
Made in her Concaue Shores?
And do you now put on your beſt attyre?
And do you now cull out a Holyday?
And do you now ſtrew Flowers in his way,
That comes in Triumph ouer *Pompeyes* blood?
Be gone,
Runne to your houſes, fall vpon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague
That needs muſt light on this Ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good Countrymen, and for this fault
Aſſemble all the poore men of your ſort;
Draw them to Tyber bankes, and weepe your teares
Into the Channell, till the loweſt ſtreame
Do kiſſe the moſt exalted Shores of all.

Exeunt all the Commoners.

See where their baſeſt mettle be not mou'd,
They vaniſh tongue-tyed in their guiltineſſe:
Go you downe that way towards the Capitoll,
This way will I: Diſrobe the Images,
If you do finde them deckt with Ceremonies.

Mur. May we do ſo?
You know it is the Feaſt of Lupercall.

Fla. It is no matter, let no Images
Be hung with *Cæſars* Trophees: Ile about,
And driue away the Vulgar from the ſtreets;
So do you too, where you perceiue them thicke.
Theſe growing Feathers, pluckt from *Cæſars* wing,
Will make him flye an ordinary pitch,
Who elſe would ſoare aboue the view of men,
And keepe vs all in ſeruile fearefulneſſe. *Exeunt*

Enter Cæſar, Antony for the Courſe, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Caſſius, Caska, a Soothſayer: after them Murellus and Flauius.

Cæſ. *Calphurnia.*

Cask. Peace ho, *Cæſar* ſpeakes.

Cæſ. *Calphurnia.*

Calp. Heere my Lord.

Cæſ. Stand you directly in *Antonio*'s way,
When he doth run his courſe. *Antonio.*

Ant. *Cæſar*, my Lord.

Cæſ. Forget not in your ſpeed *Antonio*,
To touch *Calphurnia*: for our Elders ſay,

The Barren touched in this holy chace,
Shake off their ſterrile curſe.
Ant. I ſhall remember,
When *Cæſar* ſayes, Do this; it is perform'd.
Cæſ. Set on, and leaue no Ceremony out.
Sooth. *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. Ha? Who calles?
Cask. Bid euery noyſe be ſtill: peace yet againe.
Cæſ. Who is it in the preſſe, that calles on me?
I heare a Tongue ſhriller then all the Muſicke
Cry, *Cæſar*: Speake, *Cæſar* is turn'd to heare.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.
Cæſ. What man is that?
Br. A Sooth-ſayer bids you beware the Ides of March
Cæſ. Set him before me, let me ſee his face.
Caſſi. Fellow, come from the throng, look vpon *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. What ſayſt thou to me now? Speak once againe.
Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.
Cæſ. He is a Dreamer, let vs leaue him: Paſſe.
Sennet. *Exeunt. Manet Brut. & Caſſ.*
Caſſi. Will you go ſee the order of the courſe?
Brut. Not I.
Caſſi. I pray you do.
Brut. I am not Gameſom: I do lacke ſome part
Of that quicke Spirit that is in *Antony*:
Let me not hinder *Caſſius* your deſires;
Ile leaue you.
Caſſi. *Brutus*, I do obſerue you now of late:
I haue not from your eyes, that gentleneſſe
And ſhew of Loue, as I was wont to haue:
You beare too ſtubborne, and too ſtrange a hand
Ouer your Friend, that loues you.
Bru. *Caſſius*,
Be not deceiu'd: If I haue veyl'd my looke,
I turne the trouble of my Countenance
Meerely vpon my ſelfe. Vexed I am
Of late, with paſſions of ſome difference,
Conceptions onely proper to my ſelfe,
Which giue ſome ſoyle (perhaps) to my Behauiours:
But let not therefore my good Friends be greeu'd
(Among which number *Caſſius* be you one)
Nor conſtrue any further my neglect,
Then that poore *Brutus* with himſelfe at warre,
Forgets the ſhewes of Loue to other men.
Caſſi. Then *Brutus*, I haue much miſtook your paſſion,
By meanes whereof, this Breſt of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy Cogitations.
Tell me good *Brutus*, Can you ſee your face?
Brutus. No *Caſſius*:
For the eye ſees not it ſelfe but by reflection,
By ſome other things.
Caſſius. 'Tis iuſt,
And it is very much lamented *Brutus*,
That you haue no ſuch Mirrors, as will turne
Your hidden worthineſſe into your eye,
That you might ſee your ſhadow:
I haue heard,
Where many of the beſt reſpect in Rome,
(Except immortall *Cæſar*) ſpeaking of *Brutus*,
And groaning vnderneath this Ages yoake,
Haue wiſh'd, that Noble *Brutus* had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers, would you
Leade me *Caſſius*?
That you would haue me ſeeke into my ſelfe,
For that which is not in me?
Caſ. Therefore good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to heare:
And ſince you know, you cannot ſee your ſelfe
So well as by Reflection; I your Glaſſe,
Will modeſtly diſcouer to your ſelfe
That of your ſelfe, which you yet know not of.
And be not iealous on me, gentle *Brutus*:
Were I a common Laughter, or did vſe
To ſtale with ordinary Oathes my loue
To euery new Proteſter: if you know,
That I do fawne on men, and hugge them hard,
And after ſcandall them: Or if you know,
That I profeſſe my ſelfe in Banquetting
To all the Rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flouriſh, and Shout.

Bru. What meanes this Showting?
I do feare, the People chooſe *Cæſar*
For their King.
Caſſi. I, do you feare it?
Then muſt I thinke you would not haue it ſo.
Bru. I would not *Caſſius*, yet I loue him well:
But wherefore do you hold me heere ſo long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the generall good,
Set Honor in one eye, and Death i'th other,
And I will looke on both indifferently:
For let the Gods ſo ſpeed mee, as I loue
The name of Honor, more then I feare death.
Caſſi. I know that vertue to be in you *Brutus*,
As well as I do know your outward fauour.
Well, Honor is the ſubiect of my Story:
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Thinke of this life: But for my ſingle ſelfe,
I had as liefe not be, as liue to be
In awe of ſuch a Thing, as I my ſelfe.
I was borne free as *Cæſar*, ſo were you,
We both haue fed as well, and we can both
Endure the Winters cold, as well as hee.
For once, vpon a Rawe and Guſtie day,
The troubled Tyber, chafing with her Shores,
Cæſar ſaide to me, Dar'ſt thou *Caſſius* now
Leape in with me into this angry Flood,
And ſwim to yonder Point? Vpon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bad him follow: ſo indeed he did.
The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With luſty Sinewes, throwing it aſide,
And ſtemming it with hearts of Controuerſie.
But ere we could arriue the Point propos'd,
Cæſar cride, Helpe me *Caſſius*, or I ſinke.
I (as *Æneas*, our great Anceſtor,
Did from the Flames of Troy, vpon his ſhoulder
The old *Anchyſes* beare) ſo, from the waues of Tyber
Did I the tyred *Cæſar*: And this Man,
Is now become a God, and *Caſſius* is
A wretched Creature, and muſt bend his body,
If *Cæſar* careleſly but nod on him.
He had a Feauer when he was in Spaine,
And when the Fit was on him, I did marke
How he did ſhake: Tis true, this God did ſhake,
His Coward lippes did from their colour flye,
And that ſame Eye, whoſe bend doth awe the World,
Did looſe his Luſtre: I did heare him grone:
I, and that Tongue of his, that bad the Romans
Marke him, and write his Speeches in their Bookes,
Alas, it cried, Giue me ſome drinke *Titinius*,

As a ſicke Girle: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So get the ſtart of the Maieſticke world,
And beare the Palme alone.
Shout. *Flouriſh.*
Bru. Another generall ſhout?
I do beleeue, that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new Honors, that are heap'd on *Cæſar*.
Caſſi. Why man, he doth beſtride the narrow world
Like a Coloſſus, and we petty men
Walke vnder his huge legges, and peepe about
To finde our ſelues diſhonourable Graues.
Men at ſometime, are Maſters of their Fates.
The fault (deere *Brutus*) is not in our Starres,
But in our Selues, that we are vnderlings.
Brutus and *Cæſar*: What ſhould be in that *Cæſar*?
Why ſhould that name be ſounded more then yours?
Write them together: Yours, is as faire a Name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth aſwell:
Weigh them, it is as heauy: Coniure with 'em,
Brutus will ſtart a Spirit as ſoone as *Cæſar*.
Now in the names of all the Gods at once,
Vpon what meate doth this our *Cæſar* feede,
That he is growne ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd.
Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of Noble Bloods.
When went there by an Age, ſince the great Flood,
But it was fam'd with more then with one man?
When could they ſay (till now) that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide Walkes incompaſt but one man?
Now is't Rome indeed, and Roome enough
When there is in it but one onely man.
O! you and I, haue heard our Fathers ſay,
There was a *Brutus* once, that would haue brook'd
Th'eternall Diuell to keepe his State in Rome,
As eaſily as a King.
Bru. That you do loue me, I am nothing iealous:
What you would worke me too, I haue ſome ayme:
How I haue thought of this, and of theſe times
I ſhall recount heereafter. For this preſent,
I would not ſo (with loue I might intreat you)
Be any further moou'd: What you haue ſaid,
I will conſider: what you haue to ſay
I will with patience heare, and finde a time
Both meete to heare, and anſwer ſuch high things.
Till then, my Noble Friend, chew vpon this:
Brutus had rather be a Villager,
Then to repute himſelfe a Sonne of Rome
Vnder theſe hard Conditions, as this time
Is like to lay vpon vs.
Caſſi. I am glad that my weake words
Haue ſtrucke but thus much ſhew of fire from *Brutus*.

Enter Cæſar and his Traine.

Bru. The Games are done,
And *Cæſar* is returning.
Caſſi. As they paſſe by,
Plucke *Caska* by the Sleeue,
And he will (after his ſowre faſhion) tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to day.
Bru. I will do ſo: but looke you *Caſſius*,
The angry ſpot doth glow on *Cæſars* brow,
And all the reſt, looke like a chidden Traine;
Calphurnia's Cheeke is pale, and *Cicero*
Lookes with ſuch Ferret, and ſuch fiery eyes
As we haue ſeene him in the Capitoll
Being croſt in Conference, by ſome Senators.
Caſſi. *Caska* will tell vs what the matter is.
Cæſ. *Antonio.*
Ant. *Cæſar.*
Cæſ. Let me haue men about me, that are fat,
Sleeke-headed men, and ſuch as ſleepe a-nights:
Yond *Caſſius* has a leane and hungry looke,
He thinkes too much: ſuch men are dangerous.
Ant. Feare him not *Cæſar*, he's not dangerous,
He is a Noble Roman, and well giuen.
Cæſ. Would he were fatter; But I feare him not:
Yet if my name were lyable to feare,
I do not know the man I ſhould auoyd
So ſoone as that ſpare *Caſſius*. He reades much,
He is a great Obſeruer, and he lookes
Quite through the Deeds of men. He loues no Playes,
As thou doſt *Antony*: he heares no Muſicke;
Seldome he ſmiles, and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort
As if he mock'd himſelfe, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit
That could be mou'd to ſmile at any thing.
Such men as he, be neuer at hearts eaſe,
Whiles they behold a greater then themſelues,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Then what I feare: for alwayes I am *Cæſar*,
Come on my right hand, for this eare is deafe,
And tell me truely, what thou think'ſt of him. *Sennit.*
Exeunt Cæſar and his Traine.

Cask. You pul'd me by the cloake, would you ſpeake with me?

Bru. I *Caska*, tell vs what hath chanc'd to day
That *Cæſar* lookes ſo ſad.
Cask. Why you were with him, were you not?
Bru. I ſhould not then aske *Caska* what had chanc'd.

Cask. Why there was a Crowne offer'd him; & being offer'd him, he put it by with the backe of his hand thus, and then the people fell a ſhouting.

Bru. What was the ſecond noyſe for?
Cask. Why for that too.
Caſſi. They ſhouted thrice: what was the laſt cry for?
Cask. Why for that too.
Bru. Was the Crowne offer'd him thrice?

Cask. I marry was't, and hee put it by thrice, euerie time gentler then other; and at euery putting by, mine honeſt Neighbors ſhowted.

Caſſi. Who offer'd him the Crowne?
Cask. Why *Antony*.
Bru. Tell vs the manner of it, gentle *Caska*.

Caska. I can as well bee hang'd as tell the manner of it: It was meere Foolerie, I did not marke it. I ſawe *Marke Antony* offer him a Crowne, yet 'twas not a Crowne neyther, 'twas one of theſe Coronets: and as I told you, hee put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would faine haue had it. Then hee offered it to him againe: then hee put it by againe: but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; hee put it the third time by, and ſtill as hee refus'd it, the rabblement howted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw vppe their ſweatie Night-cappes, and vttered ſuch a deale of ſtinking breath, becauſe *Cæſar* refus'd the Crowne, that it had (almoſt) choaked *Cæſar*: for hee ſwoonded, and fell downe at it: And for mine owne part, I durſt not laugh, for feare of opening my Lippes, and receyuing the bad Ayre.

Caſſi. But ſoft I pray you: what,did *Cæſar* ſwound?

Cask. He fell downe in the Market-place,and foam'd at mouth,and was ſpeechleſſe.

Brut. 'Tis very like he hath the Falling ſickneſſe.

Caſſi. No,*Cæſar* hath it not: but you,and I,
And honeſt *Caska*,we haue the Falling ſickneſſe.

Cask. I know not what you meane by that, but I am ſure *Cæſar* fell downe. If the tag-ragge people did not clap him, and hiſſe him, according as he pleas'd, and diſpleas'd them,as they vſe to doe the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

Brut. What ſaid he,when he came vnto himſelfe?

Cask. Marry,before he fell downe, when he perceiu'd the common Heard was glad he refus'd the Crowne, he pluckt me ope his Doublet, and offer'd them his Throat to cut: and I had beene a man of any Occupation, if I would not haue taken him at a word, I would I might goe to Hell among the Rogues, and ſo hee fell. When he came to himſelfe againe, hee ſaid, If hee had done,or ſaid any thing amiſſe,he deſir'd their Worſhips to thinke it was his infirmitie. Three or foure Wenches where I ſtood, cryed, Alaſſe good Soule, and forgaue him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if *Cæſar* had ſtab'd their Mothers,they would haue done no leſſe.

Brut. And after that,he came thus ſad away.

Cask. I.

Caſſi. Did *Cicero* ſay any thing?

Cask. I,he ſpoke Greeke.

Caſſi. To what effect?

Cask. Nay, and I tell you that, Ile ne're looke you i'th' face againe. But thoſe that vnderſtood him, ſmil'd at one another, and ſhooke their heads: but for mine owne part, it was Greeke to me. I could tell you more newes too: *Murrellus* and *Flauius*, for pulling Scarffes off *Cæſars* Images, are put to ſilence. Fare you well. There was more Foolerie yet, if I could remember it.

Caſſi. Will you ſuppe with me to Night,*Caska*?

Cask. No,I am promis'd forth.

Caſſi. Will you Dine with me to morrow?

Cask. I,if I be aliue, and your minde hold, and your Dinner worth the eating.

Caſſi. Good,I will expect you.

Cask. Doe ſo: farewell both. *Exit.*

Brut. What a blunt fellow is this growne to be?
He was quick Mettle,when he went to Schoole.

Caſſi. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold,or Noble Enterprize,
How-euer he puts on this tardie forme:
This Rudeneſſe is a Sawce to his good Wit,
Which giues men ſtomacke to diſgeſt his words
With better Appetite.

Brut. And ſo it is:
For this time I will leaue you:
To morrow,if you pleaſe to ſpeake with me,
I will come home to you: or if you will,
Come home to me,and I will wait for you.

Caſſi. I will doe ſo: till then,thinke of the World.
Exit Brutus.
Well *Brutus*,thou art Noble; yet I ſee,
Thy Honorable Mettle may be wrought
From that it is diſpos'd: therefore it is meet,
That Noble mindes keepe euer with their likes:
For who ſo firme,that cannot be ſeduc'd?
Cæſar doth beare me hard,but he loues *Brutus*.
If I were *Brutus* now,and he were *Caſſius*,
He ſhould not humor me. I will this Night,
In ſeuerall Hands,in at his Windowes throw,
As if they came from ſeuerall Citizens,
Writings,all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his Name: wherein obſcurely
Cæſars Ambition ſhall be glanced at.
And after this,let *Cæſar* ſeat him ſure,
For wee will ſhake him, or worſe dayes endure.
Exit.

Thunder, and Lightning. Enter Caska, and Cicero.

Cic. Good euen,*Caska*: brought you *Cæſar* home?
Why are you breathleſſe,and why ſtare you ſo?

Cask. Are not you mou'd,when all the ſway of Earth
Shakes, like a thing vnfirme? O *Cicero*,
I haue ſeene Tempeſts,when the ſcolding Winds
Haue riu'd the knottie Oakes,and I haue ſeene
Th'ambitious Ocean ſwell,and rage,and foame,
To be exalted with the threatning Clouds:
But neuer till to Night,neuer till now,
Did I goe through a Tempeſt-dropping-fire.
Eyther there is a Ciuill ſtrife in Heauen,
Or elſe the World,too ſawcie with the Gods,
Incenſes them to ſend deſtruction.

Cic. Why, ſaw you any thing more wonderfull?

Cask. A common ſlaue, you know him well by ſight,
Held vp his left Hand,which did flame and burne
Like twentie Torches ioyn'd; and yet his Hand,
Not ſenſible of fire,remain'd vnſcorch'd.
Beſides,I ha'not ſince put vp my Sword,
Againſt the Capitoll I met a Lyon,
Who glaz'd vpon me,and went ſurly by,
Without annoying me. And there were drawne
Vpon a heape,a hundred gaſtly Women,
Transformed with their feare,who ſwore,they ſaw
Men,all in fire,walke vp and downe the ſtreetes.
And yeſterday,the Bird of Night did ſit,
Euen at Noone-day,vpon the Market place,
Howting,and ſhreeking. When theſe Prodigies
Doe ſo conioyntly meet, let not men ſay,
Theſe are their Reaſons,they are Naturall:
For I beleeue,they are portentous things
Vnto the Clymate,that they point vpon.

Cic. Indeed,it is a ſtrange diſpoſed time:
But men may conſtrue things after their faſhion,
Cleane from the purpoſe of the things themſelues.
Comes *Cæſar* to the Capitoll to morrow?

Cask. He doth: for he did bid *Antonio*
Send word to you,he would be there to morrow.

Cic. Good-night then,*Caska*:
This diſturbed Skie is not to walke in.

Cask. Farewell *Cicero*. *Exit Cicero.*

Enter Caſſius.

Caſſi. Who's there?

Cask. A Romane.

Caſſi. *Caska*, by your Voyce.

Cask. Your Eare is good.
Caſſius,what Night is this?

Caſſi. A very pleaſing Night to honeſt men.

Cask. Who euer knew the Heauens menace ſo?

Caſſi. Thoſe that haue knowne the Earth ſo full of faults.
For my part,I haue walk'd about the ſtreets,
Submitting me vnto the perillous Night;
And thus vnbraced,*Caska*,as you ſee,
Haue bar'd my Boſome to the Thunder-ſtone:
And when the croſſe blew Lightning ſeem'd to open
The Breſt of Heauen, I did preſent my ſelfe
Euen in the ayme,and very flaſh of it.

Cask. But wherefore did you ſo much tempt the Heauens?
It is the part of men,to feare and tremble,
When the moſt mightie Gods,by tokens ſend
Such dreadfull Heraulds,to aſtoniſh vs.

Caſſi. You are dull,*Caska*:
And thoſe ſparkes of Life,that ſhould be in a Roman,
You doe want, or elſe you vſe not.
You looke pale,and gaze,and put on feare,
And caſt your ſelfe in wonder,
To ſee the ſtrange impatience of the Heauens:
But if you would conſider the true cauſe,
Why all theſe Fires,why all theſe gliding Ghoſts,
Why Birds and Beaſts,from qualitie and kinde,
Why Old men,Fooles,and Children calculate,
Why all theſe things change from their Ordinance,
Their Natures,and pre-formed Faculties,
To monſtrous qualitie; why you ſhall finde,
That Heauen hath infus'd them with theſe Spirits,
To make them Inſtruments of feare,and warning,
Vnto ſome monſtrous State.
Now could I (*Caska*) name to thee a man,
Moſt like this dreadfull Night,
That Thunders,Lightens,opens Graues,and roares,
As doth the Lyon in the Capitoll:
A man no mightier then thy ſelfe,or me,
In perſonall action; yet prodigious growne,
And fearefull,as theſe ſtrange eruptions are.

Cask. 'Tis *Cæſar* that you meane:
Is it not, *Caſſius*?

Caſſi. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Haue Thewes,and Limbes,like to their Anceſtors;
But woe the while,our Fathers mindes are dead,
And we are gouern'd with our Mothers ſpirits,
Our yoake,and ſufferance,ſhew vs Womaniſh.

Cask. Indeed,they ſay,the Senators to morrow
Meane to eſtabliſh *Cæſar* as a King:
And he ſhall weare his Crowne by Sea,and Land,
In euery place,ſaue here in Italy.

Caſſi. I know where I will weare this Dagger then;
Caſſius from Bondage will deliuer *Caſſius*:
Therein,yee Gods,you make the weake moſt ſtrong;
Therein,yee Gods,you Tyrants doe defeat.
Nor Stonie Tower,nor Walls of beaten Braſſe,
Nor ayre-leſſe Dungeon,nor ſtrong Linkes of Iron,
Can be retentiue to the ſtrength of ſpirit:
But Life being wearie of theſe worldly Barres,
Neuer lacks power to diſmiſſe it ſelfe.
If I know this,know all the World beſides,
That part of Tyrannie that I doe beare,
I can ſhake off at pleaſure. *Thunder ſtill.*

Cask. So can I:
So euery Bond-man in his owne hand beares
The power to cancell his Captiuitie.

Caſſi. And why ſhould *Cæſar* be a Tyrant then?
Poore man,I know he would not be a Wolfe,
But that he ſees the Romans are but Sheepe:
He were no Lyon,were not Romans Hindes.
Thoſe that with haſte will make a mightie fire,
Begin it with weake Strawes. What traſh is Rome?
What Rubbiſh,and what Offall? when it ſerues
For the baſe matter,to illuminate
So vile a thing as *Cæſar*. But oh Griefe,
Where haſt thou led me? I (perhaps) ſpeake this
Before a willing Bond-man: then I know
My anſwere muſt be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Cask. You ſpeake to *Caska*,and to ſuch a man,
That is no flearing Tell-tale. Hold, my Hand:
Be factious for redreſſe of all theſe Griefes,
And I will ſet this foot of mine as farre,
As who goes fartheſt.

Caſſi. There's a Bargaine made.
Now know you, *Caska*,I haue mou'd already
Some certaine of the Nobleſt minded Romans
To vnder-goe,with me, an Enterprize,
Of Honorable dangerous conſequence;
And I doe know by this, they ſtay for me
In *Pompeyes* Porch: for now this fearefull Night,
There is no ſtirre,or walking in the ſtreetes;
And the Complexion of the Element
Is Fauors,like the Worke we haue in hand,
Moſt bloodie,fierie,and moſt terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Caska. Stand cloſe a while, for heere comes one in haſte.

Caſſi. 'Tis *Cinna*,I doe know him by his Gate,
He is a friend. *Cinna*,where haſte you ſo?

Cinna. To finde out you: Who's that, *Metellus Cymber*?

Caſſi. No,it is *Caska*, one incorporate
To our Attempts. Am I not ſtay'd for,*Cinna*?

Cinna. I am glad on't.
What a fearefull Night is this?
There's two or three of vs haue ſeene ſtrange ſights.

Caſſi. Am I not ſtay'd for? tell me.

Cinna. Yes, you are. O *Caſſius*,
If you could but winne the Noble *Brutus*
To our party——

Caſſi. Be you content. Good *Cinna*,take this Paper,
And looke you lay it in the Pretors Chayre,
Where *Brutus* may but finde it: and throw this
In at his Window; ſet this vp with Waxe
Vpon old *Brutus* Statue: all this done,
Repaire to *Pompeyes* Porch,where you ſhall finde vs.
Is *Decius Brutus* and *Trebonius* there?

Cinna. All,but *Metellus Cymber*,and hee's gone
To ſeeke you at your houſe. Well,I will hie,
And ſo beſtow theſe Papers as you bad me.

Caſſi. That done,repayre to *Pompeyes* Theater.
Exit Cinna.
Come *Caska*,you and I will yet,ere day,
See *Brutus* at his houſe: three parts of him
Is ours alreadie, and the man entire
Vpon the next encounter,yeelds him ours.

Cask. O,he ſits high in all the Peoples hearts:
And that which would appeare Offence in vs,
His Countenance,like richeſt Alchymie,
Will change to Vertue,and to Worthineſſe.

Caſſi. Him,and his worth,and our great need of him,
You haue right well conceited: let vs goe,
For it is after Mid-night, and ere day,
We will awake him, and be ſure of him.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What *Lucius*, hoe?
I cannot,by the progreſſe of the Starres,
Giue gueſſe how neere to day.-*Lucius*,I ſay?
I would it were my fault to ſleepe ſo ſoundly.
When *Lucius*,when? awake,I ſay: what *Lucius*?

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?
Brut. Get me a Tapor in my Study,*Lucius*:
When it is lighted,come and call me here.
Luc. I will,my Lord. *Exit.*
Brut. It muſt be by his death: and for my part,
I know no perſonall cauſe,to ſpurne at him,
But for the generall. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature,there's the queſtion?
It is the bright day,that brings forth the Adder,
And that craues warie walking: Crowne him that,
And then I graunt we put a Sting in him,
That at his will he may doe danger with.
Th'abuſe of Greatneſſe,is,when it dis-ioynes
Remorſe from Power: And to ſpeake truth of *Cæſar*,
I haue not knowne,when his Affections ſway'd
More then his Reaſon. But 'tis a common proofe,
That Lowlyneſſe is young Ambitions Ladder,
Whereto the Climber vpward turnes his Face:
But when he once attaines the vpmoſt Round,
He then vnto the Ladder turnes his Backe,
Lookes in the Clouds,ſcorning the baſe degrees
By which he did aſcend: ſo *Cæſar* may;
Then leaſt he may,preuent. And ſince the Quarrell
Will beare no colour,for the thing he is,
Faſhion it thus; that what he is,augmented,
Would runne to theſe,and theſe extremities:
And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge,
Which hatch'd,would as his kinde grow miſchieuous;
And kill him in the ſhell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Cloſet,Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint,I found
This Paper,thus ſeal'd vp,and I am ſure
It did not lye there when I went to Bed.

Giues him the Letter.

Brut. Get you to Bed againe,it is not day:
Is not to morrow (Boy) the firſt of March?
Luc. I know not,Sir.
Brut. Looke in the Calender,and bring me word.
Luc. I will, Sir. *Exit.*
Brut. The exhalations,whizzing in the ayre,
Giue ſo much light,that I may reade by them.

Opens the Letter,and reades.

Brutus thou ſleep'ſt; awake, and ſee thy ſelfe:
Shall Rome,&c. ſpeake,ſtrike,redreſſe.
Brutus,thou ſleep'ſt: awake.
Such inſtigations haue beene often dropt,
Where I haue tooke them vp:
Shall Rome,&c. Thus muſt I piece it out:
Shall Rome ſtand vnder one mans awe? What Rome?
My Anceſtors did from the ſtreetes of Rome
The *Tarquin* driue, when he was call'd a King.
Speake,ſtrike,redreſſe. Am I entreated
To ſpeake,and ſtrike? O Rome, I make thee promiſe,
If the redreſſe will follow,thou receiueſt
Thy full Petition at the hand of *Brutus*.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir,March is waſted fifteene dayes.

Knocke within.

Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate,ſome body knocks:
Since *Caſſius* firſt did whet me againſt *Cæſar*,
I haue not ſlept.
Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing,
And the firſt motion,all the *Interim* is
Like a *Phantaſma*,or a hideous Dreame:
The *Genius*,and the mortall Inſtruments
Are then in councell; and the ſtate of a man,
Like to a little Kingdome,ſuffers then
The nature of an Inſurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir,'tis your Brother *Caſſius* at the Doore,
Who doth deſire to ſee you.
Brut. Is he alone?
Luc. No,Sir,there are moe with him.
Brut. Doe you know them?
Luc. No,Sir,their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,
And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes,
That by no meanes I may diſcouer them,
By any marke of fauour.
Brut. Let 'em enter:
They are the Faction. O Conſpiracie,
Sham'ſt thou to ſhew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When euills are moſt free? O then,by day
Where wilt thou finde a Cauerne darke enough,
To maske thy monſtrous Viſage? Seek none Conſpiracie,
Hide it in Smiles,and Affabilitie:
For if thou path thy natiue ſemblance on,
Not *Erebus* it ſelfe were dimme enough,
To hide thee from preuention.

Enter the Conſpirators,Caſſius,Caska,Decius,
Cinna,Metellus,and Trebonius.

Caſſ. I thinke we are too bold vpon your Reſt:
Good morrow *Brutus*,doe we trouble you?
Brut. I haue beene vp this howre,awake all Night:
Know I theſe men,that come along with you?
Caſſ. Yes,euery man of them; and no man here
But honors you: and euery one doth wiſh,
You had but that opinion of your ſelfe,
Which euery Noble Roman beares of you.
This is *Trebonius*.
Brut. He is welcome hither.
Caſſ. This,*Decius Brutus*.
Brut. He is welcome too.
Caſſ. This, *Caska*; this, *Cinna*; and this, *Metellus Cymber*.
Brut. They are all welcome.
What watchfull Cares doe interpoſe themſelues
Betwixt your Eyes,and Night?
Caſſ. Shall I entreat a word? *They whiſper.*
Decius. Here lyes the Eaſt: doth not the Day breake heere?
Cask. No.
Cin. O pardon, Sir,it doth; and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds,are Meſſengers of Day.
Cask. You ſhall confeſſe,that you are both deceiu'd:
Heere,as I point my Sword,the Sunne ariſes,
Which is a great way growing on the South,

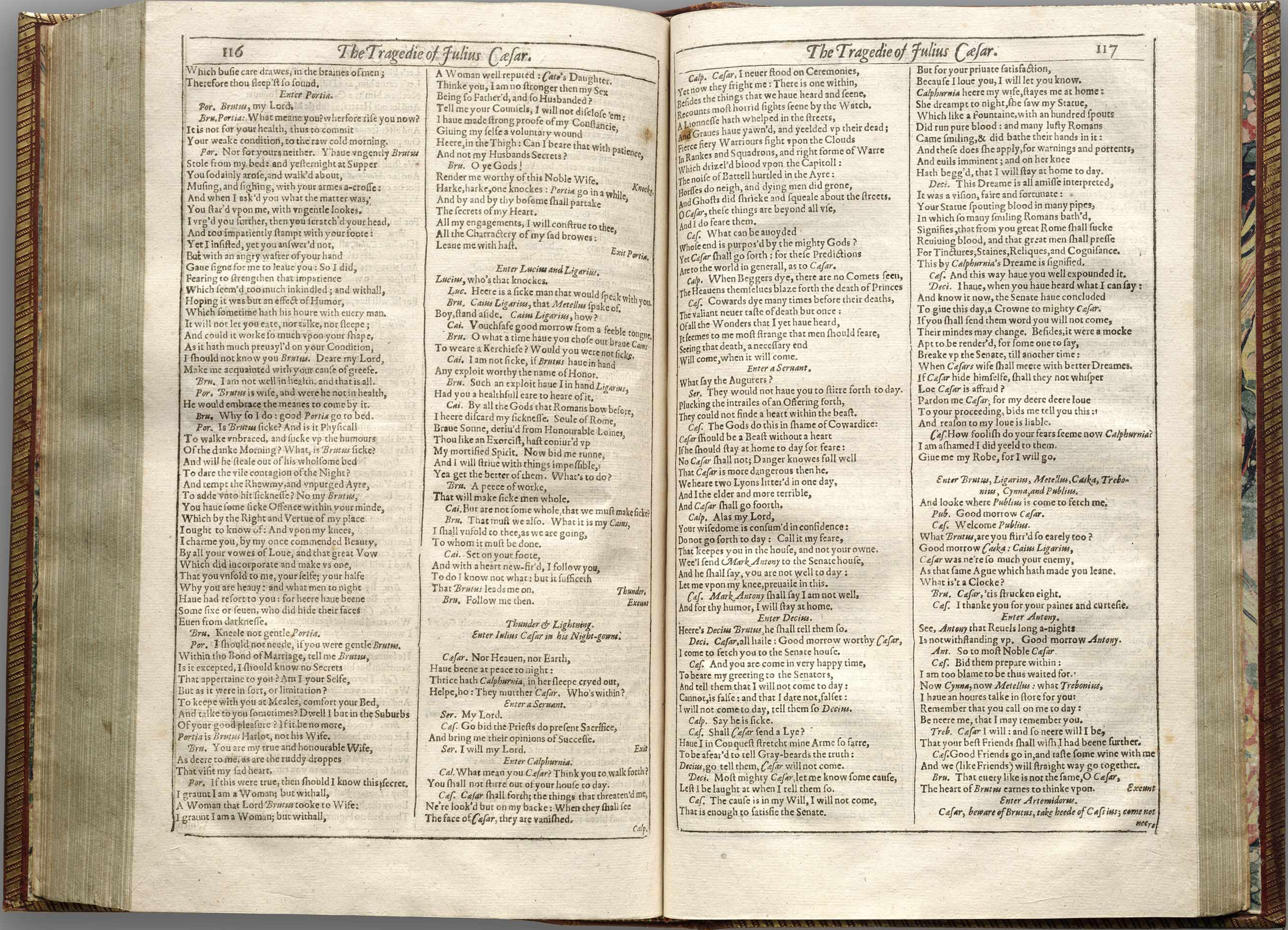
Weighing the youthfull Seaſon of the yeare.
Some two moneths hence, vp higher toward the North
He firſt preſents his fire,and the high Eaſt
Stands as the Capitoll, directly heere.
Bru. Giue me your hands all ouer,one by one.
Caſ. And let vs ſweare our Reſolution.
Brut. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men,
The ſufferance of our Soules, the times Abuſe;
If theſe be Motiues weake, breake off betimes,
And euery man hence, to his idle bed:
So let high-ſighted-Tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by Lottery. But if theſe
(As I am ſure they do) beare fire enough
To kindle Cowards, and to ſteele with valour
The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen,
What neede we any ſpurre, but our owne cauſe,
To pricke vs to redreſſe? What other Bond,
Then ſecret Romans, that haue ſpoke the word,
And will not palter? And what other Oath,
Then Honeſty to Honeſty ingag'd,
That this ſhall be, or we will fall for it.
Sweare Prieſts and Cowards, and men Cautelous
Old feeble Carrions, and ſuch ſuffering Soules
That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad cauſes, ſweare
Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not ſtaine
The euen vertue of our Enterprize,
Nor th'inſuppreſſiue Mettle of our Spirits,
To thinke, that or our Cauſe,or our Performance
Did neede an Oath. When euery drop of blood
That euery Roman beares, and Nobly beares
Is guilty of a ſeuerall Baſtardie,
If he do breake the ſmalleſt Particle
Of any promiſe that hath paſt from him.
Caſ. But what of *Cicero*? Shall we ſound him?
I thinke he will ſtand very ſtrong with vs.
Cask. Let vs not leaue him out.
Cyn. No,by no meanes.
Metel. O let vs haue him, for his Siluer haires
Will purchaſe vs a good opinion:
And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds:
It ſhall be ſayd, his iudgement rul'd our hands,
Our youths,and wildeneſſe,ſhall no whit appeare,
But all be buried in his Grauity.
Bru. O name him not; let vs not breake with him,
For he will neuer follow any thing
That other men begin.
Caſ. Then leaue him out.
Cask. Indeed, he is not fit.
Decius. Shall no man elſe be toucht,but onely *Cæſar*?
Caſ. *Decius* well vrg'd: I thinke it is not meet,
Marke Antony,ſo well belou'd of *Cæſar*,
Should out-liue *Cæſar*, we ſhall finde of him
A ſhrew'd Contriuer. And you know, his meanes
If he improue them, may well ſtretch ſo farre
As to annoy vs all: which to preuent,
Let *Antony* and *Cæſar* fall together.
Bru. Our courſe will ſeeme too bloody,*Caius Caſsius*,
To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes:
Like Wrath in death, and Enuy afterwards:
For *Antony*, is but a Limbe of *Cæſar*.
Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers *Caius*:
We all ſtand vp againſt the ſpirit of *Cæſar*,
And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood:
O that we then could come by *Cæſars* Spirit,
And not diſmember *Cæſar*! But (alas)
Cæſar muſt bleed for it. And gentle Friends,
Let's kill him Boldly, but not Wrathfully:
Let's carue him, as a Diſh fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a Carkaſſe fit for Hounds:
And let our Hearts, as ſubtle Maſters do,
Stirre vp their Seruants to an acte of Rage,
And after ſeeme to chide 'em. This ſhall make
Our purpoſe Neceſſary,and not Enuious.
Which ſo appearing to the common eyes,
We ſhall be call'd Purgers, not Murderers.
And for *Marke Antony*,thinke not of him:
For he can do no more then *Cæſars* Arme,
When *Cæſars* head is off.
Caſ. Yet I feare him,
For in the ingrafted loue he beares to *Cæſar*.
Bru. Alas,good *Caſsius*, do not thinke of him:
If he loue *Cæſar*, all that he can do
Is to himſelfe; take thought,and dye for *Cæſar*,
And that were much he ſhould: for he is giuen
To ſports,to wildeneſſe,and much company.
Treb. There is no feare in him; let him not dye,
For he will liue, and laugh at this heereafter.

Clocke ſtrikes.

Bru. Peace, count the Clocke.
Caſ. The Clocke hath ſtricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Caſſ. But it is doubtfull yet,
Whether *Cæſar* will come forth to day,or no:
For he is Superſtitious growne of late,
Quite from the maine Opinion he held once,
Of Fantaſie, of Dreames, and Ceremonies:
It may be, theſe apparant Prodigies,
The vnaccuſtom'd Terror of this night,
And the perſwaſion of his Augurers,
May hold him from the Capitoll to day.
Decius. Neuer feare that: If he be ſo reſolu'd,
I can ore-ſway him: For he loues to heare,
That Vnicornes may be betray'd with Trees,
And Beares with Glaſſes, Elephants with Holes,
Lyons with Toyles, and men with Flatterers.
But, when I tell him, he hates Flatterers,
He ſayes,he does; being then moſt flattered.
Let me worke:
For I can giue his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitoll.
Caſ. Nay,we will all of vs, be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eight houre,is that the vttermoſt?
Cin. Be that the vttermoſt, and faile not then.
Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth beare *Cæſar* hard,
Who rated him for ſpeaking well of *Pompey*;
I wonder none of you haue thought of him.
Bru. Now good *Metellus* go along by him:
He loues me well, and I haue giuen him Reaſons,
Send him but hither, and Ile faſhion him.
Caſ. The morning comes vpon's:
Wee'l leaue you *Brutus*,
And Friends diſperſe your ſelues; but all remember
What you haue ſaid, and ſhew your ſelues true Romans.
Bru. Good Gentlemen, looke freſh and merrily,
Let not our lookes put on our purpoſes,
But beare it as our Roman Actors do,
With vntyr'd Spirits,and formall Conſtancie,
And ſo good morrow to you euery one. *Exeunt.*

Manet Brutus.

Boy: *Lucius*: Faſt aſleepe? It is no matter,
Enioy the hony-heauy-Dew of Slumber:
Thou haſt no Figures, nor no Fantaſies,



Which buſie care drawes, in the braines of men;
Therefore thou ſleep'ſt ſo ſound.

Enter Portia.

Por. *Brutus*, my Lord.
Bru.Portia: What meane you? wherfore riſe you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weake condition, to the raw cold morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. Y'haue vngently *Brutus*
Stole from my bed: and yeſternight at Supper
You ſodainly aroſe, and walk'd about,
Muſing, and ſighing, with your armes a-croſſe:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You ſtar'd vpon me, with vngentle lookes.
I vrg'd you further, then you ſcratch'd your head,
And too impatiently ſtampt with your foote:
Yet I inſiſted, yet you anſwer'd not,
But with an angry wafter of your hand
Gaue ſigne for me to leaue you: So I did,
Fearing to ſtrengthen that impatience
Which ſeem'd too much inkindled; and withall,
Hoping it was but an effect of Humor,
Which ſometime hath his houre with euery man.
It will not let you eate, nor talke, nor ſleepe;
And could it worke ſo much vpon your ſhape,
As it hath much preuayl'd on your Condition,
I ſhould not know you *Brutus*. Deare my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cauſe of greefe.
Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.
Por. *Brutus* is wiſe, and were he not in health,
He would embrace the meanes to come by it.
Bru. Why ſo I do: good *Portia* go to bed.
Por. Is *Brutus* ſicke? And is it Phyſicall
To walke vnbraced, and ſucke vp the humours
Of the danke Morning? What, is *Brutus* ſicke?
And will he ſteale out of his wholſome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the Night?
And tempt the Rhewmy, and vnpurged Ayre,
To adde vnto hit ſickneſſe? No my *Brutus*,
You haue ſome ſicke Offence within your minde,
Which by the Right and Vertue of my place
I ought to know of: And vpon my knees,
I charme you, by my once commended Beauty,
By all your vowes of Loue, and that great Vow
Which did incorporate and make vs one,
That you vnfold to me, your ſelfe; your halfe
Why you are heauy: and what men to night
Haue had reſort to you: for heere haue beene
Some ſixe or ſeuen, who did hide their faces
Euen from darkneſſe.
Bru. Kneele not gentle *Portia*.
Por. I ſhould not neede, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
Within tho Bond of Marriage, tell me *Brutus*,
Is it excepted, I ſhould know no Secrets
That appertaine to you? Am I your Selfe,
But as it were in ſort, or limitation?
To keepe with you at Meales, comfort your Bed,
And talke to you ſometimes? Dwell I but in the Suburbs
Of your good pleaſure? If it be no more,
Portia is *Brutus* Harlot, not his Wife.
Bru. You are my true and honourable Wife,
As deere to me, as are the ruddy droppes
That viſit my ſad heart.
Por. If this were true, then ſhould I know this ſecret.
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman that Lord *Brutus* tooke to Wife:
I graunt I am a Woman; but withall,
A Woman well reputed: *Cato's* Daughter.
Thinke you, I am no ſtronger then my Sex
Being ſo Father'd, and ſo Husbanded?
Tell me your Counſels, I will not diſcloſe 'em:
I haue made ſtrong proofe of my Conſtancie,
Giuing my ſelfe a voluntary wound
Heere, in the Thigh: Can I beare that with patience,
And not my Husbands Secrets?
Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this Noble Wife.
Harke, harke, one knockes: *Portia* go in a while, *Knocke.*
And by and by thy boſome ſhall partake
The ſecrets of my Heart.
All my engagements, I will conſtrue to thee,
All the Charractery of my ſad browes:
Leaue me with haſt. *Exit Portia.*

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's that knockes.
Luc. Heere is a ſicke man that would ſpeak with you.
Bru. *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* ſpake of.
Boy, ſtand aſide. *Caius Ligarius*, how?
Cai. Vouchſafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O what a time haue you choſe out braue *Caius*
To weare a Kerchiefe? Would you were not ſicke.
Cai. I am not ſicke, if *Brutus* haue in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of Honor.
Bru. Such an exploit haue I in hand *Ligarius*,
Had you a healthfull eare to heare of it.
Cai. By all the Gods that Romans bow before,
I heere diſcard my ſickneſſe. Soule of Rome,
Braue Sonne, deriu'd from Honourable Loines,
Thou like an Exorciſt, haſt coniur'd vp
My mortified Spirit. Now bid me runne,
And I will ſtriue with things impoſſible,
Yea get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A peece of worke,
That will make ſicke men whole.
Cai. But are not ſome whole, that we muſt make ſicke?
Bru. That muſt we alſo. What it is my *Caius*,
I ſhall vnfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it muſt be done.
Cai. Set on your foote,
And with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it ſufficeth
That *Brutus* leads me on. *Thunder.*
Bru. Follow me then. *Exeunt*

Thunder & Lightning.
Enter Iulius Cæſar in his Night-gowne.

Cæſar. Nor Heauen, nor Earth,
Haue beene at peace to night:
Thrice hath *Calphurnia*, in her ſleepe cryed out,
Helpe, ho: They murther *Cæſar*. Who's within?

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. My Lord.
Cæſ. Go bid the Prieſts do preſent Sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of Succeſſe.
Ser. I will my Lord. *Exit*

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you *Cæſar*? Think you to walk forth?
You ſhall not ſtirre out of your houſe to day.
Cæſ. *Cæſar* ſhall forth; the things that threaten'd me,
Ne're look'd but on my backe: When they ſhall ſee
The face of *Cæſar*, they are vaniſhed.

Calp.

Calp. *Cæſar*, I neuer ſtood on Ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: There is one within,
Beſides the things that we haue heard and ſeene,
Recounts moſt horrid ſights ſeene by the Watch.
A Lioneſſe hath whelped in the ſtreets,
And Graues haue yawn'd, and yeelded vp their dead;
Fierce fiery Warriours fight vpon the Clouds
In Rankes and Squadrons, and right forme of Warre
Which drizel'd blood vpon the Capitoll:
The noiſe of Battell hurtled in the Ayre:
Horſſes do neigh, and dying men did grone,
And Ghoſts did ſhrieke and ſqueale about the ſtreets.
O *Cæſar*, theſe things are beyond all vſe,
And I do feare them.
Cæſ. What can be auoyded
Whoſe end is purpos'd by the mighty Gods?
Yet *Cæſar* ſhall go forth: for theſe Predictions
Are to the world in generall, as to *Cæſar*.
Calp. When Beggers dye, there are no Comets ſeen,
The Heauens themſelues blaze forth the death of Princes
Cæſ. Cowards dye many times before their deaths,
The valiant neuer taſte of death but once:
Of all the Wonders that I yet haue heard,
It ſeemes to me moſt ſtrange that men ſhould feare,
Seeing that death, a neceſſary end
Will come, when it will come.

Enter a Seruant.

What ſay the Augurers?
Ser. They would not haue you to ſtirre forth to day.
Plucking the intrailes of an Offering forth,
They could not finde a heart within the beaſt.
Cæſ. The Gods do this in ſhame of Cowardice:
Cæſar ſhould be a Beaſt without a heart
If he ſhould ſtay at home to day for feare:
No *Cæſar* ſhall not; Danger knowes full well
That *Cæſar* is more dangerous then he.
We heare two Lyons litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible,
And *Cæſar* ſhall go foorth.
Calp. Alas my Lord,
Your wiſedome is conſum'd in confidence:
Do not go forth to day: Call it my feare,
That keepes you in the houſe, and not your owne.
Wee'l ſend *Mark Antony* to the Senate houſe,
And he ſhall ſay, you are not well to day:
Let me vpon my knee, preuaile in this.
Cæſ. *Mark Antony* ſhall ſay I am not well,
And for thy humor, I will ſtay at home.

Enter Decius.

Heere's *Decius Brutus*, he ſhall tell them ſo.
Deci. *Cæſar*, all haile: Good morrow worthy *Cæſar*,
I come to fetch you to the Senate houſe.
Cæſ. And you are come in very happy time,
To beare my greeting to the Senators,
And tell them that I will not come to day:
Cannot, is falſe: and that I dare not, falſer:
I will not come to day, tell them ſo *Decius*.
Calp. Say he is ſicke.
Cæſ. Shall *Cæſar* ſend a Lye?
Haue I in Conqueſt ſtretcht mine Arme ſo farre,
To be afear'd to tell Gray-beards the truth:
Decius, go tell them, *Cæſar* will not come.
Deci. Moſt mighty *Cæſar*, let me know ſome cauſe,
Leſt I be laught at when I tell them ſo.
Cæſ. The cauſe is in my Will, I will not come,
That is enough to ſatisfie the Senate.
But for your priuate ſatisfaction,
Becauſe I loue you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia heere my wife, ſtayes me at home:
She dreampt to night, ſhe ſaw my Statue,
Which like a Fountaine, with an hundred ſpouts
Did run pure blood: and many luſty Romans
Came ſmiling, & did bathe their hands in it:
And theſe does ſhe apply, for warnings and portents,
And euils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will ſtay at home to day.
Deci. This Dreame is all amiſſe interpreted,
It was a viſion, faire and fortunate:
Your Statue ſpouting blood in many pipes,
In which ſo many ſmiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome ſhall ſucke
Reuiuing blood, and that great men ſhall preſſe
For Tinctures, Staines, Reliques, and Cogniſance.
This by *Calphurnia's* Dreame is ſignified.
Cæſ. And this way haue you well expounded it.
Deci. I haue, when you haue heard what I can ſay:
And know it now, the Senate haue concluded
To giue this day, a Crowne to mighty *Cæſar*.
If you ſhall ſend them word you will not come,
Their mindes may change. Beſides, it were a mocke
Apt to be render'd, for ſome one to ſay,
Breake vp the Senate, till another time:
When *Cæſars* wife ſhall meete with better Dreames.
If *Cæſar* hide himſelfe, ſhall they not whiſper
Loe *Cæſar* is affraid?
Pardon me *Cæſar*, for my deere deere loue
To your proceeding, bids me tell you this:
And reaſon to my loue is liable.
Cæſ. How fooliſh do your fears ſeeme now *Calphurnia*?
I am aſhamed I did yeeld to them.
Giue me my Robe, for I will go.

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Caska, Trebonius, Cynna, and Publius.

And looke where *Publius* is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. Welcome *Publius*.
What *Brutus*, are you ſtirr'd ſo earely too?
Good morrow *Caska*: *Caius Ligarius*,
Cæſar was ne're ſo much your enemy,
As that ſame Ague which hath made you leane.
What is't a Clocke?
Bru. *Cæſar*, 'tis ſtrucken eight.
Cæſ. I thanke you for your paines and curteſie.

Enter Antony.

See, *Antony* that Reuels long a-nights
Is notwithſtanding vp. Good morrow *Antony*.
Ant. So to moſt Noble *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. Bid them prepare within:
I am too blame to be thus waited for.
Now *Cynna*, now *Metellus*: what *Trebonius*,
I haue an houres talke in ſtore for you:
Remember that you call on me to day:
Be neere me, that I may remember you.
Treb. *Cæſar* I will: and ſo neere will I be,
That your beſt Friends ſhall wiſh I had beene further.
Cæſ. Good Friends go in, and taſte ſome wine with me
And we (like Friends) will ſtraight way go together.
Bru. That euery like is not the ſame, O *Cæſar*,
The heart of *Brutus* earnes to thinke vpon. *Exeunt*

Enter Artemidorus.

Cæſar, beware of Brutus, take heede of Caſsius; come not *neere Caska, haue an eye to Cynna, truſt not Trebonius, marke well Metellus Cymber, Decius Brutus loues thee not : Thou haſt wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one minde in all theſe men, and it is bent againſt Cæſar : If thou beeſt not Immortall, looke about you : Security giues way to Conſpiracie. The mighty Gods defend thee.*

Thy Louer, *Artemidorus.*

Heere will I ſtand, till *Cæſar* paſſe along,
And as a Sutor will I giue him this :
My heart laments, that Vertue cannot liue
Out of the teeth of Emulation.
If thou reade this, O *Cæſar*, thou mayeſt liue;
If not, the Fates with Traitors do contriue. *Exit.*

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prythee Boy, run to the Senate-houſe,
Stay not to anſwer me, but get thee gone.
Why doeſt thou ſtay?
Luc. To know my errand Madam.
Por. I would haue had thee there and heere agen
Ere I can tell thee what thou ſhould'ſt do there :
O Conſtancie, be ſtrong vpon my ſide,
Set a huge Mountaine 'tweene my Heart and Tongue :
I haue a mans minde, but a womans might :
How hard it is for women to keepe counſell.
Art thou heere yet?
Luc. Madam, what ſhould I do?
Run to the Capitoll, and nothing elſe?
And ſo returne to you, and nothing elſe?
Por. Yes, bring me word Boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went ſickly forth : and take good note
What *Cæſar* doth, what Sutors preſſe to him.
Hearke Boy, what noyſe is that?
Luc. I heare none Madam.
Por. Prythee liſten well :
I heard a buſling Rumor like a Fray,
And the winde brings it from the Capitoll.
Luc. Sooth Madam, I heare nothing.

Enter the Soothſayer.

Por. Come hither Fellow, which way haſt thou bin?
Sooth. At mine owne houſe, good Lady.
Por. What is't a clocke?
Sooth. About the ninth houre Lady.
Por. Is *Cæſar* yet gone to the Capitoll?
Sooth. Madam not yet, I go to take my ſtand,
To ſee him paſſe on to the Capitoll.
Por. Thou haſt ſome ſuite to *Cæſar*, haſt thou not?
Sooth. That I haue Lady, if it will pleaſe *Cæſar*
To be ſo good to *Cæſar*, as to heare me :
I ſhall beſeech him to befriend himſelfe.
Por. Why know'ſt thou any harme's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be,
Much that I feare may chance :
Good morrow to you : heere the ſtreet is narrow :
The throng that followes *Cæſar* at the heeles,
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Sutors,
Will crowd a feeble man (almoſt) to death :
Ile get me to a place more voyd, and there
Speake to great *Cæſar* as he comes along. *Exit*
Por. I muſt go in :
Aye me! How weake a thing
The heart of woman is? O *Brutus*,
The Heauens ſpeede thee in thine enterprize.
Sure the Boy heard me : *Brutus* hath a ſuite
That *Cæſar* will not grant. O, I grow faint :
Run *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord,
Say I am merry; Come to me againe,
And bring me word what he doth ſay to thee. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius.

Flouriſh.

Enter Cæſar, Brutus, Caſſius, Caska, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cynna, Antony, Lepidus, Artimedorus, Publius, and the Soothſayer.

Cæſ. The Ides of March are come.
Sooth. I *Cæſar*, but not gone.
Art. Haile *Cæſar* : Read this Scedule.
Deci. *Trebonius* doth deſire you to ore-read
(At your beſt leyſure) this his humble ſuite.
Art. O *Cæſar*, reade mine firſt : for mine's a ſuite
That touches *Cæſar* neerer. Read it great *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. What touches vs our ſelfe, ſhall be laſt ſeru'd.
Art. Delay not *Cæſar*, read it inſtantly.
Cæſ. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirra, giue place.
Caſſi. What, vrge you your Petitions in the ſtreet?
Come to the Capitoll.
Popil. I wiſh your enterprize to day may thriue.
Caſſi. What enterprize *Popillius*?
Popil. Fare you well.
Bru. What ſaid *Popillius Lena*?
Caſſi. He wiſht to day our enterprize might thriue :
I feare our purpoſe is diſcouered.
Bru. Looke how he makes to *Cæſar* : marke him.
Caſſi. *Caska* be ſodaine, for we feare preuention.
Brutus what ſhall be done? If this be knowne,
Caſſius or *Cæſar* neuer ſhall turne backe,
For I will ſlay my ſelfe.
Bru. *Caſſius* be conſtant :
Popillius Lena ſpeakes not of our purpoſes,
For looke he ſmiles, and *Cæſar* doth not change.
Caſſi. *Trebonius* knowes his time : for look you *Brutus*
He drawes *Mark Antony* out of the way.
Deci. Where is *Metellus Cimber*, let him go,
And preſently preferre his ſuite to *Cæſar*.
Bru. He is addreſt : preſſe neere, and ſecond him.
Cin. *Caska*, you are the firſt that reares your hand.
Cæſ. Are we all ready? What is now amiſſe,
That *Cæſar* and his Senate muſt redreſſe?
Metel. Moſt high, moſt mighty, and moſt puiſant *Cæſar*
Metellus Cymber throwes before thy Seate
An humble heart.
Cæſ. I muſt preuent thee *Cymber* :
Theſe couchings, and theſe lowly courteſies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turne pre-Ordinance, and firſt Decree,
Into the lane of Children. Be not fond,
To thinke that *Cæſar* beares ſuch Rebell blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth Fooles, I meane ſweet words,
Low-crooked-curtſies, and baſe Spaniell fawning :
Thy Brother by decree is baniſhed :
If thou doeſt bend, and pray, and fawne for him,
I ſpurne thee like a Curre out of my way :
Know, *Cæſar* doth not wrong, nor without cauſe
Will he be ſatisfied.
Metel. Is there no voyce more worthy then my owne,

To ſound more ſweetly in great *Cæſars* eare,
For the repealing of my baniſh'd Brother?
Bru. I kiſſe thy hand, but not in flattery *Cæſar* :
Deſiring thee, that *Publius Cymber* may
Haue an immediate freedome of repeale.
Cæſ. What *Brutus*?
Caſſi. Pardon *Cæſar* : *Cæſar* pardon :
As lowe as to thy foote doth *Caſſius* fall,
To begge infranchiſement for *Publius Cymber*.
Cæſ. I could be well mou'd, if I were as you,
If I could pray to mooue, Prayers would mooue me :
But I am conſtant as the Northerne Starre,
Of whoſe true fixt, and reſting quality,
There is no fellow in the Firmament.
The Skies are painted with vnnumbred ſparkes,
They are all Fire, and euery one doth ſhine :
But, there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the World; 'Tis furniſh'd well with Men,
And Men are Fleſh and Blood, and apprehenſiue;
Yet in the number, I do know but One
That vnaſſayleable holds on his Ranke,
Vnſhak'd of Motion : and that I am he,
Let me a little ſhew it, euen in this :
That I was conſtant *Cymber* ſhould be baniſh'd,
And conſtant do remaine to keepe him ſo.
Cinna. O *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. Hence : Wilt thou lift vp Olympus?
Decius. Great *Cæſar*.
Cæſ. Doth not *Brutus* bootleſſe kneele?
Cask. Speake hands for me.

They ſtab Cæſar.

Cæſ. *Et Tu Brutè?* ——— Then fall *Cæſar*. *Dyes*
Cin. Liberty, Freedome; Tyranny is dead,
Run hence, proclaime, cry it about the Streets.
Caſſi. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out
Liberty, Freedome, and Enfranchiſement.
Bru. People and Senators, be not affrighted :
Fly not, ſtand ſtill : Ambitions debt is paid.
Cask. Go to the Pulpit *Brutus*.
Dec. And *Caſſius* too.
Bru. Where's *Publius*?
Cin. Heere, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand faſt together, leaſt ſome Friend of *Cæſars*
Should chance ———
Bru. Talke not of ſtanding. *Publius* good cheere,
There is no harme intended to your perſon,
Nor to no Roman elſe : ſo tell them *Publius*.
Caſſi. And leaue vs *Publius*, leaſt that the people
Ruſhing on vs, ſhould do your Age ſome miſchiefe.
Bru. Do ſo, and let no man abide this deede,
But we the Doers.

Enter Trebonius.

Caſſi. Where is *Antony*?
Treb. Fled to his Houſe amaz'd :
Men, Wiues, and Children, ſtare, cry out, and run,
As it were Doomeſday.
Bru. Fates, we will know your pleaſures :
That we ſhall dye we know, 'tis but the time
And drawing dayes out, that men ſtand vpon.
Cask. Why he that cuts off twenty yeares of life,
Cuts off ſo many yeares of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is Death a Benefit :
So are we *Cæſars* Friends, that haue abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoope Romans, ſtoope,
And let vs bathe our hands in *Cæſars* blood
Vp to the Elbowes, and beſmeare our Swords :
Then walke we forth, euen to the Market place,
And wauing our red Weapons o're our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, Freedome, and Liberty.
Caſſi. Stoop then, and waſh. How many Ages hence
Shall this our lofty Scene be acted ouer,
In State vnborne, and Accents yet vnknowne?
Bru. How many times ſhall *Cæſar* bleed in ſport,
That now on *Pompeyes* Baſis lye along,
No worthier then the duſt?
Caſſi. So oft as that ſhall be,
So often ſhall the knot of vs be call'd,
The Men that gaue their Country liberty.
Dec. What, ſhall we forth?
Caſſi. I, euery man away.
Brutus ſhall leade, and we will grace his heeles
With the moſt boldeſt, and beſt hearts of Rome.

Enter a Seruant.

Bru. Soft, who comes heere? A friend of *Antonies*.
Ser. Thus *Brutus* did my Maſter bid me kneele;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall downe,
And being proſtrate, thus he bad me ſay :
Brutus is Noble, Wiſe, Valiant, and Honeſt;
Cæſar was Mighty, Bold, Royall, and Louing :
Say, I loue *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæſar*, honour'd him, and lou'd him.
If *Brutus* will vouchſafe, that *Antony*
May ſafely come to him, and be reſolu'd
How *Cæſar* hath deſeru'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony, ſhall not loue *Cæſar* dead
So well as *Brutus* liuing; but will follow
The Fortunes and Affayres of Noble *Brutus*,
Thorough the hazards of this vntrod State,
With all true Faith. So ſayes my Maſter *Antony*.
Bru. Thy Maſter is a Wiſe and Valiant Romane,
I neuer thought him worſe :
Tell him, ſo pleaſe him come vnto this place
He ſhall be ſatisfied : and by my Honor
Depart vntouch'd.
Ser. Ile fetch him preſently. *Exit Seruant.*
Bru. I know that we ſhall haue him well to Friend.
Caſſi. I wiſh we may : But yet haue I a minde
That feares him much : and my miſgiuing ſtill
Falles ſhrewdly to the purpoſe.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But heere comes *Antony* :
Welcome *Mark Antony*.
Ant. O mighty *Cæſar*! Doſt thou lye ſo lowe?
Are all thy Conqueſts, Glories, Triumphes, Spoiles,
Shrunke to this little Meaſure? Fare thee well.
I know not Gentlemen what you intend,
Who elſe muſt be let blood, who elſe is ranke :
If I my ſelfe, there is no houre ſo fit
As *Cæſars* deaths houre; nor no Inſtrument
Of halfe that worth, as thoſe your Swords; made rich
With the moſt Noble blood of all this World.
I do beſeech yee, if you beare me hard,
Now, whil'ſt your purpled hands do reeke and ſmoake,
Fulfill your pleaſure. Liue a thouſand yeeres,
I ſhall not finde my ſelfe ſo apt to dye.
No place will pleaſe me ſo, no meane of death,
As heere by *Cæſar*, and by you cut off,
The Choice and Maſter Spirits of this Age.
Bru. O *Antony*! Begge not your death of vs :
Though now we muſt appeare bloody and cruell,
As by our hands, and this our preſent Acte
You ſee we do : Yet ſee you but our hands,

And this, the bleeding buſineſſe they haue done:
Our hearts you ſee not, they are pittifull:
And pitty to the generall wrong of Rome,
As fire driues out fire, ſo pitty, pitty
Hath done this deed on *Cæſar*. For your part,
To you, our Swords haue leaden points *Marke Antony*:
Our Armes in ſtrength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receiue you in,
With all kinde loue, good thoughts, and reuerence.

Caſſi. Your voyce ſhall be as ſtrong as any mans,
In the diſpoſing of new Dignities.

Bru. Onely be patient, till we haue appeas'd
The Multitude, beſide themſelues with feare,
And then, we will deliuer you the cauſe,
Why I, that did loue *Cæſar* when I ſtrooke him,
Haue thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your Wiſedome:
Let each man render me his bloody hand.
Firſt *Marcus Brutus* will I ſhake with you;
Next *Caius Caſſius* do I take your hand;
Now *Decius Brutus* yours; now yours *Metellus*;
Yours *Cinna*; and my valiant *Caska*, yours;
Though laſt, not leaſt in loue, yours good *Trebonius*,
Gentlemen all: Alas, what ſhall I ſay,
My credit now ſtands on ſuch ſlippery ground,
That one of two bad wayes you muſt conceit me,
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
That I did loue thee *Cæſar*, O 'tis true:
If then thy Spirit looke vpon vs now,
Shall it not greeue thee deerer then thy death,
To ſee thy *Antony* making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy Foes?
Moſt Noble, in the preſence of thy Coarſe,
Had I as many eyes, as thou haſt wounds,
Weeping as faſt as they ſtreame forth thy blood,
It would become me better, then to cloſe
In tearmes of Friendſhip with thine enemies.
Pardon me *Iulius*, heere was't thou bay'd braue Hart,
Heere did'ſt thou fall, and heere thy Hunters ſtand
Sign'd in thy Spoyle, and Crimſon'd in thy Lethee.
O World! thou waſt the Forreſt to this Hart,
And this indeed, O World, the Hart of thee.
How like a Deere, ſtroken by many Princes,
Doſt thou heere lye?

Caſſi. Mark Antony.

Ant. Pardon me *Caius Caſſius*:
The Enemies of *Cæſar*, ſhall ſay this:
Then, in a Friend, it is cold Modeſtie.

Caſſi. I blame you not for praiſing *Cæſar* ſo,
But what compact meane you to haue with vs?
Will you be prick'd in number of our Friends,
Or ſhall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I tooke your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point, by looking downe on *Cæſar*.
Friends am I with you all, and loue you all,
Vpon this hope, that you ſhall giue me Reaſons,
Why, and wherein, *Cæſar* was dangerous.

Bru. Or elſe were this a ſauage Spectacle:
Our Reaſons are ſo full of good regard,
That were you *Antony*, the Sonne of *Cæſar*,
You ſhould be ſatisfied.

Ant. That's all I ſeeke,
And am moreouer ſutor, that I may
Produce his body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit as becomes a Friend,
Speake in the Order of his Funerall.

Bru. You ſhall *Marke Antony*.

Caſſi. *Brutus*, a word with you:
You know not what you do; Do not conſent
That *Antony* ſpeake in his Funerall:
Know you how much the people may be mou'd
By that which he will vtter.

Bru. By your pardon:
I will my ſelfe into the Pulpit firſt,
And ſhew the reaſon of our *Cæſars* death.
What *Antony* ſhall ſpeake, I will proteſt
He ſpeakes by leaue, and by permiſsion;
And that we are contented *Cæſar* ſhall
Haue all true Rites, and lawfull Ceremonies,
It ſhall aduantage more, then do vs wrong.

Caſſi. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. *Mark Antony*, heere take you *Cæſars* body:
You ſhall not in your Funerall ſpeech blame vs,
But ſpeake all good you can deuiſe of *Cæſar*,
And ſay you doo't by our permiſsion:
Elſe ſhall you not haue any hand at all
About his Funerall. And you ſhall ſpeake
In the ſame Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my ſpeech is ended.

Ant. Be it ſo:
I do deſire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow vs. *Exeunt.*

Manet Antony.

O pardon me, thou bleeding peece of Earth:
That I am meeke and gentle with theſe Butchers.
Thou art the Ruines of the Nobleſt man
That euer liued in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the hand that ſhed this coſtly Blood.
Ouer thy wounds, now do I Propheſie,
(Which like dumbe mouthes do ope their Ruby lips,
To begge the voyce and vtterance of my Tongue)
A Curſe ſhall light vpon the limbes of men;
Domeſticke Fury, and fierce Ciuill ſtrife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in vſe,
And dreadfull Obiects ſo familiar,
That Mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their Infants quartered with the hands of Warre:
All pitty choak'd with cuſtome of fell deeds,
And *Cæſars* Spirit ranging for Reuenge,
With *Ate* by his ſide, come hot from Hell,
Shall in theſe Confines, with a Monarkes voyce,
Cry hauocke, and let ſlip the Dogges of Warre,
That this foule deede, ſhall ſmell aboue the earth
With Carrion men, groaning for Buriall.

Enter Octauio's Seruant.

You ſerue *Octauius Cæſar*, do you not?

Ser. I do *Marke Antony*.

Ant. *Cæſar* did write for him to come to Rome.

Ser. He did receiue his Letters, and is comming,
And bid me ſay to you by word of mouth——
O *Cæſar*!

Ant. Thy heart is bigge: get thee a-part and weepe:
Paſsion I ſee is catching from mine eyes,
Seeing thoſe Beads of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy Maſter comming?

Ser. He lies to night within ſeuen Leagues of Rome.

Ant. Poſt backe with ſpeede,
And tell him what hath chanc'd:
Heere is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of ſafety for *Octauius* yet,
Hie hence, and tell him ſo. Yet ſtay a-while,

Thou ſhalt not backe, till I haue borne this courſe
Into the Market place: There ſhall I try
In my Oration, how the People take
The cruell iſſue of theſe bloody men,
According to the which, thou ſhalt diſcourſe
To yong *Octauius*, of the ſtate of things.
Lend me your hand. *Exeunt*

Enter Brutus and goes into the Pulpit, and Caſſius, with the Plebeians.

Ple. We will be ſatisfied: let vs be ſatisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and giue me Audience friends.
Caſſius go you into the other ſtreete,
And part the Numbers:
Thoſe that will heare me ſpeake, let 'em ſtay heere;
Thoſe that will follow *Caſſius*, go with him,
And publike Reaſons ſhall be rendred
Of *Cæſars* death.

1. *Ple.* I will heare *Brutus* ſpeake.

2. I will heare *Caſſius*, and compare their Reaſons,
When ſeuerally we heare them rendred.

3. The Noble *Brutus* is aſcended: Silence.

Bru. Be patient till the laſt.
Romans, Countrey-men, and Louers, heare mee for my cauſe, and be ſilent, that you may heare. Beleeue me for mine Honor, and haue reſpect to mine Honor, that you may beleeue. Cenſure me in your Wiſedom, and awake your Senſes, that you may the better Iudge. If there bee any in this Aſſembly, any deere Friend of *Cæſars*, to him I ſay, that *Brutus* loue to *Cæſar*, was no leſſe then his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* roſe againſt *Cæſar*, this is my anſwer: Not that I lou'd *Cæſar* leſſe, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather *Cæſar* were liuing, and dye all Slaues; then that *Cæſar* were dead, to liue all Free-men? As *Cæſar* lou'd mee, I weepe for him; as he was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I ſlew him. There is Teares, for his Loue: Ioy, for his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere ſo baſe, that would be a Bondman? If any, ſpeak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere ſo rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, ſpeak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere ſo vile, that will not loue his Countrey? If any, ſpeake, for him haue I offended. I pauſe for a Reply.

All. None *Btutus*, none.

Brutus. Then none haue I offended. I haue done no more to *Cæſar*, then you ſhall do to *Brutus*. The Queſtion of his death, is inroll'd in the Capitoll: his Glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, for which he ſuffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Cæſars body.

Heere comes his Body, mourn'd by *Marke Antony*, who though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receiue the benefit of his dying, a place in the Cõmonwealth, as which of you ſhall not. With this I depart, that as I ſlewe my beſt Louer for the good of Rome, I haue the ſame Dagger for my ſelfe, when it ſhall pleaſe my Country to need my death.

All. Liue *Brutus*, liue, liue.

1. Bring him with Triumph home vnto his houſe.

2. Giue him a Statue with his Anceſtors.

3. Let him be *Cæſar*.

4. *Cæſars* better parts,
Shall be Crown'd in *Brutus*.

1. Wee'l bring him to his Houſe,
With Showts and Clamors.

Bru. My Country-men.

2. Peace, ſilence, *Brutus* ſpeakes.

1. Peace ho.

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone,
And (for my ſake) ſtay heere with *Antony*:
Do grace to *Cæſars* Corpes, and grace his Speech
Tending to *Cæſars* Glories, which *Marke Antony*
(By our permiſſion) is allow'd to make.
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Saue I alone, till *Antony* haue ſpoke. *Exit*

1 Stay ho, and let vs heare *Mark Antony*.

3 Let him go vp into the publike Chaire,
Wee'l heare him: Noble *Antony* go vp.

Ant. For *Brutus* ſake, I am beholding to you.

4 What does he ſay of *Brutus*?

3 He ſayes, for *Brutus* ſake
He findes himſelfe beholding to vs all.

4 'Twere beſt he ſpeake no harme of *Brutus* heere?

1 This *Cæſar* was a Tyrant.

3 Nay that's certaine:
We are bleſt that Rome is rid of him.

2 Peace, let vs heare what *Antony* can ſay.

Ant. You gentle Romans.

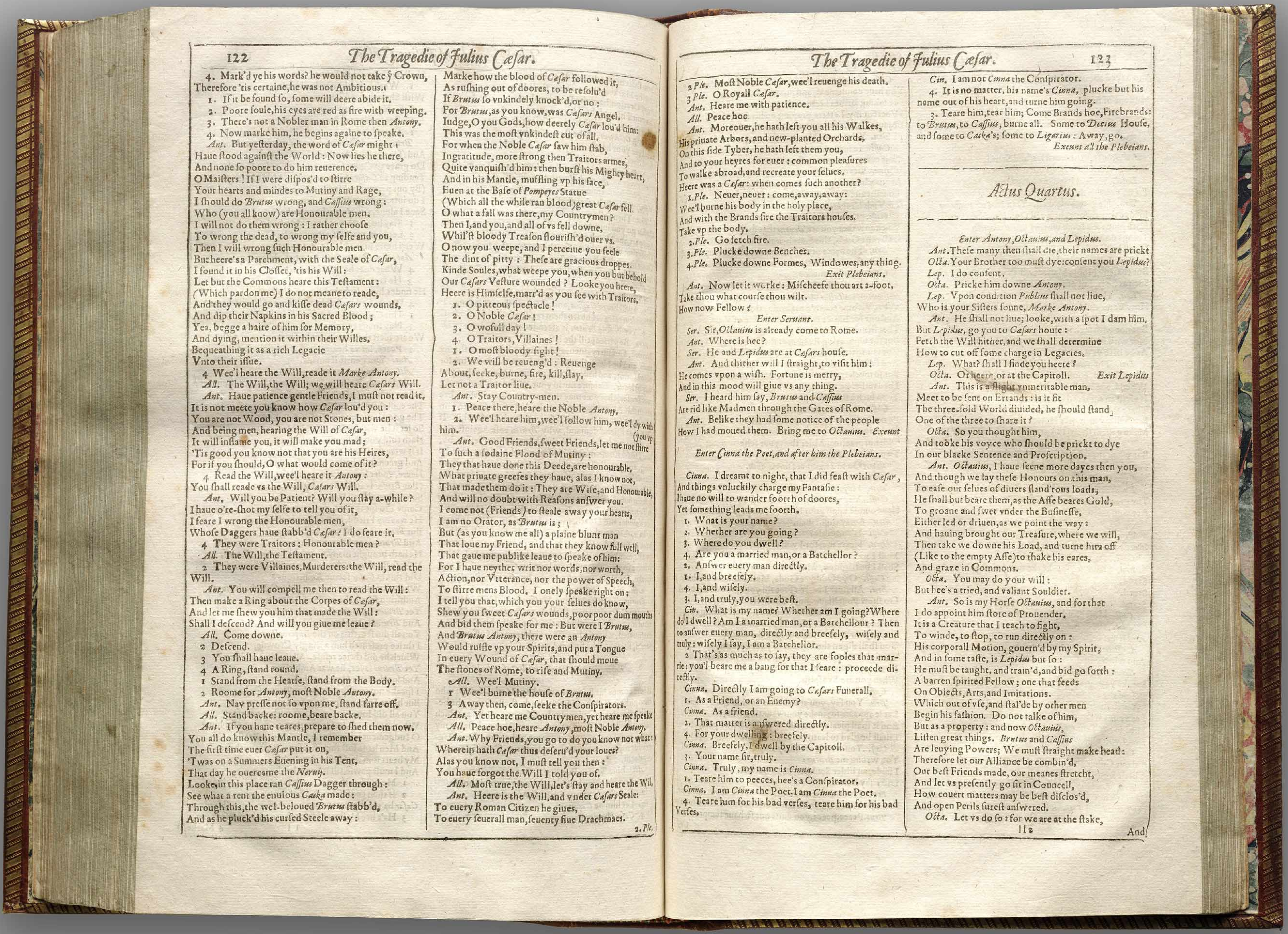
All. Peace hoe, let vs heare him.

An. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury *Cæſar*, not to praiſe him:
The euill that men do, liues after them,
The good is oft enterred with their bones,
So let it be with *Cæſar*. The Noble *Brutus*,
Hath told you *Cæſar* was Ambitious:
If it were ſo, it was a greeuous Fault,
And greeuouſly hath *Cæſar* anſwer'd it.
Heere, vnder leaue of *Brutus*, and the reſt
(For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,
So are they all; all Honourable men)
Come I to ſpeake in *Cæſars* Funerall.
He was my Friend, faithfull, and iuſt to me;
But *Brutus* ſayes, he was Ambitious,
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome,
Whoſe Ranſomes, did the generall Coffers fill:
Did this in *Cæſar* ſeeme Ambitious?
When that the poore haue cry'de, *Cæſar* hath wept:
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuffe,
Yet *Brutus* ſayes, he was Ambitious:
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
You all did ſee, that on the *Lupercall*,
I thrice preſented him a Kingly Crowne,
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this Ambition?
Yet *Brutus* ſayes, he was Ambitious:
And ſure he is an Honourable man.
I ſpeake not to diſprooue what *Brutus* ſpoke,
But heere I am, to ſpeake what I do know;
You all did loue him once, not without cauſe,
What cauſe with-holds you then, to mourne for him?
O Iudgement! thou are fled to brutiſh Beaſts,
And Men haue loſt their Reaſon. Beare with me,
My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæſar*,
And I muſt pawſe, till it come backe to me.

1 Me thinkes there is much reaſon in his ſayings.

2 If thou conſider rightly of the matter,
Cæſar ha's had great wrong. (his place.

3 Ha's hee Maſters? I feare there will a worſe come in



4. Mark'd ye his words? he would not take ẏ Crown,
Therefore 'tis certaine, he was not Ambitious.
1. If it be found ſo, ſome will deere abide it.
2. Poore ſoule, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3. There's not a Nobler man in Rome then *Antony.*
4. Now marke him, he begins againe to ſpeake.
Ant. But yeſterday, the word of *Cæſar* might
Haue ſtood againſt the World: Now lies he there,
And none ſo poore to do him reuerence.
O Maiſters! If I were diſpos'd to ſtirre
Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,
I ſhould do *Brutus* wrong, and *Caſſius* wrong:
Who (you all know) are Honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather chooſe
To wrong the dead, to wrong my ſelfe and you,
Then I will wrong ſuch Honourable men.
But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Cæſar,*
I found it in his Cloſſet, 'tis his Will:
Let but the Commons heare this Teſtament:
(Which pardon me) I do not meane to reade,
And they would go and kiſſe dead *Cæſars* wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Willes,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie
Vnto their iſſue.
4 Wee'l heare the Will, reade it *Marke Antony.*
All. The Will, the Will; we will heare *Cæſars* Will.
Ant. Haue patience gentle Friends, I muſt not read it.
It is not meete you know how *Cæſar* lou'd you:
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:
And being men, hearing the Will of *Cæſar,*
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,
For if you ſhould, O what would come of it?
4 Read the Will, wee'l heare it *Antony:*
You ſhall reade vs the Will, *Cæſars* Will.
Ant. Will you be Patient? Will you ſtay a-while?
I haue o're-ſhot my ſelfe to tell you of it,
I feare I wrong the Honourable men,
Whoſe Daggers haue ſtabb'd *Cæſar:* I do feare it.
4 They were Traitors: Honourable men?
All. The Will, the Teſtament.
2 They were Villaines, Murderers: the Will, read the Will.
Ant. You will compell me then to read the Will:
Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Cæſar,*
And let me ſhew you him that made the Will:
Shall I deſcend? And will you giue me leaue?
All. Come downe.
2 Deſcend.
3 You ſhall haue leaue.
4 A Ring, ſtand round.
1 Stand from the Hearſe, ſtand from the Body.
2 Roome for *Antony,* moſt Noble *Antony.*
Ant. Nay preſſe not ſo vpon me, ſtand farre off.
All. Stand backe: roome, beare backe.
Ant. If you haue teares, prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this Mantle, I remember
The firſt time euer *Cæſar* put it on,
'Twas on a Summers Euening in his Tent,
That day he ouercame the *Neruij.*
Looke, in this place ran *Caſſius* Dagger through:
See what a rent the enuious *Caska* made:
Through this, the wel-beloued *Brutus* ſtabb'd,
And as he pluck'd his curſed Steele away:
Marke how the blood of *Cæſar* followed it,
As ruſhing out of doores, to be reſolu'd
If *Brutus* ſo vnkindely knock'd, or no:
For *Brutus,* as you know, was *Cæſars* Angel.
Iudge, O you Gods, how deerely *Cæſar* lou'd him:
This was the moſt vnkindeſt cut of all.
For when the Noble *Cæſar* ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong then Traitors armes,
Quite vanquiſh'd him: then burſt his Mighty heart,
And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,
Euen at the Baſe of *Pompeyes* Statue
(Which all the while ran blood) great *Cæſar* fell.
O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?
Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,
Whil'ſt bloody Treaſon flouriſh'd ouer vs.
O now you weepe, and I perceiue you feele
The dint of pitty: Theſe are gracious droppes.
Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold
Our *Cæſars* Veſture wounded? Looke you heere,
Heere is Himſelfe, marr'd as you ſee with Traitors.
1. O pitteous ſpectacle!
2. O Noble *Cæſar!*
3. O wofull day!
4. O Traitors, Villaines!
1. O moſt bloody ſight!
2. We will be reueng'd: Reuenge
About, ſeeke, burne, fire, kill, ſlay,
Let not a Traitor liue.
Ant. Stay Country-men.
1. Peace there, heare the Noble *Antony.*
2. Wee'l heare him, wee'l follow him, wee'l dy with him.
Ant. Good Friends, ſweet Friends, let me not ſtirre (you vp
To ſuch a ſodaine Flood of Mutiny:
They that haue done this Deede, are honourable.
What priuate greefes they haue, alas I know not,
That made them do it: They are Wiſe, and Honourable,
And will no doubt with Reaſons anſwer you.
I come not (Friends) to ſteale away your hearts,
I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;
But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man
That loue my Friend, and that they know full well,
That gaue me publike leaue to ſpeake of him:
For I haue neyther writ nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,
To ſtirre mens Blood. I onely ſpeake right on:
I tell you that, which you your ſelues do know,
Shew you ſweet *Cæſars* wounds, poor poor dum mouths
And bid them ſpeake for me: But were I *Brutus,*
And *Brutus Antony,* there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In euery Wound of *Cæſar,* that ſhould moue
The ſtones of Rome, to riſe and Mutiny.
All. Wee'l Mutiny.
1 Wee'l burne the houſe of *Brutus.*
3 Away then, come, ſeeke the Conſpirators.
Ant. Yet heare me Countrymen, yet heare me ſpeake
All. Peace hoe, heare *Antony,* moſt Noble *Antony.*
Ant. Why Friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath *Cæſar* thus deſeru'd your loues?
Alas you know not, I muſt tell you then:
You haue forgot the Will I told you of.
All. Moſt true, the Will, let's ſtay and heare the Wil.
Ant. Heere is the Will, and vnder *Cæſars* Seale:
To euery Roman Citizen he giues,
To euery ſeuerall man, ſeuenty fiue Drachmaes.

2 Ple. Moſt Noble *Cæſar,* wee'l reuenge his death.
3 Ple. O Royall *Cæſar.*
Ant. Heare me with patience.
All. Peace hoe.
Ant. Moreouer, he hath left you all his Walkes,
His priuate Arbors, and new-planted Orchards,
On this ſide Tyber, he hath left them you,
And to your heyres for euer: common pleaſures
To walke abroad, and recreate your ſelues.
Heere was a *Cæſar:* when comes ſuch another?
1. Ple. Neuer, neuer: come, away, away:
Wee'l burne his body in the holy place,
And with the Brands fire the Traitors houſes.
Take vp the body.
2. Ple. Go fetch fire.
3. Ple. Plucke downe Benches.
4. Ple. Plucke downe Formes, Windowes, any thing.
Exit Plebeians.
Ant. Now let it worke: Miſcheefe thou art a-foot,
Take thou what courſe thou wilt.
How now Fellow?
Enter Seruant.
Ser. Sir, *Octauius* is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is hee?
Ser. He and *Lepidus* are at *Cæſars* houſe.
Ant. And thither will I ſtraight, to viſit him:
He comes vpon a wiſh. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will giue vs any thing.
Ser. I heard him ſay, *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are rid like Madmen through the Gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike they had ſome notice of the people
How I had moued them. Bring me to *Octauius.* *Exeunt*

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

Cinna. I dreamt to night, that I did feaſt with *Cæſar,*
And things vnluckily charge my Fantaſie:
I haue no will to wander foorth of dores,
Yet ſomething leads me foorth.
1. What is your name?
2. Whether are you going?
3. Where do you dwell?
4. Are you a married man, or a Batchellor?
2. Anſwer euery man directly.
1. I, and breefely.
4. I, and wiſely.
3. I, and truly, you were beſt.
Cin. What is my name? Whether am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a Batchellour? Then to anſwer euery man, directly and breefely, wiſely and truly: wiſely I ſay, I am a Batchellor.
2 That's as much as to ſay, they are fooles that marrie: you'l beare me a bang for that I feare: proceede directly.
Cinna. Directly I am going to *Cæſars* Funerall.
1. As a Friend, or an Enemy?
Cinna. As a friend.
2. That matter is anſwered directly.
4. For your dwelling: breefely.
Cinna. Breefely, I dwell by the Capitoll.
3. Your name ſir, truly.
Cinna. Truly, my name is *Cinna.*
1. Teare him to peeces, hee's a Conſpirator.
Cinna. I am *Cinna* the Poet, I am *Cinna* the Poet.
4. Teare him for his bad verſes, teare him for his bad Verſes.
Cin. I am not *Cinna* the Conſpirator.
4. It is no matter, his name's *Cinna,* plucke but his name out of his heart, and turne him going.
3. Teare him, tear him; Come Brands hoe, Firebrands: to *Brutus,* to *Caſſius,* burne all. Some to *Decius* Houſe, and ſome to *Caska's;* ſome to *Ligarius:* Away, go.
Exeunt all the Plebeians.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Antony, Octauius, and Lepidus.

Ant. Theſe many then ſhall die, their names are prickt
Octa. Your Brother too muſt dye: conſent you *Lepidus?*
Lep. I do conſent.
Octa. Pricke him downe *Antony.*
Lep. Vpon condition *Publius* ſhall not liue,
Who is your Siſters ſonne, *Marke Antony.*
Ant. He ſhall not liue; looke, with a ſpot I dam him.
But *Lepidus,* go you to *Cæſars* houſe:
Fetch the Will hither, and we ſhall determine
How to cut off ſome charge in Legacies.
Lep. What? ſhall I finde you heere?
Octa. Or heere, or at the Capitoll. *Exit Lepidus*
Ant. This is a ſlight vnmeritable man,
Meet to be ſent on Errands: is it fit
The three-fold World diuided, he ſhould ſtand
One of the three to ſhare it?
Octa. So you thought him,
And tooke his voyce who ſhould be prickt to dye
In our blacke Sentence and Proſcription.
Ant. *Octauius,* I haue ſeene more dayes then you,
And though we lay theſe Honours on this man,
To eaſe our ſelues of diuers ſland'rous loads,
He ſhall but beare them, as the Aſſe beares Gold,
To groane and ſwet vnder the Buſineſſe,
Either led or driuen, as we point the way:
And hauing brought our Treaſure, where we will,
Then take we downe his Load, and turne him off
(Like to the empty Aſſe) to ſhake his eares,
And graze in Commons.
Octa. You may do your will:
But hee's a tried, and valiant Souldier.
Ant. So is my Horſe *Octauius,* and for that
I do appoint him ſtore of Prouender.
It is a Creature that I teach to fight,
To winde, to ſtop, to run directly on:
His corporall Motion, gouern'd by my Spirit,
And in ſome taſte, is *Lepidus* but ſo:
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren ſpirited Fellow; one that feeds
On Obiects, Arts, and Imitations.
Which out of vſe, and ſtal'de by other men
Begin his faſhion. Do not talke of him,
But as a property: and now *Octauius,*
Liſten great things. *Brutus* and *Caſſius*
Are leuying Powers; We muſt ſtraight make head:
Therefore let our Alliance be combin'd,
Our beſt Friends made, our meanes ſtretcht,
And let vs preſently go ſit in Councell,
How couert matters may be beſt diſclos'd,
And open Perils ſureſt anſwered.
Octa. Let vs do ſo: for we are at the ſtake,

And bayed about with many Enemies,
And ſome that ſmile haue in their hearts I feare
Millions of Miſcheefes. *Exeunt*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucillius, and the Army. Titinius and Pindarus meete them.

Bru. Stand ho.
Lucil. Giue the word ho, and Stand.
Bru. What now *Lucillius*, is *Caſſius* neere?
Lucil. He is at hand, and *Pindarus* is come
To do you ſalutation from his Maſter.
Bru. He greets me well. Your Maſter *Pindarus*
In his owne change, or by ill Officers,
Hath giuen me ſome worthy cauſe to wiſh
Things done, vndone: But if he be at hand
I ſhall be ſatisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my Noble Maſter will appeare
Such as he is, full of regard, and Honour.
Bru. He is not doubted. A word *Lucillius*
How he receiu'd you: let me be reſolu'd.
Lucil. With courteſie, and with reſpect enough,
But not with ſuch familiar inſtances,
Nor with ſuch free and friendly Conference
As he hath vs'd of old.
Bru. Thou haſt deſcrib'd
A hot Friend, cooling: Euer note *Lucillius*,
When Loue begins to ſicken and decay
It vſeth an enforced Ceremony.
There are no trickes, in plaine and ſimple Faith:
But hollow men, like Horſes hot at hand,
Make gallant ſhew, and promiſe of their Mettle:
Low March within.
But when they ſhould endure the bloody Spurre,
They fall their Creſts, and like deceitfull Iades
Sinke in the Triall. Comes his Army on?
Lucil. They meane this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the Horſe in generall
Are come with *Caſſius*.
Enter Caſſius and his Powers.
Bru. Hearke, he is arriu'd:
March gently on to meete him.
Caſſi. Stand ho.
Bru. Stand ho, ſpeake the word along.
Stand.
Stand.
Stand.
Caſſi. Moſt Noble Brother, you haue done me wrong.
Bru. Iudge me you Gods; wrong I mine Enemies?
And if not ſo, how ſhould I wrong a Brother.
Caſſi. Brutus, this ſober forme of yours, hides wrongs,
And when you do them——
Brut. Caſſius, be content,
Speake your greefes ſoftly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our Armies heere
(Which ſhould perceiue nothing but Loue from vs)
Let vs not wrangle. Bid them moue away:
Then in my Tent *Caſſius* enlarge your Greefes,
And I will giue you Audience.
Caſſi. Pindarus,
Bid our Commanders leade their Charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucillius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we haue done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore. *Exeunt*
Manet Brutus and Caſſius.

Caſſi. That you haue wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You haue condemn'd, and noted *Lucius Pella*
For taking Bribes heere of the Sardians;
Wherein my Letters, praying on his ſide,
Becauſe I knew the man was ſlighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd your ſelfe to write in ſuch a caſe.
Caſſi. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet
That euery nice offence ſhould beare his Comment.
Bru. Let me tell you *Caſſius*, you your ſelfe
Are much condemn'd to haue an itching Palme,
To ſell, and Mart your Offices for Gold
To Vndeſeruers.
Caſſi. I, an itching Palme?
You know that you are *Brutus* that ſpeakes this,
Or by the Gods, this ſpeech were elſe your laſt.
Bru. The name of *Caſſius* Honors this corruption,
And Chaſticement doth therefore hide his head.
Caſſi. Chaſticement?
Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remẽber:
Did not great *Iulius* bleede for Iuſtice ſake?
What Villaine touch'd his body, that did ſtab,
And not for Iuſtice? What? Shall one of Vs,
That ſtrucke the Formoſt man of all this World,
But for ſupporting Robbers: ſhall we now,
Contaminate our fingers, with baſe Bribes?
And ſell the mighty ſpace of our large Honors
For ſo much traſh, as may be graſped thus?
I had rather be a Dogge, and bay the Moone,
Then ſuch a Roman.
Caſſi. Brutus, baite not me,
Ile not indure it: you forget your ſelfe
To hedge me in. I am a Souldier, I,
Older in practice, Abler then your ſelfe
To make Conditions.
Bru. Go too: you are not *Caſſius*.
Caſſi. I am.
Bru. I ſay, you are not.
Caſſi. Vrge me no more, I ſhall forget my ſelfe:
Haue minde vpon your health: Tempt me no farther.
Bru. Away ſlight man.
Caſſi. Is't poſſible?
Bru. Heare me, for I will ſpeake.
Muſt I giue way, and roome to your raſh Choller?
Shall I be frighted, when a Madman ſtares?
Caſſi. O ye Gods, ye Gods, Muſt I endure all this?
Bru. All this? I more: Fret till your proud hart break.
Go ſhew your Slaues how Chollericke you are,
And make your Bondmen tremble. Muſt I bouge?
Muſt I obſerue you? Muſt I ſtand and crouch
Vnder your Teſtie Humour? By the Gods,
You ſhall digeſt the Venom of your Spleene
Though it do Split you. For, from this day forth,
Ile vſe you for my Mirth, yea for my Laughter
When you are Waſpiſh.
Caſſi. Is it come to this?
Bru. You ſay, you are a better Souldier:
Let it appeare ſo; make your vaunting true,
And it ſhall pleaſe me well. For mine owne part,
I ſhall be glad to learne of Noble men.
Caſſ. You wrong me euery way:
You wrong me *Brutus*:
I ſaide, an Elder Souldier, not a Better.
Did I ſay Better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Caſſ. When *Cæſar* liu'd, he durſt not thus haue mou'd (me.
Brut. Peace, peace, you durſt not ſo haue tempted him.
Caſſ.

Caſſi. I durſt not.
Bru. No.
Caſſi. What? durſt not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durſt not.
Caſſi. Do not preſume too much vpon my Loue,
I may do that I ſhall be ſorry for.
Bru. You haue done that you ſhould be ſorry for.
There is no terror *Caſſius* in your threats:
For I am Arm'd ſo ſtrong in Honeſty,
That they paſſe by me, as the idle winde,
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certaine ſummes of Gold, which you deny'd me,
For I can raiſe no money by vile meanes:
By Heauen, I had rather Coine my Heart,
And drop my blood for Drachmaes, then to wring
From the hard hands of Peazants, their vile traſh
By any indirection. I did ſend
To you for Gold to pay my Legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like *Caſſius*?
Should I haue anſwer'd *Caius Caſſius* ſo?
When *Marcus Brutus* growes ſo Couetous,
To locke ſuch Raſcall Counters from his Friends,
Be ready Gods with all your Thunder-bolts,
Daſh him to peeces.
Caſſi. I deny'd you not.
Bru. You did.
Caſſi. I did not. He was but a Foole
That brought my anſwer back. *Brutus* hath riu'd my hart:
A Friend ſhould beare his Friends infirmities;
But *Brutus* makes mine greater then they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.
Caſſi. You loue me not.
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Caſſi. A friendly eye could neuer ſee ſuch faults.
Bru. A Flatterers would not, though they do appeare
As huge as high Olympus.
Caſſi. Come *Antony*, and yong *Octauius* come,
Reuenge your ſelues alone on *Caſſius*,
For *Caſſius* is a-weary of the World:
Hated by one he loues, brau'd by his Brother,
Check'd like a bondman, all his faults obſeru'd,
Set in a Note-booke, learn'd, and con'd by roate
To caſt into my Teeth. O I could weepe
My Spirit from mine eyes. There is my Dagger,
And heere my naked Breaſt: Within, a Heart
Deerer then *Pluto*'s Mine, Richer then Gold:
If that thou bee'ſt a Roman, take it foorth.
I that deny'd thee Gold, will giue my Heart:
Strike as thou did'ſt at *Cæſar*: For I know,
When thou did'ſt hate him worſt, yͧ loued'ſt him better
Then euer thou loued'ſt *Caſſius*.
Bru. Sheath your Dagger:
Be angry when you will, it ſhall haue ſcope:
Do what you will, Diſhonor, ſhall be Humour.
O *Caſſius*, you are yoaked with a Lambe
That carries Anger, as the Flint beares fire,
Who much inforced, ſhewes a haſtie Sparke,
And ſtraite is cold agen.
Caſſi. Hath *Caſſius* liu'd
To be but Mirth and Laughter to his *Brutus*,
When greefe and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him?
Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill temper'd too.
Caſſi. Do you confeſſe ſo much? Giue me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Caſſi. O *Brutus*!
Bru. What's the matter?

Caſſi. Haue not you loue enough to beare with me,
When that raſh humour which my Mother gaue me
Makes me forgetfull.
Bru. Yes *Caſsius*, and from henceforth
When you are ouer-earneſt with your *Brutus*,
Hee'l thinke your Mother chides, and leaue you ſo.

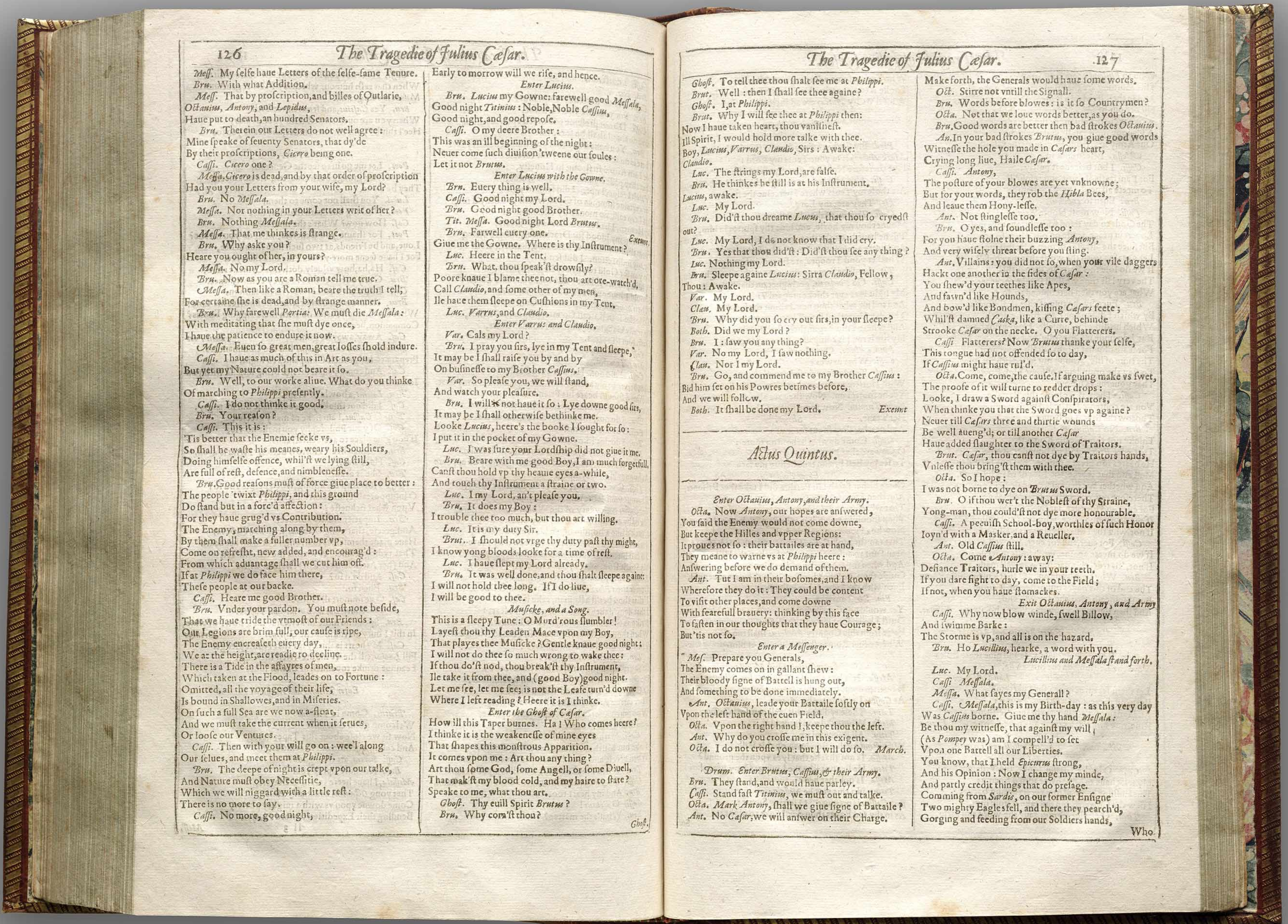
Enter a Poet.

Poet. Let me go in to ſee the Generals,
There is ſome grudge betweene 'em, 'tis not meete
They be alone.
Lucil. You ſhall not come to them.
Poet. Nothing but death ſhall ſtay me.
Caſ. How now? What's the matter?
Poet. For ſhame you Generals; what do you meane?
Loue, and be Friends, as two ſuch men ſhould bee,
For I haue ſeene more yeeres I'me ſure then yee.
Caſ. Ha, ha, how vildely doth this Cynicke rime?
Bru. Get you hence ſirra: Sawcy Fellow, hence.
Caſ. Beare with him *Brutus*, 'tis his faſhion.
Brut. Ile know his humor, when he knowes his time:
What ſhould the Warres do with theſe Iigging Fooles?
Companion, hence.
Caſ. Away, away be gone. *Exit Poet*
Bru. Lucillius and *Titinius* bid the Commanders
Prepare to lodge their Companies to night.
Caſ. And come your ſelues, & bring *Meſſala* with you
Immediately to vs.
Bru. Lucius, a bowle of Wine.
Caſ. I did not thinke you could haue bin ſo angry.
Bru. O *Caſſius*, I am ſicke of many greefes.
Caſ. Of your Philoſophy you make no vſe,
If you giue place to accidentall euils.
Bru. No man beares ſorrow better. *Portia* is dead.
Caſ. Ha? *Portia*?
Bru. She is dead.
Caſ. How ſcap'd I killing, when I croſt you ſo?
O inſupportable, and touching loſſe!
Vpon what ſickneſſe?
Bru. Impatient of my abſence,
And greefe, that yong *Octauius* with *Mark Antony*
Haue made themſelues ſo ſtrong: For with her death
That tydings came. With this ſhe fell diſtract,
And (her Attendants abſent) ſwallow'd fire.
Caſ. And dy'd ſo?
Bru. Euen ſo.
Caſ. O ye immortall Gods!
Enter Boy with Wine, and Tapers.
Bru. Speak no more of her: Giue me a bowl of wine,
In this I bury all vnkindneſſe *Caſsius*. *Drinkes*
Caſ. My heart is thirſty for that Noble pledge.
Fill *Lucius*, till the Wine ore-ſwell the Cup:
I cannot drinke too much of *Brutus* loue.

Enter Titinius and Meſſala.

Brutus. Come in *Titinius*:
Welcome good *Meſſala*:
Now ſit we cloſe about this Taper heere,
And call in queſtion our neceſſities.
Caſſ. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more I pray you.
Meſſala, I haue heere receiued Letters,
That yong *Octauius*, and *Marke Antony*
Come downe vpon vs with a mighty power,
Bending their Expedition toward *Philippi*.

Meſſ.



Meſſ. My ſelfe haue Letters of the ſelfe-ſame Tenure.
Bru. With what Addition.
Meſſ. That by proſcription, and billes of Outlarie,
Octauius, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*,
Haue put to death, an hundred Senators.
Bru. Therein our Letters do not well agree:
Mine ſpeake of ſeuenty Senators, that dy'de
By their proſcriptions, *Cicero* being one.
Caſſi. *Cicero* one?
Meſſa. *Cicero* is dead, and by that order of proſcription
Had you your Letters from your wife, my Lord?
Bru. No *Meſſala.*
Meſſa. Nor nothing in your Letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing *Meſſala.*
Meſſa. That me thinkes is ſtrange.
Bru. Why aske you?
Heare you ought of her, in yours?
Meſſa. No my Lord.
Bru. Now as you are a Roman tell me true.
Meſſa. Then like a Roman, beare the truth I tell;
For certaine ſhe is dead, and by ſtrange manner.
Bru. Why farewell *Portia:* We muſt die *Meſſala:*
With meditating that ſhe muſt dye once,
I haue the patience to endure it now.
Meſſa. Euen ſo great men, great loſſes ſhold indure.
Caſſi. I haue as much of this in Art as you,
But yet my Nature could not beare it ſo.
Bru. Well, to our worke aliue. What do you thinke
Of marching to *Philippi* preſently.
Caſſi. I do not thinke it good.
Bru. Your reaſon?
Caſſi. This it is:
'Tis better that the Enemie ſeeke vs,
So ſhall he waſte his meanes, weary his Souldiers,
Doing himſelfe offence, whil'ſt we lying ſtill,
Are full of reſt, defence, and nimbleneſſe.
Bru. Good reaſons muſt of force giue place to better:
The people 'twixt *Philippi*, and this ground
Do ſtand but in a forc'd affection:
For they haue grug'd vs Contribution.
The Enemy, marching along by them,
By them ſhall make a fuller number vp,
Come on refreſht, new added, and encourag'd:
From which aduantage ſhall we cut him off.
If at *Philippi* we do face him there,
Theſe people at our backe.
Caſſi. Heare me good Brother.
Bru. Vnder your pardon. You muſt note beſide,
That we haue tride the vtmoſt of our Friends:
Our Legions are brim full, our cauſe is ripe,
The Enemy encreaſeth euery day,
We at the height, are readie to decline.
There is a Tide in the affayres of men,
Which taken at the Flood, leades on to Fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,
Is bound in Shallowes, and in Miſeries.
On ſuch a full Sea are we now a-float,
And we muſt take the current when it ſerues,
Or looſe our Ventures.
Caſſi. Then with your will go on: wee'l along
Our ſelues, and meet them at *Philippi.*
Bru. The deepe of night is crept vpon our talke,
And Nature muſt obey Neceſſitie,
Which we will niggard with a little reſt:
There is no more to ſay.
Caſſi. No more, good night,
Early to morrow will we riſe, and hence.

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius* my Gowne: farewell good *Meſſala*,
Good night *Titinius*: Noble, Noble *Caſſius*,
Good night, and good repoſe.
Caſſi. O my deere Brother:
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Neuer come ſuch diuiſion 'tweene our ſoules:
Let it not *Brutus.*

Enter Lucius with the Gowne.

Bru. Euery thing is well.
Caſſi. Good night my Lord.
Bru. Good night good Brother.
Tit. Meſſa. Good night Lord *Brutus.*
Bru. Farwell euery one. *Exeunt.*
Giue me the Gowne. Where is thy Inſtrument?
Luc. Heere in the Tent.
Bru. What, thou ſpeak'ſt drowſily?
Poore knaue I blame thee not, thou art ore-watch'd.
Call *Claudio*, and ſome other of my men,
Ile haue them ſleepe on Cuſhions in my Tent.
Luc. *Varrus*, and *Claudio.*

Enter Varrus and Claudio.

Var. Cals my Lord?
Bru. I pray you ſirs, lye in my Tent and ſleepe,
It may be I ſhall raiſe you by and by
On buſineſſe to my Brother *Caſſius.*
Var. So pleaſe you, we will ſtand,
And watch your pleaſure.
Bru. I will ✻ not haue it ſo: Lye downe good ſirs,
It may be I ſhall otherwiſe bethinke me.
Looke *Lucius*, heere's the booke I ſought for ſo:
I put it in the pocket of my Gowne.
Luc. I was ſure your Lordſhip did not giue it me.
Bru. Beare with me good Boy, I am much forgetfull.
Canſt thou hold vp thy heauie eyes a-while,
And touch thy Inſtrument a ſtraine or two.
Luc. I my Lord, an't pleaſe you.
Bru. It does my Boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty Sir.
Brut. I ſhould not vrge thy duty paſt thy might,
I know yong bloods looke for a time of reſt.
Luc. I haue ſlept my Lord already.
Bru. It was well done, and thou ſhalt ſleepe againe:
I will not hold thee long. If I do liue,
I will be good to thee.

Muſicke, and a Song.

This is a ſleepy Tune: O Murd'rous ſlumbler!
Layeſt thou thy Leaden Mace vpon my Boy,
That playes thee Muſicke? Gentle knaue good night:
I will not do thee ſo much wrong to wake thee:
If thou do'ſt nod, thou break'ſt thy Inſtrument,
Ile take it from thee, and (good Boy) good night.
Let me ſee, let me ſee; is not the Leafe turn'd downe
Where I left reading? Heere it is I thinke.

Enter the Ghoſt of Cæſar.

How ill this Taper burnes. Ha! Who comes heere?
I thinke it is the weakeneſſe of mine eyes
That ſhapes this monſtrous Apparition.
It comes vpon me: Art thou any thing?
Art thou ſome God, ſome Angell, or ſome Diuell,
That mak'ſt my blood cold, and my haire to ſtare?
Speake to me, what thou art.
Ghoſt. Thy euill Spirit *Brutus*?
Bru. Why com'ſt thou?

Ghoſt. To tell thee thou ſhalt ſee me at *Philippi.*
Brut. Well: then I ſhall ſee thee againe?
Ghoſt. I, at *Philippi.*
Brut. Why I will ſee thee at *Philippi* then:
Now I haue taken heart, thou vaniſheſt.
Ill Spirit, I would hold more talke with thee.
Boy, *Lucius*, *Varrus*, *Claudio*, Sirs: Awake:
Claudio.
Luc. The ſtrings my Lord, are falſe.
Bru. He thinkes he ſtill is at his Inſtrument.
Lucius, awake.
Luc. My Lord.
Bru. Did'ſt thou dreame *Lucius*, that thou ſo cryedſt out?
Luc. My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes that thou did'ſt: Did'ſt thou ſee any thing?
Luc. Nothing my Lord.
Bru. Sleepe againe *Lucius*: Sirra *Claudio*, Fellow,
Thou: Awake.
Var. My Lord.
Clau. My Lord.
Bru. Why did you ſo cry out ſirs, in your ſleepe?
Both. Did we my Lord?
Bru. I: ſaw you any thing?
Var. No my Lord, I ſaw nothing.
Clau. Nor I my Lord.
Bru. Go, and commend me to my Brother *Caſſius*:
Bid him ſet on his Powres betimes before,
And we will follow.
Both. It ſhall be done my Lord. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Octauius, Antony, and their Army.

Octa. Now *Antony*, our hopes are anſwered,
You ſaid the Enemy would not come downe,
But keepe the Hilles and vpper Regions:
It proues not ſo: their battailes are at hand,
They meane to warne vs at *Philippi* heere:
Anſwering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut I am in their boſomes, and I know
Wherefore they do it: They could be content
To viſit other places, and come downe
With fearefull brauery: thinking by this face
To faſten in our thoughts that they haue Courage;
But 'tis not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Prepare you Generals,
The Enemy comes on in gallant ſhew:
Their bloody ſigne of Battell is hung out,
And ſomething to be done immediately.
Ant. *Octauius*, leade your Battaile ſoftly on
Vpon the left hand of the euen Field.
Octa. Vpon the right hand I, keepe thou the left.
Ant. Why do you croſſe me in this exigent.
Octa. I do not croſſe you: but I will do ſo. *March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Caſſius, & their Army.

Bru. They ſtand, and would haue parley.
Caſſi. Stand faſt *Titinius*, we muſt out and talke.
Octa. *Mark Antony*, ſhall we giue ſigne of Battaile?
Ant. No *Cæſar*, we will anſwer on their Charge.
Make forth, the Generals would haue ſome words.
Oct. Stirre not vntill the Signall.
Bru. Words before blowes: is it ſo Countrymen?
Octa. Not that we loue words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better then bad ſtrokes *Octauius.*
An. In your bad ſtrokes *Brutus*, you giue good words
Witneſſe the hole you made in *Cæſars* heart,
Crying long liue, Haile *Cæſar.*
Caſſi. *Antony*,
The poſture of your blowes are yet vnknowne;
But for your words, they rob the *Hibla* Bees,
And leaue them Hony-leſſe.
Ant. Not ſtingleſſe too.
Bru. O yes, and ſoundleſſe too:
For you haue ſtolne their buzzing *Antony*,
And very wiſely threat before you ſting.
Ant. Villains: you did not ſo, when your vile daggers
Hackt one another in the ſides of *Cæſar*:
You ſhew'd your teethes like Apes,
And fawn'd like Hounds,
And bow'd like Bondmen, kiſſing *Cæſars* feete;
Whil'ſt damned *Caska*, like a Curre, behinde
Strooke *Cæſar* on the necke. O you Flatterers.
Caſſi Flatterers? Now *Brutus* thanke your ſelfe,
This tongue had not offended ſo to day,
If *Caſſius* might haue rul'd.
Octa. Come, come, the cauſe. If arguing make vs ſwet,
The proofe of it will turne to redder drops:
Looke, I draw a Sword againſt Conſpirators,
When thinke you that the Sword goes vp againe?
Neuer till *Cæſars* three and thirtie wounds
Be well aueng'd; or till another *Cæſar*
Haue added ſlaughter to the Sword of Traitors.
Brut. *Cæſar*, thou canſt not dye by Traitors hands,
Vnleſſe thou bring'ſt them with thee.
Octa. So I hope:
I was not borne to dye on *Brutus* Sword.
Bru. O if thou wer't the Nobleſt of thy Straine,
Yong-man, thou could'ſt not dye more honourable.
Caſſi. A peeuiſh School-boy, worthles of ſuch Honor
Ioyn'd with a Masker, and a Reueller.
Ant. Old *Caſſius* ſtill.
Octa. Come *Antony*: away:
Defiance Traitors, hurle we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to day, come to the Field;
If not, when you haue ſtomackes.

Exit Octauius, Antony, and Army

Caſſi. Why now blow winde, ſwell Billow,
And ſwimme Barke:
The Storme is vp, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho *Lucillius*, hearke, a word with you.

Lucillius and Meſſala ſtand forth.

Luc. My Lord.
Caſſi *Meſſala.*
Meſſa. What ſayes my Generall?
Caſſi. *Meſſala*, this is my Birth-day: as this very day
Was *Caſſius* borne. Giue me thy hand *Meſſala*:
Be thou my witneſſe, that againſt my will,
(As *Pompey* was) am I compell'd to ſet
Vpon one Battell all our Liberties.
You know, that I held *Epicurus* ſtrong,
And his Opinion: Now I change my minde,
And partly credit things that do preſage.
Comming from *Sardis*, on our former Enſigne
Two mighty Eagles fell, and there they pearch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our Soldiers hands,

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Who to *Philippi* heere conſorted vs:
This Morning are they fled away, and gone,
And in their ſteeds, do Rauens, Crowes, and Kites
Fly ore our heads, and downward looke on vs
As we were ſickely prey; their ſhadowes ſeeme
A Canopy moſt fatall, vnder which
Our Army lies, ready to giue vp the Ghoſt.
Meſſa. Beleeue not ſo.
Caſſi. I but beleeue it partly,
For I am freſh of ſpirit, and reſolu'd
To meete all perils, very conſtantly.
Bru. Euen ſo *Lucillius.*
Caſſi. Now moſt Noble *Brutus*,
The Gods to day ſtand friendly, that we may
Louers in peace, leade on our dayes to age.
But ſince the affayres of men reſts ſtill incertaine,
Let's reaſon with the worſt that may befall.
If we do loſe this Battaile, then is this
The very laſt time we ſhall ſpeake together:
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Euen by the rule of that Philoſophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
Which he did giue himſelfe, I know not how:
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
For feare of what might fall, ſo to preuent
The time of life, arming my ſelfe with patience,
To ſtay the prouidence of ſome high Powers,
That gouerne vs below.
Caſſi. Then, if we looſe this Battaile,
You are contented to be led in Triumph
Thorow the ſtreets of Rome.
Bru. No *Caſſius*, no:
Thinke not thou Noble Romane,
That euer *Brutus* will go bound to Rome,
He beares too great a minde. But this ſame day
Muſt end that worke, the Ides of March begun.
And whether we ſhall meete againe, I know not:
Therefore our euerlaſting farewell take:
For euer, and for euer, farewell *Caſſius*,
If we do meete againe, why we ſhall ſmile;
If not, why then this parting was well made.
Caſſi. For euer, and for euer, farewell *Brutus*:
If we do meete againe, wee'l ſmile indeede;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.
Bru. Why then leade on. O that a man might know
The end of this dayes buſineſſe, ere it come:
But it ſufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is knowne. Come ho, away. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Meſſala.

Bru. Ride, ride *Meſſala*, ride and giue theſe Billes
Vnto the Legions, on the other ſide.
Lowd Alarum.
Let them ſet on at once: for I perceiue
But cold demeanor in *Octauio's* wing:
And ſodaine puſh giues them the ouerthrow:
Ride, ride *Meſſala*, let them all come downe. *Exeunt*

Alarums. Enter Caſſius and Titinius.

Caſſi. O looke *Titinius*, looke, the Villaines flye:
My ſelfe haue to mine owne turn'd Enemy:
This Enſigne heere of mine was turning backe,
I ſlew the Coward, and did take it from him.
Titin. O *Caſſius*, *Brutus* gaue the word too early,
Who hauing ſome aduantage on *Octauius*,
Tooke it too eagerly: his Soldiers fell to ſpoyle,
Whil'ſt we by *Antony* are all inclos'd.

Enter Pindarus.

Pind. Fly further off my Lord: flye further off,
Mark Antony is in your Tents my Lord:
Flye therefore Noble *Caſſius*, flye farre off.
Caſſi. This Hill is farre enough. Looke, look *Titinius*
Are thoſe my Tents where I perceiue the fire?
Tit. They are, my Lord.
Caſſi. *Titinius*, if thou loueſt me,
Mount thou my horſe, and hide thy ſpurres in him,
Till he haue brought thee vp to yonder Troopes
And heere againe, that I may reſt aſſur'd
Whether yond Troopes, are Friend or Enemy.
Tit. I will be heere againe, euen with a thought. *Exit.*
Caſſi. Go *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill,
My ſight was euer thicke: regard *Titinius*,
And tell me what thou not'ſt about the Field.
This day I breathed firſt, Time is come round,
And where I did begin, there ſhall I end,
My life is run his compaſſe. Sirra, what newes?
Pind. Aboue. O my Lord.
Caſſi. What newes?
Pind. *Titinius* is encloſed round about
With Horſemen, that make to him on the Spurre,
Yet he ſpurres on. Now they are almoſt on him:
Now *Titinius*. Now ſome light: O he lights too.
Hee's tane. *Showt.*
And hearke, they ſhout for ioy.
Caſſi. Come downe, behold no more:
O Coward that I am, to liue ſo long,
To ſee my beſt Friend tane before my face.
Enter Pindarus.
Come hither ſirrah: In Parthia did I take thee Priſoner,
And then I ſwore thee, ſauing of thy life,
That whatſoeuer I did bid thee do,
Thou ſhould'ſt attempt it. Come now, keepe thine oath,
Now be a Free-man, and with this good Sword
That ran through *Cæſars* bowels, ſearch this boſome.
Stand not to anſwer: Heere, take thou the Hilts,
And when my face is couer'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the Sword —— *Cæſar*, thou art reueng'd,
Euen with the Sword that kill'd thee.
Pin. So, I am free,
Yet would not ſo haue beene
Durſt I haue done my will. O *Caſſius*,
Farre from this Country *Pindarus* ſhall run,
Where neuer Roman ſhall take note of him.

Enter Titinius and Meſſala.

Meſſa. It is but change, *Titinius*: for *Octauius*
Is ouerthrowne by Noble *Brutus* power,
As *Caſſius* Legions are by *Antony*.
Titin. Theſe tydings will well comfort *Caſſius*.
Meſſa. Where did you leaue him.
Titin. All diſconſolate,
With *Pindarus* his Bondman, on this Hill.
Meſſa. Is not that he that lyes vpon the ground?
Titin. He lies not like the Liuing. O my heart!
Meſſa. Is not that hee?
Titin. No, this was he *Meſſala*,
But *Caſſius* is no more. O ſetting Sunne:
As in thy red Rayes thou doeſt ſinke to night;

So in his red blood *Caſsius* day is ſet.
The Sunne of Rome is ſet. Our day is gone,
Clowds, Dewes, and Dangers come; our deeds are done:
Miſtruſt of my ſucceſſe hath done this deed.
Meſſa. Miſtruſt of good ſucceſſe hath done this deed.
O hatefull Error, Melancholies Childe:
Why do'ſt thou ſhew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error ſoone conceyu'd,
Thou neuer com'ſt vnto a happy byrth,
But kil'ſt the Mother that engendred thee.
Tit. What *Pindarus*? Where art thou *Pindarus*?
Meſſa. Seeke him *Titinius*, whilſt I go to meet
The Noble *Brutus*, thruſting this report
Into his eares; I may ſay thruſting it:
For piercing Steele, and Darts inuenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the eares of *Brutus*,
As tydings of this ſight.
Tit. Hye you *Meſſala*,
And I will ſeeke for *Pindarus* the while:
Why did'ſt thou ſend me forth braue *Caſsius*?
Did I not meet thy Friends, and did not they
Put on my Browes this wreath of Victorie,
And bid me giue it thee? Did'ſt thou not heare their
Alas, thou haſt miſconſtrued euery thing. (ſhowts?
But hold thee, take this Garland on thy Brow,
Thy *Brutus* bid me giue it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace,
And ſee how I regarded *Caius Caſsius*:
By your leaue Gods: This is a Romans part,
Come *Caſsius* Sword, and finde *Titinius* hart. *Dies*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Meſſala, yong Cato,
Strato, Volumnius, and Lucillius.

Bru. Where, where *Meſſala*, doth his body lye?
Meſſa. Loe yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.
Bru. *Titinius* face is vpward.
Cato. He is ſlaine.
Bru. O *Iulius Cæſar*, thou art mighty yet,
Thy Spirit walkes abroad, and turnes our Swords
In our owne proper Entrailes. *Low Alarums.*
Cato. Braue *Titinius*,
Looke where he haue not crown'd dead *Caſsius*.
Bru. Are yet two Romans liuing ſuch as theſe?
The laſt of all the Romans, far thee well:
It is impoſſible, that euer Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends I owe mo teares
To this dead man, then you ſhall ſee me pay.
I ſhall finde time, *Caſsius*: I ſhall finde time.
Come therefore, and to *Tharſus* ſend his body,
His Funerals ſhall not be in our Campe,
Leaſt it diſcomfort vs. *Lucillius* come,
And come yong *Cato*, let vs to the Field,
Labio and *Flauio* ſet our Battailes on:
'Tis three a clocke, and Romans yet ere night,
We ſhall try Fortune in a ſecond fight. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter Brutus, Meſſala, Cato, Lucillius,
and Flauius.

Bru. Yet Country-men: O yet, hold vp your heads.
Cato. What Baſtard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaime my name about the Field.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.
A Foe to Tyrants, and my Countries Friend.
I am the Sonne of *Marcus Cato*, hoe.
Enter Souldiers, and fight.
And I am *Brutus*, *Marcus Brutus*, I,
Brutus my Countries Friend: Know me for *Brutus*.
Luc. O yong and Noble *Cato*, art thou downe?
Why now thou dyeſt, as brauely as *Titinius*,
And may'ſt be honour'd, being *Cato's* Sonne.
Sold. Yeeld, or thou dyeſt.
Luc. Onely I yeeld to dye:
There is ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight:
Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.
Sold. We muſt not: a Noble Priſoner.

Enter Antony.

2. Sold. Roome hoe: tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is tane.
1. Sold. Ile tell thee newes. Heere comes the Generall,
Brutus is tane, *Brutus* is tane my Lord.
Ant. Where is hee?
Luc. Safe *Antony*, *Brutus* is ſafe enough:
I dare aſſure thee, that no Enemy
Shall euer take aliue the Noble *Brutus*:
The Gods defend him from ſo great a ſhame,
When you do finde him, or aliue, or dead,
He will be found like *Brutus*, like himſelfe.
Ant. This is not *Brutus* friend, but I aſſure you,
A prize no leſſe in worth; keepe this man ſafe,
Giue him all kindneſſe. I had rather haue
Such men my Friends, then Enemies. Go on,
And ſee where *Brutus* be aliue or dead,
And bring vs word, vnto *Octauius* Tent:
How euery thing is chanc'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato,
and Volumnius.

Brut. Come poore remaines of friends, reſt on this
Rocke.
Clit. *Statillius* ſhew'd the Torch-light, but my Lord
He came not backe: he is or tane, or ſlaine.
Brut. Sit thee downe, *Clitus*: ſlaying is the word,
It is a deed in faſhion. Hearke thee, *Clitus*.
Clit. What I, my Lord? No, not for all the World.
Brut. Peace then, no words.
Clit. Ile rather kill my ſelfe.
Brut. Hearke thee, *Dardanius*.
Dard. Shall I doe ſuch a deed?
Clit. O *Dardanius*.
Dard. O *Clitus*.
Clit. What ill requeſt did *Brutus* make to thee?
Dard. To kill him, *Clitus*: looke he meditates.
Clit. Now is that Noble Veſſell full of griefe,
That it runnes ouer euen at his eyes.
Brut. Come hither, good *Volumnius*, liſt a word.
Volum. What ſayes my Lord?
Brut. Why this, *Volumnius*:
The Ghoſt of *Cæſar* hath appear'd to me
Two ſeuerall times by Night: at Sardis, once;
And this laſt Night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my houre is come.
Volum. Not ſo, my Lord.
Brut. Nay, I am ſure it is, *Volumnius*.
Thou ſeeſt the World, *Volumnius*, how it goes,
Our Enemies haue beat vs to the Pit: *Low Alarums.*
It is more worthy, to leape in our ſelues,
Then tarry till they puſh vs. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou know'ſt, that we two went to Schoole together:
Euen for that our loue of old, I prethee
Hold thou my Sword Hilts, whileſt I runne on it.
Vol. That's not an Office for a friend, my Lord.
Alarum ſtill.

Cly. Fly, flye my Lord, there is no tarrying heere.
Bru. Farewell to you, and you, and you *Volumnius.*
Strato, thou haſt bin all this while aſleepe:
Farewell to thee, to *Strato*, Countrymen:
My heart doth ioy, that yet in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I ſhall haue glory by this looſing day
More then *Octauius*, and *Marke Antony*,
By this vile Conqueſt ſhall attaine vnto.
So fare you well at once, for *Brutus* tongue
Hath almoſt ended his liues Hiſtory:
Night hangs vpon mine eyes, my Bones would reſt,
That haue but labour'd, to attaine this houre.

Alarum. Cry within, Flye, flye, flye.

Cly. Fly my Lord, flye.
Bru. Hence: I will follow:
I prythee *Strato*, ſtay thou by thy Lord,
Thou art a Fellow of a good reſpect:
Thy life hath had ſome ſmatch of Honor in it,
Hold then my Sword, and turne away thy face,
While I do run vpon it. Wilt thou *Strato*?
Stra. Giue me your hand firſt. Fare you wel my Lord.
Bru. Farewell good *Strato.* ——*Cæſar*, now be ſtill,
I kill'd not thee with halfe ſo good a will. *Dyes.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octauius, Meſſala, Lucillius, and the Army.

Octa. What man is that?
Meſſa. My Maſters man. *Strato*, where is thy Maſter?
Stra. Free from the Bondage you are in *Meſſala*,
The Conquerors can but make a fire of him:
For *Brutus* onely ouercame himſelfe,
And no man elſe hath Honor by his death.
Lucil. So *Brutus* ſhould be found. I thank thee *Brutus*
That thou haſt prou'd *Lucillius* ſaying true,
Octa. All that ſeru'd *Brutus*, I will entertaine them.
Fellow, wilt thou beſtow thy time with me?
Stra. I, if *Meſſala* will preferre me to you.
Octa. Do ſo, good *Meſſala.*
Meſſa. How dyed my Maſter *Strato*?
Stra. I held the Sword, and he did run on it.
Meſſa. *Octauius*, then take him to follow thee,
That did the lateſt ſeruice to my Maſter.
Ant. This was the Nobleſt Roman of them all:
All the Conſpirators ſaue onely hee,
Did that they did, in enuy of great *Cæſar*:
He, onely in a generall honeſt thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the Elements
So mixt in him, that Nature might ſtand vp,
And ſay to all the world; This was a man.
Octa. According to his Vertue, let vs vſe him
Withall Reſpect, and Rites of Buriall.
Within my Tent his bones to night ſhall ly,
Moſt like a Souldier ordered Honourably:
So call the Field to reſt, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF MACBETH.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. When ſhall we three meet againe?
In Thunder, Lightning, or in Raine?
2. When the Hurley-burley's done,
When the Battaile's loſt, and wonne.
3. That will be ere the ſet of Sunne.
1. Where the place?
2. Vpon the Heath.
3. There to meet with *Macbeth.*
1. I come, *Gray-Malkin.*
All. *Padock* calls anon: faire is foule, and foule is faire,
Houer through the fogge and filthie ayre. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter King Malcome, Donalbaine, Lenox, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captaine.

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As ſeemeth by his plight, of the Reuolt
The neweſt ſtate.
Mal. This is the Serieant,
Who like a good and hardie Souldier fought
'Gainſt my Captiuitie: Haile braue friend;
Say to the King, the knowledge of the Broyle,
As thou didſt leaue it.
Cap. Doubtfull it ſtood,
As two ſpent Swimmers, that doe cling together,
And choake their Art: The mercileſſe *Macdonwald*
(Worthie to be a Rebell, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Doe ſwarme vpon him) from the Weſterne Iſles
Of Kernes and Gallowgroſſes is ſupply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry ſmiling,
Shew'd like a Rebells Whore: but all's too weake:
For braue *Macbeth* (well hee deſerues that Name)
Diſdayning Fortune, with his brandiſht Steele,
Which ſmoak'd with bloody execution
(Like Valours Minion) caru'd out his paſſage,
Till hee fac'd the Slaue:
Which neu'r ſhooke hands, nor bad farwell to him,
Till he vnſeam'd him from the Naue toth' Chops,
And fix'd his Head vpon our Battlements.
King. O valiant Couſin, worthy Gentleman.
Cap. As whence the Sunne 'gins his reflection,
Shipwracking Stormes, and direfull Thunders:
So from that Spring, whence comfort ſeem'd to come,
Diſcomfort ſwells: Marke King of Scotland, marke,
No ſooner Iuſtice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd theſe skipping Kernes to truſt their heeles,
But the Norweyan Lord, ſurueying vantage,
With furbuſht Armes, and new ſupplyes of men,
Began a freſh aſſault.
King. Diſmay'd not this our Captaines, *Macbeth* and *Banquoh*?
Cap. Yes, as Sparrowes, Eagles;
Or the Hare, the Lyon:
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report they were
As Cannons ouer-charg'd with double Cracks,
So they doubly redoubled ſtroakes vpon the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell: but I am faint,
My Gaſhes cry for helpe.
King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds,
They ſmack of Honor both: Goe get him Surgeons.

Enter Roſſe and Angus.

Who comes here?
Mal. The worthy *Thane* of Roſſe.
Lenox. What a haſte lookes through his eyes?
So ſhould he looke, that ſeemes to ſpeake things ſtrange.
Roſſe. God ſaue the King.
King. Whence cam'ſt thou, worthy *Thane*?
Roſſe. From Fiffe, great King,
Where the Norweyan Banners flowt the Skie,
And fanne our people cold.
Norway himſelfe, with terrible numbers,
Aſſiſted by that moſt diſloyall Traytor,
The *Thane* of Cawdor, began a diſmall Conflict,
Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroome, lapt in proofe,
Confronted him with ſelfe-compariſons,
Point againſt Point, rebellious Arme 'gainſt Arme,
Curbing his lauiſh ſpirit: and to conclude,
The Victorie fell on vs.
King. Great happineſſe.
Roſſe. That now *Sweno*, the Norwayes King,
Craues compoſition:
Nor would we deigne him buriall of his men,
Till he disburſed, at Saint *Colmes* ynch,
Ten thouſand Dollars, to our generall vſe.

King. No more that *Thane* of Cawdor ſhall deceiue
Our Boſome intereſt: Goe pronounce his preſent death,
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth.*
Roſſe. Ile ſee it done.
King. What he hath loſt, Noble *Macbeth* hath wonne.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. Where haſt thou beene, Siſter?
2. Killing Swine.
3. Siſter, where thou?
1. A Saylors Wife had Cheſtnuts in her Lappe,
And mouncht, & mouncht, and mouncht:
Giue me, quoth I.
Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cryes.
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Maſter o'th' *Tiger*:
But in a Syue Ile thither ſayle,
And like a Rat without a tayle,
Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.
2. Ile giue thee a Winde.
1. Th'art kinde.
3. And I another.
1. I my ſelfe haue all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I'th' Ship-mans Card.
Ile dreyne him drie as Hay:
Sleepe ſhall neyther Night nor Day
Hang vpon his Pent-houſe Lid:
He ſhall liue a man forbid:
Wearie Seu'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be Tempeſt-toſt.
Looke what I haue.
2. Shew me, ſhew me.
1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*
3. A Drumme, a Drumme:
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weyward Siſters, hand in hand,
Poſters of the Sea and Land,
Thus doe goe, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make vp nine.
Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.

Macb. So foule and faire a day I haue not ſeene.
Banquo. How farre is't call'd to Soris? What are theſe,
So wither'd, and ſo wilde in their attyre,
That looke not like th'Inhabitants o'th'Earth,
And yet are on't? Liue you, or are you aught
That man may queſtion? you ſeeme to vnderſtand me,
By each at once her choppie finger laying
Vpon her skinnie Lips: you ſhould be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interprete
That you are ſo.
Mac. Speake if you can: what are you?
1. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Glamis.
2. All haile *Macbeth*, haile to thee *Thane* of Cawdor.
3. All haile *Macbeth*, that ſhalt be King hereafter.
Banq. Good Sir, why doe you ſtart, and ſeeme to feare
Things that doe ſound ſo faire? i'th' name of truth
Are ye fantaſticall, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye ſhew? My Noble Partner
You greet with preſent Grace, and great prediction
Of Noble hauing, and of Royall hope,
That he ſeemes wrapt withall: to me you ſpeake not.
If you can looke into the Seedes of Time,
And ſay, which Graine will grow, and which will not,
Speake then to me, who neyther begge, nor feare
Your fauors, nor your hate.
1. Hayle.
2. Hayle.
3. Hayle.
1. Leſſer then *Macbeth*, and greater.
2. Not ſo happy, yet much happyer.
3. Thou ſhalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So all haile *Macbeth*, and *Banquo*.
1. *Banquo*, and *Macbeth*, all haile.
Macb. Stay you imperfect Speakers, tell me more:
By *Sinells* death, I know I am *Thane* of Glamis,
But how, of Cawdor? the *Thane* of Cawdor liues
A proſperous Gentleman: And to be King,
Stands not within the proſpect of beleefe,
No more then to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this ſtrange Intelligence, or why
Vpon this blaſted Heath you ſtop our way
With ſuch Prophetique greeting?
Speake, I charge you. *Witches vaniſh.*
Banq. The Earth hath bubbles, as the Water ha's,
And theſe are of them: whither are they vaniſh'd?
Macb. Into the Ayre: and what ſeem'd corporall,
Melted, as breath into the Winde.
Would they had ſtay'd.
Banq. Were ſuch things here, as we doe ſpeake about?
Or haue we eaten on the inſane Root,
That takes the Reaſon Priſoner?
Macb. Your Children ſhall be Kings.
Banq. You ſhall be King.
Macb. And *Thane* of Cawdor too: went it not ſo?
Banq. Toth' ſelfe-ſame tune, and words: who's here?

Enter Roſſe and Angus.

Roſſe. The King hath happily receiu'd, *Macbeth,*
The newes of thy ſucceſſe: and when he reades
Thy perſonall Venture in the Rebels fight,
His Wonders and his Prayſes doe contend,
Which ſhould be thine, or his: ſilenc'd with that,
In viewing o're the reſt o'th'ſelfe-ſame day,
He findes thee in the ſtout Norweyan Rankes,
Nothing afeard of what thy ſelfe didſt make
Strange Images of death, as thick as Tale
Can poſt with poſt, and euery one did beare
Thy prayſes in his Kingdomes great defence,
And powr'd them downe before him.
Ang. Wee are ſent,
To giue thee from our Royall Maſter thanks,
Onely to harrold thee into his ſight,
Not pay thee.
Roſſe. And for an earneſt of a greater Honor,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Thane* of Cawdor:

In which addition, haile moſt worthy *Thane*,
For it is thine.
Banq. What, can the Deuill ſpeake true?
Macb. The *Thane* of Cawdor liues:
Why doe you dreſſe me in borrowed Robes?
Ang. Who was the *Thane*, liues yet,
But vnder heauie Iudgement beares that Life,
Which he deſerues to looſe.
Whether he was combin'd with thoſe of Norway,
Or did lyne the Rebell with hidden helpe,
And vantage; or that with both he labour'd
In his Countreyes wracke, I know not:
But Treaſons Capitall, confeſs'd, and prou'd,
Haue ouerthrowne him.
Macb. Glamys, and *Thane* of Cawdor:
The greateſt is behinde. Thankes for your paines.
Doe you not hope your Children ſhall be Kings,
When thoſe that gaue the *Thane* of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no leſſe to them.
Banq. That truſted home,
Might yet enkindle you vnto the Crowne,
Beſides the *Thane* of Cawdor. But 'tis ſtrange:
And oftentimes, to winne vs to our harme,
The Inſtruments of Darkneſſe tell vs Truths,
Winne vs with honeſt Trifles, to betray's
In deepeſt conſequence.
Couſins, a word, I pray you.
Macb. Two Truths are told,
As happy Prologues to the ſwelling Act
Of the Imperiall Theame. I thanke you Gentlemen:
This ſupernaturall ſolliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.
If ill? why hath it giuen me earneſt of ſucceſſe,
Commencing in a Truth? I am *Thane* of Cawdor.
If good? why doe I yeeld to that ſuggeſtion,
Whoſe horrid Image doth vnfixe my Heire,
And make my ſeated Heart knock at my Ribbes,
Againſt the vſe of Nature? Preſent Feares
Are leſſe then horrible Imaginings:
My Thought, whoſe Murther yet is but fantaſticall,
Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of Man,
That Function is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe,
And nothing is, but what is not.
Banq. Looke how our Partner's rapt.
Macb. If Chance will haue me King,
Why Chance may Crowne me,
Without my ſtirre.
Banq. New Honors come vpon him
Like our ſtrange Garments, cleaue not to their mould,
But with the aid of vſe.
Macb. Come what come may,
Time, and the Houre, runs through the rougheſt Day.
Banq. Worthy *Macbeth*, wee ſtay vpon your leyſure.
Macb. Giue me your fauour:
My dull Braine was wrought with things forgotten.
Kinde Gentlemen, your paines are regiſtred,
Where euery day I turne the Leafe,
To reade them.
Let vs toward the King: thinke vpon
What hath chanc'd: and at more time,
The *Interim* hauing weigh'd it, let vs ſpeake
Our free Hearts each to other.
Banq. Very gladly.
Macb. Till then enough:
Come friends. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Lenox, Malcolme,
Donalbaine, and Attendants.

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor*?
Or not thoſe in Commiſſion yet return'd?
Mal. My Liege, they are not yet come back.
But I haue ſpoke with one that ſaw him die:
Who did report, that very frankly hee
Confeſs'd his Treaſons, implor'd your Highneſſe Pardon,
And ſet forth a deepe Repentance:
Nothing in his Life became him,
Like the leauing it. Hee dy'de,
As one that had beene ſtudied in his death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careleſſe Trifle.
King. There's no Art,
To finde the Mindes conſtruction in the Face:
He was a Gentleman, on whom I built
An abſolute Truſt.
Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Roſſe, and Angus.
O worthyeſt Couſin,
The ſinne of my Ingratitude euen now
Was heauie on me. Thou art ſo farre before,
That ſwifteſt Wing of Recompence is ſlow,
To ouertake thee. Would thou hadſt leſſe deſeru'd,
That the proportion both of thanks, and payment,
Might haue beene mine: onely I haue left to ſay,
More is thy due, then more then all can pay.
Macb. The ſeruice, and the loyaltie I owe,
In doing it, payes it ſelfe.
Your Highneſſe part, is to receiue our Duties:
And our Duties are to your Throne, and State,
Children, and Seruants; which doe but what they ſhould,
By doing euery thing ſafe toward your Loue
And Honor.
King. Welcome hither:
I haue begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
That haſt no leſſe deſeru'd, nor muſt be knowne
No leſſe to haue done ſo: Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.
Banq. There if I grow,
The Harueſt is your owne.
King. My plenteous Ioyes,
Wanton in fulneſſe, ſeeke to hide themſelues
In drops of ſorrow. Sonnes, Kinſmen, *Thanes*,
And you whoſe places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtabliſh our Eſtate vpon
Our eldeſt, *Malcolme*, whom we name hereafter,
The Prince of Cumberland: which Honor muſt
Not vnaccompanied, inueſt him onely,
But ſignes of Nobleneſſe, like Starres, ſhall ſhine
On all deſeruers. From hence to Envernes,
And binde vs further to you.
Macb. The Reſt is Labor, which is not vs'd for you:
Ile be my ſelfe the Herbenger, and make ioyfull
The hearing of my Wife, with your approach:
So humbly take my leaue.
King. My worthy *Cawdor*.
Macb. The Prince of Cumberland: that is a ſtep,
On which I muſt fall downe, or elſe o're-leape,

For in my way it lyes. Starres hide your fires,
Let not Light ſee my black and deepe deſires:
The Eye winke at the Hand; yet let that bee,
Which the Eye feares, when it is done to ſee. *Exit.*
King. True, worthy *Banquo:* he is full ſo valiant,
And in his commendations, I am fed:
It is a Banquet to me. Let's after him,
Whoſe care is gone before, to bid vs welcome:
It is a peereleſſe Kinſman. *Flouriſh.* *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeths Wife alone with a Letter.

Lady. *They met me in the day of ſucceſſe: and I haue learn'd by the perfect'ſt report, they haue more in them, then mortall knowledge. When I burnt in deſire to queſtion them further, they made themſelues Ayre, into which they vaniſh'd. Whiles I ſtood rapt in the wonder of it, came Miſſiues from the King, who all-hail'd me* Thane *of Cawdor, by which Title before, theſe weyward Siſters ſaluted me, and referr'd me to the comming on of time, with haile King that ſhalt be. This haue I thought good to deliuer thee (my deareſt Partner of Greatneſſe) that thou might'ſt not looſe the dues of reioycing by being ignorant of what Greatneſſe is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamys thou art, and Cawdor, and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd: yet doe I feare thy Nature,
It is too full o'th' Milke of humane kindneſſe,
To catch the neereſt way. Thou would'ſt be great,
Art not without Ambition, but without
The illneſſe ſhould attend it. What thou would'ſt highly,
That would'ſt thou holily: would'ſt not play falſe,
And yet would'ſt wrongly winne.
Thould'ſt haue, great Glamys, that which cryes,
Thus thou muſt doe, if thou haue it;
And that which rather thou do'ſt feare to doe,
Then wiſheſt ſhould be vndone. High thee hither,
That I may powre my Spirits in thine Eare,
And chaſtiſe with the valour of my Tongue
All that impeides thee from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and Metaphyſicall ayde doth ſeeme
To haue thee crown'd withall. *Enter Meſſenger.*
What is your tidings?
Meſſ. The King comes here to Night.
Lady. Thou'rt mad to ſay it.
Is not thy Maſter with him? who, wer't ſo,
Would haue inform'd for preparation.
Meſſ. So pleaſe you, it is true: our *Thane* is comming:
One of my fellowes had the ſpeed of him;
Who almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Then would make vp his Meſſage.
Lady. Giue him tending,
He brings great newes. *Exit Meſſenger.*
The Rauen himſelfe is hoarſe,
That croakes the fatall entrance of *Duncan*
Vnder my Battlements. Come you Spirits,
That tend on mortall thoughts, vnſex me here,
And fill me from the Crowne to the Toe, top-full
Of direſt Crueltie: make thick my blood,
Stop vp th'acceſſe, and paſſage to Remorſe,
That no compunctious viſitings of Nature
Shake my fell purpoſe, nor keepe peace betweene
Th'effect, and hit. Come to my Womans Breſts,
And take my Milke for Gall, you murth'ring Miniſters,
Where-euer, in your ſightleſſe ſubſtances,
You wait on Natures Miſchiefe. Come thick Night,
And pall thee in the dunneſt ſmoake of Hell,
That my keene Knife ſee not the Wound it makes,
Nor Heauen peepe through the Blanket of the darke,
To cry, hold, hold. *Enter Macbeth.*
Great Glamys, worthy Cawdor,
Greater then both, by the all-haile hereafter,
Thy Letters haue tranſported me beyond
This ignorant preſent, and I feele now
The future in the inſtant.
Macb. My deareſt Loue,
Duncan comes here to Night.
Lady. And when goes hence?
Macb. To morrow, as he purpoſes.
Lady. O neuer,
Shall Sunne that Morrow ſee.
Your Face, my *Thane*, is as a Booke, where men
May reade ſtrange matters, to beguile the time.
Looke like the time, beare welcome in your Eye,
Your Hand, your Tongue: looke like th'innocent flower,
But be the Serpent vnder't. He that's comming,
Muſt be prouided for: and you ſhall put
This Nights great Buſineſſe into my diſpatch,
Which ſhall to all our Nights, and Dayes to come,
Giue ſolely ſoueraigne ſway, and Maſterdome.
Macb. We will ſpeake further.
Lady. Onely looke vp cleare:
To alter fauor, euer is to feare:
Leaue all the reſt to me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Hoboyes, and Torches. Enter King, Malcolme,
Donalbaine, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff,
Roſſe, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This Caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat,
The ayre nimbly and ſweetly recommends it ſelfe
Vnto our gentle ſences.
Banq. This Gueſt of Summer,
The Temple-haunting Barlet does approue,
By his loued Manſonry, that the Heauens breath
Smells wooingly here: no Iutty frieze,
Buttrice, nor Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle,
Where they muſt breed, and haunt: I haue obſeru'd
The ayre is delicate. *Enter Lady.*
King. See, ſee, our honor'd Hoſteſſe:
The Loue that followes vs, ſometime is our trouble,
Which ſtill we thanke as Loue. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhall bid God-eyld vs for your paines,
And thanke vs for your trouble.
Lady. All our ſeruice,
In euery point twice done, and then done double,
Were poore, and ſingle Buſineſſe, to contend
Againſt thoſe Honors deepe, and broad,
Wherewith your Maieſtie loades our Houſe:
For thoſe of old, and the late Dignities,
Heap'd vp to them, we reſt your Ermites.

King. Where's the Thane of Cawdor?
We courſt him at the heeles, and had a purpoſe
To be his Purueyor: But he rides well,
And his great Loue (ſharpe as his Spurre) hath holp him
To his home before vs: Faire and Noble Hoſteſſe
We are your gueſt to night.
La. Your Seruants euer,
Haue theirs, themſelues, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their Audit at your Highneſſe pleaſure,
Still to returne your owne.
King. Giue me your hand:
Conduct me to mine Hoſt we loue him highly,
And ſhall continue, our Graces towards him.
By your leaue Hoſteſſe. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

Ho-boyes. Torches.
Enter a Sewer, and diuers Seruants with Diſhes and Seruice
ouer the Stage. Then enter Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twer well,
It were done quickly: If th'Aſſaſſination
Could trammell vp the Conſequence, and catch
With his ſurceaſe, Succeſſe: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all. Heere,
But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,
Wee'ld iumpe the life to come. But in theſe Caſes,
We ſtill haue iudgement heere, that we but teach
Bloody Inſtructions, which being taught, returne
To plague th'Inuenter, This euen-handed Iuſtice
Commends th'Ingredience of our poyſon'd Challice
To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double truſt;
Firſt, as I am his Kinſman, and his Subiect,
Strong both againſt the Deed: Then, as his Hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his Murtherer ſhut the doore,
Not beare the knife my ſelfe. Beſides, this *Duncane*
Hath borne his Faculties ſo meeke; hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd againſt
The deepe damnation of his taking off:
And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,
Striding the blaſt, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd
Vpon the ſightleſſe Curriors of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,
That teares ſhall drowne the winde. I haue no Spurre
To pricke the ſides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it ſelfe,
And falles on th'other. *Enter Lady.*
How now? What Newes?
La. He has almoſt ſupt: why haue you left the chamber?
Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?
La. Know you not, he ha's?
Mac. We will proceed no further in this Buſineſſe:
He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought
Golden Opinions from all ſorts of people,
Which would be worne now in their neweſt gloſſe,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoone.
La. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you dreſt your ſelfe? Hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now to looke ſo greene, and pale,
At what it did ſo freely? From this time,
Such I account thy loue. Art thou affear'd
To be the ſame in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in deſire? Would'ſt thou haue that
Which thou eſteem'ſt the Ornament of Life,
And liue a Coward in thine owne Eſteeme?
Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,
Like the poore Cat i'th'Addage.
Macb. Prythee peace:
I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares no more, is none.
La. What Beaſt was't then
That made you breake this enterprize to me?
When you durſt do it, then you were a man:
And to be more then what you were, you would
Be ſo much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They haue made themſelues, and that their fitneſſe now
Do's vnmake you. I haue giuen Sucke, and know
How tender 'tis to loue the Babe that milkes me,
I would, while it was ſmyling in my Face,
Haue pluckt my Nipple from his Boneleſſe Gummes,
And daſht the Braines out, had I ſo ſworne
As you haue done to this.
Macb. If we ſhould faile?
Lady. We faile?
But ſcrew your courage to the ſticking place,
And wee'le not fayle: when *Duncan* is aſleepe,
(Whereto the rather ſhall his dayes hard Iourney
Soundly inuite him) his two Chamberlaines
Will I with Wine, and Waſſell, ſo conuince,
That Memorie, the Warder of the Braine,
Shall be a Fume, and the Receit of Reaſon
A Lymbeck onely: when in Swiniſh ſleepe,
Their drenched Natures lyes as in a Death,
What cannot you and I performe vpon
Th'vnguarded *Duncan?* What not put vpon
His ſpungie Officers? who ſhall beare the guilt
Of our great quell.
Macb. Bring forth Men-Children onely:
For thy vndaunted Mettle ſhould compoſe
Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiu'd,
When we haue mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepie two
Of his owne Chamber, and vs'd their very Daggers,
That they haue don't?
Lady. Who dares receiue it other,
As we ſhall make our Griefes and Clamor rore,
Vpon his Death?
Macb. I am ſettled, and bend vp
Each corporall Agent to this terrible Feat.
Away, and mock the time with faireſt ſhow,
Falſe Face muſt hide what the falſe Heart doth know.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance, with a Torch
before him.

Banq. How goes the Night, Boy?
Fleance. The Moone is downe: I haue not heard the Clock.
Banq. And ſhe goes downe at Twelue.
Fleance. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.
Banq. Hold, take my Sword:
There's Husbandry in Heauen,
Their Candles are all out: take thee that too.

A heauie Summons lyes like Lead vpon me,
And yet I would not ſleepe:
Mercifull Powers,reſtraine in me the curſed thoughts
That Nature giues way to in repoſe.

Enter Macbeth,and a Seruant with a Torch.

Giue me my Sword: who's there?
Macb. A Friend.
*Banq.*What Sir,not yet at reſt? the King's a bed.
He hath beene in vnuſuall Pleaſure,
And ſent forth great Largeſſe to your Offices.
This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall,
By the name of moſt kind Hoſteſſe,
And ſhut vp in meaſureleſſe content.
Mac. Being vnprepar'd,
Our will became the ſeruant to defect,
Which elſe ſhould free haue wrought.
Banq. All's well.
I dreamt laſt Night of the three weyward Siſters:
To you they haue ſhew'd ſome truth.
Macb. I thinke not of them:
Yet when we can entreat an houre to ſerue,
We would ſpend it in ſome words vpon that Buſineſſe,
If you would graunt the time.
Banq. At your kind'ſt leyſure.
Macb. If you ſhall cleaue to my conſent,
When 'tis,it ſhall make Honor for you.
Banq. So I loſe none,
In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keepe
My Boſome franchis'd,and Allegeance cleare,
I ſhall be counſail'd.
Macb. Good repoſe the while.
Banq. Thankes Sir: the like to you. *Exit Banquo.*
*Macb.*Goe bid thy Miſtreſſe,when my drinke is ready,
She ſtrike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed. *Exit.*
Is this a Dagger,which I ſee before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come,let me clutch thee:
I haue thee not,and yet I ſee thee ſtill.
Art thou not fatall Viſion,ſenſible
To feeling,as to ſight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde,a falſe Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed Braine?
I ſee thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.
Thou marſhall'ſt me the way that I was going,
And ſuch an Inſtrument I was to vſe.
Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Sences,
Or elſe worth all the reſt: I ſee thee ſtill;
And on thy Blade,and Dudgeon,Gouts of Blood,
Which was not ſo before. There's no ſuch thing:
It is the bloody Buſineſſe,which informes
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World
Nature ſeemes dead,and wicked Dreames abuſe
The Curtain'd ſleepe: Witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Heccats* Offrings: and wither'd Murther,
Alarum'd by his Centinell,the Wolfe,
Whoſe howle's his Watch,thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With *Tarquins* rauiſhing ſides, towards his deſigne
Moues like a Ghoſt. Thou ſowre and firme-ſet Earth
Heare not my ſteps,which they may walke,for feare
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about,
And take the preſent horror from the time,
Which now ſutes with it. Whiles I threat,he liues:
Words to the heat of deedes too cold breath giues.
A Bell rings.

I goe,and it is done: the Bell inuites me.
Heare it not,*Duncan*, for it is a Knell,
That ſummons thee to Heauen,or to Hell. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lady.

*La.*That which hath made thē drunk,hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them,hath giuen me fire.
Hearke,peace: it was the Owle that ſhriek'd,
The fatall Bell-man,which giues the ſtern'ſt good-night.
He is about it, the Doores are open:
And the ſurfeted Groomes doe mock their charge
With Snores. I haue drugg'd their Poſſets,
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,
Whether they liue,or dye.
Enter Macbeth.
Macb. Who's there? what hoa?
Lady. Alack,I am afraid they haue awak'd,
And 'tis not done: th'attempt,and not the deed,
Confounds vs: hearke: I lay'd their Daggers ready,
He could not miſſe 'em. Had he not reſembled
My Father as he ſlept,I had don't,
My Husband?
Macb. I haue done the deed:
Didſt thou not heare a noyſe?
*Lady.*I heard the Owle ſchreame,and the Crickets cry.
Did not you ſpeake?
Macb. When?
Lady. Now.
Macb. As I deſcended?
Lady. I.
Macb. Hearke,who lyes i'th' ſecond Chamber?
Lady. *Donalbaine.*
Mac. This is a ſorry ſight.
Lady. A fooliſh thought,to ſay a ſorry ſight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in's ſleepe,
And one cry'd Murther,that they did wake each other:
I ſtood,and heard them: But they did ſay their Prayers,
And addreſt them againe to ſleepe.
Lady. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cry'd God bleſſe vs,and Amen the other,
As they had ſeene me with theſe Hangmans hands:
Liſtning their feare,I could not ſay Amen,
When they did ſay God bleſſe vs.
Lady. Conſider it not ſo deepely.
*Mac.*But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had moſt need of Bleſſing,and Amen ſtuck in my throat.
Lady. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought
After theſe wayes: ſo,it will make vs mad.
Macb. Me thought I heard a voyce cry,Sleep no more:
Macbeth does murther Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,
Sleepe that knits vp the rauel'd Sleeue of Care,
The death of each dayes Life,ſore Labors Bath,
Balme of hurt Mindes,great Natures ſecond Courſe,
Chiefe nouriſher in Life's Feaſt.
Lady. What doe you meane?
Macb. Still it cry'd,Sleepe no more to all the Houſe:
Glamis hath murther'd Sleepe,and therefore *Cawdor*
Shall ſleepe no more: *Macbeth* ſhall ſleepe no more.
Lady. Who was it,that thus cry'd? why worthy *Thane*,
You doe vnbend your Noble ſtrength,to thinke
So braine-ſickly of things: Goe get ſome Water,

And waſh this filthie Witneſſe from your Hand.
Why did you bring theſe Daggers from the place?
They muſt lye there: goe carry them,and ſmeare
The ſleepie Groomes with blood.
Macb. Ile goe no more:
I am afraid,to thinke what I haue done:
Looke on't againe,I dare not.
Lady. Infirme of purpoſe:
Giue me the Daggers: the ſleeping,and the dead,
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That feares a painted Deuill. If he doe bleed,
Ile guild the Faces of the Groomes withall,
For it muſt ſeeme their Guilt. *Exit.*
Knocke within.
Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me,when euery noyſe appalls me?
What Hands are here? hah: they pluck out mine Eyes.
Will all great *Neptunes* Ocean waſh this blood
Cleane from my Hand? no:this my Hand will rather
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,
Making the Greene one,Red.

Enter Lady.

Lady. My Hands are of your colour: but I ſhame
To weare a Heart ſo white. *Knocke.*
I heare a knocking at the South entry:
Retyre we to our Chamber:
A little Water cleares vs of this deed.
How eaſie is it then? your Conſtancie
Hath left you vnattended. *Knocke.*
Hearke,more knocking.
Get on your Night-Gowne,leaſt occaſion call vs,
And ſhew vs to be Watchers: be not loſt
So poorely in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, *Knocke.*
'Twere beſt not know my ſelfe.
Wake *Duncan* with thy knocking:
I would thou could'ſt. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter a Porter.
Knocking within.

Porter. Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were Porter of Hell Gate, hee ſhould haue old turning the Key. *Knock.* Knock,Knock,Knock. Who's there i'th' name of *Belzebub*? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd himſelfe on th'expectation of Plentie: Come in time,haue Napkins enow about you,here you'le ſweat for't. *Knock.* Knock, knock. Who's there in th'other Deuils Name? Faith here's an Equiuocator, that could ſweare in both the Scales againſt eyther Scale, who committed Treaſon enough for Gods ſake,yet could not equiuocate to Heauen: oh come in, Equiuocator. *Knock.* Knock, Knock,Knock. Who's there? 'Faith here's an Engliſh Taylor come hither, for ſtealing out of a French Hoſe: Come in Taylor,here you may roſt your Gooſe. *Knock.* Knock,Knock. Neuer at quiet: What are you? but this place is too cold for Hell. Ile Deuill-Porter it no further: I had thought to haue let in ſome of all Profeſſions, that goe the Primroſe way to th'euerlaſting Bonfire. *Knock.* Anon,anon,I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff,and Lenox.

Macd. Was it ſo late,friend,ere you went to Bed,
That you doe lye ſo late?

*Port.*Faith Sir,we were carowſing till the ſecond Cock: And Drinke,Sir,is a great prouoker of three things.

Macd. What three things does Drinke eſpecially prouoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, Noſe-painting, Sleepe, and Vrine. Lecherie,Sir,it prouokes,and vnprouokes: it prouokes the deſire,but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drinke may be ſaid to be an Equiuocator with Lecherie: it makes him,and it marres him; it ſets him on, and it takes him off; it perſwades him, and diſ-heartens him; makes him ſtand too,and not ſtand too: in concluſion,equiuocates him in a ſleepe,and giuing him the Lye, leaues him.

Macd. I beleeue,Drinke gaue thee the Lye laſt Night.

Port. That it did,Sir, i'the very Throat on me: but I requited him for his Lye, and (I thinke)being too ſtrong for him,though he tooke vp my Legges ſometime, yet I made a Shift to caſt him.

Enter Macbeth.
Macd. Is thy Maſter ſtirring?
Our knocking ha's awak'd him: here he comes.
Lenox. Good morrow, Noble Sir.
Macb. Good morrow both.
Macd. Is the King ſtirring,worthy *Thane*?
Macb. Not yet.
Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I haue almoſt ſlipt the houre.
Macb. Ile bring you to him.
Macd. I know this is a ioyfull trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.
Macb. The labour we delight in,Phyſicks paine:
This is the Doore.
Macd. Ile make ſo bold to call, for 'tis my limitted ſeruice. *Exit Macduffe.*
Lenox. Goes the King hence to day?
Macb. He does: he did appoint ſo.
Lenox. The Night ha's been vnruly:
Where we lay,our Chimneys were blowne downe,
And (as they ſay) lamentings heard i'th'Ayre;
Strange Schreemes of Death,
And Prophecying,with Accents terrible,
Of dyre Combuſtion,and confus'd Euents,
New hatch'd toth' wofull time.
The obſcure Bird clamor'd the liue-long Night.
Some ſay,the Earth was feuorous,
And did ſhake.
Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.
Lenox. My young remembrance cannot paralell
A fellow to it.
Enter Macduff.
Macd. O horror, horror, horror,
Tongue nor Heart cannot conceiue,nor name thee.
Macb. and Lenox. What's the matter?
Macd. Confuſion now hath made his Maſter-peece:
Moſt ſacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lords anoynted Temple,and ſtole thence
The Life o'th' Building.
Macb. What is't you ſay,the Life?
Lenox. Meane you his Maieſtie?
Macd. Approch the Chamber,and deſtroy your ſight
With a new *Gorgon.* Doe not bid me ſpeake:

See,and then ſpeake your ſelues : awake,awake,
Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.
Ring the Alarum Bell : Murther,and Treaſon,
Banquo,and *Donalbaine* : *Malcolme* awake,
Shake off this Downey ſleepe,Deaths counterfeit,
And looke on Death it ſelfe : vp,vp,and ſee
The great Doomes Image: *Malcolme*,*Banquo*,
As from your Graues riſe vp,and walke like Sprights,
To countenance this horror. Ring the Bell.
Bell rings. Enter Lady.
Lady. What's the Buſineſſe?
That ſuch a hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The ſleepers of the Houſe? ſpeake,ſpeake.
Macd. O gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to heare what I can ſpeake :
The repetition in a Womans eare,
Would murther as it fell.
Enter Banquo.
O *Banquo*,*Banquo*, Our Royall Maſter's murther'd.
Lady. Woe,alas :
What,in our Houſe?
Ban. Too cruell,any where.
Deare *Duff*,I prythee contradict thy ſelfe,
And ſay,it is not ſo.

Enter Macbeth,Lenox,and Roſſe.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an houre before this chance,
I had liu'd a bleſſed time : for from this inſtant,
There's nothing ſerious in Mortalitie :
All is but Toyes : Renowne and Grace is dead,
The Wine of Life is drawne,and the meere Lees
Is left this Vault, to brag of.

Enter Malcolme and Donalbaine.

Donal. What is amiſſe?
Macb. You are,and doe not know't :
The Spring,the Head,the Fountaine of your Blood
Is ſtopt, the very Source of it is ſtopt.
Macd. Your Royall Father's murther'd.
Mal. Oh,by whom?
Lenox. Thoſe of his Chamber,as it ſeem'd,had don't :
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their Daggers,which vnwip'd,we found
Vpon their Pillowes: they ſtar'd,and were diſtracted,
No mans Life was to be truſted with them.
Macb. O,yet I doe repent me of my furie,
That I did kill them.
Macd. Wherefore did you ſo?
Macb. Who can be wiſe,amaz'd,temp'rate,& furious,
Loyall,and Neutrall,in a moment? No man :
Th'expedition of my violent Loue
Out-run the pawſer,Reaſon. Here lay *Duncan*,
His Siluer skinne,lac'd with his Golden Blood,
And his gaſh'd Stabs,look'd like a Breach in Nature,
For Ruines waſtfull entrance : there the Murtherers,
Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade ; their Daggers
Vnmannerly breech'd with gore : who could refraine,
That had a heart to loue ; and in that heart,
Courage,to make's loue knowne?
Lady. Helpe me hence,hoa.
Macd. Looke to the Lady.
Mal. Why doe we hold our tongues,
That moſt may clayme this argument for ours?
Donal. What ſhould be ſpoken here,
Where our Fate hid in an augure hole,
May ruſh,and ſeize vs? Let's away,
Our Teares are not yet brew'd.
Mal. Nor our ſtrong Sorrow
Vpon the foot of Motion.
Banq. Looke to the Lady :
And when we haue our naked Frailties hid,
That ſuffer in expoſure ; let vs meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloody piece of worke,
To know it further. Feares and ſcruples ſhake vs :
In the great Hand of God I ſtand,and thence,
Againſt the vndivulg'd pretence,I fight
Of Treaſonous Mallice.
Macd. And ſo doe I.
All. So all.
Macb. Let's briefely put on manly readineſſe,
And meet i'th' Hall together.
All. Well contented. *Exeunt.*
Malc. What will you doe?
Let's not conſort with them :
To ſhew an vnfelt Sorrow,is an Office
Which the falſe man do's eaſie.
Ile to England.
Don. To Ireland, I :
Our ſeperated fortune ſhall keepe vs both the ſafer :
Where we are,there's Daggers in mens Smiles ;
The neere in blood,the neerer bloody.
Malc. This murtherous Shaft that's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighted:and our ſafeſt way,
Is to auoid the ayme. Therefore to Horſe,
And let vs not be daintie of leaue-taking,
But ſhift away : there's warrant in that Theft,
Which ſteales it ſelfe,when there's no mercie left.
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Roſſe,with an Old man.

Old man. Threeſcore and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time,I haue ſeene
Houres dreadfull,and things ſtrange : but this ſore Night
Hath trifled former knowings.
Roſſe. Ha,good Father,
Thou ſeeſt the Heauens,as troubled with mans Act,
Threatens his bloody Stage : byth' Clock 'tis Day,
And yet darke Night ſtrangles the trauailing Lampe :
Is't Nights predominance,or the Dayes ſhame,
That Darkneſſe does the face of Earth intombe,
When liuing Light ſhould kiſſe it?
Old man. 'Tis vnnaturall,
Euen like the deed that's done : On Tueſday laſt,
A Faulcon towring in her pride of place,
Was by a Mowſing Owle hawkt at,and kill'd.
Roſſe. And *Duncans* Horſes,
(A thing moſt ſtrange, and certaine)
Beauteous,and ſwift,the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wilde in nature,broke their ſtalls,flong out,
Contending 'gainſt Obedience,as they would
Make Warre with Mankinde.
Old man. 'Tis ſaid,they eate each other.
Roſſe. They did ſo :

To th'amazement of mine eyes that look'd vpon't.
Enter Macduffe.
Heere comes the good *Macduffe*.
How goes the world Sir,now?
Macd. Why ſee you not?
Roſſ. Is't known who did this more then bloody deed?
Macd. Thoſe that *Macbeth* hath ſlaine.
Roſſ. Alas the day,
What good could they pretend?
Macd. They were ſubborned,
Malcolme, and *Donalbaine* the Kings two Sonnes
Are ſtolne away and fled, which puts vpon them
Suſpition of the deed.
Roſſe. 'Gainſt Nature ſtill,
Thriftleſſe Ambition, that will rauen vp
Thine owne liues meanes : Then 'tis moſt like,
The Soueraignty will fall vpon *Macbeth*.
Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be inueſted.
Roſſe. Where is *Duncans* body?
Macd. Carried to Colmekill,
The Sacred Store-houſe of his Predeceſſors,
And Guardian of their Bones.
Roſſe. Will you to Scone?
Macd. No Coſin, Ile to Fife.
Roſſe. Well,I will thither.
Macd. Well may you ſee things wel done there : Adieu
Leaſt our old Robes ſit eaſier then our new.
Roſſe. Farewell, Father.
Old M. Gods benyſon go with you,and with thoſe
That would make good of bad,and Friends of Foes.
Exeunt omnes

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Banquo.
Banq. Thou haſt it now, King, Cawdor,Glamis,all,
As the weyard Women promis'd, and I feare
Thou playd'ſt moſt fowly for't : yet it was ſaide
It ſhould not ſtand in thy Poſterity,
But that my ſelfe ſhould be the Roote,and Father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As vpon thee *Macbeth*, their Speeches ſhine,
Why by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And ſet me vp in hope. But huſh,no more.

Senit ſounded. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Lenox,
Roſſe,Lords,and Attendants.

Macb. Heere's our chiefe Gueſt.
La. If he had beene forgotten,
It had bene as a gap in our great Feaſt,
And all-thing vnbecomming.
Macb. To night we hold a ſolemne Supper ſir,
And Ile requeſt your preſence.
Banq. Let your Highneſſe
Command vpon me, to the which my duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tye
For euer knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoone?
Ban. I, my good Lord.
Macb. We ſhould haue elſe deſir'd your good aduice
(Which ſtill hath been both graue,and proſperous)
In this dayes Councell : but wee'le take to morrow.
Is't farre you ride?
Ban. As farre,my Lord,as will fill vp the time
'Twixt this,and Supper. Goe not my Horſe the better,
I muſt become a borrower of the Night,
For a darke houre,or twaine.
Macb. Faile not our Feaſt.
Ban. My Lord,I will not.
Macb. We heare our bloody Cozens are beſtow'd
In England,and in Ireland,not confeſsing
Their cruell Parricide,filling their hearers
With ſtrange inuention. But of that to morrow,
When therewithall,we ſhall haue cauſe of State,
Crauing vs ioyntly. Hye you to Horſe :
Adieu,till you returne at Night.
Goes *Fleance* with you?
Ban. I,my good Lord : our time does call vpon's.
Macb. I wiſh your Horſes ſwift, and ſure of foot :
And ſo I doe commend you to their backs.
Farwell. *Exit Banquo.*
Let euery man be maſter of his time,
Till ſeuen at Night,to make ſocietie
The ſweeter welcome :
We will keepe our ſelfe till Supper time alone :
While then,God be with you. *Exeunt Lords.*
Sirrha, a word with you : Attend thoſe men
Our pleaſure?
Seruant. They are, my Lord, without the Pallace Gate.
Macb. Bring them before vs. *Exit Seruant.*
To be thus,is nothing, but to be ſafely thus :
Our feares in *Banquo* ſticke deepe,
And in his Royaltie of Nature reignes that
Which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntleſſe temper of his Minde,
He hath a Wiſdome,that doth guide his Valour,
To act in ſafetie. There is none but he,
Whoſe being I doe feare : and vnder him,
My *Genius* is rebuk'd,as it is ſaid
Mark Anthonies was by *Cæſar*. He chid the Siſters,
When firſt they put the Name of King vpon me,
And bad them ſpeake to him. Then Prophet-like,
They hayl'd him Father to a Line of Kings.
Vpon my Head they plac'd a fruitleſſe Crowne,
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
Thence to be wrencht with an vnlineall Hand,
No Sonne of mine ſucceeding : if't be ſo,
For *Banquo's* Iſſue haue I fil'd my Minde,
For them,the gracious *Duncan* haue I murther'd,
Put Rancours in the Veſſell of my Peace
Onely for them,and mine eternall Iewell
Giuen to the common Enemie of Man,
To make them Kings, the Seedes of *Banquo* Kings.
Rather then ſo,come Fate into the Lyſt,
And champion me to th'vtterance.
Who's there?

Enter Seruant, and two Murtherers.

Now goe to the Doore, and ſtay there till we call.
Exit Seruant.
Was it not yeſterday we ſpoke together?
Murth. It was,ſo pleaſe your Highneſſe.
Macb. Well then,
Now haue you conſider'd of my ſpeeches :

Know, that it was he,in the times paſt,
Which held you ſo vnder fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent ſelfe.
This I made good to you,in our laſt conference,
Paſt in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how croſt:
The Inſtruments: who wrought with them:
And all things elſe,that might
To halfe a Soule,and to a Notion craz'd,
Say,Thus did *Banquo.*
1. *Murth.* You made it knowne to vs.
Macb. I did ſo:
And went further, which is now
Our point of ſecond meeting.
Doe you finde your patience ſo predominant,
In your nature,that you can let this goe?
Are you ſo Goſpell'd,to pray for this good man,
And for his Iſſue, whoſe heauie hand
Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begger'd
Yours for euer?
1. *Murth.* We are men, my Liege.
Macb. I,in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds,and Greyhounds,Mungrels,Spaniels,Curres,
Showghes, Water-Rugs,and Demy-Wolues are clipt
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift,the ſlow,the ſubtle,
The Houſe-keeper,the Hunter, euery one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receiue
Particular addition,from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and ſo of men.
Now,if you haue a ſtation in the file,
Not i'th' worſt ranke of Manhood,ſay't,
And I will put that Buſineſſe in your Boſomes,
Whoſe execution takes your Enemie off,
Grapples you to the heart;and loue of vs,
Who weare our Health but ſickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.
2. *Murth.* I am one,my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
Hath ſo incens'd,that I am reckleſſe what I doe,
To ſpight the World.
1. *Murth.* And I another,
So wearie with Diſaſters,tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would ſet my Life on any Chance,
To mend it,or be rid on't.
Macb. Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemie.
Murth. True,my Lord.
Macb. So is he mine: and in ſuch bloody diſtance,
That euery minute of his being,thruſts
Againſt my neer'ſt of Life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power ſweepe him from my ſight,
And bid my will auouch it; yet I muſt not,
For certaine friends that are both his,and mine,
Whoſe loues I may not drop,but wayle his fall,
Who I my ſelfe ſtruck downe: and thence it is,
That I to your aſſiſtance doe make loue,
Masking the Buſineſſe from the common Eye,
For ſundry weightie Reaſons.
2. *Murth.* We ſhall,my Lord,
Performe what you command vs.
1. *Murth.* Though our Liues--
Macb. Your Spirits ſhine through you.
Within this houre, at moſt,
I will aduiſe you where to plant your ſelues,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,
The moment on't,for't muſt be done to Night,
And ſomething from the Pallace: alwayes thought,
That I require a cleareneſſe; and with him,
To leaue no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:
Fleans,his Sonne,that keepes him companie,
Whoſe abſence is no leſſe materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers,muſt embrace the fate
Of that darke houre: reſolue your ſelues apart,
Ile come to you anon.
Murth. We are reſolu'd,my Lord.
Macb. Ile call vpon you ſtraight: abide within,
It is concluded: *Banquo*,thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heauen,muſt finde it out to Night. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macbeths Lady, and a Seruant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?
Seruant. I,Madame,but returnes againe to Night.
Lady. Say to the King,I would attend his leyſure,
For a few words.
Seruant. Madame,I will. *Exit.*
Lady. Nought's had, all's ſpent,
Where our deſire is got without content:
'Tis ſafer,to be that which we deſtroy,
Then by deſtruction dwell in doubtfull ioy.
Enter Macbeth.
How now,my Lord,why doe you keepe alone?
Of ſorryeſt Fancies your Companions making,
Vſing thoſe Thoughts,which ſhould indeed haue dy'd
With them they thinke on: things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what's done,is done,
Macb. We haue ſcorch'd the Snake,not kill'd it:
Shee'le cloſe,and be her ſelfe,whileſt our poore Mallice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.
But let the frame of things diſ-ioynt,
Both the Worlds ſuffer,
Ere we will eate our Meale in feare,and ſleepe
In the affliction of theſe terrible Dreames,
That ſhake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we,to gayne our peace,haue ſent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In reſtleſſe extaſie.
Duncane is in his Graue:
After Lifes fitfull Feuer,he ſleepes well,
Treaſon ha's done his worſt: nor Steele,nor Poyſon,
Mallice domeſtique, forraine Leuie, nothing,
Can touch him further.
Lady. Come on:
Gentle my Lord,ſleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and Iouiall among your Gueſts to Night.
Macb. So ſhall I Loue,and ſo I pray be you:
Let your remembrance apply to *Banquo*,
Preſent him Eminence,both with Eye and Tongue:
Vnſafe the while, that wee muſt laue
Our Honors in theſe flattering ſtreames,
And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Diſguiſing what they are.
Lady. You muſt leaue this.
Macb. O,full of Scorpions is my Minde,deare Wife:
Thou know'ſt,that *Banquo* and his *Fleans* liues.
Lady. But

Lady. But in them, Natures Coppie's not eterne.
Macb. There's comfort yet,they are aſſaileable,
Then be thou iocund: ere the Bat hath flowne
His Cloyſter'd flight, ere to black *Heccats* ſummons
The ſhard-borne Beetle,with his drowſie hums,
Hath rung Nights yawning Peale,
There ſhall be done a deed of dreadfull note.
Lady. What's to be done?
Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge,deareſt Chuck,
Till thou applaud the deed: Come,ſeeling Night,
Skarfe vp the tender Eye of pittifull Day,
And with thy bloodie and inuiſible Hand
Cancell and teare to pieces that great Bond,
Which keepes me pale. Light thickens,
And the Crow makes Wing toth' Rookie Wood:
Good things of Day begin to droope,and drowſe,
Whiles Nights black Agents to their Prey's doe rowſe.
Thou maruell'ſt at my words: but hold thee ſtill,
Things bad begun,make ſtrong themſelues by ill:
So prythee goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter three Murtherers.

1. But who did bid thee ioyne with vs?
3. *Macbeth.*
2. He needes not our miſtruſt,ſince he deliuers
Our Offices, and what we haue to doe,
To the direction iuſt.
1. Then ſtand with vs:
The Weſt yet glimmers with ſome ſtreakes of Day.
Now ſpurres the lated Traueller apace,
To gayne the timely Inne, end neere approches
The ſubiect of our Watch.
3. Hearke,I heare Horſes.
Banquo within. Giue vs a Light there,hoa.
2. Then 'tis hee:
The reſt, that are within the note of expectation,
Alreadie are i'th'Court.
1. His Horſes goe about.
3. Almoſt a mile: but he does vſually,
So all men doe,from hence toth' Pallace Gate
Make it their Walke.

Enter Banquo and Fleans,with a Torch.

2. A Light, a Light.
3. 'Tis hee.
1. Stand too't.
Ban. It will be Rayne to Night.
1. Let it come downe.
Ban. O, Trecherie!
Flye good *Fleans*, flye, flye, flye,
Thou may'ſt reuenge. O Slaue!
3. Who did ſtrike out the Light?
1. Was't not the way?
3. There's but one downe: the Sonne is fled.
2. We haue loſt
Beſt halfe of our Affaire.
1. Well, let's away, and ſay how much is done.
Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Roſſe, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your owne degrees,ſit downe:
At firſt and laſt,the hearty welcome.
Lords. Thankes to your Maieſty.
Macb. Our ſelfe will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Hoſt:
Our Hoſteſſe keepes her State, but in beſt time
We will require her welcome.
La. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,
For my heart ſpeakes, they are welcome.
Enter firſt Murtherer.
Macb. See they encounter thee with their harts thanks
Both ſides are euen: heere Ile ſit i'th'mid'ſt,
Be large in mirth,anon wee'l drinke a Meaſure
The Table round. There's blood vpon thy face.
Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.
Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.
Is he diſpatch'd?
Mur. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.
Mac. Thou art the beſt o'th'Cut-throats,
Yet hee's good that did the like for *Fleans*:
If thou did'ſt it, thou art the Non-pareill.
Mur. Moſt Royall Sir
Fleans is ſcap'd.
Macb. Then comes my Fit againe:
I had elſe beene perfect;
Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,
As broad, and generall, as the caſing Ayre:
But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in
To ſawcy doubts, and feares. But *Banquo's* ſafe?
Mur. I,my good Lord: ſafe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gaſhes on his head;
The leaſt a Death to Nature.
Macb. Thankes for that:
There the growne Serpent lyes, the worme that's fled
Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,
No teeth for th'preſent. Get thee gone, to morrow
Wee'l heare our ſelues againe. *Exit Murderer.*
Lady. My Royall Lord,
You do not giue the Cheere, the Feaſt is ſold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:
'Tis giuen,with welcome: to feede were beſt at home:
From thence, the ſawce to meate is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghoſt of Banquo, and ſits in Macbeths place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer:
Now good digeſtion waite on Appetite,
And health on both.
Lenox. May't pleaſe your Highneſſe ſit.
Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor,roof'd,
Were the grac'd perſon of our *Banquo* preſent:
Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindneſſe,
Then pitty for Miſchance.
Roſſe. His abſence (Sir)
Layes blame vpon his promiſe. Pleas't your Highneſſe
To grace vs with your Royall Company?
Mcab.

Macb. The Table's full.
Lenox. Heere is a place referu'd Sir,
Macb. Where?
Lenox. Heere my good Lord.
What is't that moues your Highneſſe?
Macb. Which of you haue done this?
Lords. What, my good Lord?
Macb. Thou canſt not ſay I did it: neuer ſhake
Thy goary lockes at me.
Roſſe. Gentlemen riſe, his Highneſſe is not well.
Lady. Sit worthy Friends: my Lord is often thus,
And hath beene from his youth. Pray you keepe Seat,
The fit is momentary, vpon a thought
He will againe be well. If much you note him
You ſhall offend him, and extend his Paſſion,
Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?
Macb. I, and a bold one, that dare looke on that
Which might appall the Diuell.
La. O proper ſtuffe:
This is the very painting of your feare:
This is the Ayre-drawne-Dagger which you ſaid
Led you to *Duncan.* O, theſe flawes and ſtarts
(Impoſtors to true feare) would well become
A womans ſtory, at a Winters fire
Authoriz'd by her Grandam: ſhame it ſelfe,
Why do you make ſuch faces? When all's done
You looke but on a ſtoole.
Macb. Prythee ſee there:
Behold, looke, loe, how ſay you:
Why what care I, if thou canſt nod, ſpeake too.
If Charnell houſes, and our Graues muſt ſend
Thoſe that we bury, backe; our Monuments
Shall be the Mawes of Kytes.
La. What? quite vnmann'd in folly.
Macb. If I ſtand heere, I ſaw him.
La. Fie for ſhame.
Macb. Blood hath bene ſhed ere now, i'th'olden time
Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weale:
I, and ſince too, Murthers haue bene perform'd
Too terrible for the eare. The times has bene,
That when the Braines were out, the man would dye,
And there an end: But now they riſe againe
With twenty mortall murthers on their crownes,
And puſh vs from our ſtooles. This is more ſtrange
Then ſuch a murther is.
La. My worthy Lord
Your Noble Friends do lacke you.
Macb. I do forget:
Do not muſe at me my moſt worthy Friends,
I haue a ſtrange infirmity, which is nothing
To thoſe that know me. Come, loue and health to all,
Then Ile ſit downe: Giue me ſome Wine, fill full:

Enter Ghoſt.

I drinke to th'generall ioy o'th'whole Table,
And to our deere Friend *Banquo*, whom we miſſe:
Would he were heere: to all, and him we thirſt,
And all to all.
Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.
Mac. Auant, & quit my ſight, let the earth hide thee:
Thy bones are marrowleſſe, thy blood is cold:
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes
Which thou doſt glare with.
La. Thinke of this good Peeres
But as a thing of Cuſtome: 'Tis no other,
Onely it ſpoyles the pleaſure of the time.
Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Ruſſian Beare,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or th'Hircan Tiger,
Take any ſhape but that, and my firme Nerues
Shall neuer tremble. Or be aliue againe,
And dare me to the Deſart with thy Sword:
If trembling I inhabit then, proteſt mee
The Baby of a Girle. Hence horrible ſhadow,
Vnreall mock'ry hence. Why ſo, being gone
I am a man againe: pray you ſit ſtill.
La. You haue diſplac'd the mirth,
Broke the good meeting, with moſt admir'd diſorder.
Macb. Can ſuch things be,
And ouercome vs like a Summers Clowd,
Without our ſpeciall wonder? You make me ſtrange
Euen to the diſpoſition that I owe,
When now I thinke you can behold ſuch ſights,
And keepe the naturall Rubie of your Cheekes,
When mine is blanch'd with feare.
Roſſe. What ſights, my Lord?
La. I pray you ſpeake not: he growes worſe & worſe
Queſtion enrages him: at once, goodnight.
Stand not vpon the order of your going,
But go at once.
Len. Goodnight, and better health
Attend his Maieſty.
La. A kinde goodnight to all. *Exit Lords.*
Macb. It will haue blood they ſay:
Blood will haue Blood:
Stones haue beene knowne to moue, & Trees to ſpeake:
Augures, and vnderſtood Relations, haue
By Maggot Pyes, & Choughes, & Rookes brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of Blood. What is the night?
La. Almoſt at oddes with morning, which is which.
Macb. How ſay'ſt thou that *Macduff* denies his perſon
At our great bidding.
La: Did you ſend to him Sir?
Macb. I heare it by the way: But I will ſend:
There's not a one of them but in his houſe
I keepe a Seruant Feed. I will to morrow
(And betimes I will) to the weyard Siſters.
More ſhall they ſpeake: for now I am bent to know
By the worſt meanes, the worſt, for mine owne good,
All cauſes ſhall giue way. I am in blood
Stept in ſo farre, that ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go ore:
Strange things I haue in head, that will to hand,
Which muſt be acted, ere they may be ſcand.
La. You lacke the ſeaſon of all Natures, ſleepe.
Macb. Come, wee'l to ſleepe: My ſtrange & ſelf-abuſe
Is the initiate feare, that wants hard vſe:
We are yet but yong indeed. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecat.

1. Why how now *Hecat*, you looke angerly?
Hec. Haue I not reaſon (Beldams) as you are?
Sawcy, and ouer-bold, how did you dare
To Trade, and Trafficke with *Macbeth*,
In Riddles, and Affaires of death;

And

And I the Miſtris of your Charmes,
The cloſe contriuer of all harmes,
Was neuer call'd to beare my part,
Or ſhew the glory of our Art?
And which is worſe, all you haue done
Hath bene but for a wayward Sonne,
Spightfull, and wrathfull, who (as others do)
Loues for his owne ends, not for you.
But make amends now: Get you gon,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meete me i'th'Morning: thither he
Will come, to know his Deſtinie.
Your Veſſels, and your Spels prouide,
Your Charmes, and euery thing beſide;
I am for th'Ayre: This night Ile ſpend
Vnto a diſmall, and a Fatall end.
Great buſineſſe muſt be wrought ere Noone.
Vpon the Corner of the Moone
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound,
Ile catch it ere it come to ground;
And that diſtill'd by Magicke ſlights,
Shall raiſe ſuch Artificiall Sprights,
As by the ſtrength of their illuſion,
Shall draw him on to his Confuſion.
He ſhall ſpurne Fate, ſcorne Death, and beare
His hopes 'boue Wiſedome, Grace, and Feare:
And you all know, Security
Is Mortals cheefeſt Enemie.

Muſicke, and a Song.

Hearke, I am call'd: my little Spirit ſee
Sits in a Foggy cloud, and ſtayes for me.

Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.

1 Come, let's make haſt, ſhee'l ſoone be
Backe againe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Lenox. My former Speeches,
Haue but hit your Thoughts
Which can interpret farther: Onely I ſay
Things haue bin ſtrangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pittied of *Macbeth*: marry he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late,
Whom you may ſay (if't pleaſe you) *Fleans* kill'd,
For *Fleans* fled: Men muſt not walke too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monſtrous
It was for *Malcolme*, and for *Donalbane*
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact,
How it did greeue *Macbeth*? Did he not ſtraight
In pious rage, the two delinquents teare,
That were the Slaues of drinke, and thralles of ſleepe?
Was not that Nobly done? I, and wiſely too:
For 'twould haue anger'd any heart aliue
To heare the men deny't. So that I ſay,
He ha's borne all things well, and I do thinke,
That had he *Duncans* Sonnes vnder his Key,
(As, and't pleaſe Heauen he ſhall not) they ſhould finde
What 'twere to kill a Father: So ſhould *Fleans*.
But peace; for from broad words, and cauſe he fayl'd
His preſence at the Tyrants Feaſt, I heare
Macduffe liues in diſgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he beſtowes himſelfe?
Lord. The Sonnes of *Duncane*
(From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth)
Liues in the Engliſh Court, and is receyu'd
Of the moſt Pious *Edward*, with ſuch grace,
That the maleuolence of Fortune, nothing
Takes from his high reſpect. Thither *Macduffe*
Is gone, to pray the Holy King, vpon his ayd
To wake Northumberland, and warlike *Seyward*,
That by the helpe of theſe (with him aboue)
To ratifie the Worke) we may againe
Giue to our Tables meate, ſleepe to our Nights:
Free from our Feaſts, and Banquets bloody kniues;
Do faithfull Homage, and receiue free Honors,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath ſo exaſperate their King, that hee
Prepares for ſome attempt of Warre.
Len. Sent he to *Macduffe*?
Lord. He did: and with an abſolute Sir, not I
The clowdy Meſſenger turnes me his backe,
And hums; as who ſhould ſay, you'l rue the time
That clogges me with this Anſwer.
Lenox. And that well might
Aduiſe him to a Caution, t'hold what diſtance
His wiſedome can prouide. Some holy Angell
Flye to the Court of England, and vnfold
His Meſſage ere he come, that a ſwift bleſſing
May ſoone returne to this our ſuffering Country,
Vnder a hand accurs'd.
Lord. Ile ſend my Prayers with him. *Exeunt*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 Thrice the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
2 Thrice, and once the Hedge-Pigge whin'd.
3 Harpier cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.
1 Round about the Caldron go:
In the poyſond Entrailes throw
Toad, that vnder cold ſtone,
Dayes and Nights, ha's thirty one:
Swelted Venom ſleeping got,
Boyle thou firſt i'th'charmed pot.
All. Double, double, toile and trouble;
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
2 Fillet of a Fenny Snake,
In the Cauldron boyle and bake:
Eye of Newt, and Toe of Frogge,
Wooll of Bat, and Tongue of Dogge:
Adders Forke, and Blinde-wormes Sting,
Lizards legge, and Howlets wing:
For a Charme of powrefull trouble,
Like a Hell-broth, boyle and bubble.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
3 Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolfe,
Witches Mummey, Maw, and Gulfe
Of the rauin'd ſalt Sea ſharke:
Roote of Hemlocke, digg'd i'th'darke:
Liuer of Blaſpheming Iew,
Gall of Goate, and Slippes of Yew,
Sliuer'd in the Moones Ecclipſe:

Noſe of Turke, and Tartars lips:
Finger of Birth-ſtrangled Babe,
Ditch-deliuer'd by a Drab,
Make the Grewell thicke, and ſlab.
Adde thereto a Tigers Chawdron,
For th'Ingredience of our Cawdron.
All. Double, double, toyle and trouble,
Fire burne, and Cauldron bubble.
2 Coole it with a Baboones blood,
Then the Charme is firme and good.

Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches.

Hec. O well done: I commend your paines,
And euery one ſhall ſhare i'th'gaines:
And now about the Cauldron ſing
Like Elues and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.
Muſicke and a Song. Blacke Spirits, &c.
2 By the pricking of my Thumbes,
Something wicked this way comes:
Open Lockes, who euer knockes.
Enter Macbeth.
Macb. How now you ſecret, black, & midnight Hags?
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I coniure you, by that which you Profeſſe,
(How ere you come to know it) anſwer me:
Though you vntye the Windes, and let them fight
Againſt the Churches: Though the yeſty Waues
Confound and ſwallow Nauigation vp:
Though bladed Corne be lodg'd, & Trees blown downe,
Though Caſtles topple on their Warders heads:
Though Pallaces, and Pyramids do ſlope
Their heads to their Foundations: Though the treaſure
Of Natures Germaine, tumble altogether,
Euen till deſtruction ſicken: Anſwer me
To what I aske you.
1 Speake.
2 Demand.
3 Wee'l anſwer.
1 Say, if th'hadſt rather heare it from our mouthes,
Or from our Maſters.
Macb. Call'em: let me ſee 'em.
1 Powre in Sowes blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Greaze that's ſweaten
From the Murderers Gibbet, throw
Into the Flame.
All. Come high or low:
Thy Selfe and Office deaftly ſhow. *Thunder.*
1. Apparation, an Armed Head.
Macb. Tell me, thou vnknowne power.
1 He knowes thy thought:
Heare his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.
1 *Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth:*
Beware *Macduffe*,
Beware the Thane of Fife: diſmiſſe me. Enough.
He Deſcends.
Macb. What ere thou art, for thy good caution, thanks
Thou haſt harp'd my feare aright. But one word more.
1 He will not be commanded: heere's another
More potent then the firſt. *Thunder.*
2 Apparition, a Bloody Childe.
2 *Appar. Macbeth, Macbeth, Macbeth.*
Macb. Had I three eares, Il'd heare thee.
2 *Appar.* Be bloody, bold, & reſolute:
Laugh to ſcorne
The powre of man: For none of woman borne
Shall harme *Macbeth*. *Deſcends.*
Mac. Then liue *Macduffe*: what need I feare of thee?
But yet Ile make aſſurance: double ſure,
And take a Bond of Fate: thou ſhalt not liue,
That I may tell pale-hearted Feare, it lies;
And ſleepe in ſpight of Thunder. *Thunder*
3 Apparation, a Childe Crowned, with a Tree in his hand.
What is this, that riſes like the iſſue of a King,
And weares vpon his Baby-brow, the round
And top of Soueraignty?
All. Liſten, but ſpeake not too't.
3 *Appar.* Be Lyon metled, proud, and take no care:
Who chafes, who frets, or where Conſpirers are:
Macbeth ſhall neuer vanquiſh'd be, vntill
Great Byrnam Wood, to high Dunſmane Hill
Shall come againſt him. *Deſcend.*
Macb. That will neuer bee:
Who can impreſſe the Forreſt, bid the Tree
Vnfixe his earth-bound Root? Sweet boadments, good:
Rebellious dead, riſe neuer till the Wood
Of Byrnan riſe, and our high plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall liue the Leaſe of Nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortall Cuſtome. Yet my Hart
Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, if your Art
Can tell ſo much: Shall *Banquo*'s iſſue euer
Reigne in this Kingdome?
All. Seeke to know no more.
Macb. I will be ſatisfied. Deny me this,
And an eternall Curſe fall on you: Let me know.
Why ſinkes that Caldron? & what noiſe is this? *Hoboyes*
1 Shew.
2 Shew.
3 Shew.
All. Shew his Eyes, and greeue his Hart,
Come like ſhadowes, ſo depart.
A ſhew of eight Kings, and Banquo laſt, with a glaſſe in his hand.
Macb. Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo*: Down:
Thy Crowne do's ſeare mine Eye-bals. And thy haire
Thou other Gold-bound-brow, is like the firſt:
A third, is like the former. Filthy Hagges,
Why do you ſhew me this? —— A fourth? Start eyes!
What will the Line ſtretch out to'th'cracke of Doome?
Another yet? A ſeauenth? Ile ſee no more:
And yet the eight appeares, who beares a glaſſe,
Which ſhewes me many more: and ſome I ſee,
That two-fold Balles, and trebble Scepters carry.
Horrible ſight: Now I ſee 'tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd *Banquo* ſmiles vpon me,
And points at them for his. What? is this ſo?
1 I Sir, all this is ſo. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come Siſters, cheere we vp his ſprights,
And ſhew the beſt of our delights.
Ile Charme the Ayre to giue a ſound,
While you performe your Antique round:
That this great King may kindly ſay,
Our duties, did his welcome pay. *Muſicke.*
The Witches Dance, and vaniſh.
Macb. Where are they? Gone?
Let this pernitious houre,
Stand aye accurſed in the Kalender.
Come in, without there. *Enter Lenox.*
Lenox. What's your Graces will.

Macb. Saw you the Weyard Siſters?
Lenox. No my Lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Lenox. No indeed my Lord.
Macb. Infected be the Ayre whereon they ride,
And damn'd all thoſe that truſt them. I did heare
The gallopping of Horſe. Who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three my Lord, that bring you word:
Macduff is fled to England.
Macb. Fled to England?
Len. I, my good Lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread exploits:
The flighty purpoſe neuer is o're-tooke
Vnleſſe the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firſtlings of my heart ſhall be
The firſtlings of my hand. And euen now
To Crown my thoughts with Acts: be it thoght & done:
The Caſtle of *Macduff*, I will ſurprize,
Seize vpon Fife; giue to th'edge o'th'Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all vnfortunate Soules
That trace him in his Line. No boaſting like a Foole,
This deed Ile do, before this purpoſe coole,
But no more ſights. Where are theſe Gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Macduffes Wife, her Son, and Roſſe.

Wife. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?
Roſſe. You muſt haue patience Madam.
Wife. He had none:
His flight was madneſſe: when our Actions do not,
Our feares do make vs Traitors.
Roſſe. You know not
Whether it was his wiſedome, or his feare.
Wife. Wiſedom? to leaue his wife, to leaue his Babes,
His Manſion, and his Titles, in a place
From whence himſelfe do's flye? He loues vs not,
He wants the naturall touch. For the poore Wren
(The moſt diminitiue of Birds) will fight,
Her yong ones in her Neſt, againſt the Owle:
All is the Feare, and nothing is the Loue;
As little is the Wiſedome, where the flight
So runnes againſt all reaſon.
Roſſe. My deereſt Cooz,
I pray you ſchoole your ſelfe. But for your Husband,
He is Noble, Wiſe, Iudicious, and beſt knowes
The fits o'th'Seaſon. I dare not ſpeake much further,
But cruell are the times, when we are Traitors
And do not know our ſelues: when we hold Rumor
From what we feare, yet know not what we feare,
But floate vpon a wilde and violent Sea
Each way, and moue. I take my leaue of you:
Shall not be long but Ile be heere againe:
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climbe vpward,
To what they were before. My pretty Coſine,
Bleſſing vpon you.
Wife. Father'd he is,
And yet hee's Father-leſſe.
Roſſe. I am ſo much a Foole, ſhould I ſtay longer
It would be my diſgrace, and your diſcomfort.
I take my leaue at once. *Exit Roſſe.*
Wife. Sirra, your Fathers dead,
And what will you do now? How will you liue?
Son. As Birds do Mother.
Wife. What with Wormes, and Flyes?
Son. With what I get I meane, and ſo do they.
Wife. Poore Bird,
Thou'dſt neuer Feare the Net, nor Lime,
The Pitfall, nor the Gin.
Son. Why ſhould I Mother?
Poore Birds they are not ſet for:
My Father is not dead for all your ſaying.
Wife. Yes, he is dead:
How wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. Nay how will you do for a Husband?
Wife. Why I can buy me twenty at any Market.
Son. Then you'l by 'em to ſell againe.
Wife. Thou ſpeak'ſt withall thy wit,
And yet I'faith with wit enough for thee.
Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?
Wife. I, that he was.
Son. What is a Traitor?
Wife. Why one that ſweares, and lyes.
Son. And be all Traitors, that do ſo.
Wife. Euery one that do's ſo, is a Traitor,
And muſt be hang'd.
Son. And muſt they all be hang'd, that ſwear and lye?
Wife. Euery one.
Son. Who muſt hang them?
Wife. Why, the honeſt men.
Son. Then the Liars and Swearers are Fools: for there are Lyars and Swearers enow, to beate the honeſt men, and hang vp them.
Wife. Now God helpe thee, poore Monkie:
But how wilt thou do for a Father?
Son. If he were dead, youl'd weepe for him: if you would not, it were a good ſigne, that I ſhould quickely haue a new Father.
Wife. Poore pratler, how thou talk'ſt?
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. Bleſſe you faire Dame: I am not to you known,
Though in your ſtate of Honor I am perfect;
I doubt ſome danger do's approach you neerely.
If you will take a homely mans aduice,
Be not found heere: Hence with your little ones
To fright you thus. Me thinkes I am too ſauage:
To do worſe to you, were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nie your perſon. Heauen preſerue you,
I dare abide no longer. *Exit Meſſenger*
Wife. Whether ſhould I flye?
I haue done no harme. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where to do harme
Is often laudable, to do good ſometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then (alas)
Do I put vp that womanly defence,
To ſay I haue done no harme?
What are theſe faces?
Enter Murtherers.
Mur. Where is your Husband?
Wife. I hope in no place ſo vnſanctified,
Where ſuch as thou may'ſt finde him.
Mur. He's a Traitor.
Son. Thou ly'ſt thou ſhagge-ear'd Villaine.
Mur. What you Egge?
Yong fry of Treachery?
Son. He ha's kill'd me Mother,
Run away I pray you. *Exit crying Murther.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Malcolme and Macduffe.

Mal. Let vs ſeeke out ſome deſolate ſhade, & there
Weepe our ſad boſomes empty.
Macd. Let vs rather
Hold faſt the mortall Sword: and like good men,
Beſtride our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne,
New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new ſorowes
Strike heauen on the face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like Syllable of Dolour.
Mal. What I beleeue, Ile waile;
What know, beleeue; and what I can redreſſe,
As I ſhall finde the time to friend: I wil.
What you haue ſpoke, it may be ſo perchance.
This Tyrant, whoſe ſole name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: you haue lou'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but ſomething
You may diſcerne of him through me, and wiſedome
To offer vp a weake, poore innocent Lambe
T'appeaſe an angry God.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Malc. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle
In an Imperiall charge. But I ſhall craue your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot tranſpoſe;
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell.
Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace
Yet Grace muſt ſtill looke ſo.
Macd. I haue loſt my Hopes.
Malc. Perchance euen there
Where I did finde my doubts.
Why in that rawneſſe left you Wife, and Childe?
Thoſe precious Motiues, thoſe ſtrong knots of Loue,
Without leaue-taking. I pray you,
Let not my Ielouſies, be your Diſhonors,
But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly iuſt,
What euer I ſhall thinke.
Macd. Bleed, bleed poore Country,
Great Tyrrany, lay thou thy baſis ſure,
For goodneſſe dare not check thee: wear ỷ thy wrongs,
The Title, is affear'd. Far thee well Lord,
I would not be the Villaine that thou think'ſt,
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graſpe,
And the rich Eaſt to boot.
Mal. Be not offended:
I ſpeake not as in abſolute feare of you:
I thinke our Country ſinkes beneath the yoake,
It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,
There would be hands vplifted in my right:
And heere from gracious England haue I offer
Of goodly thouſands. But for all this,
When I ſhall treade vpon the Tyrants head,
Or weare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country
Shall haue more vices then it had before,
More ſuffer, and more ſundry wayes then euer,
By him that ſhall ſucceede.
Macd. What ſhould he be?
Mal. It is my ſelfe I meane: in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice ſo grafted,
That when they ſhall be open'd, blacke *Macbeth*
Will ſeeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State
Eſteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd
With my confineleſſe harmes.
Macd. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Diuell more damn'd
In euils, to top *Macbeth.*
Mal. I grant him Bloody,
Luxurious, Auaricious, Falſe, Deceitfull,
Sodaine, Malicious, ſmacking of euery ſinne
That ha's a name. But there's no bottome, none
In my Voluptuouſneſſe: Your Wiues, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp
The Ceſterne of my Luſt, and my Deſire
All continent Impediments would ore-beare
That did oppoſe my will. Better *Macbeth,*
Then ſuch an one to reigne.
Macd. Boundleſſe intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath beene
Th'vntimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet
To take vpon you what is yours: you may
Conuey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeeme cold. The time you may ſo hoodwinke:
We haue willing Dames enough: there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to deuoure ſo many
As will to Greatneſſe dedicate themſelues,
Finding it ſo inclinde.
Mal. With this, there growes
In my moſt ill-compos'd Affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſſe Auarice, that were I King,
I ſhould cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Deſire his Iewels, and this others Houſe,
And my more-hauing, would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I ſhould forge
Quarrels vniuſt againſt the Good and Loyall,
Deſtroying them for wealth.
Macd. This Auarice
ſtickes deeper: growes with more pernicious roote
Then Summer-ſeeming Luſt: and it hath bin
The Sword of our ſlaine Kings: yet do not feare,
Scotland hath Foyſons, to fill vp your will
Of your meere Owne. All theſe are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.
Mal. But I haue none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Iuſtice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableneſſe,
Bounty, Perſeuerance, Mercy, Lowlineſſe,
Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
I haue no rellish of them, but abound
In the diuiſion of each ſeuerall Crime,
Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I ſhould
Poure the ſweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,
Vprore the vniuerſall peace, confound
All vnity on earth.
Macd. O Scotland, Scotland.
Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to gouerne, ſpeake:
I am as I haue ſpoken.
Mac. Fit to gouern? No not to liue. O Natiõ miſerable!
With an vntitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholſome dayes againe?
Since that the trueſt Iſſue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdiction ſtands accuſt,
And do's blaſpheme his breed? Thy Royall Father
Was a moſt Sainted-King: the Queene that bore thee,
Oftner vpon her knees, then on her feet,
Dy'de euery day ſhe liu'd. Fare thee well,
Theſe Euils thou repeat'ſt vpon thy ſelfe,
Hath baniſh'd me from Scotland. O my Breſt,
Thy hope ends heere.
Mal. *Macduff*, this Noble paſſion
Childe of integrity, hath from my ſoule
Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good Truth, and Honor. Diuelliſh *Macbeth,*
By many of theſe traines, hath ſought to win me
Into his power: and modeſt Wiſedome pluckes me
From ouer-credulous haſt: but God aboue
Deale betweene thee and me; For euen now
I put my ſelfe to thy Direction, and
Vnſpeake mine owne detraction. Heere abiure
The taints, and blames I laide vpon my ſelfe,
For ſtrangers to my Nature. I am yet
Vnknowne to Woman, neuer was forſworne,
Scarſely haue coueted what was mine owne:
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight
No leſſe in truth then life. My firſt falſe ſpeaking
Was this vpon my ſelfe. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poore Countries to command:
Whither indeed, before they heere approach
Old *Seyward* with ten thouſand warlike men
Already at a point, was ſetting foorth:
Now wee'l together, and the chance of goodneſſe
Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you ſilent?
Macd. Such welcome, and vnwelcom things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth
I pray you?
Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules
That ſtay his Cure: their malady conuinces
The great aſſay of Art. But at his touch,
Such ſanctity hath Heauen giuen his hand,
They preſently amend. *Exit.*
Mal. I thanke you Doctor.
Macd. What's the Diſeaſe he meanes?
Mal. Tis call'd the Euill.
A moſt myraculous worke in this good King,
Which often ſince my heere remaine in England,
I haue ſeene him do: How he ſolicites heauen
Himſelfe beſt knowes: but ſtrangely viſited people
All ſwolne and Vlcerous, pittifull to the eye,
The meere diſpaire of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden ſtampe about their neckes,
Put on with holy Prayers, and 'tis ſpoken
To the ſucceeding Royalty he leaues
The healing Benediction. With this ſtrange vertue,
He hath a heauenly guift of Propheſie,
And ſundry Bleſſings hang about his Throne,
That ſpeake him full of Grace.

Enter Roſſe.

Macd. See who comes heere.
Malc. My Countryman: but yet I know him not.
Macd. My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.
Malc. I know him now. Good God betimes remoue
The meanes that makes vs Strangers.
Roſſe. Sir, Amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Roſſe. Alas poore Countrey,
Almoſt affraid to know it ſelfe. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing
But who knowes nothing, is once ſeene to ſmile:
Where ſighes, and groanes, and ſhrieks that rent the ayre
Are made, not mark'd: Where violent ſorrow ſeemes
A Moderne extaſie: The Deadmans knell,
Is there ſcarſe ask'd for who, and good mens liues
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or ere they ſicken.
Macd. Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true.
Malc. What's the neweſt griefe?
Roſſe. That of an houres age, doth hiſſe the ſpeaker,
Each minute teemes a new one.
Macd. How do's my Wife?
Roſſe. Why well.
Macd. And all my Children?
Roſſe. Well too.
Macd. The Tyrant ha's not batter'd at their peace?
Roſſe. No, they were wel at peace, when I did leaue 'em
Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech: How gos't?
Roſſe. When I came hither to tranſport the Tydings
Which I haue heauily borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were out,
Which was to my beleefe witneſt the rather,
For that I ſaw the Tyrants Power a-foot.
Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,
To doffe their dire diſtreſſes.
Malc. Bee't their comfort
We are comming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent vs good *Seyward*, and ten thouſand men,
An older, and a better Souldier, none
That Chriſtendome giues out.
Roſſe. Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the like. But I haue words
That would be howl'd out in the deſert ayre,
Where hearing ſhould not latch them.
Macd. What concerne they,
The generall cauſe, or is it a Fee-griefe
Due to ſome ſingle breſt?
Roſſe. No minde that's honeſt
But in it ſhares ſome woe, though the maine part
Pertaines to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine
Keepe it not from me, quickly let me haue it.
Roſſe. Let not your eares diſpiſe my tongue for euer,
Which ſhall poſſeſſe them with the heauieſt ſound
That euer yet they heard.
Macd. Humh: I gueſſe at it.
Roſſe. Your Caſtle is ſurpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes
Sauagely ſlaughter'd: To relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of theſe murther'd Deere
To adde the death of you.
Malc. Mercifull Heauen:
What man, ne're pull your hat vpon your browes:
Giue ſorrow words; the griefe that do's not ſpeake,
Whiſpers the o're-fraught heart, and bids it breake.
Macd. My Children too?
Ro. Wife, Children, Seruants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I muſt be from thence? My wife kil'd too?
Roſſe. I haue ſaid.
Malc. Be comforted.
Let's make vs Med'cines of our great Reuenge,
To cure this deadly greefe.
Macd. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you ſay All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?
What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme
At one fell ſwoope?
Malc. Diſpute it like a man.
Macd. I ſhall do ſo:

But I muſt alſo feele it as a man;
I cannot but remember ſuch things were
That were moſt precious to me: Did heauen looke on,
And would not take their part? Sinfull *Macduff*,
They were all ſtrooke for thee: Naught that I am,
Not for their owne demerits, but for mine
Fell ſlaughter on their ſoules: Heauen reſt them now.

Mal. Be this the Wheſtone of your ſword, let griefe
Conuert to anger: blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And Braggart with my tongue. But gentle Heauens,
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion: Front to Front,
Bring thou this Fiend of Scotland, and my ſelfe
Within my Swords length ſet him, if he ſcape
Heauen forgiue him too.

Mal. This time goes manly:
Come go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lacke is nothing but our leaue. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the Powres aboue
Put on their Inſtruments: Receiue what cheere you may,
The Night is long, that neuer findes the Day. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Doctor of Phyſicke, and a Wayting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I haue too Nights watch'd with you, but can perceiue no truth in your report. When was it ſhee laſt walk'd?

Gent. Since his Maieſty went into the Field, I haue ſeene her riſe from her bed, throw her Night-Gown vppon her, vnlocke her Cloſſet, take foorth paper, folde it, write vpon't, read it, afterwards Seale it, and againe returne to bed; yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleepe.

Doct. A great perturbation in Nature, to receyue at once the benefit of ſleep, and do the effects of watching. In this ſlumbry agitation, beſides her walking, and other actuall performances, what (at any time) haue you heard her ſay?

Gent. That Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, hauing no witneſſe to confirme my ſpeech. *Enter Lady, with a Taper.* Lo you, heere ſhe comes: This is her very guiſe, and vpon my life faſt aſleepe: obſerue her, ſtand cloſe.

Doct. How came ſhe by that light?

Gent. Why it ſtood by her: ſhe ha's light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You ſee her eyes are open.

Gent. I but their ſenſe are ſhut.

Doct. What is it ſhe do's now?
Looke how ſhe rubbes her hands.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd action with her, to ſeeme thus waſhing her hands: I haue knowne her continue in this a quarter of an houre.

Lad. Yet heere's a ſpot.

Doct. Heark, ſhe ſpeaks, I will ſet downe what comes from her, to ſatisfie my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

La. Out damned ſpot: out I ſay. One: Two: Why then 'tis time to doo't: Hell is murky. Fye, my Lord, fie, a Souldier, and affear'd? what need we feare? who knowes it, when none can call our powre to accompt: yet who would haue thought the olde man to haue had ſo much blood in him.

Doct. Do you marke that?

Lad. The Thane of Fife, had a wife: where is ſhe now? What will theſe hands ne're be cleane? No more o'that my Lord, no more o'that: you marre all with this ſtarting.

Doct. Go too, go too:
You haue knowne what you ſhould not.

Gent. She ha's ſpoke what ſhee ſhould not, I am ſure of that: Heauen knowes what ſhe ha's knowne.

La. Heere's the ſmell of the blood ſtill: all the perfumes of Arabia will not ſweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh.

Doct. What a ſigh is there? The hart is ſorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not haue ſuch a heart in my boſome, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.

Gent. Pray God it be ſir.

Doct. This diſeaſe is beyond my practiſe: yet I haue knowne thoſe which haue walkt in their ſleep, who haue dyed holily in their beds.

Lad. Waſh your hands, put on your Night-Gowne, looke not ſo pale: I tell you yet againe *Banquo*'s buried; he cannot come out on's graue.

Doct. Euen ſo?

Lady. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate: Come, come, come, come, giue me your hand: What's done, cannot be vndone. To bed, to bed, to bed. *Exit Lady.*

Doct. Will ſhe go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foule whiſp'rings are abroad: vnnaturall deeds
Do breed vnnaturall troubles: infected mindes
To their deafe pillowes will diſcharge their Secrets:
More needs ſhe the Diuine, then the Phyſitian:
God, God forgiue vs all. Looke after her,
Remoue from her the meanes of all annoyance,
And ſtill keepe eyes vpon her: So goodnight,
My minde ſhe ha's mated, and amaz'd my ſight.
I thinke, but dare not ſpeake.

Gent. Good night good Doctor. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Drum and Colours. Enter Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, Lenox, Soldiers.

Ment. The Engliſh powre is neere, led on by *Malcolm*,
His Vnkle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Reuenges burne in them: for their deere cauſes
Would to the bleeding, and the grim Alarme
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Neere Byrnan wood
Shall we well meet them, that way are they comming.

Cath. Who knowes if *Donalbane* be with his brother?

Len. For certaine Sir, he is not: I haue a File
Of all the Gentry; there is *Seywards* Sonne,
And many vnruffe youths, that euen now
Proteſt their firſt of Manhood.

Ment. What do's the Tyrant.

Cath. Great Dunſinane he ſtrongly Fortifies:
Some ſay hee's mad: Others, that leſſer hate him,
Do call it valiant Fury, but for certaine
He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd cauſe
Within the belt of Rule.

Ang. Now do's he feele
His ſecret Murthers ſticking on his hands,
Now minutely Reuolts vpbraid his Faith-breach:
Thoſe he commands, moue onely in command,
Nothing in loue: Now do's he feele his Title
Hang looſe about him, like a Giants Robe
Vpon a dwarfiſh Theefe.

Ment. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd Senſes to recoyle, and ſtart,
When all that is within him, do's condemne
It ſelfe, for being there.

Cath. Well, march we on,
To giue Obedience, where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the Med'cine of the ſickly Weale,
And with him poure we in our Countries purge,
Each drop of vs.

Lenox. Or ſo much as it needes,
To dew the Soueraigne Flower, and drowne the Weeds:
Make we our March towards Birnan. *Exeunt marching.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more Reports, let them flye all:
Till Byrnane wood remoue to Dunſinane,
I cannot taint with Feare. What's the Boy *Malcolme*?
Was he not borne of woman? The Spirits that know
All mortall Conſequences, haue pronounc'd me thus:
Feare not *Macbeth*, no man that's borne of woman
Shall ere haue power vpon thee. Then fly falſe Thanes,
And mingle with the Engliſh Epicures,
The minde I ſway by, and the heart I beare,
Shall neuer ſagge with doubt, nor ſhake with feare.

Enter Seruant.

The diuell damne thee blacke, thou cream-fac'd Loone:
Where got'ſt thou that Gooſe-looke.

Ser. There is ten thouſand.

Macb. Geeſe Villaine?

Ser. Souldiers Sir.

Macb. Go pricke thy face, and ouer-red thy feare
Thou Lilly-liuer'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch?
Death of thy Soule, thoſe Linnen cheekes of thine
Are Counſailers to feare. What Soldiers Whay-face?

Ser. The Engliſh Force, ſo pleaſe you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. *Seyton*, I am ſick at hart,
When I behold: *Seyton*, I ſay, this puſh
Will cheere me euer, or diſ-eate me now.
I haue liu'd long enough: my way of life
Is falne into the Seare, the yellow Leafe,
And that which ſhould accompany Old-Age,
As Honor, Loue, Obedience, Troopes of Friends,
I muſt not looke to haue: but in their ſteed,
Curſes, not lowd but deepe, Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poore heart would faine deny, and dare not.
Seyton?

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What's your gracious pleaſure?

Macb. What Newes more?

Sey. All is confirm'd my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. Ile fight, till from my bones, my fleſh be hackt.
Giue me my Armor.

Seyt. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. Ile put it on:
Send out moe Horſes, skirre the Country round,
Hang thoſe that talke of Feare. Giue me mine Armor:
How do's your Patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not ſo ſicke my Lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies
That keepe her from her reſt.

Macb. Cure of that:
Can'ſt thou not Miniſter to a minde diſeas'd,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with ſome ſweet Obliuious Antidote
Cleanſe the ſtufft boſome, of that perillous ſtuffe
Which weighes vpon the heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient
Muſt miniſter to himſelfe.

Macb. Throw Phyſicke to the Dogs, Ile none of it.
Come, put mine Armour on: giue me my Staffe:
Seyton, ſend out: Doctor, the Thanes flye from me:
Come ſir, diſpatch. If thou could'ſt Doctor, caſt
The Water of my Land, finde her Diſeaſe,
And purge it to a ſound and priſtiue Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Eccho,
That ſhould applaud againe. Pull't off I ſay,
What Rubarb, Cyme, or what Purgatiue drugge
Would ſcowre theſe Engliſh hence: hear'ſt yͤ of them?

Doct. I my good Lord: your Royall Preparation
Makes vs heare ſomething.

Macb. Bring it after me:
I will not be affraid of Death and Bane,
Till Birnane Forreſt come to Dunſinane.

Doct. Were I from Dunſinane away, and cleere,
Profit againe ſhould hardly draw me heere. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Drum and Colours. Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, Seywards Sonne, Menteth, Cathnes, Angus, and Soldiers Marching.

Malc. Coſins, I hope the dayes are neere at hand
That Chambers will be ſafe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Syew. What wood is this before vs?

Ment. The wood of Birnane.

Malc. Let euery Souldier hew him downe a Bough,
And bear't before him, thereby ſhall we ſhadow
The numbers of our Hoaſt, and make diſcouery
Erre in report of vs.

Sold. It ſhall be done.

Syw. We learne no other, but the confident Tyrant
Keepes ſtill in Dunſinane, and will indure
Our ſetting downe befor't.

Malc. 'Tis his maine hope:
For where there is aduantage to be giuen,
Both more and leſſe haue giuen him the Reuolt,
And none ſerue with him, but conſtrained things,
Whoſe hearts are abſent too.

Macd. Let our iuſt Cenſures
Attend the true euent, and put we on

Induſtrious Souldierſhip.
Sey. The time approaches,
That will with due deciſion make vs know
What we ſhall ſay we haue, and what we owe:
Thoughts ſpeculatiue, their vnſure hopes relate,
But certaine iſſue, ſtroakes muſt arbitrate,
Towards which, aduance the warre. *Exeunt marching*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, & Souldiers, with,
Drum and Colours.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is ſtill, they come: our Caſtles ſtrength
Will laugh a Siedge to ſcorne: Heere let them lye,
Till Famine and the Ague eate them vp:
Were they not forc'd with thoſe that ſhould be ours,
We might haue met them darefull, beard to beard,
And beate them backward home. What is that noyſe?
A Cry within of Women.
Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.
Macb. I haue almoſt forgot the taſte of Feares:
The time ha's beene, my ſences would haue cool'd
To heare a Night-ſhrieke, and my Fell of haire
Would at a diſmall Treatiſe rowze, and ſtirre
As life were in't. I haue ſupt full with horrors,
Direneſſe familiar to my ſlaughterous thoughts
Cannot once ſtart me. Wherefore was that cry?
Sey. The Queene (my Lord) is dead.
Macb. She ſhould haue dy'de heereafter;
There would haue beene a time for ſuch a word:
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creepes in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt Syllable of Recorded time:
And all our yeſterdayes, haue lighted Fooles
The way to duſty death. Out, out, breefe Candle,
Life's but a walking Shadow, a poore Player,
That ſtruts and frets his houre vpon the Stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a Tale
Told by an Ideot, full of ſound and fury
Signifying nothing. *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Thou com'ſt to vſe thy Tongue: thy Story quickly.
Meſ. Gracious my Lord,
I ſhould report that which I ſay I ſaw,
But know not how to doo't.
Macb. Well, ſay ſir.
Meſ. As I did ſtand my watch vpon the Hill
I look'd toward Byrnane, and anon me thought
The Wood began to moue.
Macb. Lyar, and Slaue.
Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo:
Within this three Mile may you ſee it comming.
I ſay, a mouing Groue.
Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Vpon the next Tree ſhall thou hang aliue
Till Famine cling thee: If thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not if thou doſt for me as much.
I pull in Reſolution, and begin
To doubt th'Equiuocation of the Fiend,
That lies like truth. Feare not, till Byrnane Wood
Do come to Dunſinane, and now a Wood
Comes toward Dunſinane. Arme, Arme, and out,
If this which he auouches, do's appeare,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
I'ginne to be a-weary of the Sun,
And wiſh th'eſtate o'th'world were now vndon.
Ring the Alarum Bell, blow Winde, come wracke,
At leaſt wee'l dye with Harneſſe on our backe. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Drumme and Colours.
Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduffe, and their Army,
with Boughes.

Mal. Now neere enough:
Your leauy Skreenes throw downe,
And ſhew like thoſe you are: You (worthy Vnkle)
Shall with my Coſin your right Noble Sonne
Leade our firſt Battell. Worthy *Macduffe*, and wee
Shall take vpon's what elſe remaines to do,
According to our order.
Sey. Fare you well:
Do we but finde the Tyrants power to night,
Let vs be beaten, if we cannot fight.
Macd. Make all our Trumpets ſpeak, giue thē all breath
Thoſe clamorous Harbingers of Blood, & Death. *Exeunt*
Alarums continued.

Scena Septima.

Enter Macbeth.
Macb. They haue tied me to a ſtake, I cannot flye,
But Beare-like I muſt fight the courſe. What's he
That was not borne of Woman? Such a one
Am I to feare, or none.
Enter young Seyward.
Y. Sey. What is thy name?
Macb. Thou'lt be affraid to heare it.
Y. Sey. No: though thou call'ſt thy ſelfe a hoter name
Then any is in hell.
Macb. My name's *Macbeth.*
Y. Sey. The diuell himſelfe could not pronounce a Title
More hatefull to mine eare.
Macb. No: nor more fearefull.
Y. Sey. Thou lyeſt abhorred Tyrant, with my Sword
Ile proue the lye thou ſpeak'ſt.
Fight, and young Seyward ſlaine.
Macb. Thou was't borne of woman;
But Swords I ſmile at, Weapons laugh to ſcorne,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a Woman borne. *Exit.*
Alarums. Enter Macduffe.
Macd. That way the noiſe is: Tyrant ſhew thy face,
If thou beeſt ſlaine, and with no ſtroake of mine,
My Wife and Childrens Ghoſts will haunt me ſtill:
I cannot ſtrike at wretched Kernes, whoſe armes
Are hyr'd to beare their Staues; either thou *Macbeth*,
Or elſe my Sword with an vnbattered edge
I ſheath againe vndeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be,
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note
Seemes

Seemes bruited. Let me finde him Fortune,
And more I begge not. *Exit. Alarums.*

Enter Malcolme and Seyward.

Sey. This way my Lord, the Caſtles gently rendred:
The Tyrants people, on both ſides do fight,
The Noble Thanes do brauely in the Warre,
The day almoſt it ſelfe profeſſes yours,
And little is to do.
Malc. We haue met with Foes
That ſtrike beſide vs.
Sey. Enter Sir, the Caſtle. *Exeunt. Alarum*
Enter Macbeth.
Macb. Why ſhould I play the Roman Foole, and dye
On mine owne ſword? whiles I ſee liues, the gaſhes
Do better vpon them.
Enter Macduffe.
Macd. Turne Hell-hound, turne.
Macb. Of all men elſe I haue auoyded thee:
But get thee backe, my ſoule is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.
Macd. I haue no words,
My voice is in my Sword, thou bloodier Villaine
Then tearmes can giue thee out. *Fight: Alarum*
Macb. Thou looſeſt labour,
As eaſie may'ſt thou the intrenchant Ayre
With thy keene Sword impreſſe, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable Creſts,
I beare a charmed Life, which muſt not yeeld
To one of woman borne.
Macd. Diſpaire thy Charme,
And let the Angell whom thou ſtill haſt ſeru'd
Tell thee, *Macduffe* was from his Mothers womb
Vntimely ript.
Macb. Accurſed be that tongue that tels mee ſo;
For it hath Cow'd my better part of man:
And be theſe Iugling Fiends no more beleeu'd,
That palter with vs in a double ſence,
That keepe the word of promiſe to our eare,
And breake it to our hope. Ile not fight with thee.
Macd. Then yeeld thee Coward,
And liue to be the ſhew, and gaze o'th'time.
Wee'l haue thee, as our rarer Monſters are
Painted vpon a pole, and vnder-writ,
Heere may you ſee the Tyrant.
Macb. I will not yeeld
To kiſſe the ground before young *Malcolmes* feet,
And to be baited with the Rabbles curſe.
Though Byrnane wood be come to Dunſinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman borne,
Yet I will try the laſt. Before my body,
I throw my warlike Shield: Lay on *Macduffe*,
And damn'd be him, that firſt cries hold, enough.
Exeunt fighting. Alarums.

Enter Fighting, and Macbeth ſlaine.

Retreat, and Flouriſh. Enter with Drumme and Colours,
Malcolm, Seyward, Roſſe, Thanes, & Soldiers.
Mal. I would the Friends we miſſe, were ſafe arriu'd.
Sey. Some muſt go off: and yet by theſe I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheapely bought.
Mal. *Macduffe* is miſſing, and your Noble Sonne.
Roſſe. Your ſon my Lord, ha's paid a ſouldiers debt,
He onely liu'd but till he was a man,
The which no ſooner had his Proweſſe confirm'd
In the vnſhrinking ſtation where he fought,
But like a man he dy'de.
Sey. Then he is dead?
Roſſe. I, and brought off the field: your cauſe of ſorrow
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Sey. Had he his hurts before?
Roſſe. I, on the Front.
Sey. Why then, Gods Soldier be he:
Had I as many Sonnes, as I haue haires,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his Knell is knoll'd.
Mal. Hee's worth more ſorrow,
And that Ile ſpend for him.
Sey. He's worth no more,
They ſay he parted well, and paid his ſcore,
And ſo God be with him. Here comes newer comfort.
Enter Macduffe, with Macbeths head.
Macd. Haile King, for ſo thou art.
Behold where ſtands
Th'Vſurpers curſed head: the time is free:
I ſee thee compaſt with thy Kingdomes Pearle,
That ſpeake my ſalutation in their minds:
Whoſe voyces I deſire alowd with mine.
Haile King of Scotland.
All. Haile King of Scotland. *Flouriſh.*
Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your ſeuerall loues,
And make vs euen with you. My Thanes and Kinſmen
Henceforth be Earles, the firſt that euer Scotland
In ſuch an Honor nam'd: What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad,
That fled the Snares of watchfull Tyranny,
Producing forth the cruell Miniſters
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queene;
Who (as 'tis thought) by ſelfe and violent hands,
Tooke off her life. This, and what needfull elſe
That call's vpon vs, by the Grace of Grace,
We will performe in meaſure, time, and place:
So thankes to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we inuite, to ſee vs Crown'd at Scone.
Flouriſh. Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Franciſco two Centinels.

Barnardo.
WHo's there?
Fran. Nay anſwer me: Stand & vnfold your ſelfe.
Bar. Long liue the King.
Fran. *Barnardo?*
Bar. He.
Fran. You come moſt carefully vpon your houre.
Bar. 'Tis now ſtrook twelue, get thee to bed *Franciſco.*
Fran. For this releefe much thankes: 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am ſicke at heart.
Barn. Haue you had quiet Guard?
Fran. Not a Mouſe ſtirring.
Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make haſt.
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.
Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.
Fran. Giue you good night.
Mar. O farwel honeſt Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?
Fra. *Barnardo* ha's my place: giue you goodnight.
Exit Fran.
Mar. Holla *Barnardo.*
Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?
Hor. A peece of him.
Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*
Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.
Bar. I haue ſeene nothing.
Mar. *Horatio* ſaies, 'tis but our Fantaſie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him
Touching this dreaded ſight, twice ſeene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approue our eyes, and ſpeake to it.
Hor. Tuſh, tuſh, 'twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a-while,
And let vs once againe aſſaile your eares,
That are ſo fortified againſt our Story,
What we two Nights haue ſeene.
Hor. Well, ſit we downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* ſpeake of this.
Barn. Laſt night of all,
When yond ſame Starre that's Weſtward from the Pole
Had made his courſe t'illume that part of Heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my ſelfe,
The Bell then beating one.
Mar. Peace, breake thee of: *Enter the Ghoſt.*
Looke where it comes againe.
Barn. In the ſame figure, like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholler; ſpeake to it *Horatio.*
Barn. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio.*
Hora. Moſt like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder
Barn. It would be ſpoke too.
Mar. Queſtion it *Horatio.*
Hor. What art thou that vſurp'ſt this time of night,
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme
In which the Maieſty of buried Denmarke
Did ſometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee ſpeake.
Mar. It is offended.
Barn. See, it ſtalkes away.
Hor. Stay: ſpeake; ſpeake: I Charge thee, ſpeake.
Exit the Ghoſt.
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not anſwer.
Barn. How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale:
Is not this ſomething more then Fantaſie?
What thinke you on't?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleeue
Without the ſenſible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy ſelfe,
Such was the very Armour he had on,
When th'Ambitious Norwey combatted:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He ſmot the ſledded Pollax on the Ice.
'Tis ſtrange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and iuſt at this dead houre,
With Martiall ſtalke, hath he gone by our Watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the groſſe and ſcope of my Opinion,
This boades ſome ſtrange erruption to our State.
Mar. Good now ſit downe, & tell me he that knowes
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſeruant Watch,
So nightly toyles the ſubiect of the Land,
And why ſuch dayly Caſt of Brazon Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:
Why ſuch impreſſe of Ship-wrights, whoſe ſore Taske
Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this ſweaty haſt
Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?
Hor. That can I,

At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo: Our laſt King,
Whoſe Image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a moſt emulate Pride)
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our knowne world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbras*: who by a Seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,
Did forfeite (with his life) all thoſe his Lands
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd on, to the Conqueror:
Againſt the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he bin Vanquiſher, as by the ſame Cou'nant
And carriage of the Article deſigne,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now ſir, young *Fortinbras*,
Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,
Shark'd vp a Liſt of Landleſſe Reſolutes,
For Foode and Diet, to ſome Enterprize
That hath a ſtomacke in't: which is no other
(And it doth well appeare vnto our State)
But to recouer of vs by ſtrong hand
And termes Compulſatiue, thoſe foreſaid Lands
So by his Father loſt: and this (I take it)
Is the maine Motiue of our Preparations,
The Sourſe of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
Of this poſt-haſt, and Romage in the Land.
Enter Ghoſt againe.
But ſoft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe:
Ile croſſe it, though it blaſt me. Stay Illuſion:
If thou haſt any ſound, or vſe of Voyce,
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me; ſpeak to me.
If thou art priuy to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may auoyd) Oh ſpeake.
Or, if thou haſt vp-hoorded in thy life
Extorted Treaſure in the wombe of Earth,
(For which, they ſay, you Spirits oft walke in death)
Speake of it. Stay, and ſpeake. Stop it *Marcellus.*
Mar. Shall I ſtrike at it with my Partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not ſtand.
Barn. 'Tis heere.
Hor. 'Tis heere.
Mar. 'Tis gone. *Exit Ghoſt.*
We do it wrong, being ſo Maieſticall
To offer it the ſhew of Violence,
For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.
Barn. It was about to ſpeake, when the Cocke crew.
Hor. And then it ſtarted, like a guilty thing
Vpon a fearfull Summons. I haue heard,
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding Throate
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
Th'extrauagant, and erring Spirit, hyes
To his Confine. And of the truth heerein,
This preſent Obiect made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
Some ſayes, that euer 'gainſt that Seaſon comes
Wherein our Sauiours Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning ſingeth all night long:
And then (they ſay) no Spirit can walke abroad,
The nights are wholſome, then no Planets ſtrike,
No Faiery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:
So hallow'd, and ſo gracious is the time.
Hor. So haue I heard, and do in part beleeue it.
But looke, the Morne in Ruſſet mantle clad,
Walkes o're the dew of yon high Eaſterne Hill,
Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice
Let vs impart what we haue ſeene to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet*. For vpon my life,
This Spirit dumbe to vs, will ſpeake to him:
Do you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty?
Mar. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we ſhall finde him moſt conueniently. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Siſter Ophelia, Lords Attendant.

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere Brothers death
The memory be greene: and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet ſo farre hath Diſcretion fought with Nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our ſelues.
Therefore our ſometimes Siſter, now our Queen,
Th'Imperiall Ioyntreſſe of this warlike State,
Haue we, as 'twere, with a defeated ioy,
With one Auſpicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to Wife; nor haue we heerein barr'd
Your better Wiſedomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along, for all our Thankes.
Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weake ſuppoſall of our worth;
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,
Our State to be diſioynt, and out of Frame,
Colleagued with the dreame of his Aduantage;
He hath not fayl'd to peſter vs with Meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe Lands
Loſt by his Father: with all Bonds of Law
To our moſt valiant Brother. So much for him.
Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.
Now for our ſelfe, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the buſineſſe is. We haue heere writ
To Norway, Vncle of young *Fortinbras*,
Who Impotent and Bedrid, ſcarſely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpoſe, to ſuppreſſe
His further gate heerein. In that the Leuies,
The Liſts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his ſubiect: and we heere diſpatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,
Giuing to you no further perſonall power
To buſineſſe with the King, more then the ſcope
Of theſe dilated Articles allow:
Farewell, and let your haſt commend your duty.
Volt. In that, and all things, will we ſhew our duty.
King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.
Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.
And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you?

You told vs of ſome ſuite. What is't *Laertes*?
You cannot ſpeake of Reaſon to the Dane,
And looſe your voyce. What would'ſt thou beg *Laertes*,
That ſhall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
The Head is not more Natiue to the Heart,
The Hand more Inſtrumentall to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
What would'ſt thou haue *Laertes*?
Laer. Dread my Lord,
Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
To ſhew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I muſt confeſſe, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend againe towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.
King. Haue you your Fathers leaue?
What ſayes *Pollonius*?
Pol. He hath my Lord:
I do beſeech you giue him leaue to go.
King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy beſt graces ſpend it at thy will:
But now my Coſin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne?
Ham. A little more then kin, and leſſe then kinde.
King. How is it that the Clouds ſtill hang on you?
Ham. Not ſo my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun.
Queen. Good *Hamlet* caſt thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.
Do not for euer with thy veyled lids
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the duſt;
Thou know'ſt 'tis common, all that liues muſt dye,
Paſſing through Nature, to Eternity.
Ham. I Madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be;
Why ſeemes it ſo particular with thee.
Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
Nor Cuſtomary ſuites of ſolemne Blacke,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the Eye,
Nor the deiected hauiour of the Viſage,
Together with all Formes, Moods, ſhewes of Griefe,
That can denote me truly. Theſe indeed Seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I haue that Within, which paſſeth ſhow;
Theſe, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.
King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable
In your Nature *Hamlet*,
To giue theſe mourning duties to your Father:
But you muſt know, your Father loſt a Father,
That Father loſt, loſt his, and the Suruiuer bound
In filiall Obligation, for ſome terme
To do obſequious Sorrow. But to perſeuer
In obſtinate Condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornneſſe. 'Tis vnmanly greefe,
It ſhewes a will moſt incorrect to Heauen,
A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,
An Vnderſtanding ſimple, and vnſchool'd:
For, what we know muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſence,
Why ſhould we in our peeuiſh Oppoſition
Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heauen,
A fault againſt the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common Theame
Is death of Fathers, and who ſtill hath cried,
From the firſt Coarſe, till he that dyed to day,
This muſt be ſo. We pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuayling woe, and thinke of vs
As of a Father; For let the world take note,
You are the moſt immediate to our Throne,
And with no leſſe Nobility of Loue,
Then that which deereſt Father beares his Sonne,
Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is moſt retrograde to our deſire:
And we beſeech you, bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our cheefeſt Courtier Coſin, and our Sonne.
Qu. Let not thy Mother loſe her Prayers *Hamlet*:
I prythee ſtay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.
Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt
Obey you Madam.
King. Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,
Be as our ſelfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clowds ſhall tell,
And the Kings Rouce, the Heauens ſhall bruite againe,
Reſpeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too ſolid Fleſh, would melt,
Thaw, and reſolue it ſelfe into a Dew:
Or that the Euerlaſting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainſt Selfe-ſlaughter. O God, O God!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seemes to me all the vſes of this world?
Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden
That growes to Seed: Things rank, and groſſe in Nature
Poſſeſſe it meerely. That it ſhould come to this:
But two months dead: Nay, not ſo much; not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hiperion to a Satyre: ſo louing to my Mother,
That he might not beteene the windes of heauen
Viſit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
Muſt I remember: why ſhe would hang on him,
As if encreaſe of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or ere thoſe ſhooes were old,
With which ſhe followed my poore Fathers body
Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why ſhe, euen ſhe.
(O Heauen! A beaſt that wants diſcourſe of Reaſon
Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt vnrighteous Teares
Had left the fluſhing of her gauled eyes,
She married. O moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to Inceſtuous ſheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Hor. Haile to your Lordſhip.
Ham. I am glad to ſee you well:
Horatio, or I do forget my ſelfe.
Hor. The ſame my Lord,
And your poore Seruant euer.
Ham. Sir my good friend,
Ile change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio*?

Marcellus.
Mar. My good Lord.
Ham. I am very glad to ſee you: good euen Sir.
But what in faith make you from *Wittemberge*?
Hor. A truant diſpoſition, good my Lord.
Ham. I would not haue your Enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you doe mine eare that violence,
To make it truſter of your owne report
Againſt your ſelfe. I know you are no Truant:
But what is your affaire in *Elſenour*?
Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.
Hor. My Lord, I came to ſee your Fathers Funerall.
Ham. I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)
I thinke it was to ſee my Mothers Wedding.
Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift *Horatio*: the Funerall Bakt-meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the Marriage Tables;
Would I had met my deareſt foe in heauen,
Ere I had euer ſeene that day *Horatio*.
My father, me thinkes I ſee my father.
Hor. Oh where my Lord?
Ham. In my minds eye (*Horatio*)
Hor. I ſaw him once; he was a goodly King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all:
I ſhall not look vpon his like againe.
Hor. My Lord, I thinke I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. Saw? Who?
Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.
Ham. The King my Father?
Hor. Seaſon your admiration for a while
With an attent eare; till I may deliuer
Vpon the witneſſe of theſe Gentlemen,
This maruell to you.
Ham. For Heauens loue let me heare.
Hor. Two nights together, had theſe Gentlemen
(*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch
In the dead waſt and middle of the night
Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,
Appeares before them, and with ſollemne march
Goes ſlow and ſtately: By them thrice he walkt,
By their oppreſt and feare-ſurprized eyes,
Within his Truncheons length; whilſt they beſtil'd
Almoſt to Ielly with the Act of feare,
Stand dumbe and ſpeake not to him. This to me
In dreadfull ſecrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,
Whereas they had deliuer'd both in time,
Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:
Theſe hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watcht.
Ham. Did you not ſpeake to it?
Hor. My Lord, I did;
But anſwere made it none: yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did addreſſe
It ſelfe to motion, like as it would ſpeake:
But euen then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;
And at the ſound it ſhrunke in haſt away,
And vaniſht from our ſight.
Ham. Tis very ſtrange.
Hor. As I doe liue my honourd Lord 'tis true;
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to Night?
Both. We doe my Lord.
Ham. Arm'd, ſay you?
Both. Arm'd, my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Both. My Lord, from head to foote.
Ham. Then ſaw you not his face?
Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.
Ham. What, lookt he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more in ſorrow then in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?
Hor. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would I had beene there.
Hor. It would haue much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like, very like: ſtaid it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haſt might tell a hundred.
All. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I ſaw't.
Ham. His Beard was griſly? no.
Hor. It was, as I haue ſeene it in his life,
A Sable Siluer'd.
Ham. Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake againe.
Hor. I warrant you it will.
Ham. If it aſſume my noble Fathers perſon,
Ile ſpeake to it, though Hell it ſelfe ſhould gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you haue hitherto conceald this ſight;
Let it bee treble in your ſilence ſtill:
And whatſoeuer els ſhall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderſtanding but no tongue;
I will requite your loues; ſo, fare ye well:
Vpon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,
Ile viſit you.
All. Our duty to your Honour. *Exeunt.*
Ham. Your loue, as mine to you: farewell.
My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:
I doubt ſome foule play: would the Night were come;
Till then ſit ſtill my ſoule; foule deeds will riſe,
Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eies. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My neceſſaries are imbark't; Farewell:
And Siſter, as the Winds giue Benefit,
And Conuoy is aſſiſtant; doe not ſleepe,
But let me heare from you.
Ophel. Doe you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauours,
Hold it a faſhion and a toy in Bloud;
A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;
Froward, not permanent; ſweet not laſting
The ſuppliance of a minute? No more.
Ophel. No more but ſo.
Laer. Thinke it no more:
For nature creſſant does not grow alone,
In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes,
The inward ſeruice of the Minde and Soule
Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,
And now no ſoyle nor cautell doth beſmerch
The vertue of his feare: but you muſt feare

His greatneſſe weigh'd, his will is not his owne;
For hee himſelfe is ſubiect to his Birth:
Hee may not, as vnuallued perſons doe,
Carue for himſelfe; for, on his choyce depends
The ſanctity and health of the weole State.
And therefore muſt his choyce be circumſcrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he ſayes he loues you,
It fits your wiſedome ſo farre to beleeue it;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May giue his ſaying deed: which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then weigh what loſſe your Honour may ſuſtaine,
If with too credent eare you liſt his Songs;
Or loſe your Heart; or your chaſt Treaſure open
To his vnmaſtred importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare Siſter,
And keepe within the reare of your Affection;
Out of the ſhot and danger of Deſire.
The charieſt Maid is Prodigall enough,
If ſhe vnmaske her beauty to the Moone:
Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious ſtroakes,
The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
Too oft before the buttons be diſclos'd,
And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in feare;
Youth to it ſelfe rebels, though none elſe neere.

Ophe. I ſhall th'effect of this good Leſſon keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Doe not as ſome vngracious Paſtors doe,
Shew me the ſteepe and thorny way to Heauen;
Whilſt like a puft and reckleſſe Libertine
Himſelfe, the Primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And reaks not his owne reade.

Laer. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I ſtay too long; but here my Father comes:
A double bleſſing is a double grace;
Occaſion ſmiles vpon a ſecond leaue.

Polon. Yet heere *Laertes*? Aboord, aboord for ſhame,
The winde ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſaile,
And you are ſtaid for there: my bleſſing with you;
And theſe few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act:
Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:
The friends thou haſt, and their adoption tride,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
Of each vnhatch't, vnfledg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
Bear't that th'oppoſed may beware of thee.
Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
Take each mans cenſure; but reſerue thy iudgement:
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy;
But not expreſt in fancie; rich, not gawdie:
For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they in France of the beſt ranck and ſtation,
Are of a moſt ſelect and generous cheff in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For lone oft loſes both it ſelfe and friend:
And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.
This aboue all; to thine owne ſelfe be true:
And it muſt follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewell: my Bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee.

Laer. Moſt humbly doe I take my leaue, my Lord.

Polon. The time inuites you, goe, your ſeruants tend.

Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue ſaid to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your ſelfe ſhall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. *Exit Laer.*

Polon. What iſt *Ophelia* he hath ſaid to you?

Ophe. So pleaſe you, ſomthing touching the L. *Hamlet.*

Polon. Marry, well bethought:
Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you; and you your ſelfe
Haue of your audience beene moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, as ſo tis put on me;
And that in way of caution: I muſt tell you,
You doe not vnderſtand your ſelfe ſo cleerely,
As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?

Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Polon. Affection, puh. You ſpeake like a greene Girle,
Vnſifted in ſuch perillous Circumſtance.
Doe you beleeue his tenders, as you call them?

Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I ſhould thinke.

Polon. Marry Ile teach you; thinke your ſelfe a Baby,
That you haue tane his tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling. Tender your ſelfe more dearly;
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phraſe,
Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.

Ophe. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with loue,
In honourable faſhion.

Polon. I, faſhion you may call it, go too, go too.

Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his ſpeech,
My Lord, with all the vowes of Heauen.

Polon. I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
Giues the tongue vowes: theſe blazes, Daughter,
Giuing more light then heate; extinct in both,
Euen in their promiſe, as it is a making;
You muſt not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
Be ſomewhat ſcanter of your Maiden preſence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleeue ſo much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be giuen you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Doe not beleeue his vowes; for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye, which their Inueſtments ſhow:
But meere implorators of vnholy Sutes,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,
Haue you ſo ſlander any moment leiſure,
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*:
Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.

Ophe. I ſhall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Ham. The Ayre bites ſhrewdly: is it very cold?

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.

Ham. What hower now?

Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelue.

Mar. No, it is ſtrooke. (ſeaſon,

Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.

What does this meane my Lord? (rouſe,

Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his
Keepes waſſels and the ſwaggering vpſpring reeles,
And as he dreines his draughts of Reniſh downe,
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.

Horat. Is it a cuſtome?

Ham. I marry iſt;
And to my mind, though I am natiue heere,
And to the manner borne: It is a Cuſtome
More honour'd in the breach, then the obſeruance.

Enter Ghoſt.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Miniſters of Grace defend vs:
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blaſts from Hell,
Be thy euents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape
That I will ſpeake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, anſwer me,
Let me not burſt in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearſed in death,
Haue burſt their cerments, why the Sepulcher
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly enurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes,
To caſt thee vp againe? What may this meane?
That thou dead Coarſe againe in compleat ſteele,
Reuiſits thus the glimpſes of the Moone,
Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature,
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition,
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,
Say, why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we doe?

Ghoſt beckens Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to goe away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more remoued ground:
But doe not goe with it.

Hor. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not ſpeake: then will I follow it.

Hor. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why, what ſhould be the feare?
I doe not ſet my life at a pins fee;
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?
Being a thing immortall as it ſelfe:
It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,
That beetles o're his baſe into the Sea,
And there aſſumes ſome other horrible forme,
Which might depriue your Soueraignty of Reaſon,
And draw you into madneſſe thinke of it?

Ham. It wafts me ſtill: goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You ſhall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand.

Hor. Be rul'd, you ſhall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artire in this body,
As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue:
Still am I cal'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:
By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghoſt of him that lets me:
I ſay away, goe on, Ile follow thee.

Exeunt Ghoſt & Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes deſperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Haue after, to what iſſue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.

Hor. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghoſt and Hamlet. (ther.

Ham: Where wilt thou lead me? ſpeak; Ile go no fur-

Gho. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Gho. My hower is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting Flames
Muſt render vp my ſelfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghoſt.

Gho. Pitty me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall vnfold.

Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.

Gho. So art thou to reuenge, when thou ſhalt heare.

Ham. What?

Gho. I am thy Fathers Spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;
And for the day confin'd to faſt in Fiers,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my Priſon-Houſe;
I could a Tale vnfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow vp thy ſoule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like Starres, ſtart from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to ſtand an end,
Like Quilles vpon the fretfull Porpentine:
But this eternall blaſon muſt not be
To eares of fleſh and bloud; liſt *Hamlet*, oh liſt,
If thou didſt euer thy deare Father loue.

Ham. Oh Heauen!

Gho. Reuenge his foule and moſt vnnaturall Murther.

Ham. Murther?

Ghoſt. Murther moſt foule, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foule, ſtrange, and vnnaturall.

Ham. Haſt, haſt me to know it,
That with wings as ſwift
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue,
May ſweepe to my Reuenge.

Ghoſt. I finde thee apt,
And duller ſhould'ſt thou be then the fat weede
That rots it ſelfe in eaſe, on Lethe Wharfe,
Would'ſt thou not ſtirre in this. Now *Hamlet* heare:
It's giuen out, that ſleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent ſtung me: ſo the whole eare of Denmarke,
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death
Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,
The Serpent that did ſting thy Fathers life,
Now weares his Crowne.

Ham. O my Propheticke ſoule: mine Vncle?

Ghoſt. I that inceſtuous, that adulterate Beaſt
With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guifts.
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power
So to ſeduce? Won to to this ſhamefull Luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queene:
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,
From me, whoſe loue was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, euen with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
Vpon a wretch, whoſe Naturall gifts were poore
To thoſe of mine. But Vertue, as it neuer wil be moued,
Though Lewdneſſe court it in a ſhape of Heauen:
So Luſt, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
Will ſate it ſelfe in a Celeſtiall bed, & prey on Garbage.

But ſoft,me thinkes I ſent the Mornings Ayre;
Briefe let me be : Sleeping within mine Orchard,
My cuſtome alwayes in the afternoone;
Vpon my ſecure hower thy Vncle ſtole
With iuyce of curſed Hebenon in a Violl,
And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
The leaperous Diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with bloud of Man,
That ſwift as Quick-ſiluer,it courſes through
The naturall Gates and Allies of the Body;
And with a ſodaine vigour it doth poſſet
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,
The thin and wholſome blood: ſo did it mine;
And a moſt inſtant Tetter bak'd about,
Moſt Lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt,
All my ſmooth Body.
Thus was I, ſleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life,of Crowne, and Queene at once diſpatcht;
Cut off euen in the Bloſſomes of my Sinne,
Vnhouzzled, diſappointed, vnnaneld,
No reckoning made,but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
Oh horrible,Oh horrible, moſt horrible:
If thou haſt nature in thee beare it not;
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Inceſt.
But howſoeuer thou purſueſt this Act,
Taint not thy mind ; nor let thy Soule contriue
Againſt thy Mother ought; leaue her to heauen ,
And to thoſe Thornes that in her boſome lodge,
To pricke and ſting her. Fare thee well at once;
The Glow-worme ſhowes the Matine to be neere,
And gins to pale his vneffectuall Fire:
Adue,adue,*Hamlet:* remember me. *Exit.*

Ham Oh all you hoſt of Heauen! Oh Earth; what els?
And ſhall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;
And you my ſinnewes,grow not inſtant Old;
But beare me ſtiffely vp: Remember thee?
I, thou poore Ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeate
In this diſtracted Globe: Remember thee?
Yea,from the Table of my Memory,
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond Records,
All ſawes of Bookes,all formes, all preſures paſt,
That youth and obſeruation coppied there;
And thy Commandment all alone ſhall liue
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
Vnmixt with baſer matter; yes, yes, by Heauen:
Oh moſt pernicious woman!
Oh Villaine, Villaine, ſmiling damned Villaine!
My Tables,my Tables; meet it is I ſet it downe,
That one may ſmile,and ſmile and be a Villaine;
At leaſt I'm ſure it may be ſo in Denmarke;
So Vnckle there you are: now to my word;
It is; Adue,Adue, Remember me: I haue ſworn't.

Hor. & Mar. within. My Lord,my Lord.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet.*
Hor. Heauen ſecure him.
Mar. So be it.
Hor. Illo, ho,ho, my Lord.
Ham. Hillo, ho,ho,boy; come bird,come.
Mar. How iſt't my Noble Lord?
Hor. What newes, my Lord?
Ham. Oh wonderfull!
Hor. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No you'l reueale it.
Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heauen.
Mar. Nor I, my Lord.
Ham. How ſay you then, would heart of man once (think it?
But you'l be ſecret?
Both. I, by Heau'n, my Lord.
Ham. There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.
Hor. There needs no Ghoſt my Lord, come from the
Graue,to tell vs this.
Ham. Why right,you are i'th' right;
And ſo, without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands,and part:
You,as your buſines and deſires ſhall point you:
For euery man ha's buſineſſe and deſire,
Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,
Looke you, Ile goe pray.
Hor. Theſe are but wild and hurling words,my Lord.
Ham. I'm ſorry they offend you heartily:
Yes faith,heartily.
Hor. There's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint *Patricke*,but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Viſion heere:
It is an honeſt Ghoſt, that let me tell you:
For your deſire to know what is betweene vs,
O'remaſter't as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends,Schollers and Soldiers,
Giue me one poore requeſt.
Hor. What is't my Lord? we will.
Ham Neuer make known what you haue ſeen to night.
Both. My Lord,we will not.
Ham Nay, but ſwear't.
Hor. Infaith my Lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord: in faith.
Ham. Vpon my ſword.
Marcell. We haue ſworne my Lord already.
Ham. Indeed,vpon my ſword,Indeed.
Gho. Sweare. *Ghoſt cries vnder the Stage.*
Ham. Ah ha boy,ſayeſt thou ſo. Art thou there true-
penny? Come one you here this fellow in the ſelleredge
Conſent to ſweare.
Hor. Propoſe the Oath my Lord.
Ham. Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue ſeene.
Sweare by my ſword.
Gho. Sweare.
Ham. *Hic & vbique?* Then wee'l ſhift for grownd,
Come hither Gentlemen,
And lay your hands againe vpon my ſword,
Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue heard:
Sweare by my Sword.
Gho. Sweare. (faſt?
Ham. Well ſaid old Mole,can'ſt worke i'th' ground ſo
A worthy Pioner,once more remoue good friends.
Hor. Oh day and night: but this is wondrous ſtrange.
Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger giue it welcome.
There are more things in Heauen and Earth, *Horatio*,
Then are dream't of in our Philoſophy. But come,
Here as before, neuer ſo helpe you mercy,
How ſtrange or odde ſo ere I beare my ſelfe;
(As I perchance heereafter ſhall thinke meet
To put an Anticke diſpoſition on:)
That you at ſuch time ſeeing me, neuer ſhall
With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head ſhake;
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtfull Phraſe;
As well,we know,or we could and if we would,
Or if we liſt to ſpeake; or there be and if there might,
Or ſuch ambiguous giuing out to note,

That

That you know ought of me; this not to doe:
So grace and mercy at your moſt neede helpe you:
Sweare.
Ghoſt. Sweare.
Ham. Reſt, reſt perturbed Spirit: ſo Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you;
And what ſo poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expreſſe his loue and friending to you,
God willing ſhall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioynt: Oh curſed ſpight,
That euer I was borne to ſet it right.
Nay,come let's goe together. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius,and Reynoldo.

Polon. Giue him his money,and theſe notes *Reynoldo.*
Reynol. I will my Lord.
Polon. You ſhall doe maruels wiſely: good *Reynoldo*,
Before you viſite him you make inquiry
Of his behauiour.
Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it.
Polon. Marry,well ſaid;
Very well ſaid. Looke you Sir,
Enquire me firſt what Danskers are in Paris;
And how,and who; what meanes; and where they keepe:
What company,at what expence: and finding
By this encompaſſement and drift of queſtion,
That they doe know my ſonne: Come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
And thus I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynoldo?*
Reynol. I, very well my Lord.
Polon. And in part him,but you may ſay not well;
But if't be hee I meane,hees very wilde;
Addicted ſo and ſo; and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe: marry, none ſo ranke,
As may diſhonour him; take heed of that:
But Sir, ſuch wanton, wild, and vſuall ſlips,
As are Companions noted and moſt knowne
To youth and liberty.
Reynol. As gaming my Lord.
Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarelling,drabbing. You may goe ſo farre.
Reynol. My Lord that would diſhonour him.
Polon. Faith no, as you may ſeaſon it in the charge;
You muſt not put another ſcandall on him,
That hee is open to Incontinencie;
That's not my meaning: but breath his faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeeme the taints of liberty;
The flaſh and out-breake of a fiery minde,
A ſauagenes in vnreclaim'd bloud of generall aſſault.
Reynol. But my good Lord.
Polon. Wherefore ſhould you doe this?
Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that.
Polon. Marry Sir,heere's my drift,
And I belieue it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying theſe ſlight ſulleyes on my Sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd i'th' working: (ſound,
Marke you your party in conuerſe; him you would
Hauing euer ſeene. In the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breath of guilty, be aſſur'd
He cloſes with you in this conſequence:
Good ſir,or ſo,or friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phraſe and the Addition,
Of man and Country.
Reynol. Very good my Lord.
Polon. And then Sir does he this?
He does: what was I about to ſay?
I was about to ſay ſomthing: where did I leaue?
Reynol. At cloſes in the conſequence:
At friend, or ſo,and Gentleman.
Polon. At cloſes in the conſequence, I marry,
He cloſes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I ſaw him yeſterday,or tother day;
Or then or then, with ſuch and ſuch; and as you ſay,
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouſe;
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſaile;
Videlicet,a Brothell, or ſo forth. See you now;
Your bait of falſhood,takes this Cape of truth;
And thus doe we of wiſedome and of reach
With windleſſes,and with aſſaies of Bias,
By indirections finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and aduice
Shall you my Sonne; you haue me,haue you not?
Reynol. My Lord I haue.
Polon. God buy you; fare you well.
Reynol. Good my Lord.
Polon. Obſerue his inclination in your ſelfe.
Reynol. I ſhall my Lord.
Polon. And let him plye his Muſicke.
Reynol. Well, my Lord. *Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Polon. Farewell:
How now *Ophelia*,what's the matter?
Ophe. Alas my Lord,I haue beene ſo affrighted.
Polon. With what,in the name of Heauen?
Ophe. My Lord, as I was ſowing in my Chamber,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his ſtockings foul'd,
Vngartred, and downe giued to his Anckle,
Pale as his ſhirt,his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke ſo pitious in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of hell,
To ſpeake of horrors: he comes before me.
Polon. Mad for thy Loue?
Ophe. My Lord,I doe not know: but truly I do feare it.
Polon. What ſaid he?
Ophe. He tooke me by the wriſt,and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arme;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He fals to ſuch peruſall of my face,
As he would draw it. Long ſtaid he ſo,
At laſt,a little ſhaking of mine Arme:
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe;
He rais'd a ſigh,ſo pittious and profound,
That it did ſeeme to ſhatter all his bulke,
And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his ſhoulders turn'd,
He ſeem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
For out adores he went without their helpe;
And to the laſt,bended their light on me.
Polon. Goe with me, I will goe ſeeke the King,
This is the very extaſie of Loue,
Whoſe violent property foredoes it ſelfe,

And leads the will to deſperate Vndertakings,
As oft as any paſſion vnder Heauen,
That does afflict our Natures. I am ſorrie,
What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?
Ophe. No my good Lord : but as you did command,
I did repell his Letters, and deny'de
His acceſſe to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am ſorrie that with better ſpeed and iudgement
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,
And meant to wracke thee : but beſhrew my iealouſie :
It ſeemes it is as proper to our Age,
To caſt beyond our ſelues in our Opinions,
As it is common for the yonger ſort
To lacke diſcretion. Come, go we to the King,
This muſt be knowne, & being kept cloſe might moue
More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Queene, Roſincrane, and Guildenſterne Cumalijs.

King. Welcome deere *Roſincrance* and *Guildenſterne.*
Moreouer, that we much did long to ſee you,
The neede we haue to vſe you, did prouoke
Our haſtie ſending. Something haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation : ſo I call it,
Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was. What it ſhould bee
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'vnderſtanding of himſelfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
That being of ſo young dayes brought vp with him :
And ſince ſo Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
That you vouchſafe your reſt heere in our Court
Some little time : ſo by your Companies
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather
So much as from Occaſions you may gleane,
That open'd lies within our remedie.
Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And ſure I am, two men there are not liuing,
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleaſe you
To ſhew vs ſo much Gentrie, and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a-while,
For the ſupply and profit of our Hope,
Your Viſitation ſhall receiue ſuch thankes
As fits a Kings remembrance.
Roſin. Both your Maieſties
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleaſures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.
Guil. We both obey,
And here giue vp our ſelues, in the full bent,
To lay our Seruices freely at your feete,
To be commanded.
King. Thankes *Roſincrance,* and gentle *Guildenſterne.*
Qu. Thankes *Guildenſterne* and gentle *Roſincrance.*
And I beſeech you inſtantly to viſit
My too much changed Sonne.
Go ſome of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
Guil. Heauens make our preſence and our practiſes
Pleaſant and helpfull to him. *Exit.*
Queene. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'Ambaſſadors from Norwey, my good Lord,
Are ioyfully return'd.
King. Thou ſtill haſt bin the Father of good Newes.
Pol. Haue I, my Lord? Aſſure you, my good Liege,
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King :
And I do thinke, or elſe this braine of mine
Hunts not the traile of Policie, ſo ſure
As I haue vs'd to do : that I haue found
The very cauſe of *Hamlets* Lunacie.
King. Oh ſpeake of that, that I do long to heare.
Pol. Giue firſt admittance to th'Ambaſſadors,
My Newes ſhall be the Newes to that great Feaſt.
King. Thy ſelfe do grace to them, and bring them in.
He tels me my ſweet Queene, that he hath found
The head and ſourſe of all your Sonnes diſtemper.
Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
His Fathers death, and our o're-haſty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him. Welcome good Frends:
Say *Voltumand,* what from our Brother Norwey?
Volt. Moſt faire returne of Greetings, and Deſires.
Vpon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſſe
His Nephewes Leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the Poleak :
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was againſt your Highneſſe, whereat greeued,]
That ſo his Sickneſſe, Age, and Impotence
Was falſely borne in hand, ſends out Arreſts
On *Fortinbras,* which he (in breefe) obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from Norwey: and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more
To giue th'aſſay of Armes againſt your Maieſtie.
Whereon old Norwey, ouercome with ioy,
Giues him three thouſand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commiſſion to imploy thoſe Soldiers
So leuied as before, againſt the Poleak :
With an intreaty heerein further ſhewne,
That it might pleaſe you to giue quiet paſſe
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize,
On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance,
As therein are ſet downe.
King. It likes vs well :
And at our more conſider'd time wee'l read,
Anſwer, and thinke vpon this Buſineſſe.
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.
Go to your reſt, at night wee'l Feaſt together.
Moſt welcome home. *Exit Ambaſſ.*
Pol. This buſineſſe is very well ended.
My Liege, and Madam, to expoſtulate
What Maieſtie ſhould be, what Dutie is,
Why day is day ; night, night ; and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſte Night, Day and Time.
Therefore, ſince Breuitie is the Soule of Wit,
And tediouſneſſe, the limbes and outward flouriſhes,
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad :
Mad call I it ; for to define true Madneſſe,
What is't, but to be nothing elſe but mad.
But let that go.
Qu. More matter, with leſſe Art.
Pol. Madam, I ſweare I vſe no Art at all :
That he is mad, 'tis true : 'Tis true 'tis pittie,
And pittie it is true : A fooliſh figure,
But farewell it : for I will vſe no Art.

Mad let vs grant him then : and now remaines
That we finde out the cauſe of this effect,
Or rather ſay, the cauſe of this defect ;
For this effect defectiue, comes by cauſe,
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
I haue a daughter : haue, whil'ſt ſhe is mine,
Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this : now gather, and ſurmiſe.

The Letter.

To the Celeſtiall, and my Soules Idoll, the moſt beautified Ophelia.

That's an ill Phraſe, a vilde Phraſe, beautified is a vilde Phraſe : but you ſhall heare theſe in her excellent white boſome, theſe.

Qu. Came this from *Hamlet* to her.
Pol. Good Madam ſtay awhile, I will be faithfull.

Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,
Doubt, that the Sunne doth moue :
Doubt Truth to be a Lier,
But neuer Doubt, I loue.

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at theſe Numbers : I haue not Art to reckon my grones ; but that I loue thee beſt, oh moſt Beſt beleeue it. Adieu.

Thine euermore moſt deere Lady, whilſt this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in Obedience hath my daughter ſhew'd me :
And more aboue hath his ſoliciting,
As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,
All giuen to mine eare.
King. But how hath ſhe receiu'd his Loue?
Pol. What do you thinke of me?
King. As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.
Pol. I wold faine proue ſo. But what might you think?
When I had ſeene this hot loue on the wing,
As I perceiued it, I muſt tell you that
Before my Daughter told me, what might you
Or my deere Maieſtie your Queene heere, think,
If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,
Or giuen my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or look'd vpon this Loue, with idle ſight,
What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,
And (my yong Miſtris) thus I did beſpeake
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Starre,
This muſt not be : and then, I Precepts gaue her,
That ſhe ſhould locke her ſelfe from his Reſort,
Admit no Meſſengers, receiue no Tokens :
Which done, ſhe tooke the Fruites of my Aduice,
And he repulſed. A ſhort Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadneſſe, then into a Faſt,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weakneſſe,
Thence to a Lightneſſe, and by this declenſion
Into the Madneſſe whereon now he raues,
And all we waile for.
King. Do you thinke 'tis this?
Qu. It may be very likely.
Pol. Hath there bene ſuch a time, I'de fain know that,
That I haue poſſitiuely ſaid, 'tis ſo,
When it prou'd otherwiſe?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this from this ; if this be otherwiſe,
If Circumſtances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know ſometimes
He walkes foure houres together, heere
In the Lobby.
Qu. So he ha's indeed.
Pol. At ſuch a time Ile looſe my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arras then,
Marke the encounter : If he loue her not,
And be not from his reaſon falne thereon ;
Let me be no Aſſiſtant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters.
King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Qu. But looke where ſadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.
Pol. Away I do beſeech you, both away,
Ile boord him preſently. *Exit King & Queen.*
Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord *Hamlet?*
Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.
Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?
Ham. Excellent, excellent well : y'are a Fiſhmonger.
Pol. Not I my Lord.
Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.
Pol. Honeſt, my Lord?

Ham. I ſir, to be honeſt as this world goes, is to bee one man pick'd out of two thouſand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge, being a good kiſſing Carrion——
Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th'Sunne : Conception is a bleſſing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend looke too't.

Pol. How ſay you by that? Still harping on my daughter : yet he knew me not at firſt ; he ſaid I was a Fiſhmonger : he is farre gone, farre gone : and truly in my youth, I ſuffred much extreamity for loue : very neere this. Ile ſpeake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders Sir : for the Satyricall ſlaue ſaies here, that old men haue gray Beards ; that their faces are wrinkled ; their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree Gumme : and that they haue a plentifull locke of Wit, together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I moſt powerfully, and potently beleeue ; yet I holde it not Honeſtie to haue it thus ſet downe : For you your ſelfe Sir, ſhould be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madneſſe,
Yet there is Method in't : will you walke
Out of the ayre my Lord?
Ham. Into my Graue?
Pol. Indeed that is out o'th'Ayre :
How pregnant (ſometimes) his Replies are?
A happineſſe,
That often Madneſſe hits on,
Which Reaſon and Sanitie could not
So proſperouſly be deliuer'd of.
I will leaue him,
And ſodainely contriue the meanes of meeting
Betweene him, and my daughter.
My Honourable Lord, I will moſt humbly
Take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fooles.

Polon. You goe to ſeeke my Lord *Hamlet*; there hee is.

Enter Roſincran and Guildenſterne.

Roſin. God ſaue you Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Roſin. My moſt deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do'ſt thou *Guildenſterne*? Oh, *Roſincrane*; good Lads: How doe ye both?

Roſin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not ouer-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shoo?

Roſin. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her waſte, or in the middle of her fauour?

Guil. Faith, her priuates, we.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of Fortune? Oh, moſt true: ſhe is a Strumpet. What's the newes?

Roſin. None my Lord; but that the World's growne honeſt.

Ham. Then is Doomeſday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me queſtion more in particular: what haue you my good friends, deſerued at the hands of Fortune, that ſhe ſends you to Priſon hither?

Guil. Priſon, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Priſon.

Roſin. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmarke* being one o'th' worſt.

Roſin. We thinke not ſo my Lord.

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it ſo: to me it is a priſon.

Roſin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutſhell, and count my ſelfe a King of infinite ſpace; were it not that I haue bad dreames.

Guil. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the very ſubſtance of the Ambitious, is meerely the ſhadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it ſelfe is but a ſhadow.

Roſin. Truely, and I hold Ambition of ſo ayry and light a quality, that it is but a ſhadowes ſhadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarchs and out-ſtretcht Heroes the Beggers Shadowes: ſhall wee to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot reaſon?

Both. Wee'l wait vpon you.

Ham. No ſuch matter. I will not ſort you with the reſt of my ſeruants: for to ſpeake to you like an honeſt man: I am moſt dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendſhip, What make you at *Elſonower*?

Roſin. To viſit you my Lord, no other occaſion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euen poore in thankes; but I thanke you: and ſure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfepeny; were you not ſent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free viſitation? Come, deale iuſtly with me: come, come; nay ſpeake.

Guil. What ſhould we ſay my Lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpoſe; you were ſent for; and there is a kinde confeſſion in your lookes; which your modeſties haue not craft enough to color, I know the good King & Queene haue ſent for you.

Roſin. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me: but let mee coniure you by the rights of our fellowſhip, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our euer-preſerued loue, and by what more deare, a better propoſer could charge you withall; be euen and direct with me, whether you were ſent for or no.

Roſin. What ſay you?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you: if you loue me hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; ſo ſhall my anticipation preuent your diſcouery of your ſecricie to the King and Queene: moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, loſt all my mirth, forgone all cuſtome of exerciſe; and indeed, it goes ſo heauenly with my diſpoſition; that this goodly frame the Earth, ſeemes to me a ſterrill Promontory; this moſt excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this braue ore-hanging, this Maieſticall Roofe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appeares no other thing to mee, then a foule and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reaſon? how infinite in faculty? in forme and mouing how expreſſe and admirable? in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehenſion, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quinteſſence of Duſt? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither; though by your ſmiling you ſeeme to ſay ſo.

Roſin. My Lord, there was no ſuch ſtuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I ſaid, Man delights not me?

Roſin. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players ſhall receiue from you: wee coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Seruice.

Ham. He that playes the King ſhall be welcome; his Maieſty ſhall haue Tribute of mee: the aduenturous Knight ſhal vſe his Foyle and Target: the Louer ſhall not ſigh *gratis*, the humorous man ſhall end his part in peace: the Clowne ſhall make thoſe laugh whoſe lungs are tickled a'th' ſere: and the Lady ſhall ſay her minde freely; or the blanke Verſe ſhall halt for't: what Players are they?

Roſin. Euen thoſe you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they trauaile? their reſidence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Roſin. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innouation?

Ham. Doe they hold the ſame eſtimation they did when I was in the City? Are they ſo follow'd?

Roſin. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow ruſty?

Roſin. Nay, their indeauour keepes in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yaſes, that crye out on the top of queſtion; and are moſt tyrannically clap't for't: theſe are now the faſhion, and ſo be-ratled the common Stages (ſo they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of Gooſe-quils, and dare ſcarſe come thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they eſcoted? Will they purſue the Quality no longer then they can ſing? Will they not ſay afterwards if they ſhould grow themſelues to common Players (as it is like moſt if their meanes are not better) their Writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim againſt their owne Succeſſion.

Roſin. Faith there ha's bene much to do on both ſides: and the Nation holds it no ſinne, to tarre them to Controuerſie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argument, vnleſſe the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in the Queſtion.

Ham. Is't poſſible?

Guild. Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of Braines.

Ham. Do the Boyes carry it away?

Roſin. I that they do my Lord. *Hercules* & his load too.

Ham. It is not ſtrange: for mine Vnckle is King of Denmarke, and thoſe that would make mowes at him while my Father liued; giue twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is ſomething in this more then Naturall, if Philoſophie could finde it out.

Flouriſh for the Players.

Guil. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcom to *Elſonower*: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Faſhion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, leſt my extent to the Players (which I tell you muſt ſhew fairely outward) ſhould more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Vnckle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiu'd.

Guil. In what my deere Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-Weſt: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handſaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hearke you *Guildenſterne*, and you too: at each eare a hearer: that great Baby you ſee there, is not yet out of his ſwathing clouts.

Roſin. Happily he's the ſecond time come to them: for they ſay, an old man is twice a childe.

Ham. I will Propheſie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you ſay right Sir: for a Monday morning 'twas ſo indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.
When *Roſſius* an Actor in Rome——

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Vpon mine Honor.

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Aſſe——

Polon. The beſt Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Hiſtorie, Paſtorall: Paſtoricall-Comicall-Hiſtoricall-Paſtorall: Tragicall-Hiſtoricall: Tragicall-Comicall-Hiſtoricall-Paſtorall: Scene indiuible, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. Theſe are the onely men.

Ham. O *Iephta* Iudge of Iſrael, what a Treaſure had'ſt thou?

Pol. What a Treaſure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more,
The which he loued paſſing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th'right old *Iephta*?

Polon. If you call me *Iephta* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue paſſing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polon. What followes then, my Lord?

Ha. Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, It came to paſſe, as moſt like it was: The firſt rowe of the *Pons Chanſon* will ſhew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter foure or fiue Players.

Y'are welcome Maſters, welcome all. I am glad to ſee thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant ſince I ſaw thee laſt: Com'ſt thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Miſtris? Byrlady your Ladiſhip is neerer Heauen then when I ſaw you laſt, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrant Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Maſters, you are all welcome: wee'l e'ne to't like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we ſee: wee'l haue a Speech ſtraight. Come giue vs a taſt of your quality: come, a paſſionate ſpeech.

1. Play. What ſpeech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeak me a ſpeech once, but it was neuer Acted: or if it was, not aboue once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Cauiarie* to the Generall: but it was (as I receiu'd it, and others, whoſe iudgement in ſuch matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digeſted in the Scœnes, ſet downe with as much modeſtie, as cunning. I remember one ſaid, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter ſauoury; nor no matter in the phraſe, that might indite the Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honeſt method. One cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou'd, 'twas *Æneas* Tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it eſpecially, where he ſpeaks of *Priams* ſlaughter. If it liue in your memory, begin at this Line, let me ſee, let me ſee: The rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'*Hyrcanian* Beaſt. It is not ſo: it begins with *Pyrrhus*
The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whoſe Sable Armes
Blacke as his purpoſe, did the night reſemble
When he lay couched in the Ominous Horſe,
Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion ſmear'd
With Heraldry more diſmall: Head to foote
Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick'd
With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes,
Bak'd and impaſted with the parching ſtreets,
That lend a tyrannous, and damned light
To their vilde Murthers, roaſted in wrath and fire,
And thus o're-ſized with coagulate gore,
VVith eyes like Carbuncles, the helliſh *Pyrrhus*
Old Grandſire *Priam* ſeekes.

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well ſpoken, with good accent, and good diſcretion.

1. Player. Anon he findes him,
Striking too ſhort at Greekes. His anticke Sword,
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles
Repugnant to command: vnequall match,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* driues, in Rage ſtrikes wide:
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,
Th'vnnerued Father fals. Then ſenſeleſſe Illium,
Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top
Stoopes to his Bace, and with a hideous craſh
Takes Priſoner *Pyrrhus* eare. For loe, his Sword
Which was declining on the Milkie head
Of Reuerend *Priam*, ſeem'd i'th'Ayre to ſticke:

So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* ſtood,
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often ſee againſt ſome ſtorme,
A ſilence in the Heauens, the Racke ſtand ſtill,
The bold windes ſpeechleſſe, and the Orbe below
As huſh as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pauſe,
A ro wſed Vengeance ſets him new a-worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for proofe Eterne,
With leſſe remorſe then *Pyrrhus* bleeding ſword
Now falles on *Priam*.
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,
As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It ſhall to'th Barbars, with your beard. Prythee ſay on: He's for a Iigge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee ſleepes. Say on; come to *Hecuba*.

1.*Play*. But who, O who, had ſeen the inobled Queen.

Ham. The inobled Queene?

Pol. That's good: Inobled Queene is good.

1.*Play*. Run bare-foot vp and downe,
Threatning the flame
With Biſſon Rheume: A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem ſtood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,
A blanket in th'Alarum of feare caught vp.
Who this had ſeene, with tongue in Venome ſteep'd,
'Gainſt Fortunes State, would Treaſon haue pronounc'd?
But if the Gods themſelues did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pyrrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,
The inſtant Burſt of Clamour that ſhe made
(Vnleſſe things mortall moue them not at all)
Would haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And paſſion in the Gods.

Pol. Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile haue thee ſpeake out the reſt, ſoone. Good my Lord, will you ſee the Players wel beſtow'd. Do ye heare, let them be well vs'd: for they are the Abſtracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better haue a bad Epitaph, then their ill report while you liued.

Pol. My Lord, I will vſe them according to their deſart.

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Vſe euerie man after his deſart, and who ſhould ſcape whipping: vſe them after your own Honor and Dignity. The leſſe they deſerue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them in.

Pol. Come ſirs. *Exit Polon.*

Ham. Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to morrow. Doſt thou heare me old Friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a need ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome doſen or ſixteene lines, which I would ſet downe, and inſert in't? Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leaue you til night you are welcome to *Elſonower*?

Roſin. Good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I ſo, God buy'ye: Now I am alone.
Oh what a Rogue and Peſant ſlaue am I?
Is it not monſtrous that this Player heere,
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Paſſion,
Could force his ſoule ſo to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his viſage warm'd;
Teares in his eyes, diſtraction in's Aſpect,
A broken voyce, and his whole Function ſuiting
With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?
For *Hecuba*?
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he ſhould weepe for her? What would he doe,
Had he the Motiue and the Cue for paſſion
That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid ſpeech:
Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-metled Raſcall, peake
Like Iohn a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing: No, not for a King,
Vpon whoſe property, and moſt deere life,
A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward?
Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a-croſſe?
Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
Tweakes me by'th'Noſe? giues me the Lye i'th'Throate,
As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
Ha? Why I ſhould take it: for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd, and lacke Gall
To make Oppreſſion bitter, or ere this,
I ſhould haue fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaues Offall, bloudy: a Bawdy villaine,
Remorſeleſſe, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine!
Oh Vengeance!
Who? What an Aſſe am I? I ſure, this is moſt braue,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered,
Prompted to my Reuenge by Heauen, and Hell,
Muſt (like a Whore) vnpacke my heart with words,
And fall a Curſing like a very Drab,
A Scullion? Fye vpon't: Foh. About my Braine.
I haue heard, that guilty Creatures ſitting at a Play,
Haue by the very cunning of the Scoene,
Bene ſtrooke ſo to the ſoule, that preſently
They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murther, though it haue no tongue, will ſpeake
With moſt myraculous Organ. Ile haue theſe Players,
Play ſomething like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Vnkle. Ile obſerue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke: If he but blench
I know my courſe. The Spirit that I haue ſeene
May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weakneſſe, and my Melancholly,
As he is very potent with ſuch Spirits,
Abuſes me to damne me. Ile haue grounds
More Relatiue then this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein Ile catch the Conſcience of the King. *Exit*

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrance, Guildenſtern, and Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of circumſtance
Get from him why he puts on this Confuſion:
Grating ſo harſhly all his dayes of quiet

With

With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

Roſin. He does confeſſe he feeles himſelfe diſtracted,
But from what cauſe he will by no meanes ſpeake.

Guil. Nor do we finde him forward to be ſounded,
But with a crafty Madneſſe keepes aloofe:
When we would bring him on to ſome Confeſſion
Of his true ſtate.

Qu. Did he receiue you well?

Roſin. Moſt like a Gentleman.

Guild. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.

Roſin. Niggard of queſtion, but of our demands
Moſt free in his reply.

Qu. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?

Roſin. Madam, it ſo fell out, that certaine Players
We ore-wrought on the way: of theſe we told him,
And there did ſeeme in him a kinde of ioy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis moſt true:
And he beſeech'd me to intreate your Maieſties
To heare, and ſee the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him ſo inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Giue him a further edge, and driue his purpoſe on
To theſe delights.

Roſin. We ſhall my Lord. *Exeunt.*

King. Sweet *Gertrude* leaue vs too,
For we haue cloſely ſent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia*. Her Father, and my ſelfe (lawful eſpials)
Will ſo beſtow our ſelues, that ſeeing vnſeene
We may of their encounter frankely iudge,
And gather by him, as he is behaued,
If't be th'affliction of his loue, or no.
That thus he ſuffers for.

Qu. I ſhall obey you,
And for your part *Ophelia*, I do wiſh
That your good Beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlets* wildeneſſe: ſo ſhall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your Honors.

Ophe. Madam, I wiſh it may.

Pol. *Ophelia*, walke you heere. Gracious ſo pleaſe ye
We will beſtow our ſelues: Reade on this booke,
That ſhew of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
Your lonelineſſe. We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much prou'd, that with Deuotions viſage,
And pious Action, we do ſurge o're
The diuell himſelfe.

King. Oh 'tis true:
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth giue my Conſcience?
The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaiſt'ring Art
Is not more vgly to the thing that helpes it,
Then is my deede, to my moſt painted word.
Oh heauie burthen!

Pol. I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Queſtion:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to ſuffer
The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Armes againſt a Sea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them: to dye, to ſleepe
No more; and by a ſleepe, to ſay we end
The Heart-ake, and the thouſand Naturall ſhockes
That Fleſh is heyre too? 'Tis a conſummation
Deuoutly to be wiſh'd. To dye to ſleepe,
To ſleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
For in that ſleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we haue ſhuffel'd off this mortall coile,
Muſt giue vs pawſe. There's the reſpect
That makes Calamity of ſo long life:
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppreſſors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
The pangs of diſpriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
The inſolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
When he himſelfe might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would theſe Fardles beare
To grunt and ſweat vnder a weary life,
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The vndiſcouered Countrey, from whoſe Borne
No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare thoſe illes we haue,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conſcience does make Cowards of vs all,
And thus the Natiue hew of Reſolution
Is ſicklied o're, with the pale caſt of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And looſe the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*? Nimph, in thy Orizons
Be all my ſinnes remembred.

Ophe. Good my Lord,
How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.

Ophe. My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,
That I haue longed long to re-deliuer.
I pray you now, receiue them.

Ham. No, no, I neuer gaue you ought.

Ophe. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
Take theſe againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts wax poore, when giuers proue vnkinde.
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha: Are you honeſt?

Ophe. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophe. What meanes your Lordſhip?

Ham. That if you be honeſt and faire, your Honeſty ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your Beautie.

Ophe. Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Comerce then your Honeſtie?

Ham. I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will ſooner transforme Honeſtie from what it is, to a Bawd, then the force of Honeſtie can tranſlate Beautie into his likeneſſe. This was ſometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it proofe. I did loue you once.

Ophe. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleeue ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not haue beleeued me. For vertue cannot ſo innocculate our old ſtocke, but we ſhall reliſh of it. I loued you not.

Ophe. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would'ſt thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my ſelfe indifferent honeſt, but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better my Mother had not borne me. I am very prowd, reuengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke, then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination, to giue them ſhape, or time to acte them in. What ſhould ſuch

Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heauen and Earth. We are arrant Knaues all, beleeue none of vs. Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be ſhut vpon him, that he may play the Foole no way, but in's owne houſe. Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him, you ſweet Heauens.

Ham. If thou doeſt Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaſt as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou ſhalt not eſcape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool: for Wiſe men know well enough, what monſters you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farwell.

Ophe. O heauenly Powers, reſtore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your pratlings too wel enough. God has giuen you one pace, and you make your ſelfe another: you gidge, you amble, and you liſpe, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonneſſe, your Ignorance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I ſay, we will haue no more Marriages. Thoſe that are married already, all but one ſhall liue, the reſt ſhall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet.*

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne?
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, ſword,
Th'expectanſie and Roſe of the faire State,
The glaſſe of Faſhion, and the mould of Forme,
Th'obſeru'd of all Obſeruers, quite, quite downe.
Haue I of Ladies moſt deiect and wretched,
That ſuck'd the Honie of his Muſicke Vowes:
Now ſee that Noble, and moſt Soueraigne Reaſon,
Like ſweet Bels iangled out of tune, and harſh,
That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth,
Blaſted with extaſie. Oh woe is me,
T'haue ſeene what I haue ſeene: ſee what I ſee.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Loue? His affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he ſpake, though it lack'd Forme a little,
Was not like Madneſſe. There's ſomething in his ſoule?
O're which his Melancholly ſits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the diſcloſe
Will be ſome danger, which to preuent
I haue in quicke determination
Thus ſet it downe. He ſhall with ſpeed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different
With variable Obiects, ſhall expell
This ſomething ſetled matter in his heart:
Whereon his Braines ſtill beating, puts him thus
From faſhion of himſelfe. What thinke you on't?

Pol. It ſhall do well. But yet do I beleeue
The Origin and Commencement of this greefe
Sprung from neglected loue. How now *Ophelia*?
You neede not tell vs, what Lord *Hamlet* ſaide,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you pleaſe,
But if you hold it fit after the Play,
Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him
To ſhew his Greefes: let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd ſo, pleaſe you in the eare
Of all their Conference. If ſhe finde him not,
To England ſend him: Or confine him where
Your wiſedome beſt ſhall thinke.

King. It ſhall be ſo:
Madneſſe in great Ones, muſt not vnwatch'd go.
Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer had ſpoke my Lines: Nor do not ſaw the Ayre too much your hand thus, but vſe all gently; for in the verie Torrent, Tempeſt, and (as I may ſay) the Whirle-winde of Paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a Temperance that may giue it Smoothneſſe. O it offends mee to the Soule, to ſee a robuſtious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Paſſion to tatters, to verie ragges, to ſplit the eares of the Groundlings: who (for the moſt part) are capeable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe ſhewes, & noiſe: I could haue ſuch a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it out-*Herod's Herod*. Pray you auoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Diſcretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this ſpeciall obſeruance: That you ore-ſtop not the modeſtie of Nature; for any thing ſo ouer-done, is frō the purpoſe of Playing, whoſe end both at the firſt and now, was and is, to hold as 'twer the Mirrour vp to Nature; to ſhew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and preſſure. Now, this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greeue; The cenſure of the which One, muſt in your allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I haue ſeene Play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly (not to ſpeake it prophanely) that neyther hauing the accent of Chriſtians, nor the gate of Chriſtian, Pagan, or Norman, haue ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I haue thought ſome of Natures Iouerney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity ſo abhominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs, Sir.

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let thoſe that play your Clownes, ſpeake no more then is ſet downe for them. For there be of them, that will themſelues laugh, to ſet on ſome quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, ſome neceſſary Queſtion of the Play be then to be conſidered: that's Villanous, & ſhewes a moſt pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vſes it. Go make you readie. *Exit Players.*

Enter Polonius, Roſincrance, and Guildenſterne.

How now my Lord,
Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

Pol. And the Queene too, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haſt. *Exit Polonius.*
Will you two helpe to haſten them?

Both. We will my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, *Horatio*?

Hora. Heere ſweet Lord, at your Seruice.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art eene as iuſt a man
As ere my Conuerſation coap'd withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter:
For what aduancement may I hope from thee,
That no Reuennew haſt, but thy good ſpirits

To

To feed & cloath thee. Why ſhold the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the Candied tongue, like abſurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow faining? Doſt thou heare,
Since my deere Soule was Miſtris of my choyſe,
And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
Hath ſeal'd thee for her ſelfe. For thou haſt bene
As one in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing.
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hath 'tane with equall Thankes. And bleſt are thoſe,
Whoſe Blood and Iudgement are ſo well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger,
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe. Giue me that man,
That is not Paſſions Slaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts Core: I, in my Heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scoene of it comes neere the Circumſtance
Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.
I prythee, when thou ſee'ſt that Acte a-foot,
Euen with the verie Comment of my Soule
Obſerue mine Vnkle: If his occulted guilt,
Do not it ſelfe vnkennell in one ſpeech,
It is a damned Ghoſt that we haue ſeene:
And my Imaginations are as foule
As Vulcans Stythe. Giue him needfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuet to his Face:
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne,
To cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hora. Well my Lord.
If he ſteale ought the whil'ſt this Play is Playing,
And ſcape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrance,
Guildenſterne, and other Lords attendant with
his Guard carrying Torches. Daniſh
March. Sound a Flouriſh.

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I muſt be idle. Get you a place.

King. How fares our Coſin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions diſh: I eate the Ayre promiſe-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons ſo.

King. I haue nothing with this anſwer *Hamlet*, theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once i'th'Vniuerſity, you ſay?

Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Cæſar*, I was kill'd i'th'Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a bruite part of him, to kill ſo Capitall a Calfe there. Be the Players ready?

Roſin. I my Lord, they ſtay vpon your patience.

Qu. Come hither my good *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ha. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractiue.

Pol. Oh ho, do you marke that?

Ham. Ladie, ſhall I lye in your Lap?

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Do you thinke I meant Country matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merrie, my Lord?

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely Iigge-maker: what ſhould a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefully my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two Houres.

Ophe. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke, for Ile haue a ſuite of Sables. Oh Heauens! dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great mans Memorie, may out-liue his life halfe a yeare: But byrlady he muſt builde Churches then: or elſe ſhall he ſuffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horſſe, whoſe Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horſe is forgot.

Hoboyes play. The dumbe ſhew enters.

Enter a King and Queene, very louingly; the Queene embracing him. She kneeles, and makes ſhew of Proteſtation vnto him. He takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her neck. Layes him downe vpon a Banke of Flowers. She ſeeing him a-ſleepe, leaues him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, kiſſes it, and powres poyſon in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and makes paſſionate Action. The Poyſoner, with ſome two or three Mutes comes in againe, ſeeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away: The Poyſoner Wooes the Queene with Gifts, ſhe ſeemes loath and vnwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his loue. Exeunt

Ophe. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching *Malicho*, that meanes Miſcheefe.

Ophe. Belike this ſhew imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham. We ſhall know by theſe Fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counſell, they'l tell all.

Ophe. Will they tell vs what this ſhew meant?

Ham. I, or any ſhew that you'l ſhew him. Bee not you aſham'd to ſhew, hee'l not ſhame to tell you what it meanes.

Ophe. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play.

Enter Prologue.

For vs, and for our Tragedie,
Heere ſtooping to your Clemencie:
We begge your hearing Patientlie.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poeſie of a Ring?

Ophe. 'Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As Womans loue.

Enter King and his Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath Phœbus Cart gon round,
Neptunes ſalt Waſh, and *Tellus* Orbed ground:
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed ſheene,
About the World haue times twelue thirties beene,
Since loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall, in moſt ſacred Bands.

Bap. So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.
But woe is me, you are ſo ſicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your forme ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you: yet though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you (my Lord) it nothing muſt:
For womens Feare and Loue, holds quantitie,

In neither ought, or in extremity:
Now what my loue is, proofe hath made you know,
And as my Loue is ſiz'd, my Feare is ſo.
King. Faith I muſt leaue thee Loue, and ſhortly too:
My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do:
And thou ſhalt liue in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.
For Husband ſhalt thou———
Bap. Oh confound the reſt:
Such Loue, muſt needs be Treaſon in my breſt:
In ſecond Husband, let me be accurſt,
None wed the ſecond, but who kill'd the firſt.
Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.
Bapt. The inſtances that ſecond Marriage moue,
Are baſe reſpects of Thrift, but none of Loue.
A ſecond time, I kill my Husband dead,
When ſecond Husband kiſſes me in Bed.
King. I do beleeue you. Think what now you ſpeak:
But what we do determine, oft we breake:
Purpoſe is but the ſlaue to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:
Which now like Fruite vnripe ſtickes on the Tree,
But fall vnſhaken, when they mellow bee.
Moſt neceſſary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our ſelues, what to our ſelues is debt:
What to our ſelues in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe.
The violence of other Greefe or Ioy,
Their owne ennactors with themſelues deſtroy:
Where Ioy moſt Reuels, Greefe doth moſt lament;
Greefe ioyes, Ioy greeues on ſlender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not ſtrange
That euen our Loues ſhould with our Fortunes change.
For 'tis a queſtion left vs yet to proue,
Whether Loue lead Fortune, or elſe Fortune Loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourites flies,
The poore aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies:
And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, ſhall neuer lacke a Frend:
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his Enemie.
But orderly to end, where I begun,
Our Willes and Fates do ſo contrary run,
That our Deuices ſtill are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no ſecond Husband wed.
But die thy thoughts, when thy firſt Lord is dead.
Bap. Nor Earth to giue me food, nor Heauen light,
Sport and repoſe locke from me day and night:
Each oppoſite that blankes the face of ioy,
Meet what I would haue well, and it deſtroy:
Both heere, and hence, purſue me laſting ſtrife,
If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife.
Ham. If ſhe ſhould breake it now.
King. 'Tis deepely ſworne:
Sweet, leaue me heere a while,
My ſpirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleepe.
Qu. Sleepe rocke thy Braine, *Sleepes*
And neuer come miſchance betweene vs twaine. *Exit*
Ham. Madam, how like you this Play?
Qu. The Lady proteſts to much me thinkes.
Ham. Oh but ſhee'l keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but ieſt, poyſon in ieſt, no Offence i'th'world.

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The Mouſe-trap: Marry how? Tropically: This Play is the Image of a murder done in *Vienna*: *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptiſta*: you ſhall ſee anon: 'tis a knauiſh peece of worke: But what o'that? Your Maieſtie, and wee that haue free ſoules, it touches vs not: let the gall'd iade winch: our withers are vnrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.

Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue: if I could ſee the Puppets dallying.

Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would coſt you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Ophe. Still better and worſe.

Ham. So you miſtake Husbands. Begin Murderer. Pox, leaue thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the croaking Rauen doth bellow for Reuenge.

Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands apt,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:
Confederate ſeaſon, elſe, no Creature ſeeing:
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With Hecats Ban, thrice blaſted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,
On wholſome life, vſurpe immediately.

Powres the poyſon in his eares.

Ham. He poyſons him i'th'Garden for's eſtate: His name's *Gonzago*: the Story is extant and writ in choyce Italian. You ſhall ſee anon how the Murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzago's* wife.

Ophe. The King riſes.
Ham. What, frighted with falſe fire.
Qu. How fares my Lord?
Pol. Giue o're the Play.
King. Giue me ſome Light. Away.
All. Lights, Lights, Lights. *Exeunt*

Manet Hamlet & Horatio.

Ham. Why let the ſtrucken Deere go weepe,
The Hart vngalled play:
For ſome muſt watch, while ſome muſt ſleepe;
So runnes the world away.
Would not this Sir, and a Forreſt of Feathers, if the reſt of my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Prouinciall Roſes on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowſhip in a crie of Players ſir.
Hor. Halfe a ſhare.
Ham. A whole one I,
For thou doſt know: Oh *Damon* deere,
This Realme diſmantled was of Ioue himſelfe,
And now reignes heere.
A verie verie Paiocke.
Hora. You might haue Rim'd.

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghoſts word for a thouſand pound. Did'ſt perceiue?

Hora. Verie well my Lord.
Ham. Vpon the talke of the poyſoning?
Hora. I did verie well note him.

Enter Roſincrance and Guildenſterne.

Ham. Oh, ha? Come ſome Muſick. Come ȳ Recorders:
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come ſome Muſicke.

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchſafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole Hiſtory.
Guild. The King, ſir.
Ham. I ſir, what of him?
Guild. Is in his retyrement, maruellous diſtemper'd.
Ham. With drinke Sir?
Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wiſedome ſhould ſhew it ſelfe more richer, to ſignifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, and ſtart not ſo wildely from my affayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courteſie is not of the right breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholſome anſwer, I will doe your Mothers command'ment: if not, your pardon, and my returne ſhall bee the end of my Buſineſſe.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholſome anſwere: my wits diſeas'd. But ſir, ſuch anſwers as I can make, you ſhal command: or rather you ſay, my Mother: therfore no more but to the matter. My Mother you ſay.

Roſin. Then thus ſhe ſayes: your behauior hath ſtroke her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can ſo aſtoniſh a Mother. But is there no ſequell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration?

Roſin. She deſires to ſpeake with you in her Cloſſet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our Mother. Haue you any further Trade with vs?

Roſin. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. So I do ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſin. Good my Lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Libertie, if you deny your greefes to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Aduancement.

Roſin. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himſelfe, for your Succeſſion in Denmarke?

Ham. I, but while the graſſe growes, the Prouerbe is ſomething muſty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me ſee, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the winde of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue is too vnmannerly.

Ham. I do not well vnderſtand that. Will you play vpon this Pipe?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.
Ham. I pray you.
Guild. Beleeue me, I cannot.
Ham. I do beſeech you.
Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as eaſie as lying: gouerne theſe Ventiges with your finger and thumbe, giue it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt excellent Muſicke. Looke you, theſe are the ſtoppes.

Guild. But theſe cannot I command to any vtterance of hermony. I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would ſeeme to know my ſtops: you would pluck out the heart of my Myſterie; you would ſound mee from my loweſt Note, to the top of my Compaſſe: and there is much Muſicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am eaſier to bee plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God bleſſe you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord; the Queene would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee that Clowd? that's almoſt in ſhape like a Camell.

Polon. By'th'Miſſe, and it's like a Camell indeed.
Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.
Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell.
Ham. Or like a Whale?
Polon. Verie like a Whale.
Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:
They foole me to the top of my bent.
I will come by and by.
Polon. I will ſay ſo. *Exit.*
Ham. By and by, is eaſily ſaid. Leaue me Friends:
'Tis now the verie witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it ſelfe breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do ſuch bitter buſineſſe as the day
Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:
Oh Heart, looſe not thy Nature; let not euer
The Soule of *Nero*, enter this firme boſome:
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will ſpeake Daggers to her, but vſe none:
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words ſomeuer ſhe be ſhent,
To giue them Seales, neuer my Soule conſent.

Enter King, Roſincrance, and Guildenſterne.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with vs,
To let his madneſſe range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to England ſhall along with you:
The termes of our eſtate, may not endure
Hazard ſo dangerous as doth hourely grow
Out of his Lunacies.
Guild. We will our ſelues prouide:
Moſt holie and Religious feare it is
To keepe thoſe many many bodies ſafe
That liue and feede vpon your Maieſtie.
Roſin. The ſingle
And peculiar life is bound
With all the ſtrength and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it ſelfe from noyance: but much more,
That Spirit, vpon whoſe ſpirit depends and reſts
The liues of many, the ceaſe of Maieſtie
Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it. It is a maſſie wheele
Fixt on the Somnet of the higheſt Mount,
To whoſe huge Spoakes, ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortiz'd and adioyn'd: which when it falles,
Each ſmall annexment, pettie conſequence
Attends the boyſtrous Ruine. Neuer alone
Did the King ſighe, but with a generall grone.
King. Arme you, I pray you to this ſpeedie Voyage;
For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,

Which now goes too free-footed.
Both. We will haſte vs. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord,he's going to his Mothers Cloſſet:
Behinde the Arras Ile conuey my ſelfe
To heare the Proceſſe. Ile warrant ſhee'l tax him home,
And as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meete that ſome more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, ſhould o're-heare
The ſpeech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.
King. Thankes deere my Lord.
Oh my offence is ranke, it ſmels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldeſt curſe vpon't,
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharpe as will:
My ſtronger guilt,defeats my ſtrong intent,
And like a man to double buſineſſe bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect; what if this curſed hand
Were thicker then it ſelfe with Brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the ſweet Heauens
To waſh it white as Snow? Whereto ſerues mercy,
But to confront the viſage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-ſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp,
My fault is paſt. But oh,what forme of Prayer
Can ſerue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther:
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
Of thoſe effects for which I did the Murther.
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition,and my Queene:
May one be pardon'd,and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences gilded hand may ſhoue by Iuſtice,
And oft 'tis ſeene, the wicked prize it ſelfe
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not ſo aboue,
There is no ſhuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true Nature, and we our ſelues compell'd
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To giue in euidence. What then? What reſts?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched ſtate! Oh boſome, blacke as death!
Oh limed ſoule, that ſtrugling to be free,
Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make aſſay:
Bow ſtubborne knees,and heart with ſtrings of Steele,
Be ſoft as ſinewes of the new-borne Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat,now he is praying,
And now Ile doo't, and ſo he goes to Heauen,
And ſo am I reueng'd: that would be ſcann'd,
A Villaine killes my Father, and for that
I his foule Sonne, do this ſame Villaine ſend
To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery,not Reuenge.
He tooke my Father groſſely, full of bread,
With all his Crimes broad blowne,as freſh as May,
And how his Audit ſtands,who knowes,ſaue Heauen:
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought
'Tis heauie with him: and am I then reueng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soule,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage? No.
Vp Sword,and know thou a more horrid hent
When he is drunke aſleepe: or in his Rage,
Or in th'inceſtuous pleaſure of his bed,
At gaming, ſwearing,or about ſome acte
That ha's no relliſh of Saluation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd aud blacke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother ſtayes,
This Phyſicke but prolongs thy ſickly dayes. *Exit.*
King. My words flye vp,my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come ſtraight:
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prankes haue been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace hath ſcree'nd,and ſtoode betweene
Much heate,and him. Ile ſilence me e'ene heere:
Pray you be round with him.
Ham.within. Mother,mother, mother.
Qu. Ile warrant you,feare me not.
Withdraw, I heare him comming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother,what's the matter?
Qu. *Hamlet*, thou haſt thy Father much offended.
Ham. Mother,you haue my Father much offended.
Qu. Come,come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go,go,you queſtion with an idle tongue.
Qu. Why how now *Hamlet*?
Ham. Whats the matter now?
Qu. Haue you forgot me?
Ham. No by the Rood,not ſo:
You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not ſo. You are my Mother.
Qu. Nay,then Ile ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeake.
Ham. Come,come,and ſit you downe,you ſhall not boudge:
You go not till I ſet you vp a glaſſe,
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you?
Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe,helpe,hoa.
Pol. What hoa,helpe,helpe, helpe.
Ham. How now,a Rat? dead for a Ducate,dead.
Pol. Oh I am ſlaine. *Killes Polonius.*
Qu. Oh me,what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?
Qu. Oh what a raſh,and bloody deed is this?
Ham. A bloody deed,almoſt as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.
Qu. As kill a King?
Ham. I Lady,'twas my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,
Thou find'ſt to be too buſie,is ſome danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace, ſit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall
If it be made of penetrable ſtuffe;
If damned Cuſtome haue not braz'd it ſo,
That it is proofe and bulwarke againſt Senſe.
Qu. What haue I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy tong,
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an Act
That blurres the grace and bluſh of Modeſtie,
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Roſe
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And makes a bliſter there. Makes marriage vowes
As falſe as Dicers Oathes. Oh ſuch a deed,

As from the body of Contraction pluckes
The very ſoule, and ſweete Religion makes
A rapſidie of words. Heauens face doth glow,
Yea this ſolidity and compound maſſe,
With triſtfull viſage as againſt the doome,
Is thought-ſicke at the act.
Qu. Aye me; what act, that roares ſo lowd, & thunders in the Index.
Ham. Looke heere vpon this Picture,and on this,
The counterfet preſentment of two Brothers:
See what a grace was ſeated on his Brow,
Hyperions curles, the front of Ioue himſelfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercurie
New lighted on a heauen-kiſſing hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where euery God did ſeeme to ſet his Seale,
To giue the world aſſurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare
Blaſting his wholſom breath. Haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites vpon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement
Would ſtep from this, to this? What diuell was't,
That thus hath couſend you at hoodman-blinde?
O Shame! where is thy Bluſh? Rebellious Hell,
If thou canſt mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no ſhame,
When the compulſiue Ardure giues the charge,
Since Froſt it ſelfe, as actiuely doth burne,
As Reaſon panders Will.
Qu. O *Hamlet*, ſpeake no more.
Thou turn'ſt mine eyes into my very ſoule,
And there I ſee ſuch blacke and grained ſpots,
As will not leaue their Tinct.
Ham. Nay, but to liue
In the ranke ſweat of an enſeamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loue
Ouer the naſty Stye.
Qu. Oh ſpeake to me,no more,
Theſe words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more ſweet *Hamlet*.
Ham. A Murderer,and a Villaine:
A Slaue, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurſe of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a ſhelfe,the precious Diadem ſtole,
And put it in his Pocket.
Qu. No more.

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. A King of ſhreds and patches.
Saue me; and houer o're me with your wings
You heauenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?
Qu. Alas he's mad.
Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That laps't in Time and Paſſion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh ſay.
Ghoſt. Do not forget; this Viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother ſits;
O ſtep betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakeſt bodies, ſtrongeſt workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet*.
Ham. How is it with you Lady?
Qu. Alas,how is't with you?
That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold diſcourſe.
Forth at your eyes, your ſpirits wildely peepe,
And as the ſleeping Soldiours in th'Alarme,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start vp, and ſtand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heate and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?
Ham. On him,on him; look you how pale he glares,
His forme and cauſe conioyn'd, preaching to ſtones,
Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me,
Leaſt with this pitteous action you conuert
My ſterne effects: then what I haue to do,
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.
Qu. To who do you ſpeake this?
Ham. Do you ſee nothing there?
Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I ſee.
Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?
Qu. No,nothing but our ſelues.
Ham. Why look you there: looke how it ſteals away:
My Father in his habite, as he liued,
Looke where he goes euen now out at the Portall. *Exit.*
Qu. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodileſſe Creation extaſie is very cunning in.
Ham. Extaſie?
My Pulſe as yours doth temperately keepe time,
And makes as healthfull Muſicke. It is not madneſſe
That I haue vttered; bring me to the Teſt
And I the matter will re-word: which madneſſe
Would gamboll from. Mother,for loue of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vnction to your ſoule,
That not your treſpaſſe, but my madneſſe ſpeakes:
It will but skin and filme the Vlcerous place,
Whil'ſt ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infects vnſeene. Confeſſe your ſelfe to Heauen,
Repent what's paſt, auoyd what is to come,
And do not ſpred the Compoſt or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Vertue,
For in the fatneſſe of this purſie times,
Vertue it ſelfe, of Vice muſt pardon begge,
Yea courb,and woe, for leaue to do him good.
Qu. Oh *Hamlet*,
Thou haſt cleft my heart in twaine.
Ham. O throw away the worſer part of it,
And liue the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,
Aſſume a Vertue, if you haue it not, refraine to night,
And that ſhall lend a kinde of eaſineſſe
To the next abſtinence. Once more goodnight,
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
Ile bleſſing begge of you. For this ſame Lord,
I do repent: but heauen hath pleas'd it ſo,
To puniſh me with this, and this with me,
That I muſt be their Scourge and Miniſter.
I will beſtow him, and will anſwer well
The death I gaue him: ſo againe, good night.
I muſt be cruell, onely to be kinde;
Thus bad begins, and worſe remaines behinde.
Qu. What ſhall I do?
Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you do:
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouſe,
And let him for a paire of reechie kiſſes,

Or padling in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,
Make you to rauell all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſſe,
But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such deere concernings hide, Who would do ſo,
No in deſpight of Senſe and Secrecie,
Vnpegge the Basket on the houſes top:
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
To try Concluſions in the Basket, creepe
And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I haue no life to breath
What thou haſt ſaide to me.

Ham. I muſt to England, you know that?

Qu. Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis ſo concluded on.

Ham This man ſhall ſet me packing:
Ile lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counſellor
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt graue,
Who was in life, a fooliſh prating Knaue.
Come ſir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

Enter King.

King. There's matters in theſe ſighes.
Theſe profound heaues
You muſt tranſlate; Tis fit we vnderſtand them.
Where is your Sonne?

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what haue I ſeene to night?

King. What *Gertrude?* How do's *Hamlet?*

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawleſſe fit
Behinde the Arras, hearing ſomething ſtirre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainiſh apprehenſion killes
The vnſeene good old man.

King. On heauy deed:
It had bin ſo with vs had we beene there:
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your ſelfe, to vs, to euery one.
Alas, how ſhall this bloody deede be anſwered?
It will be laide to vs, whoſe prouidence
Should haue kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad yong man. But ſo much was our loue,
We would not vnderſtand what was moſt fit,
But like the Owner of a foule diſeaſe,
To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede
Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
O're whom his very madneſſe like ſome Oare
Among a Minerall of Mettels baſe
Shewes it ſelfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away:
The Sun no ſooner ſhall the Mountaines touch,
But we will ſhip him hence, and this vilde deed,
We muſt with all our Maieſty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuſe. *Enter Roſ. & Guild.*
Ho *Guildenſtern*:
Friends both go ioyne you with ſome further ayde:
Hamlet in madneſſe hath *Polonius* ſlaine,
And from his Mother Cloſſets hath he drag'd him.
Go ſeeke him out, ſpeake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell. I pray you haſt in this. *Exit Gent.*
Come *Gertrude*, wee'l call vp our wiſeſt friends,
To let them know both what we meane to do,
And what's vntimely done. Oh come away,
My ſoule is full of diſcord and diſmay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely ſtowed.

Gentlemen within. Hamlet, Lord *Hamlet.*

Ham. What noiſe? Who cals on *Hamlet?*
Oh heere they come. *Enter Roſ. and Guildenſterne.*

Ro. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with duſt, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Roſin. Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeue it.

Roſin. Beleeue what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counſell, and not mine owne. Beſides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what replication ſhould be made by the Sonne of a King.

Roſin. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?

Ham. I ſir, that ſokes vp the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities (but ſuch Officers do the King beſt ſeruice in the end. He keepes them like an Ape in the corner of his iaw, firſt mouth'd to be laſt ſwallowed, when he needes what you haue glean'd, it is but ſqueezing you, and Spundge you ſhall be dry againe.

Roſin. I vnderſtand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knauiſh ſpeech ſleepes in a fooliſh eare.

Roſin. My Lord, you muſt tell vs where the Body is, and go with vs to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King, is a thing——

Guild. A thing my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after. *Exeunt*

Enter King.

King. I haue ſent to ſeeke him, and to find the bodie:
How dangerous is it that this man goes looſe:
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong Law on him:
Hee's loued of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes:
And where 'tis ſo, th'Offenders ſcourge is weigh'd
But neerer the offence: to beare all ſmooth, and euen,
This ſodaine ſending him away, muſt ſeeme
Deliberate pauſe, diſeaſes deſperate growne,
By deſperate appliance are releeued,
Or not at all. *Enter Roſincrane.*
How now? What hath befalne?

Roſin. Where the dead body is beſtow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Roſin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleaſure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Roſin. Hoa, *Guildenſterne?* Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenſterne.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius?*

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certaine conuocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures elſe to fat vs, and we fat our ſelfe for Magots. Your fat King, and your leane Begger is but variable ſeruice to diſhes, but to one Table that's the end.

King. What doſt thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to ſhew you how a King may go a Progreſſe through the guts of a Begger.

King. Where is *Polonius.*

Ham. In heauen, ſend thither to ſee. If your Meſſenger finde him not there, ſeeke him i'th other place your ſelfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you ſhall noſe him as you go vp the ſtaires into the Lobby.

King. Go ſeeke him there.

Ham. He will ſtay till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine eſpecial ſafety
Which we do tender, as we deerely greeue
For that which thou haſt done, muſt ſend thee hence
With fierie Quickneſſe. Therefore prepare thy ſelfe,
The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe,
Th'Aſſociates tend, and euery thing at bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a Cherube that ſee's him: but come, for England. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet.*

Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is man and wife: man & wife is one fleſh, and ſo my mother. Come, for England. *Exit*

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with ſpeed aboord:
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is Seal'd and done
That elſe leanes on th'Affaire, pray you make haſt.
And England, if my loue thou holdſt at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee ſenſe,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red
After the Daniſh Sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs; thou maiſt not coldly ſet
Our Soueraigne Proceſſe, which imports at full
By Letters coniuring to that effect
The preſent death of *Hamlet.* Do it England,
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
How ere my happes, my ioyes were ne're begun. *Exit*

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Daniſh King,
Tell him that by his licenſe, *Fortinbras*
Claimes the conueyance of a promis'd March
Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeuous:
If that his Maieſty would ought with vs,
We ſhall expreſſe our dutie in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

Cap. I will doo't, my Lord.

For. Go ſafely on. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Qu. I will not ſpeake with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed diſtract, her moode will needs be pittied.

Qu. What would ſhe haue?

Hor. She ſpeakes much of her Father; ſaies ſhe heares
There's trickes i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiouſly at Strawes, ſpeakes things in doubt,
That carry but halfe ſenſe: Her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the vnſhaped vſe of it doth moue
The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it,
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as her winkes, and nods, and geſtures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,
Though nothing ſure, yet much vnhappily.

Qu. 'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with,
For ſhe may ſtrew dangerous coniectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
To my ſicke ſoule (as ſinnes true Nature is)
Each toy ſeemes Prologue, to ſome great amiſſe,
So full of Artleſſe iealouſie is guilt,
It ſpill's it ſelfe, in fearing to be ſpilt.

Enter Ophelia distracted.

Ophe. Where is the beauteous Maieſty of Denmark.

Qu. How now *Ophelia?*

Ophe. How ſhould I your true loue know from another one?
By his Cockle hat and ſtaffe, and his Sandal ſhoone.

Qu. Alas ſweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Ophe. Say you? Nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a graſſe-greene Turfe, at his heeles a ſtone.

Enter King.

Qu. Nay but *Ophelia.*

Ophe. Pray you marke.
White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.

Qu. Alas, looke heere my Lord.

Ophe. Larded with ſweet flowers:
Which bewept to the graue did not go,
With true-loue ſhowres.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Ophe. Well, God dil'd you. They ſay the Owle was a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Ophe. Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when they aske you what it meanes, ſay you this:
To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine.
Then vp he roſe, & don'd his clothes, & dupt the chamber dore,
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia.*

Ophe. Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end ont.
By gis, and by S. Charity,
Alacke, and fie for ſhame:
Yong men wil doo't, if they come too't,
By Cocke they are too blame.
Quoth ſhe before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to Wed:
So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.

King. How long hath ſhe bin this?

Ophe. I hope all will be well. We muſt bee patient, but I cannot chooſe but weepe, to thinke they ſhould lay him i'th'cold ground: My brother ſhall knowe of it, and ſo I thanke you for your good counſell. Come, my Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight ſweet Ladies: Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*

King. Follow her cloſe,
Giue her good watch I pray you:
Oh this is the poyſon of deepe greefe, it ſprings
All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude, Gertrude*,
When ſorrowes comes, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in Battaliaes. Firſt, her Father ſlaine,
Next your Sonne gone, and he moſt violent Author
Of his owne iuſt remoue: the people muddied,
Thicke and vnwholſome in their thoughts, and whiſpers
For good *Polonius* death; and we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore *Ophelia*
Diuided from her ſelfe, and her faire Iudgement,

Without the which we are Pictures,or meere Beaſts.
Laſt, and as much containing as all theſe,
Her Brother is in ſecret come from France,
Keepes on his wonder, keepes himſelfe in clouds,
And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare
With peſtilent Speeches of his Fathers death,
Where in neceſſitie of matter Beggard,
Will nothing ſticke our perſons to Arraigne
In eare and eare. O my deere *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murdering Peece in many places,
Giues me ſuperfluous death. *A Noiſe within.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Qu. Alacke,what noyſe is this?
King. Where are my *Switzers*?
Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?
Meſ. Saue your ſelfe, my Lord.
The Ocean (ouer-peering of his Liſt)
Eates not the Flats with more impittious haſte
Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,
Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, Cuſtome not knowne,
The Ratifiers and props of euery word,
They cry chooſe we? *Laertes* ſhall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes ſhall be King, *Laertes* King.
Qu. How cheerefully on the falſe Traile they cry,
Oh this is Counter you falſe Daniſh Dogges.
Noiſe within. Enter Laertes.
King. The doores are broke.
Laer. Where is the King,ſirs? Stand you all without.
All. No, let's come in.
Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.
Al. We will, we will.
Laer. I thanke you: Keepe the doore.
Oh thou vilde King, giue me my Father.
Qu. Calmely good *Laertes*.
Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclaimes me Baſtard:
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaſte vnſmirched brow
Of my true Mother.
King. What is the cauſe *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion lookes ſo Gyant-like?
Let him go *Gertrude*: Do not feare our perſon;
There's ſuch Diuinity doth hedge a King,
That Treaſon can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,
Why thou art thus Incenſt? Let him go *Gertrude*.
Speake man.
Laer. Where's my Father?
King. Dead.
Qu. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be Iuggel'd with.
To hell Allegeance: Vowes,to the blackeſt diuell.
Conſcience and Grace, to the profoundeſt Pit.
I dare Damnation: to this point I ſtand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes: onely Ile be reueng'd
Moſt throughly for my Father.
King. Who ſhall ſtay you?
Laer. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes,Ile husband them ſo well,
They ſhall go farre with little.
King. Good *Laertes*:
If you deſire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,
That Soop-ſtake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Looſer.
Laer. None but his Enemies.
King. Will you know them then.
La. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes:
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repaſt them with my blood.
King. Why now you ſpeake
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltleſſe of your Fathers death,
And am moſt ſenſible in greefe for it,
It ſhall as leuell to your Iudgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.
A noiſe within. Let her come in.
Enter Ophelia.
Laer. How now? what noiſe is that?
Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares ſeuen times ſalt,
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.
By Heauen,thy madneſſe ſhall be payed by waight,
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Roſe of May,
Deere Maid, kinde Siſter, ſweet *Ophelia*:
Oh Heauens, is't poſſible,a yong Maids wits,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
Nature is fine in Loue,and where 'tis fine,
It ſends ſome precious inſtance of it ſelfe
After the thing it loues.
Ophe. They bore him bare fac'd on the Beer,
Hey non nony,nony,hey nony:
And on his graue raines many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.
Laer. Had'ſt thou thy wits, and did'ſt perſwade Reuenge,it could not moue thus.
Ophe. You muſt ſing downe a-downe, and you call him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is the falſe Steward that ſtole his maſters daughter.
Laer. This nothings more then matter.
Ophe. There's Roſemary, that's for Remembraunce. Pray loue remember: and there is Paconcies, that's for Thoughts.
Laer. A document in madneſſe, thoughts & remembrance fitted.
Ophe. There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's Rew for you, and heere's ſome for me. Wee may call it Herbe-Grace a Sundaies: Oh you muſt weare your Rew with a difference. There's a Dayſie, I would giue you ſome Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dyed: They ſay, he made a good end;
For bonny ſweet Robin is all my ioy.
Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Paſſion, Hell it ſelfe:
She turnes to Fauour, and to prettineſſe.
Ophe. And will he not come againe,
And will he not come againe:
No,no,he is dead,go to thy Death-bed,
He neuer wil come againe.
His Beard as white as Snow,
All Flaxen was his Pole:
He is gone,he is gone,and we caſt away mone,
Gramercy on his Soule.
And of all Chriſtian Soules, I pray God.
God buy ye. *Exeunt Ophelia*
Laer. Do you ſee this, you Gods?
King. *Laertes*,I muſt common with your greefe,
Or you deny me right: go but apart,
Make

Make choice of whom your wiſeſt Friends you will,
And they ſhall heare and iudge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Colaterall hand
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our Crowne, our Life,and all that we call Ours
To you in ſatisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we ſhall ioyntly labour with your ſoule
To giue it due content.
Laer. Let this be ſo:
His meanes of death, his obſcure buriall;
No Trophee,Sword,nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall oſtentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,
That I muſt call in queſtion.
King. So you ſhall:
And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me. *Exeunt*

Enter Horatio,with an Attendant.

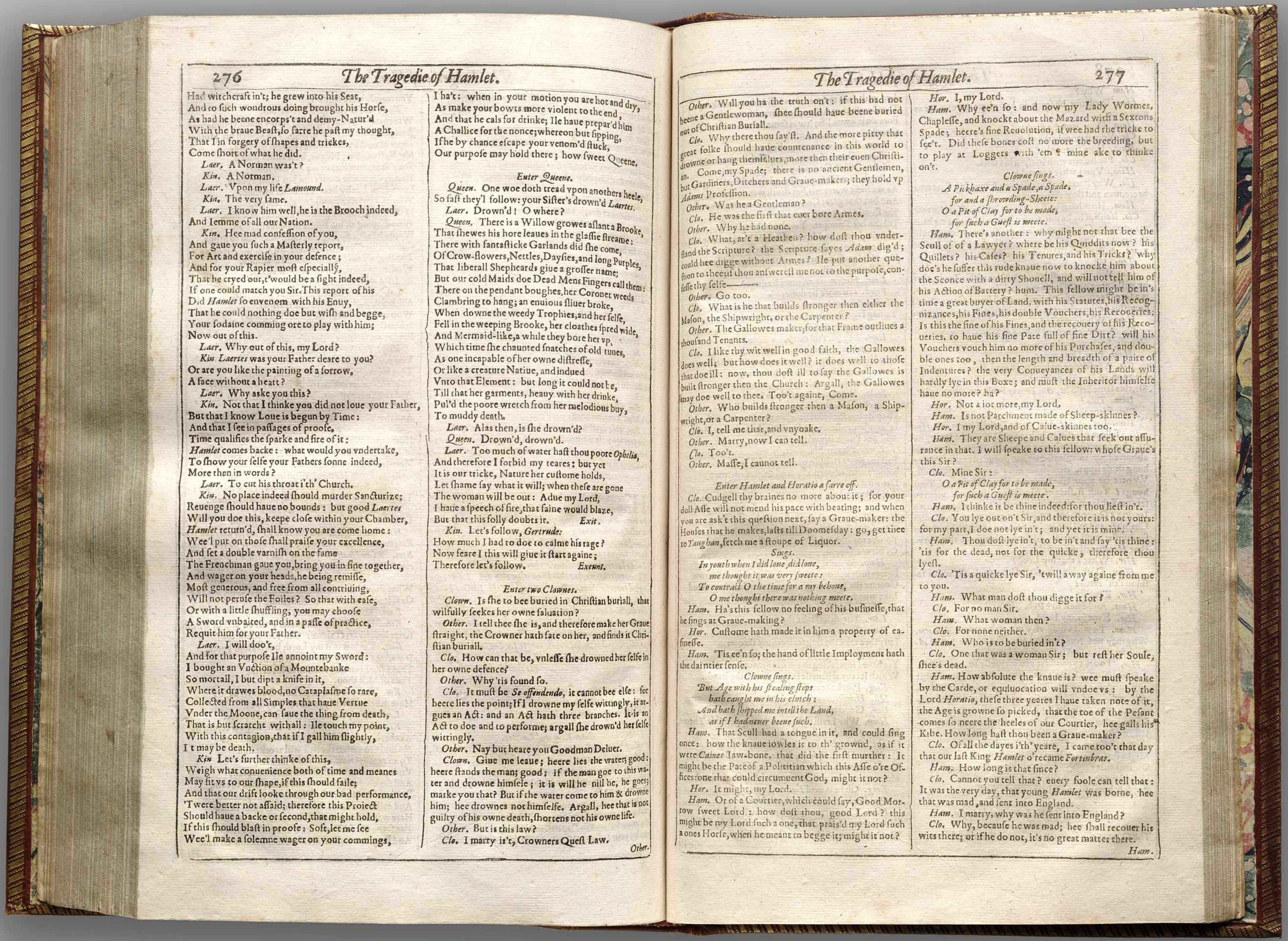
Hora. What are they that would ſpeake with me?
Ser. Saylors ſir, they ſay they haue Letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in,
I do not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*.
Enter Saylor.
Say. God bleſſe you Sir.
Hor. Let him bleſſe thee too.
Say. Hee ſhall Sir, and't pleaſe him. There's a Letter for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambaſſadours that was bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

Horatio, *When thou ſhalt haue ouerlook'd this, giue theſe Fellowes ſome meanes to the King: They haue Letters for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very Warlicke appointment gaue vs Chace. Finding our ſelues too ſlow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I boorded them: On the inſtant they got cleare of our Shippe, ſo I alone became their Priſoner. They haue dealt with mee, like Theeues of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe a good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters I haue ſent, and repaire thou to me with as much haſt as thou wouldeſt flye death. I haue words to ſpeake in your eare, will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. Theſe good Fellowes will bring thee where I am.* Roſincrance and Guildenſterne, *hold their courſe for England. Of them I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.*
He that thou knoweſt thine,
Hamlet.
Come, I will giue you way for theſe your Letters,
And do't the ſpeedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exit.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeal,
And you muſt put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father ſlaine,
Purſued my life.
Laer. It well appeares. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not againſt theſe feates,
So crimefull,and ſo Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wiſedome,all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtirr'd vp?
King. O for two ſpeciall Reaſons,
Which may to you (perhaps) ſeeme much vnſinnowed,
And yet to me they are ſtrong. The Queen his Mother,
Liues almoſt by his lookes: and for my ſelfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's ſo coniunctiue to my life and ſoule;
That as the Starre moues not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not go,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Conuert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too ſlightly timbred for ſo loud a Winde,
Would haue reuerted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.
Laer. And ſo haue I a Noble Father loſt,
A Siſter driuen into deſperate tearmes,
Who was (if praiſes may go backe againe)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my reuenge will come.
King. Breake not your ſleepes for that,
You muſt not thinke
That we are made of ſtuffe, ſo flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be ſhooke with danger,
And thinke it paſtime. You ſhortly ſhall heare more,
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine——
Enter a Meſſenger.
How now? What Newes?
Meſ. Letters my Lord from *Hamlet*. This to your Maieſty: this to the Queene.
King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?
Meſ. Saylors my Lord they ſay, I ſaw them not:
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiu'd them.
King. *Laertes* you ſhall heare them:
Leaue vs. *Exit Meſſenger*
High and Mighty, you ſhall know I am ſet naked on your Kingdome. To morrow ſhall I begge leaue to ſee your Kingly Eyes. When I ſhall (firſt asking your Pardon thereunto) recount th'Occaſions of my ſodaine, and more ſtrange returne.
Hamlet.
What ſhould this meane? Are all the reſt come backe?
Or is it ſome abuſe? Or no ſuch thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?
Kin. 'Tis *Hamlets* Character, naked and in a Poſtſcript here he ſayes alone: Can you aduiſe me?
Laer. I'm loſt in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warmes the very ſickneſſe in my heart,
That I ſhall liue and tell him to his teeth;
Thus diddeſt thou.
Kin. If it be ſo *Laertes*,as how ſhould it be ſo:
How otherwiſe will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. If ſo you'l not o'rerule me to a peace.
Kin. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage,and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it; I will worke him
To an exployt now ripe in my Deuice,
Vnder the which he ſhall not chooſe but fall;
And for his death no winde of blame ſhall breath,
But euen his Mother ſhall vncharge the practice,
And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I'ue ſeene my ſelfe,and ſeru'd againſt the French,
And they ran well on Horſebacke; but this Gallant
Had



Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his Horſe,
As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the braue Beaſt, ſo farre he paſt my thought,
That I in forgery of ſhapes and trickes,
Come ſhort of what he did.
Laer. A Norman was't?
Kin. A Norman.
Laer. Vpon my life *Lamound.*
Kin. The very ſame.
Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And Iemme of all our Nation.
Kin. Hee mad confeſſion of you,
And gaue you ſuch a Maſterly report,
For Art and exerciſe in your defence;
And for your Rapier moſt eſpecially,
That he cryed out, t'would be a ſight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo envenom with his Enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wiſh and begge,
Your ſodaine comming ore to play with him;
Now out of this.
Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?
Kin *Laertes* was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why aske you this?
Kin. Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father,
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:
And that I ſee in paſſages of proofe,
Time qualifies the ſparke and fire of it:
Hamlet comes backe: what would you vndertake,
To ſhow your ſelfe your Fathers ſonne indeed,
More then in words?
Laer. To cut his throat i'th' Church.
Kin. No place indeed ſhould murder Sancturize;
Reuenge ſhould haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe cloſe within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, ſhall know you are come home:
Wee'l put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the fame
The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remiſſe,
Moſt generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruſe the Foiles? So that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chooſe
A Sword vnbaited, and in a paſſe of practice,
Requit him for your Father.
Laer. I will doo't,
And for that purpoſe Ile annoint my Sword:
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplaſme ſo rare,
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can ſaue the thing from death,
That is but ſcratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him ſlightly,
It may be death.
Kin Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our ſhape, if this ſhould faile;
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
'Twere better not aſſaid; therefore this Proiect
Should haue a backe or ſecond, that might hold,
If this ſhould blaſt in proofe: Soft, let me ſee
Wee'l make a ſolemne wager on your commings,
I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowts more violent to the end,
And that he cals for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him
A Challice for the nonce; whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd ſtuck,
Our purpoſe may hold there; how ſweet Queene.

Enter Queene.

Queen. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So faſt they'l follow: your Siſter's drown'd *Laertes.*
Laer. Drown'd! O where?
Queen. There is a Willow growes aſlant a Brooke,
That ſhewes his hore leaues in the glaſſie ſtreame:
There with fantaſticke Garlands did ſhe come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Dayſies, and long Purples,
That liberall Shepheards giue a groſſer name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an enuious ſliuer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her ſelfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes ſpred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne diſtreſſe,
Or like a creature Natiue, and indued
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
To muddy death.
Laer. Alas then, is ſhe drown'd?
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.
Laer. Too much of water haſt thou poore *Ophelia,*
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
It is our tricke, Nature her cuſtome holds,
Let ſhame ſay what it will; when theſe are gone
The woman will be out: Adue my Lord,
I haue a ſpeech of fire, that faine would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*
Kin. Let's follow, *Gertrude:*
How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will giue it ſtart againe;
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is ſhe to bee buried in Chriſtian buriall, that wilfully ſeekes her owne ſaluation?

Other. I tell thee ſhe is, and therefore make her Graue ſtraight, the Crowner hath ſate on her, and finds it Chriſtian buriall.

Clo. How can that be, vnleſſe ſhe drowned her ſelfe in her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found ſo.

Clo. It muſt be *Se offendendo,* it cannot bee elſe: for heere lies the point; If I drowne my ſelfe wittingly, it argues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to performe; argall ſhe drown'd her ſelfe wittingly.

Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.

Clown. Giue me leaue; heere lies the water; good: heere ſtands the man; good: If the man goe to this water and drowne himſele; it is will he nill he, he goes; marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him; hee drownes not himſelfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, ſhortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clo. I marry is't, Crowners Queſt Law.

Other.

Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not beene a Gentlewoman, ſhee ſhould haue beene buried out of Chriſtian Buriall.

Clo. Why there thou ſay'ſt. And the more pitty that great folke ſhould haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang themſelues, more then their euen Chriſtian. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp *Adams* Profeſſion.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clo. He was the firſt that euer bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clo. What, ar't a Heathen? how doſt thou vnderſtand the Scripture? the Scripture ſayes *Adam* dig'd; could hee digge without Armes? Ile put another queſtion to thee; if thou anſwereſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſſe thy ſelfe———

Other. Go too.

Clo. What is he that builds ſtronger then either the Maſon, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outliues a thouſand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes does well; but how does it well? it does well to thoſe that doe ill: now, thou doſt ill to ſay the Gallowes is built ſtronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

Other. Who builds ſtronger then a Maſon, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I, tell me that, and vnyoake.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clo. Too't.

Other. Maſſe, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clo. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your dull Aſſe will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask't this queſtion next, ſay a Graue-maker: the Houſes that he makes, laſts till Doomeſday: go, get thee to *Yaughan,* fetch me a ſtoupe of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did loue, did loue,
me thought it was very ſweete:
To contract O the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there was nothing meete.

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his buſineſſe, that he ſings at Graue-making?

Hor. Cuſtome hath made it in him a property of eaſineſſe.

Ham. 'Tis ee'n ſo; the hand of little Imployment hath the daintier ſenſe.

Clowne ſings.

But Age with his ſtealing ſteps
hath caught me in his clutch:
And hath ſhipped me intill the Land,
as if I had neuer beene ſuch.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once: how the knaue iowles it to th' grownd, as if it were *Caines* Iaw-bone, that did the firſt murther: It might be the Pate of a Polititian which this Aſſe o're Offices: one that could circumuent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could ſay, Good Morrow ſweet Lord: how doſt thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord ſuch a one, that prais'd my Lord ſuch a ones Horſe, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why ee'n ſo: and now my Lady Wormes, Chapleſſe, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons Spade; heere's fine Reuolution, if wee had the tricke to ſee't. Did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

Clowne ſings.

A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade,
for and a ſhrowding-Sheete:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for ſuch a Gueſt is meete.

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Caſes? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he ſuffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoueries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recouery of his Recoueries, to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchaſes, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of Indentures? the very Conueyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and muſt the Inheritor himſelfe haue no more? ha?

Hor. Not a iot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues that ſeek out aſſurance in that. I will ſpeake to this fellow: whoſe Graue's this Sir?

Clo. Mine Sir:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for ſuch a Gueſt is meete.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou lieſt in't.

Clo. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lye in't, to be in't and ſay 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeſt.

Clo. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doſt thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but reſt her Soule, ſhee's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knaue is? wee muſt ſpeake by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the Lord *Horatio,* theſe three yeares I haue taken note of it, the Age is growne ſo picked, that the toe of the Peſant comes ſo neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his Kibe. How long haſt thou been a Graue-maker?

Clo. Of all the dayes i'th' yeare, I came too't that day that our laſt King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras.*

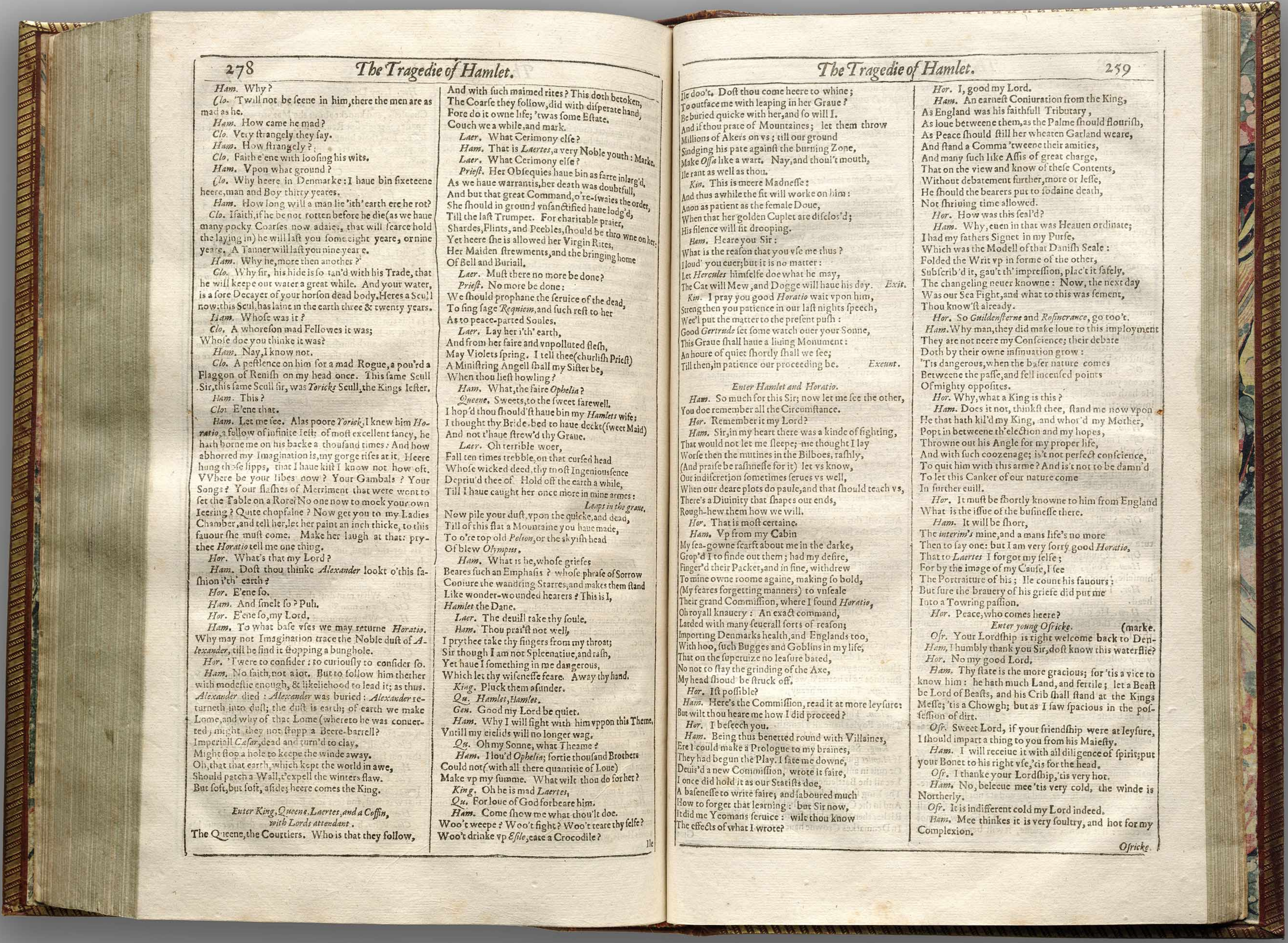
Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that: It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee that was mad, and ſent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he ſent into England?

Clo. Why, becauſe he was mad; hee ſhall recouer his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham.



Ham. Why?

Clo. 'Twill not be ſeene in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very ſtrangely they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clo. Faith e'ene with looſing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clo. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin ſixeteene heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie 'ith' earth ere he rot?

Clo. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we haue many pocky Coarſes now adaies, that will ſcarce hold the laying in) he will laſt you ſome eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will laſt you nine yeare.

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Clo. Why ſir, his hide is ſo tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a ſore Decayer of your horſon dead body. Heres a Scull now: this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty years.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clo. A whoreſon mad Fellowes it was;
Whoſe doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A peſtlence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'rd a Flaggon of Reniſh on my head once. This ſame Scull Sir, this ſame Scull ſir, was *Toricks* Scull, the Kings Ieſter.

Ham. This?

Clo. E'ene that.

Ham. Let me ſee. Alas poore *Torick*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite Ieſt; of moſt excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thouſand times: And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge riſes at it. Heere hung thoſe lipps, that I haue kiſt I know not how oft. VVhere be your Iibes now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flaſhes of Merriment that were wont to ſet the Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own Ieering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour ſhe muſt come. Make her laugh at that: prythee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Doſt thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this faſhion i'th' earth?

Hor. E'ene ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo? Puh.

Hor. E'ene ſo, my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe vſes we may returne *Horatio*. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble duſt of *Alexander*, till he find it ſtopping a bunghole.

Hor. 'Twere to conſider: to curiouſly to conſider ſo.

Ham. No faith, not a iot. But to follow him thether with modeſtie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus. *Alexander* died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was conuerted) might they not ſtopp a Beere-barrell?
Imperiall *Cæſar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keepe the winde away.
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a Wall, t'expell the winters flaw.
But ſoft, but ſoft, aſide; heere comes the King.

Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant.

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,
And with ſuch maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The Coarſe they follow, did with diſperate hand,
Fore do it owne life; 'twas ſome Eſtate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Cerimony elſe?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Laer. What Cerimony elſe?

Prieſt. Her Obſequies haue bin as farre inlarg'd,
As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command, o're-ſwaies the order,
She ſhould in ground vnſanctified haue lodg'd,
Till the laſt Trumpet. For charitable praier,
Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, ſhould be throwne on her:
Yet heere ſhe is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Muſt there no more be done?

Prieſt. No more be done:
We ſhould prophane the ſeruice of the dead,
To ſing ſage *Requiem*, and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted Soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted fleſh,
May Violets ſpring. I tell thee (churliſh Prieſt)
A Miniſtring Angell ſhall my Siſter be,
When thou lieſt howling?

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*?

Queene. Sweets, to the ſweet farewell.
I hop'd thou ſhould'ſt haue bin my *Hamlets* wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (ſweet Maid)
And not t'haue ſtrew'd thy Graue.

Laer. Oh terrible woer,
Fall ten times trebble, on that curſed head
Whoſe wicked deed, thy moſt Ingenious ſence
Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:
Leaps in the graue.
Now pile your duſt, vpon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,
To o're top old *Pelion*, or the skyiſh head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whoſe griefes
Beares ſuch an Emphaſis? whoſe phraſe of Sorrow
Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy ſoule.

Ham. Thou prai'ſt not well,
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spleenatiue, and raſh,
Yet haue I ſomething in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiſeneſſe feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them aſunder.

Qu. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him vppon this Theme,
Vntill my eielids will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theame?

Ham. I lou'd *Ophelia*; fortie thouſand Brothers
Could not (with all there quantitie of Loue)
Make vp my ſumme. What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad *Laertes*,

Qu. For loue of God forbeare him.

Ham. Come ſhow me what thou'lt doe.
Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy ſelfe?
Woo't drinke vp *Eſile*, eate a Crocodile?

Ile doo't. Doſt thou come heere to whine;
To outface me with leaping in her Graue?
Be buried quicke with her, and ſo will I.
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground
Sindging his pate againſt the burning Zone,
Make *Oſſa* like a wart. Nay, and thoul't mouth,
Ile rant as well as thou.

Kin. This is meere Madneſſe:
And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:
Anon as patient as the female Doue,
When that her golden Cuplet are diſclos'd;
His ſilence will ſit drooping.

Ham. Heare you Sir:
What is the reaſon that you vſe me thus?
I lou'd' you euer; but it is no matter:
Let *Hercules* himſelfe doe what he may,
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit.*

Kin. I pray you good *Horatio* wait vpon him,
Strengthen you patience in our laſt nights ſpeech,
Wee'l put the matter to the preſent puſh:
Good *Gertrude* ſet ſome watch ouer your Sonne,
This Graue ſhall haue a liuing Monument:
An houre of quiet ſhortly ſhall we ſee;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me ſee the other,
You doe remember all the Circumſtance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me ſleepe; me thought I lay
Worſe then the mutines in the Bilboes, raſhly,
(And praiſe be raſhneſſe for it) let vs know,
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerues vs well,
When our deare plots do paule, and that ſhould teach vs,
There's a Diuinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is moſt certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin
My ſea-gowne ſcarft about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my deſire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making ſo bold,
(My feares forgetting manners) to vnſeale
Their grand Commiſſion, where I found *Horatio*,
Oh royall knauery: An exact command,
Larded with many ſeuerall ſorts of reaſon;
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, ſuch Bugges and Goblins in my life,
That on the ſuperuize no leaſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the Axe,
My head ſhoud be ſtruck off.

Hor. Iſt poſſible?

Ham. Here's the Commiſſion, read it at more leyſure:
But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play. I ſate me downe,
Deuis'd a new Commiſſion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statiſts doe,
A baſeneſſe to write faire; and laboured much
How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
It did me Yeomans ſeruice: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earneſt Coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributary,
As loue betweene them, as the Palme ſhould flouriſh,
As Peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten Garland weare,
And ſtand a Comma 'tweene their amities,
And many ſuch like Aſſis of great charge,
That on the view and know of theſe Contents,
Without debatement further, more or leſſe,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſodaine death,
Not ſhriuing time allowed.

Hor. How was this ſeal'd?

Ham. Why, euen in that was Heauen ordinate;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purſe,
Which was the Modell of that Daniſh Seale:
Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,
Subſcrib'd it, gau't th' impreſſion, plac't it ſafely,
The changeling neuer knowne: Now, the next day
Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was ſement,
Thou know'ſt already.

Hor. So *Guildenſterne* and *Roſincrance*, go too't.

Ham. Why man, they did make loue to this imployment
They are not neere my Conſcience; their debate
Doth by their owne inſinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baſer nature comes
Betweene the paſſe, and fell incenſed points
Of mighty oppoſites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, thinkſt thee, ſtand me now vpon
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in betweene th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch coozenage; is't not perfect conſcience,
To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further euill.

Hor. It muſt be ſhortly knowne to him from England
What is the iſſue of the buſineſſe there.

Ham. It will be ſhort,
The *interim's* mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to ſay one: but I am very ſorry good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my ſelfe;
For by the image of my Cauſe, I ſee
The Portraiture of his; Ile count his fauours:
But ſure the brauery of his griefe did put me
Into a Towring paſſion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

Enter young Oſricke.

Oſr. Your Lordſhip is right welcome back to Denmarke.

Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, doſt know this waterflie?

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beaſt be Lord of Beaſts, and his Crib ſhall ſtand at the Kings Meſſe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I ſaw ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.

Oſr. Sweet Lord, if your friendſhip were at leyſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his Maieſty.

Ham. I will receiue it with all diligence of ſpirit; put your Bonet to his right vſe, 'tis for the head.

Oſr. I thanke your Lordſhip, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, beleeue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is Northerly.

Oſr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. Mee thinkes it is very ſoultry, and hot for my Complexion.

Oſr. Exceedingly,my Lord,it is very ſoultry,as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord,his Maieſty bad me ſignifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beſeech you remember.

Oſr. Nay,in good faith, for mine eaſe in good faith: Sir,you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Oſr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Oſr. The ſir King ha's wag'd with him ſix Barbary Horſes, againſt the which he impon'd as I take it, ſixe French Rapiers and Poniards, with their aſſignes, as Girdle, Hangers or ſo: three of the Carriages infaith are very deare to fancy, very reſponſiue to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Oſr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our ſides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on ſixe Barbary Horſes againſt ſixe French Swords: their Aſſignes,and three liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French but againſt the Daniſh; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Oſr. The King Sir,hath laid that in a dozen paſſes betweene you and him, hee ſhall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelue for mine, and that would come to imediate tryall, if your Lordſhip would vouchſafe the Anſwere.

Ham. How if I anſwere no?

Oſr. I meane my Lord, the oppoſition of your perſon in tryall.

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it pleaſe his Maieſtie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe; I will win for him if I can: if not, Ile gaine nothing but my ſhame, and the odde hits.

Oſr. Shall I redeliuer you ee'n ſo?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flouriſh your nature will.

Oſr. I commend my duty to your Lordſhip.

Ham. Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himſelfe, there are no tongues elſe for's tongue.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee ſuck't it: thus had he and mine more of the ſame Beauy that I know the droſſie age dotes on;only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yeſty collection, which carries them through & through the moſt fond and winnowed opinions;and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.

Hor. You will loſe this wager,my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke ſo, ſince he went into France, I haue beene in continuall practice; I ſhall winne at the odds: but thou wouldeſt not thinke how all heere about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is ſuch a kinde of gain-giuing as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde diſlike any thing,obey.I will foreſtall their repaire hither, and ſay you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a ſpeciall Prouidence in the fall of a ſparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it bee not to come, it will bee now : if it be not now; yet it will come; the readineſſe is all, ſince no man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leaue betimes?

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

Kin. Come *Hamlet*,come,and take this hand from me.
Ham. Giue me your pardon Sir,I'ue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.
This preſence knowes,
And you muſt needs haue heard how I am puniſht
With ſore diſtraction? What I haue done
That might your nature honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madneſſe:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Neuer *Hamlet*.
If *Hamlet* from himſelfe be tane away:
And when he's not himſelfe,do's wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? His Madneſſe? If't be ſo,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His madneſſe is poore *Hamlets* Enemy.
Sir, in this Audience,
Let my diſclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me ſo farre in your moſt generous thoughts,
That I haue ſhot mine Arrow o're the houſe,
And hurt my Mother.
Laer. I am ſatisfied in Nature,
Whoſe motiue in this caſe ſhould ſtirre me moſt
To my Reuenge. But in my termes of Honor
I ſtand aloofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by ſome elder Maſters of knowne Honor,
I haue a voyce, and preſident of peace
To keepe my name vngorg'd. But till that time,
I do receiue your offer'd loue like loue,
And wil not wrong it.
Ham. I do embrace it freely,
And will this Brothers wager frankely play.
Giue vs the Foyles: Come on.
Laer. Come one for me.
Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*,in mine ignorance,
Your Skill ſhall like a Starre i'th'darkeſt night,
Sticke fiery off indeede.
Laer. You mocke me Sir.
Ham. No by this hand.
King. Giue them the Foyles yong *Oſricke*,
Couſen *Hamlet*, you know the wager.
Ham. Verie well my Lord,
Your Grace hath laide the odds a'th'weaker ſide.
King. I do not feare it,
I haue ſeene you both:
But ſince he is better'd,we haue therefore oddes.
Laer. This is too heauy,
Let me ſee another.
Ham. This likes me well,
Theſe Foyles haue all a length. *Prepare to play.*
Oſricke. I my good Lord.
King. Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table:
If *Hamlet* giue the firſt, or ſecond hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,
The King ſhal drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the Cup an vnion ſhal he throw
Richer then that,which foure ſucceſſiue Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne.

Giue me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets ſpeake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth,
Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.
Ham. Come on ſir.
Laer. Come on ſir. *They play.*
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Iudgement.
Oſr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well: againe.
King. Stay, giue me drinke.
Hamlet, this Pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health. Giue him the cup,
Trumpets ſound, and ſhot goes off.
Ham. Ile play this bout firſt, ſet by a-while.
Come: Another hit; what ſay you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confeſſe.
King. Our Sonne ſhall win.
Qu. He's fat,and ſcant of breath.
Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,
The Queene Carowſes to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.
Ham. Good Madam.
King. *Gertrude*, do not drinke.
Qu. I will my Lord;
I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poyſon'd Cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,
By and by.
Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
King. I do not thinke't.
Laer. And yet 'tis almoſt 'gainſt my conſcience.
Ham. Come for the third.
Laertes, you but dally,
I pray you paſſe with your beſt violence,
I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you ſo? Come on. *Play.*
Oſr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Haue at you now.
In ſcuffling they change Rapiers.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay come, againe.
Oſr. Looke to the Queene there hoa.
Hor. They bleed on both ſides. How is't my Lord?
Oſr. How is't *Laertes*?
Laer. Why as a Woodcocke
To mine Sprindge, *Oſricke*,
I am iuſtly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.
Ham. How does the Queene?
King. She ſounds to ſee them bleede.
Qu. No,no, the drinke, the drinke.
Oh my deere *Hamlet*, the drinke, the drinke,
I am poyſon'd.
Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
Treacherie, ſeeke it out.
Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*.
Hamlet, thou art ſlaine,
No Medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;
The Treacherous Inſtrument is in thy hand,
Vnbated and envenom'd: the foule practiſe
Hath turn'd it ſelfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,
Neuer to riſe againe: Thy Mothers poyſon'd:
I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy worke.
Harts the King.
All. Treaſon, Treaſon.
King. O yet defend me Friends,I am but hurt.
Ham. Heere thou inceſtuous, murdrous,
Damned Dane,
Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere?
Follow my Mother. *King Dyes.*
Laer. He is iuſtly ſeru'd.
It is a poyſon temp'red by himſelfe:
Exchange forgiueneſſe with me, Noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me. *Dyes.*
Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew,
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is ſtrick'd in his Arreſt) oh I could tell you.
But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,
Thou liu'ſt, report me and my cauſes right
To the vnſatisfied.
Hor. Neuer beleeue it.
I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
Heere's yet ſome Liquor left.
Ham. As th'art a man, giue me the Cup.
Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
(Things ſtanding thus vnknowne) ſhall liue behind me.
If thou did'ſt euer hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicitie awhile,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in paine,
To tell my Storie.
March afarre off, and ſhout within.
What warlike noyſe is this?

Enter Oſricke.

Oſr. Yong *Fortinbras*,with conqueſt come frõ Poland
To th'Ambaſſadors of England giues this warlike volly.
Ham. O I dye *Horatio*:
The potent poyſon quite ore-crowes my ſpirit,
I cannot liue to heare the Newes from England,
But I do propheſie th'election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he ha's my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurrents more and leſſe,
Which haue ſolicited. The reſt is ſilence. O,o,o,o. *Dyes*
Hora. Now cracke a Noble heart:
Goodnight ſweet Prince,
And flights of Angels ſing thee to thy reſt,
Why do's the Drumme come hither?

Enter Fortinbras and Engliſh Ambaſſador,with Drumme, Colours, and Attendants.

Fortin. Where is this ſight?
Hor. What is it ye would ſee;
If ought of woe, or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
For. His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,
What feaſt is toward in thine eternall Cell.
That thou ſo many Princes, at a ſhoote,
So bloodily haſt ſtrooke.
Amb. The ſight is diſmall,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are ſenſeleſſe that ſhould giue vs hearing,
To tell him his comma nd'ment is fulfill'd,

That *Roſincrance* and *Guildenſterne* are dead :
Where ſhould we haue our thankes ?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you :
He neuer gaue command'ment for their death.
But ſince ſo iumpe vpon this bloodie queſtion,
You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are heere arriued. Giue order that theſe bodies
High on a ſtage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeake to th'yet vnknowing world,
How theſe things came about. So ſhall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgements, caſuall ſlaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cauſe,
And in this vpſhot, purpoſes miſtooke,
Falne on the Inuentors heads. All this can I
Truly deliuer.
For. Let vs haſt to heare it,
And call the Nobleſt to the Audience.
For me, with ſorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I haue ſome Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are ro claime, my vantage doth
Inuite me,
Hor. Of that I ſhall haue alwayes cauſe to ſpeake,
And from his mouth
Whoſe voyce will draw on more :
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Leſt more miſchance
On plots, and errors happen.
For. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To haue prou'd moſt royally :
And for his paſſage,
The Souldiours Muſicke, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.
Take vp the body ; Such a ſight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere ſhewes much amis.
Go, bid the Souldiers ſhoote.
Exeunt Marching : after the which, a Peale of Ordenance are ſhot off.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF KING LEAR.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Kent, Glouceſter, and Edmond.

Kent.
I Thought the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany*, then *Cornwall.*

Glou. It did alwayes ſeeme ſo to vs : But now in the diuiſion of the Kingdome, it appeares not which of the Dukes hee valewes moſt, for qualities are ſo weigh'd, that curioſity in neither, can make choiſe of eithers moity.

Kent. Is not this your Son, my Lord ?

Glou. His breeding Sir, hath bin at my charge. I haue ſo often bluſh'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd too't.

Kent. I cannot conceiue you.

Glou. Sir, this yong Fellowes mother could ; whereupon ſhe grew round womb'd, and had indeede (Sir) a Sonne for her Cradle, ere ſhe had a husband for her bed. Do you ſmell a fault ?

Kent. I cannot wiſh the fault vndone, the iſſue of it, being ſo proper.

Glou. But I haue a Sonne, Sir, by order of Law, ſome yeere elder then this ; who, yet is no deerer in my account, though this Knaue came ſomthing ſawcily to the world before he was ſent for : yet was his Mother fayre, there was good ſport at his making, and the horſon muſt be acknowledged. Doe you know this Noble Gentleman, *Edmond* ?

Edm. No, my Lord.

Glou. My Lord of Kent :
Remember him heereafter, as my Honourable Friend.

Edm. My ſeruices to your Lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt loue you, and ſue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy deſeruing.

Glou. He hath bin out nine yeares, and away he ſhall againe. The King is comming.

Sennet. Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, and attendants.

Lear. Attend the Lords of France & Burgundy, Gloſter.
Glou. I ſhall, my Lord. *Exit.*
Lear. Meane time we ſhal expreſſe our darker purpoſe.
Giue me the Map there. Know, that we haue diuided
In three our Kingdome : and 'tis our faſt intent,
To ſhake all Cares and Buſineſſe from our Age,
Conferring them on yonger ſtrengths, while we
Vnburthen'd crawle toward death. Our ſon of *Cornwal*,
And you our no leſſe louing Sonne of *Albany*,
We haue this houre a conſtant will to publiſh
Our daughters ſeuerall Dowers, that future ſtrife
May be preuented now. The Princes, *France* & *Burgundy*,
Great Riuals in our yongeſt daughters loue,
Long in our Court, haue made their amorous ſoiourne,
And heere are to be anſwer'd. Tell me my daughters
(Since now we will diueſt vs both of Rule,
Intereſt of Territory, Cares of State)
Which of you ſhall we ſay doth loue vs moſt,
That we, our largeſt bountie may extend
Where Nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*,
Our eldeſt borne, ſpeake firſt.
Gon. Sir, I loue you more then word can weild yͤ matter,
Deerer then eye-ſight, ſpace, and libertie,
Beyond what can be valewed, rich or rare,
No leſſe then life, with grace, health, beauty, honor :
As much as Childe ere lou'd, or Father found.
A loue that makes breath poore, and ſpeech vnable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I loue you.
Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* ſpeake ? Loue, and be ſilent.
Lear. Of all theſe bounds euen from this Line, to this,
With ſhadowie Forreſts, and with Champains rich'd
With plenteous Riuers, and wide-skirted Meades
We make thee Lady. To thine and *Albanies* iſſues
Be this perpetuall. What ſayes our ſecond Daughter?
Our deereſt *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall* ?
Reg. I am made of that ſelfe-mettle as my Siſter,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart,
I finde ſhe names my very deede of loue :
Onely ſhe comes too ſhort, that I profeſſe
My ſelfe an enemy to all other ioyes,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſenſe profeſſes,
And finde I am alone felicitate
In your deere Highneſſe loue.
Cor. Then poore *Cordelia*,
And yet not ſo, ſince I am ſure my loue's
More ponderous then my tongue.
Lear. To thee, and thine hereditarie euer,
Remaine this ample third of our faire Kingdome,
No leſſe in ſpace, validitie, and pleaſure
Then that conferr'd on *Generill*. Now our Ioy,
Although our laſt and leaſt ; to whoſe yong loues
The Vines of France, and Milke of Burgundie,
Striue to be intereſt. What can you ſay, to draw
A third, more opilent then your Siſters? ſpeake.
Cor. Nothing my Lord.
Lear. Nothing ?

Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing will come of nothing, ſpeake againe.
Cor. Vnhappie that I am, I cannot heaue
My heart into my mouth, I loue your Maieſty
According to my bond, no more nor leſſe.
Lear. How, how *Cordelia*? Mend your ſpeech a little,
Leaſt you may marre your Fortunes.
Cor. Good my Lord,
You haue begot me, bred me, lou'd me.
I returne thoſe duties backe as are right fit,
Obey you, Loue you, and moſt Honour you.
Why haue my Siſters Husbands, if they ſay
They loue you all? Happily when I ſhall wed,
That Lord, whoſe hand muſt take my plight, ſhall carry
Halfe my loue with him, halfe my Care, and Dutie,
Sure I ſhall neuer marry like my Siſters.
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
Cor. I my good Lord.
Lear. So young, and ſo vntender?
Cor. So young my Lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be ſo, thy truth then be thy dowre:
For by the ſacred radience of the Sunne,
The miſeries of *Heccat* and the night:
By all the operation of the Orbes,
From whom we do exiſt, and ceaſe to be,
Heere I diſclaime all my Paternall care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for euer. The barbarous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation meſſes
To gorge his appetite, ſhall to my boſome
Be as well neighbour'd, pittied, and releeu'd,
As thou my ſometime Daughter.
Kent. Good my Liege.
Lear. Peace *Kent*,
Come not betweene the Dragon and his wrath,
I lou'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kind nurſery. Hence and avoid my ſight:
So be my graue my peace, as here I giue
Her Fathers heart from her; call *France*, who ſtirres?
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albanie*,
With my two Daughters Dowres, digeſt the third,
Let pride, which ſhe cals plainneſſe, marry her:
I doe inueſt you ioyntly with my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troope with Maieſty. Our ſelfe by Monthly courſe,
With reſeruation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turne, onely we ſhall retaine
The name, and all th'addition to a King: the Sway,
Reuennew, Execution of the reſt,
Beloued Sonnes be yours, which to confirme,
This Coronet part betweene you.
Kent. Royall *Lear*,
Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,
Lou'd as my Father, as my Maſter follow'd,
As my great Patron thought on in my praiers.
Le. The bow is bent & drawne, make from the ſhaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the forke inuade
The region of my heart, be *Kent* vnmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad, what wouldeſt thou do old man?
Think'ſt thou that dutie ſhall haue dread to ſpeake,
When power to flattery bowes?
To plainneſſe honour's bound,
When Maieſty falls to folly, reſerue thy ſtate,
And in thy beſt conſideration checke
This hideous raſhneſſe, anſwere my life, my iudgement:
Thy yongeſt Daughter do's not loue thee leaſt,
Nor are thoſe empty hearted, whoſe low ſounds
Reuerbe no hollowneſſe.
Lear. *Kent*, on thy life no more.
Kent. My life I neuer held but as pawne
To wage againſt thine enemies, nere feare to looſe it,
Thy ſafety being motiue.
Lear. Out of my ſight.
Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me ſtill remaine
The true blanke of thine eie.
Kear. Now by *Apollo*,
Lent. Now by *Apollo*, King
Thou ſwear'ſt thy Gods in vaine.
Lear. O Vaſſall! Miſcreant.
Alb. Cor. Deare Sir forbeare.
Kent. Kill thy Phyſition, and thy fee beſtow
Vpon the foule diſeaſe, reuoke thy guift,
Or whil'ſt I can vent clamour from my throate,
Ile tell thee thou doſt euill.
Lea. Heare me recreant, on thine allegeance heare me;
That thou haſt ſought to make vs breake our vowes,
Which we durſt neuer yet; and with ſtrain'd pride,
To come betwixt our ſentences, and our power,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare;
Our potencie made good, take thy reward.
Fiue dayes we do allot thee for prouiſion,
To ſhield thee from diſaſters of the world,
And on the ſixt to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our kingdome; if on the tenth day following,
Thy baniſht trunke be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away. By *Iupiter*,
This ſhall not be reuok'd,
Kent. Fare thee well King, ſith thus thou wilt appeare,
Freedome liues hence, and baniſhment is here;
The Gods to their deere ſhelter take thee Maid,
That iuſtly think'ſt, and haſt moſt rightly ſaid:
And your large ſpeeches, may your deeds approue,
That good effects may ſpring from words of loue:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adew,
Hee'l ſhape his old courſe, in a Country new. *Exit.*

Flouriſh. Enter Gloſter with France, and Burgundy, Attendants.

Cor. Heere's *France* and *Burgundy*, my Noble Lord.
Lear. My Lord of *Burgundie*,
We firſt addreſſe toward you, who with this King
Hath riuald for our Daughter; what in the leaſt
Will you require in preſent Dower with her,
Or ceaſe your queſt of Loue?
Bur. Moſt Royall Maieſty,
I craue no more then hath your Highneſſe offer'd,
Nor will you tender leſſe?
Lear. Right Noble *Burgundy*,
When ſhe was deare to vs, we did hold her ſo,
But now her price is fallen: Sir, there ſhe ſtands,
If ought within that little ſeeming ſubſtance,
Or all of it with our diſpleaſure piec'd,
And nothing more may fitly like your Grace,
Shee's there, and ſhe is yours.
Bur. I know no anſwer.
Lear. Will you with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Dow'rd with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oath,
Take her or, leaue her.

Bur. Pardon me Royall Sir,
Election makes not vp in ſuch conditions.
Le. Then leaue her ſir, for by the powre that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,
I would not from your loue make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beſeech you
T'auert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whom Nature is aſham'd
Almoſt t'acknowledge hers.
Fra. This is moſt ſtrange,
That ſhe whom euen but now, was your obiect,
The argument of your praiſe, balme of your age,
The beſt, the deereſt, ſhould in this trice of time
Commit a thing ſo monſtrous, to diſmantle
So many folds of fauour: ſure her offence
Muſt be of ſuch vnnaturall degree,
That monſters it: Or your fore-voucht affection
Fall into taint, which to beleeue of her
Muſt be a faith that reaſon without miracle
Should neuer plant in me.
Cor. I yet beſeech your Maieſty.
If for I want that glib and oylie Art,
To ſpeake and purpoſe not, ſince what I will intend,
Ile do't before I ſpeake, that you make knowne
It is no vicious blot, murther, or fouleneſſe,
No vnchaſte action or diſhonoured ſtep
That hath depriu'd me of your Grace and fauour,
But euen for want of that, for which I am richer,
A ſtill ſoliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue,
That I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,
Hath loſt me in your liking.
Lear. Better thou had'ſt
Not beene borne, then not t'haue pleas'd me better.
Fra. Is it but this? A tardineſſe in nature,
Which often leaues the hiſtory vnſpoke
That it intends to do: my Lord of *Burgundy*,
What ſay you to the Lady? Loue's not loue
When it is mingled with regards, that ſtands
Aloofe from th'intire point, will you haue her?
She is herſelfe a Dowrie.
Bur. Royall King,
Giue but that portion which your ſelfe propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutcheſſe of *Burgundie*.
Lear. Nothing, I haue ſworne, I am firme.
Bur. I am ſorry then you haue ſo loſt a Father,
That you muſt looſe a husband.
Cor. Peace be with *Burgundie*,
Since that reſpect and Fortunes are his loue,
I ſhall not be his wife.
Fra. Faireſt *Cordelia*, that art moſt rich being poore,
Moſt choiſe forſaken, and moſt lou'd deſpis'd,
Thee and thy vertues here I ſeize vpon,
Be it lawfull I take vp what's caſt away.
Gods, Gods! 'Tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neglect
My Loue ſhould kindle to enflam'd reſpect.
Thy dowreleſſe Daughter King, throwne to my chance,
Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France*:
Not all the Dukes of watriſh *Burgundy*,
Can buy this vnpriz'd precious Maid of me.
Bid them farewell *Cordelia*, though vnkinde,
Thou looſeſt here a better where to finde.
Lear. Thou haſt her *France*, let her be thine, for we
Haue no ſuch Daughter, nor ſhall euer ſee
That face of hers againe, therfore be gone,
Without our Grace, our Loue, our Benizon:
Come Noble *Burgundie*. *Flouriſh. Exeunt.*
Fra. Bid farwell to your Siſters.
Cor. The Iewels of our Father, with waſh'd eies
Cordelia leaues you, I know you what you are,
And like a Siſter am moſt loth to call
Your faults as they are named. Loue well our Father:
To your profeſſed boſomes I commit him,
But yet alas, ſtood I within his Grace,
I would prefer him to a better place,
So farewell to you both.
Regn. Preſcribe not vs our dutie.
Gon. Let your ſtudy
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiu'd you
At Fortunes almes, you haue obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the want that you haue wanted.
Cor. Time ſhall vnfold what plighted cunning hides,
Who couers faults, at laſt with ſhame derides:
Well may you proſper.
Fra. Come my faire *Cordelia*. *Exit France and Cor.*
Gon. Siſter, it is not little I haue to ſay,
Of what moſt neerely appertaines to vs both,
I thinke our Father will hence to night. (with vs.
Reg. That's moſt certaine, and with you: next moneth

Gon. You ſee how full of changes his age is, the obſeruation we haue made of it hath beene little; he alwaies lou'd our Siſter moſt, and with what poore iudgement he hath now caſt her off, appeares too groſſely.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath euer but ſlenderly knowne himſelfe.

Gon. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath bin but raſh, then muſt we looke from his age, to receiue not alone the imperfections of long ingraffed condition, but therewithall the vnruly way-wardneſſe, that infirme and cholericke yeares bring with them.

Reg. Such vnconſtant ſtarts are we like to haue from him, as this of *Kents* baniſhment.

Gon. There is further complement of leaue-taking betweene *France* and him, pray you let vs ſit together, if our Father carry authority with ſuch diſpoſition as he beares, this laſt ſurrender of his will but offend vs.

Reg. We ſhall further thinke of it.

Gon. We muſt do ſomething, and i'th' heate. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Thou Nature art my Goddeſſe, to thy Law
My ſeruices are bound, wherefore ſhould I
Stand in the plague of cuſtome, and permit
The curioſity of Nations, to depriue me?
For that I am ſome twelue, or fourteene Moonſhines
Lag of a Brother? Why Baſtard? Wherefore baſe?
When my Dimenſions are as well compact,
My minde as generous, and my ſhape as true
As honeſt Madams iſſue? Why brand they vs
With Baſe? With baſenes Barſtadie? Baſe, Baſe?
Who in the luſtie ſtealth of Nature, take
More compoſition, and fierce qualitie,
Then doth within a dull ſtale tyred bed
Goe to th'creating a whole tribe of Fops
Got 'tweene a ſleepe, and wake? Well then,
Legitimate *Edgar*, I muſt haue your land,
Our Fathers loue, is to the Baſtard *Edmond*,
As to th'legitimate: fine word: Legitimate.

Well, my Legitimate, if this Letter ſpeed,
And my inuention thriue, *Edmond* the baſe
Shall to'th'Legitimate: I grow, I proſper:
Now Gods, ſtand vp for Baſtards.

Enter Glouceſter.

Glo. Kent baniſh'd thus? and France in choller parted?
And the King gone to night? Preſcrib'd his powre,
Confin'd to exhibition? All this done
Vpon the gad? *Edmond*, how now? What newes?

Baſt. So pleaſe your Lordſhip, none.

Glou. Why ſo earneſtly ſeeke you to put vp ỳ Letter?

Baſt. I know no newes, my Lord.

Glou. What Paper were you reading?

Baſt. Nothing my Lord.

Glou. No? what needed then that terrible diſpatch of it into your Pocket? The quality of nothing, hath not ſuch neede to hide it ſelfe. Let's ſee: come, if it bee nothing, I ſhall not neede Spectacles.

Baſt. I beſeech you Sir, pardon mee; it is a Letter from my Brother, that I haue not all ore-read; and for ſo much as I haue perus'd, I finde it not fit for your ore-looking.

Glou. Giue me the Letter, Sir.

Baſt. I ſhall offend, either to detaine, or giue it:
The Contents, as in part I vnderſtand them,
Are too blame.

Glou. Let's ſee, let's ſee.

Baſt. I hope for my Brothers iuſtification, hee wrote this but as an eſſay, or taſte of my Vertue.

Glou. reads. *This policie, and reuerence of Age, makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times: keepes our Fortunes from vs, till our oldneſſe cannot relliſh them. I begin to finde an idle and fond bondage, in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny, who ſwayes not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffer'd. Come to me, that of this I may ſpeake more. If our Father would ſleepe till I wak'd him, you ſhould enioy halfe his Reuennew for euer, and liue the beloued of your Brother.* Edgar.

Hum? Conſpiracy? Sleepe till I wake him, you ſhould enioy halfe his Reuennew: my Sonne *Edgar*, had hee a hand to write this? A heart and braine to breede it in? When came you to this? Who brought it?

Baſt. It was not brought mee, my Lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it throwne in at the Caſement of my Cloſſet.

Glou. You know the character to be your Brothers?

Baſt. If the matter were good my Lord, I durſt ſwear it were his: but in reſpect of that, I would faine thinke it were not.

Glou. It is his.

Baſt. It is his hand, my Lord: but I hope his heart is not in the Contents.

Glo. Has he neuer before ſounded you in this buſines?

Baſt. Neuer my Lord. But I haue heard him oft maintaine it to be fit, that Sonnes at perfect age, and Fathers declin'd, the Father ſhould bee as Ward to the Son, and the Sonne manage his Reuennew.

Glou. O Villain, villain: his very opinion in the Letter. Abhorred Villaine, vnnaturall, deteſted, brutiſh Villaine; worſe then brutiſh: Go ſirrah, ſeeke him: Ile apprehend him. Abhominable Villaine, where is he?

Baſt. I do not well know my L. If it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my Brother, til you can deriue from him better teſtimony of his intent, you ſhold run a certaine courſe: where, if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your owne Honor, and ſhake in peeces, the heart of his obedience. I dare pawne downe my life for him, that he hath writ this to feele my affection to your Honor, & to no other pretence of danger.

Glou. Thinke you ſo?

Baſt. If your Honor iudge it meete, I will place you where you ſhall heare vs conferre of this, and by an Auricular aſſurance haue your ſatisfaction, and that without any further delay, then this very Euening.

Glou. He cannot bee ſuch a Monſter. *Edmond* ſeeke him out: winde me into him, I pray you: frame the Buſineſſe after your owne wiſedome. I would vnſtate my ſelfe, to be in a due reſolution.

Baſt. I will ſeeke him Sir, preſently: conuey the buſineſſe as I ſhall find meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Glou. Theſe late Eclipſes in the Sun and Moone portend no good to vs: though the wiſedome of Nature can reaſon it thus, and thus, yet Nature finds it ſelfe ſcourg'd by the ſequent effects. Loue cooles, friendſhip falls off, Brothers diuide. In Cities, mutinies; in Countries, diſcord; in Pallaces, Treaſon; and the Bond crack'd, 'twixt Sonne and Father. This villaine of mine comes vnder the prediction; there's Son againſt Father, the King fals from byas of Nature, there's Father againſt Childe. We haue ſeene the beſt of our time. Machinations, hollowneſſe, treacherie, and all ruinous diſorders follow vs diſquietly to our Graues. Find out this Villain, *Edmond*, it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully: and the Noble & true-harted Kent baniſh'd; his offence, honeſty. 'Tis ſtrange. *Exit*

Baſt. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are ſicke in fortune, often the ſurfets of our own behauiour, we make guilty of our diſaſters, the Sun, the Moone, and Starres, as if we were villaines on neceſſitie, Fooles by heauenly compulſion, Knaues, Theeues, and Treachers by Sphericall predominance. Drunkards, Lyars, and Adulterers by an inforc'd obedience of Planatary influence; and all that we are euill in, by a diuine thruſting on. An admirable euaſion of Whore-maſter-man, to lay his Goatiſh diſpoſition on the charge of a Starre, My father compounded with my mother vnder the Dragons taile, and my Natiuity was vnder *Vrſa Maior*, ſo that it followes, I am rough and Leacherous. I ſhould haue bin that I am, had the maidenleſt Starre in the Firmament twinkled on my baſtardizing.

Enter Edgar.

Pat: he comes like the Cataſtrophe of the old Comedie: my Cue is villanous Melancholly, with a ſighe like *Tom* o'Bedlam. —— O theſe Eclipſes do portend theſe diuiſions. Fa, Sol, La, Me.

Edg. How now Brother *Edmond*, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Baſt. I am thinking Brother of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe Eclipſes.

Edg. Do you buſie your ſelfe with that?

Baſt. I promiſe you, the effects he writes of, ſucceede vnhappily.
When ſaw you my Father laſt?

Edg. The night gone by.

Baſt. Spake you with him?

Edg. I, two houres together.

Baſt. Parted you in good termes? Found you no diſpleaſure in him, by word, nor countenance?

Edg. None at all,

Baſt. Bethink your ſelfe wherein you may haue offended him: and at my entreaty forbeare his preſence, vntill ſome little time hath qualified the heat of his diſpleaſure, which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the miſchiefe of your perſon, it would ſcarſely alay.

Edg. Some Villaine hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my feare, I pray you haue a continent forbearance till the ſpeed of his rage goes ſlower: and as I ſay, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to heare my Lord ſpeake: pray ye goe, there's my key: if you do ſtirre abroad, goe arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, Brother?

Edm. Brother, I aduiſe you to the beſt, I am no honeſt man, if ther be any good meaning toward you: I haue told you what I haue ſeene, and heard: But faintly. Nothing like the image, and horror of it, pray you away.

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon? *Exit.*

Edm. I do ſerue you in this buſineſſe:
A Credulous Father, and a Brother Noble,
Whoſe nature is ſo farre from doing harmes,
That he ſuſpects none: on whoſe fooliſh honeſtie
My practiſes ride eaſie: I ſee the buſineſſe.
Let me, if not by birth, haue lands by wit,
All with me's meete, that I can faſhion fit. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gonerill, and Steward.

Gon. Did my Father ſtrike my Gentleman for chiding of his Foole?

Ste. I Madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me, euery howre
He flaſhes into one groſſe crime, or other,
That ſets vs all at ods: Ile not endure it;
His Knights grow riotous, and himſelfe vpbraides vs
On euery trifle. When he returnes from hunting,
I will not ſpeake with him, ſay I am ſicke,
If you come ſlacke of former ſeruices,
You ſhall do well, the fault of it Ile anſwer.

Ste. He's comming Madam, I heare him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you pleaſe,
You and your Fellowes: I'de haue it come to queſtion;
If he diſtaſte it, let him to my Siſter,
Whoſe mind and mine I know in that are one,
Remember what I haue ſaid.

Ste. Well Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights haue colder lookes among you: what growes of it no matter, aduiſe your fellowes ſo, Ile write ſtraight to my Siſter to hold my courſe: prepare for dinner. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Kent.

Kent. If but as will I other accents borrow,
That can my ſpeech defuſe, my good intent
May carry through it ſelfe to that full iſſue
For which I raiz'd my likeneſſe. Now baniſht *Kent*,
If thou canſt ſerue where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy Maſter whom thou lou'ſt,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Hornes within. Enter Lear and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not ſtay a iot for dinner, go get it ready: how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man Sir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſſe? What would'ſt thou with vs?

Kent. I do profeſſe to be no leſſe then I ſeeme; to ſerue him truely that will put me in truſt, to loue him that is honeſt, to conuerſe with him that is wiſe and ſaies little, to feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot chooſe, and to eate no fiſh.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt hearted Fellow, and as poore as the King.

Lear. If thou be'ſt as poore for a ſubiect, as hee's for a King, thou art poore enough. What wouldſt thou?

Kent. Seruice.

Lear. Who wouldſt thou ſerue?

Kent. You.

Lear. Do'ſt thou know me fellow?

Kent. No Sir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I would faine call Maſter.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What ſeruices canſt thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honeſt counſaile, ride, run, marre a curious tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine meſſage bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the beſt of me, is Dilligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo young Sir to loue a woman for ſinging, nor ſo old to dote on her for any thing. I haue yeares on my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou ſhalt ſerue me, if I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner ho, dinner, where's my knaue? my Foole? Go you and call my Foole hither. You you Sirrah, where's my Daughter?

Enter Steward.

Ste. So pleaſe you —— *Exit.*

Lear. What ſaies the Fellow there? Call the Clotpole backe: wher's my Foole? Ho, I thinke the world's aſleepe, how now? Where's that Mungrell?

Knigh. He ſaies my Lord, your Daughters is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlaue backe to me when I call'd him?

Knigh. Sir, he anſwered me in the roundeſt manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my iudgement your Highneſſe is not entertain'd with that Ceremonious affection as you were wont, theres a great abatement of kindneſſe appeares as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himſelfe alſo, and your Daughter.

Lear. Ha? Saiſt thou ſo?

Knigh. I beſeech you pardon me my Lord, if I bee miſtaken, for my duty cannot be ſilent, when I thinke your Highneſſe wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembreſt me of mine owne Conception, I haue perceiued a moſt faint neglect of late, which I haue rather blamed as mine owne iealous curioſitie, then as a very pretence and purpoſe of vnkindneſſe; I will looke further intoo't: but where's my Foole? I haue not ſeene him this two daies.

Knight. Since my young Ladies going into *France*

Sir, the Foole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I haue noted it well, goe you and tell my Daughter, I would ſpeake with her. Goe you call hither my Foole; Oh you Sir, you, come you hither Sir, who am I Sir?

Enter Steward.

Ste. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies Father? my Lords knaue, you whorſon dog, you ſlaue, you curre.

Ste. I am none of theſe my Lord,
I beſeech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy lookes with me, you Raſcall?

Ste. Ile not be ſtrucken my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you baſe Foot-ball plaier.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow.
Thou ſeru'ſt me, and Ile loue thee.

Kent. Come ſir, ariſe, away, Ile teach you differences: away, away, if you will meaſure your lubbers length againe, tarry, but away, goe too, haue you wiſedome, ſo.

Lear. Now my friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's earneſt of thy ſeruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my Coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knaue, how doſt thou?

Foole. Sirrah, you were beſt take my Coxcombe.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Foole. Why? for taking ones part that's out of fauour, nay, & thou canſt not ſmile as the wind ſits, thou'lt catch colde ſhortly, there take my Coxcombe; why this fellow ha's baniſh'd two on's Daughters, and did the third a bleſſing againſt his will, if thou follow him, thou muſt needs weare my Coxcombe. How now Nunckle? would I had two Coxcombes, and two Daughters.

Lear. Why my Boy?

Fool. If I gaue them all my liuing, I'ld keepe my Coxcombes my ſelfe, there's mine, beg another of thy Daughters.

Lear. Take heed Sirrah, the whip.

Foole. Truth's a dog muſt to kennell, hee muſt bee whipt out, when the Lady Brach may ſtand by'th'fire and ſtinke.

Lear. A peſtilent gall to me.

Foole. Sirha, Ile teach thee a ſpeech.

Lear. Do.

Foole. Marke it Nuncle;
Haue more then thou ſhoweſt,
Speake leſſe then thou knoweſt,
Lend leſſe then thou oweſt,
Ride more then thou goeſt,
Learne more then thou troweſt,
Set leſſe then thou throweſt;
Leaue thy drinke and thy whore,
And keepe in a dore,
And thou ſhalt haue more,
Then two tens to a ſcore.

Kent. This is nothing Foole.

Foole. Then 'tis like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, you gaue me nothing for't, can you make no vſe of nothing Nuncle?

Lear. Why no Boy,
Nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Prythee tell him, ſo much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleeue a Foole.

Lear. A bitter Foole.

Foole. Do'ſt thou know the difference my Boy, betweene a bitter Foole, and a ſweet one.

Lear. No Lad, teach me.

Foole. Nunckle, giue me an egge, and Ile giue thee two Crownes.

Lear. What two Crownes ſhall they be?

Foole. Why after I haue cut the egge i'th'middle and eate vp the meate, the two Crownes of the egge: when thou cloueſt thy Crownes i'th'middle, and gau'ſt away both parts, thou boar'ſt thine Aſſe on thy backe o're the durt, thou had'ſt little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gau'ſt thy golden one away; if I ſpeake like my ſelfe in this, let him be whipt that firſt findes it ſo.
Fooles had nere leſſe grace in a yeere,
For wiſemen are growne foppiſh,
And know not how their wits to weare,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Le. When were you wont to be ſo full of Songs ſirrah?

Foole. I haue vſed it Nunckle, ere ſince thou mad'ſt thy Daughters thy Mothers, for when thou gau'ſt them the rod, and put'ſt downe thine owne breeches, then they
For ſodaine ioy did weepe,
And I for ſorrow ſung,
That ſuch a King ſhould play bo-peepe,
And goe the Foole among.
Pry'thy Nunckle keepe a Schoolemaſter that can teach thy Foole to lie, I would faine learne to lie.

Lear. And you lie ſirrah, wee'l haue you whipt.

Foole. I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l haue me whipt for ſpeaking true: thou'lt haue me whipt for lying, and ſometimes I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing then a foole, and yet I would not be thee Nunckle, thou haſt pared thy wit o'both ſides, and left nothing i'th'middle; heere comes one o'the parings.

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now Daughter? what makes that Frontlet on? You are too much of late i'th'frowne.

Foole. Thou waſt a pretty fellow when thou hadſt no need to care for her frowning, now thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a Foole, thou art nothing. Yes forſooth I will hold my tongue, ſo your face bids me, though you ſay nothing.
Mum, mum, he that keepes nor cruſt, not crum,
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome. That's a ſheal'd Peſcod.

Gon. Not only Sir this, your all-lycenc'd Foole,
But other of your inſolent retinue
Do hourely Carpe and Quarrell, breaking forth
In ranke, and (not to be endur'd) riots Sir.
I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you,
To haue found a ſafe redreſſe, but now grow fearefull
By what your ſelfe too late haue ſpoke and done,
That you protect this courſe, and put it on
By your allowance, which if you ſhould, the fault
Would not ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſes ſleepe,
Which in the tender of a wholeſome weale,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which elſe were ſhame, that then neceſſitie
Will call diſcreet proceeding.

Foole. For you know Nunckle, the Hedge-Sparrow fed the Cuckoo ſo long, that it's had it head bit off by it young, ſo out went the Candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our Daughter? (dome

Gon. I would you would make vſe of your good wiſe-
(Whereof I know you are fraught), and put away
Theſe diſpoſitions, which of late tranſport you
From what you rightly are.

Foole. May

Foole. May not an Aſſe know, when the Cart drawes the Horſe?
Whoop Iugge I loue thee.

Lear. Do's any heere know me?
This is not *Lear*:
Do's *Lear* walke thus? Speake thus? Where are his eies?
Either his Notion weakens, his Diſcernings
Are Lethargied. Ha! Waking? 'Tis not ſo?
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

Foole. *Lears* ſhadow.

Lear. Your name, faire Gentlewoman?

Gon. This admiration Sir, is much o'th'ſauour
Of other your new prankes. I do beſeech you
To vnderſtand my purpoſes aright:
As you are Old, and Reuerend, ſhould be Wiſe.
Heere do you keepe a hundred Knights and Squires,
Men ſo diſorder'd, ſo deboſh'd, and bold,
That this our Court infected with their manners,
Shewes like a riotous Inne; Epicuriſme and Luſt
Makes it more like a Tauerne, or a Brothell,
Then a grac'd Pallace. The ſhame it ſelfe doth ſpeake
For inſtant remedy. Be then deſir'd
By her, that elſe will take the thing ſhe begges,
A little to diſquantity your Traine,
And the remainders that ſhall ſtill depend,
To be ſuch men as may beſort your Age,
Which know themſelues, and you.

Lear. Darkneſſe, and Diuels.
Saddle my horſes: call my Traine together.
Degenerate Baſtard, Ile not trouble thee;
Yet haue I left a daughter.

Gon. You ſtrike my people, and your diſorder'd rable, make Seruants of their Betters.

Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents:
Is it your will, ſpeake Sir? Prepare my Horſes.
Ingratitude! thou Marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a Child,
Then the Sea-monſter.

Alb. Pray Sir be patient.

Lear. Deteſted Kite, thou lyeſt.
My Traine are men of choice, and rareſt parts,
That all particulars of dutie know,
And in the moſt exact regard, ſupport
The worſhips of their name. O moſt ſmall fault,
How vgly did'ſt thou in *Cordelia* ſhew?
Which like an Engine, wrencht my frame of Nature
From the fixt place: drew from my heart all loue,
And added to the gall. O *Lear*, *Lear*, *Lear*!
Beate at this gate that let thy Folly in,
And thy deere Iudgement out. Go, go, my people.

Alb. My Lord, I am guiltleſſe, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moued you.

Lear. It may be ſo, my Lord.
Heare Nature, heare deere Goddeſſe, heare:
Suſpend thy purpoſe, if thou did'ſt intend
To make this Creature fruitfull:
Into her Wombe conuey ſtirrility,
Drie vp in her the Organs of increaſe,
And from her derogate body, neuer ſpring
A Babe to honor her. If ſhe muſt teeme,
Create her childe of Spleene, that it may liue
And be a thwart diſnatur'd torment to her.
Let it ſtampe wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent Teares fret Channels in her cheekes,
Turne all her Mothers paines, and benefits
To laughter, and contempt: That ſhe may feele,
How ſharper then a Serpents tooth it is,
To haue a thankleſſe Childe. Away, away. *Exit.*

Alb. Now Gods that we adore,
Whereof comes this?

Gon. Neuer afflict your ſelfe to know more of it:
But let his diſpoſition haue that ſcope
As dotage giues it.

Enter Lear.

Lear. What fiftie of my Followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?

Alb What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. Ile tell thee:
Life and death, I am aſham'd
That thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus,
That theſe hot teares, which breake from me perforce
Should make thee worth them.
Blaſtes and Fogges vpon thee:
Th'vntented woundings of a Fathers curſe
Pierce euerie ſenſe about thee. Old fond eyes,
Beweepe this cauſe againe, Ile plucke ye out,
And caſt you with the waters that you looſe
To temper Clay. Ha? Let it be ſo.
I haue another daughter,
Who I am ſure is kinde and comfortable:
When ſhe ſhall heare this of thee, with her nailes
Shee'l flea thy Woluiſh viſage. Thou ſhalt finde,
That Ile reſume the ſhape which thou doſt thinke
I haue caſt off for euer. *Exit*

Gon. Do you marke that?

Alb. I cannot be ſo partiall *Gonerill*,
To the great loue I beare you.

Gon. Pray you content. What *Oſwald*, hoa?
You Sir, more Knaue then Foole, after your Maſter.

Foole. Nunkle *Lear*, Nunkle *Lear*,
Tarry, take the Foole with thee:
A Fox, when one has caught her,
And ſuch a Daughter,
Should ſure to the Slaughter,
If my Cap would buy a Halter,
So the Foole followes after. *Exit*

Gon. This man hath had good Counſell,
A hundred Knights?
'Tis politike, and ſafe to let him keepe
At point a hundred Knights: yes, that on euerie dreame,
Each buz, each fancie, each complaint, diſlike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powres,
And hold our liues in mercy. *Oſwald*, I ſay.

Alb. Well, you may feare too farre.

Gon. Safer then truſt too farre;
Let me ſtill take away the harmes I feare,
Not feare ſtill to be taken. I know his heart,
What he hath vtter'd I haue writ my Siſter:
If ſhe ſuſtaine him, and his hundred Knights
When I haue ſhew'd th'vnfitneſſe.

Enter Steward.

How now *Oſwald*?
What haue you writ that Letter to my Siſter?

Stew. I Madam.

Gon. Take you ſome company, and away to horſe,
Informe her full of my particular feare,
And thereto adde ſuch reaſons of your owne,
As may compact it more. Get you gone,

And haſten your returne; no,no,my Lord,
This milky gentleneſſe,and courſe of yours
Though I condemne not,yet vnder pardon
Your are much more at task for want of wiſedome,
Then prai'sd for harmefull mildneſſe.
Alb. How farre your eies may pierce I cannot tell;
Striuing to better, oft we marre what's well.
Gon. Nay then ———
Alb. Well,well,the'uent. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Lear, Kent, Gentleman, and Foole.

Lear. Go you before to *Gloſter* with theſe Letters; acquaint my Daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter, if your Dilligence be not ſpeedy, I ſhall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not ſleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered your Letter. *Exit.*

Foole. If a mans braines were in's heeles, wert not in danger of kybes?

Lear. I Boy.

Foole. Then I prythee be merry, thy wit ſhall not go ſlip-ſhod.

Lear. Ha,ha,ha.

Fool. Shalt ſee thy other Daughter will vſe thee kindly, for though ſhe's as like this, as a Crabbe's like an Apple,yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can'ſt tell Boy?

Foole. She will taſte as like this as, a Crabbe do's to a Crab: thou canſt tell why ones noſe ſtands i'th'middle on's face?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why to keepe ones eyes of either ſide's noſe, that what a man cannot ſmell out,he may ſpy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.

Foole. Can'ſt tell how an Oyſter makes his ſhell?

Lear. No.

Foole. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a Snaile ha's a houſe.

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why to put's head in,not to giue it away to his daughters,and leaue his hornes without a caſe.

Lear. I will forget my Nature, ſo kind a Father? Be my Horſſes ready?

Foole. Thy Aſſes are gone about 'em; the reaſon why the ſeuen Starres are no mo then ſeuen,is a pretty reaſon.

Lear. Becauſe they are not eight.

Foole. Yes indeed,thou would'ſt make a good Foole.

Lear. To tak't againe perforce; Monſter Ingratitude!

Foole. If thou wert my Foole Nunckle, Il'd haue thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Foole. Thou ſhouldſt not haue bin old, till thou hadſt bin wiſe.

Lear. O let me not be mad, not mad ſweet Heauen: keepe me in temper, I would not be mad. How now are the Horſes ready?

Gent. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come Boy.

Fool. She that's a Maid now,& laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a Maid long, vnleſſe things be cut ſhorter.
Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Baſtard, and Curan, ſeuerally.

Baſt. Saue thee *Curan.*
Cur. And your Sir,I haue bin
With your Father,and giuen him notice
That the Duke of *Cornwall*,and *Regan* his Ducheſſe
Will be here with him this night.
Baſt. How comes that?

Cur. Nay I know not, you haue heard of the newes abroad, I meane the whiſper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kiſſing arguments.

Baſt. Not I: pray you what are they?
Cur. Haue you heard of no likely Warres toward,
'Twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall*, and *Albany*?
Baſt. Not a word.
Cur. You may do then in time,
Fare you well Sir. *Exit.*
Baſt. The Duke be here to night? The better beſt,
This weaues it ſelfe perforce into my buſineſſe,
My Father hath ſet guard to take my Brother,
And I haue one thing of a queazie queſtion
Which I muſt act, Briefeneſſe, and Fortune worke.
Enter Edgar.
Brother, a word, diſcend; Brother I ſay,
My Father watches: O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is giuen where you are hid;
You haue now the good aduantage of the night,
Haue you not ſpoken 'gainſt the Duke of *Cornewall*?
Hee's comming hither,now i'th' night,i'th' haſte,
And *Regan* with him,haue you nothing ſaid
Vpon his partie 'gainſt the Duke of *Albany*?
Aduiſe your ſelfe.
Edg. I am ſure on't,not a word.
Baſt. I heare my Father comming,pardon me;
In cunning,I muſt draw my Sword vpon you:
Draw,ſeeme to defend your ſelfe,
Now quit you well.
Yeeld,come before my Father,light hoa,here,
Fly Brother,Torches,Torches,ſo farewell.
Exit Edgar.
Some blood drawne on me,would beget opinion
Of my more fierce endeauour. I haue ſeene drunkards
Do more then this in ſport; Father,Father,
Stop,ſtop,no helpe?

Enter Gloſter, and Seruants with Torches.

Glo. Now *Edmund*,where's the villaine?
Baſt. Here ſtood he in the dark,his ſharpe Sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charmes,coniuring the Moone
To ſtand auſpicious Miſtris.
Glo. But where is he?
Baſt. Looke Sir,I bleed.
Glo. Where is the villaine,*Edmund*?
Baſt. Fled this way Sir,when by no meanes he could.
Glo. Purſue him,ho:go after. By no meanes,what?
Baſt. Perſwade me to the murther of your Lordſhip,
But

But that I told him the reuenging Gods,
'Gainſt Paricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold,and ſtrong a Bond
The Child was bound to'th' Father; Sir in fine,
Seeing how lothly oppoſite I ſtood
To his vnnaturall purpoſe,in fell motion
With his prepared Sword,he charges home
My vnprouided body,latch'd mine arme;
And when he ſaw my beſt alarum'd ſpirits
Bold in the quarrels right,rouz'd to th'encounter,
Or whether gaſted by the noyſe I made,
Full ſodainely he fled.
Gloſt. Let him fly farre:
Not in this Land ſhall he remaine vncaught
And found; diſpatch,the Noble Duke my Maſter,
My worthy Arch and Patron comes to night,
By his authoritie I will proclaime it,
That he which finds him ſhall deſerue our thankes,
Bringing the murderous Coward to the ſtake:
He that conceales him death.
Baſt. When I diſſwaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to doe it,with curſt ſpeech
I threaten'd to diſcouer him; he replied,
Thou vnpoſſeſſing Baſtard,doſt thou thinke,
If I would ſtand againſt thee,would the repoſall
Of any truſt,vertue,or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? No,what ſhould I denie,
(As this I would, though thou didſt produce
My very Character) I'ld turne it all
To thy ſuggeſtion,plot,and damned practiſe:
And thou muſt make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potentiall ſpirits
To make thee ſeeke it. *Tucket within.*
Glo. O ſtrange and faſtned Villaine,
Would he deny his Letter,ſaid he?
Harke,the Dukes Trumpets,I know not wher he comes;
All Ports Ile barre,the villaine ſhall not ſcape,
The Duke muſt grant me that: beſides,his picture
I will ſend farre and neere,that all the kingdome
May haue due note of him,and of my land,
(Loyall and naturall Boy) Ile worke the meanes
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornewall, Regan, and Attendants.

Corn. How now my Noble friend,ſince I came hither
(Which I can call but now,)I haue heard ſtrangeneſſe.
Reg. If it be true,all vengeance comes too ſhort
Which can purſue th'offender; how doſt my Lord?
Glo. O Madam,my old heart is crack'd,it's crack'd.
Reg. What,did my Fathers Godſonne ſeeke your life?
He whom my Father nam'd,your *Edgar*?
Glo. O Lady,Lady,ſhame would haue it hid.
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights
That tended vpon my Father?
Glo. I know not Madam,'tis too bad,too bad.
Baſt. Yes Madam,he was of that conſort.
Reg. No maruaile then,though he were ill affected,
'Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,
To haue th'expence and waſt of his Reuenues:
I haue this preſent euening from my Siſter
Beene well inform'd of them,and with ſuch cautions,
That if they come to ſoiourne at my houſe,
Ile not be there.
Cor. Nor I,aſſure thee *Regan*;
Edmund,I heare that you haue ſhewne your Father
A Child-like Office.
Baſt. It was my duty Sir.
Glo. He did bewray his practiſe,and receiu'd
This hurt you ſee,ſtriuing to apprehend him.
Cor. Is he purſued?
Glo. I my good Lord.
Cor. If he be taken,he ſhall neuer more
Be fear'd of doing harme,make your owne purpoſe,
How in my ſtrength you pleaſe: for you *Edmund*,
Whoſe vertue and obedience doth this inſtant
So much commend it ſelfe,you ſhall be ours,
Nature's of ſuch deepe truſt,we ſhall much need:
You we firſt ſeize on.
Baſt. I ſhall ſerue you Sir truely,how euer elſe.
Glo. For him I thanke your Grace.
Cor. You know not why we came to viſit you?
Reg. Thus out of ſeaſon,thredding darke ey'd night,
Occaſions Noble *Gloſter* of ſome prize,
Wherein we muſt haue vſe of your aduiſe.
Our Father he hath writ,ſo hath our Siſter,
Of differences,which I beſt though it fit
To anſwere from our home: the ſeuerall Meſſengers
From hence attend diſpatch,our good old Friend,
Lay comforts to your boſome,and beſtow
Your needfull counſaile to our buſineſſes,
Which craues the inſtant vſe.
Glo. I ſerue you Madam,
Your Graces are right welcome. *Exeunt. Flouriſh.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Kent, and Steward ſeuerally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee Friend,art of this houſe?

Kent. I.

Stew. Where may we ſet our horſes?

Kent. I'th'myre.

Stew. Prythee,if thou lou'ſt me,tell me.

Kent. I loue thee not.

Ste. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* Pinfold,I would make thee care for me.

Ste. Why do'ſt thou vſe me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Ste. What do'ſt thou know me for?

Kent. A Knaue,a Raſcall, an eater of broken meates,a baſe, proud, ſhallow, beggerly, three-ſuited-hundred pound, filthy wooſted-ſtocking knaue,a Lilly-liuered, action-taking,whoreſon glaſſe-gazing ſuper-ſeruiceable finicall Rogue, one Trunke-inheriting ſlaue, one that would'ſt be a Baud in way of good ſeruice, and art nothing but the compoſition of a Knaue, Begger, Coward, Pandar, and the Sonne and Heire of a Mungrill Bitch, one whom I will beate into clamours whining, if thou deny'ſt the leaſt ſillable of thy addition.

Stew. Why,what a monſtrous Fellow art thou, thus to raile on one, that is neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd Varlet art thou, to deny thou knoweſt me? Is it two dayes ſince I tript vp thy heeles,and beate thee before the King? Draw you rogue,
for

for though it be night, yet the Moone ſhines, Ile make a ſop oth' Moonſhine of you, you whoreſon Cullyenly Barber-monger, draw.

Stew. Away, I haue nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw you Raſcall, you come with Letters againſt the King, and take Vanitie the puppets part, againſt the Royaltie of her Father: draw you Rogue, or Ile ſo carbonado your ſhanks, draw you Raſcall, come your waies.

Ste. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent. Strike you ſlaue: ſtand rogue, ſtand you neat ſlaue, ſtrike.

Stew. Helpe hoa, murther, murther.

Enter Baſtard, Cornewall, Regan, Gloſter, Seruants.

Baſt. How now, what's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you goodman Boy, if you pleaſe, come, Ile fleſh ye, come on yong Maſter.

Glo. Weapons? Armes? what's the matter here?

Cor. Keepe peace vpon your liues, he dies that ſtrikes againe, what is the matter?

Reg. The Meſſengers from our Siſter, and the King?

Cor. What is your difference, ſpeake?

Stew. I am ſcarce in breath my Lord.

Kent. No Maruell, you haue ſo beſtir'd your valour, you cowardly Raſcall, nature diſclaimes in thee: a Taylor made thee.

Cor. Thou art a ſtrange fellow, a Taylor make a man?

Kent. A Taylor Sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter, could not haue made him ſo ill, though they had bin but two yeares oth' trade.

Cor. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Ste. This ancient Ruffian Sir, whoſe life I haue ſpar'd at ſute of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whoreſon Zed, thou vnneceſſary letter: my Lord, if you will giue me leaue, I will tread this vnboulted villaine into morter, and daube the wall of a Iakes with him. Spare my gray-beard, you wagtaile?

Cor. Peace ſirrah,
You beaſtly knaue, know you no reuerence?

Kent. Yes Sir, but anger hath a priuiledge.

Cor. Why art thou angrie?

Kent. That ſuch a ſlaue as this ſhould weare a Sword,
Who weares no honeſty: ſuch ſmiling rogues as theſe,
Like Rats oft bite the holy cords a twaine,
Which are t'intrince, t'vnlooſe: ſmooth euery paſſion
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,
Being oile to fire, ſnow to the colder moodes,
Reuenge, affirme, and turne their Halcion beakes
With euery gall, and vary of their Maſters,
Knowing naught (like dogges) but following:
A plague vpon your Epilepticke viſage,
Smoile you my ſpeeches, as I were a Foole?
Gooſe, if I had you vpon *Sarum* Plaine,
I'ld driue ye cackling home to *Camelot*.

Corn. What art thou mad old Fellow?

Gloſt. How fell you out, ſay that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then I, and ſuch a knaue.

Corn. Why do'ſt thou call him Knaue?
What is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Cor. No more perchance do's mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plaine,
I haue ſeene better faces in my time,
Then ſtands on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me, at this inſtant.

Corn. This is ſome Fellow,
Who hauing beene prais'd for bluntneſſe, doth affect
A ſaucy roughnes, and conſtraines the garb
Quite from his Nature. He cannot flatter he,
An honeſt mind and plaine, he muſt ſpeake truth,
And they will take it ſo, if not, hee's plaine.
Theſe kind of Knaues I know, which in this plainneſſe
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Then twenty ſilly-ducking obſeruants,
That ſtretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in ſincere verity,
Vnder th'allowance of your great aſpect,
Whoſe influence like the wreath of radient fire
On flicking *Phœbus* front.

Corn. What mean'ſt by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you diſcommend ſo much; I know Sir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild you in a plaine accent, was a plaine Knaue, which for my part I will not be, though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to entreat me too't.

Corn. What was th'offence you gaue him?

Ste. I neuer gaue him any:
It pleas'd the King his Maſter very late
To ſtrike at me vpon his miſconſtruction,
When he compact, and flattering his diſpleaſure
Tript me behind: being downe, inſulted, rail'd,
And put vpon him ſuch a deale of Man,
That worthied him, got praiſes of the King,
For him attempting, who was ſelfe-ſubdued,
And in the fleſhment of this dead exploit,
Drew on me here againe.

Kent. None of theſe Rogues, and Cowards
But *Aiax* is there Foole.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks?
You ſtubborne ancient Knaue, you reuerent Bragart,
Wee'l teach you.

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learne:
Call not your Stocks for me, I ſerue the King.
On whoſe imployment I was ſent to you,
You ſhall doe ſmall reſpects, ſhow too bold malice
Againſt the Grace, and Perſon of my Maſter,
Stocking his Meſſenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks;
As I haue life and Honour, there ſhall he ſit till Noone.

Reg. Till noone? till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your Fathers dog,
You ſhould not vſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir, being his Knaue, I will. *Stocks brought out.*

Cor. This is a Fellow of the ſelfe ſame colour,
Our Siſter ſpeakes of. Come, bring away the Stocks.

Glo. Let me beſeech your Grace, not to do ſo,
The King his Maſter, needs muſt take it ill
That he ſo ſlightly valued in his Meſſenger,
Should haue him thus reſtrained.

Cor. Ile anſwere that.

Reg. My Siſter may recieue it much more worſſe,
To haue her Gentleman abus'd, aſſaulted.

Corn. Come my Lord, away. *Exit.*

Glo. I am ſorry for thee friend, 'tis the Duke pleaſure,
Whoſe diſpoſition all the world well knowes
Will not be rub'd nor ſtopt, Ile entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray do not Sir, I haue watch'd and trauail'd hard,
Some time I ſhall ſleepe out, the reſt Ile whiſtle:
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles:

Giue you good morrow.

Glo. The Duke's too blame in this,
'Twill be ill taken. *Exit.*

Kent. Good King, that muſt approue the common ſaw,
Thou out of Heauens benediction com'ſt
To the warme Sun.
Approach thou Beacon to this vnder Globe,
That by thy comfortable Beames I may
Peruſe this Letter. Nothing almoſt ſees miracles
But miſerie. I know 'tis from *Cordelia*,
Who hath moſt fortunately beene inform'd
Of my obſcured courſe. And ſhall finde time
From this enormous State, ſeeking to giue
Loſſes their remedies. All weary and o're-watch'd,
Take vantage heauie eyes, not to behold
This ſhamefull lodging. Fortune goodnight,
Smile once more, turne thy wheele.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard my ſelfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Eſcap'd the hunt. No Port is free, no place
That guard, and moſt vnuſall vigilance
Do's not attend my taking. Whiles I may ſcape
I will preſerue myſelfe: and am bethought
To take the baſeſt, and moſt pooreſt ſhape
That euer penury in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beaſt; my face Ile grime with filth,
Blanket my loines, elſe all my haires in knots,
And with preſented nakedneſſe out-face
The Windes, and perſecutions of the skie;
The Country giues me proofe, and preſident
Of Bedlam beggers, who with roaring voices,
Strike in their num'd and mortified Armes,
Pins, Wodden-prickes, Nayles, Sprigs of Roſemarie:
And with this horrible obiect, from low Farmes,
Poore pelting Villages, Sheeps-Coates, and Milles,
Sometimes with Lunaticke bans, ſometime with Praiers
Inforce their charitie: poore *Turlygod*, poore *Tom*,
That's ſomething yet: *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit.*

Enter Lear, Foole, and Gentleman.

Lea. 'Tis ſtrange that they ſhould ſo depart from home,
And not ſend backe my Meſſengers.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before, there was no purpoſe in them
Of this remoue.

Kent. Haile to thee Noble Maſter.

Lear. Ha? Mak'ſt thou this ſhame ahy paſtime?

Kent. No my Lord.

Foole. Hah, ha, he weares Cruell Garters Horſes are tide by the heads, Dogges and Beares, by'th' necke, Monkies by'th' loynes, and Men by'th' legs: when a man ouerluſtie at legs, then he weares wodden nether-ſtocks.

Lear. What's he,
That hath ſo much thy place miſtooke
To ſet thee heere?

Kent. It is both he and ſhe,
Your Son, and Daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No I ſay.

Kent. I ſay yea.

Lear. By *Iupiter* I ſweare no.

Kent. By *Iuno*, I ſweare I.

Lear. They durſt not do't:
They could not, would not do't: 'tis worſe then murther,
To do vpon reſpect ſuch violent outrage:
Reſolue me with all modeſt haſte, which way
Thou might'ſt deſerue, or they impoſe this vſage,
Comming from vs.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highneſſe Letters to them,
Ere I was riſen from the place, that ſhewed
My dutie kneeling, came there a reeking Poſte,
Stew'd in his haſte, halfe breathleſſe, painting forth
From *Gonerill* his Miſtris, ſalutations;
Deliuer'd Letters ſpight of intermiſſion,
Which preſently they read; on thoſe contents
They ſummon'd vp their meiney, ſtraight tooke Horſe,
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leiſure of their anſwer, gaue me cold lookes,
And meeting heere the other Meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome I perceiu'd had poiſon'd mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Diſplaid ſo ſawcily againſt your Highneſſe,
Hauing more man then wit about me, drew;
He rais'd the houſe, with loud and coward cries,
Your Sonne and Daughter found this treſpaſſe worth
The ſhame which heere it ſuffers. (way,

Foole. Winters not gon yet, if the wil'd Geeſe fly that
Fathers that weare rags, do make their Children blind,
But Fathers that beare bags, ſhall ſee their children kind.
Fortune that arrant whore, nere turns the key toth' poore.
But for all this thou ſhalt haue as many Dolors for thy Daughters, as thou canſt tell in a yeare.

Lear. Oh how this Mother ſwels vp toward my heart!
Hiſtorica paſſio, downe thou climing ſorrow,
Thy Elements below where is this Daughter?

Kent. With the Earle Sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not, ſtay here. *Exit.*

Gen. Made you no more offence,
But what you ſpeake of?

Kent. None:
How chance the the King comes with ſo ſmall a number?

Foole. And thou hadſt beene ſet i'th' Stockes for that queſtion, thoud'ſt well deſeru'd it.

Kent. Why Foole?

Foole. Wee'l ſet thee to ſchoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's no labouring i'th' winter. All that follow their noſes, are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's not a noſe among twenty, but can ſmell him that's ſtinking; let go thy hold, when a great wheele runs downe a hill, leaſt it breake thy necke with following. But the great one that goes vpward, let him draw thee after: when a wiſeman giues thee better counſell giue me mine againe, I would hauſe none but knaues follow it, ſince a Foole giues it.
That Sir, which ſerues and ſeekes for gaine,
And followes but for forme;
Will packe, when it begins to raine,
And leaue thee in the ſtorme,
But I will tarry, the Foole will ſtay,
And let the wiſeman flie:
The knaue turnes Foole that runnes away,
The Foole no knaue perdie.

Enter Lear, and Gloſter:

Kent. Where learn'd you this Foole?

Foole. Not i'th' Stocks Foole.

Lear. Deny to ſpeake with me?
They are ſicke,they are weary,
They haue trauail'd all the night? meere fetches,
The images of reuolt and flying off.
Fetch me a better anſwer.
Glo. My deere Lord,
You know the fiery quality of the Duke,
How vnremoueable and fixt he is
In his owne courſe.
Lear. Vengeance,Plague,Death,Confuſion :
Fiery? What quality ? Why *Gloſter,Gloſter*,
I'ld ſpeake with the Duke of *Cornewall*,and his wife.
Glo. Well my good Lord,I haue inform'd them ſo.
Lear. Inform'd them? Do'ſt thou vnderſtand me man.
Glo. I my good Lord.
Lear The King would ſpeake with *Cornwall*,
The deere Father
Would with his Daughter ſpeake,commands,tends,ſeruice,
Are they inform'd of this? My breath and blood:
Fiery? The fiery Duke,tell the hot Duke that ———
No,but not yet,may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound,we are not our ſelues,
When Nature being oppreſt,commands the mind
To ſuffer with the body; Ile forbeare,
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit,
For the ſound man. Death on my ſtate : wherefore
Should he ſit heere? This act perſwades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practiſe only. Giue me my Seruant forth;
Goe tell the Duke, and's wife, Il'd ſpeake with them :
Now,preſently : bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their Chamber doore Ile beate the Drum,
Till it crie ſleepe to death.
Glo. I would haue all well betwixt you. *Exit.*
Lear. Oh me my heart! My riſing heart! But downe.
Foole. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney did to the Eeles,when ſhe put 'em i'th' Paſte aliue, ſhe knapt 'em o'th' coxcombs with a ſticke,and cryed downe wantons, downe; 'twas her Brother, that in pure kindneſſe to his Horſe buttered his Hay.

Enter Cornewall,Regan,Gloſter,Seruants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.
Corn. Haile to your Grace. *Kent here ſet at liberty.*
Reg. I am glad to ſee your Highneſſe.
Lear. *Regan*,I thinke your are. I know what reaſon
I haue to thinke ſo,if thou ſhould'ſt not be glad,
I would diuorce me from thy Mother Tombe,
Sepulchring an Adultreſſe. O are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan*,
Thy Siſters naught : oh *Regan*, ſhe hath tied
Sharpe-tooth'd vnkindneſſe,like a vulture heere,
I can ſcarce ſpeake to thee ,thou'lt not beleeue
With how deprau'd a quality. Oh *Regan*.
Reg. I pray you Sir,take patience,I haue hope
You leſſe know how to value her deſert,
Then ſhe to ſcant her dutie.
Lear. Say? How is that?
Reg. I cannot thinke my Siſter in the leaſt
Would faile her Obligation. If Sir perchance
She haue reſtrained the Riots of your Followres,
'Tis on ſuch ground,and to ſuch wholeſome end,
As cleeres her from all blame.
Lear. My curſes on her.
Reg. O Sir,you are old,
Nature in you ſtands on the very Verge
Of his confine : you ſhould be rul'd, and led
By ſome diſcretion, that diſcernes your ſtate
Better then you your ſelfe : therefore I pray you,
That to our Siſter, you do make returne,
Say you haue wrong'd her.
Lear. Aske her forgiueneſſe?
Do you but marke how this becomes the houſe?
Deere daughter, I confeſſe that I am old;
Age is vnneceſſary : on my knees I begge,
That you'l vouchſafe me Rayment, Bed,and Food.
Reg. Good Sir,no more : theſe are vnſightly trickes:
Returne you to my Siſter.
Lear. Neuer *Regan* :
She hath abated me of halfe my Traine;
Look'd blacke vpon me, ſtrooke me with her Tongue
Moſt Serpent-like, vpon the very Heart.
All,the ſtor'd Vengeances of Heauen, fall
On her ingratefull top : ſtrike her yong bones
You taking Ayres, with Lameneſſe.
Corn. Fye ſir, fie.
Le. You nimble Lightnings,dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornfull eyes : Infect her Beauty,
You Fen-ſuck'd Fogges, drawne by the powrfull Sunne,
To fall,and bliſter.
Reg, O the bleſt Gods!
So will you wiſh on me, when the raſh moode is on.
Lear. No *Regan*,thou ſhalt neuer haue my curſe:
Thy tender-hefted Nature ſhall not giue
Thee o're to harſhneſſe : Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burne. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my Traine,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,
And in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my comming in. Thou better know'ſt
The Offices of Nature, bond of Childhood,
Effects of Curteſie, dues of Gratitude:
Thy halfe o'th'Kingdome haſt thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.
Reg. Good Sir, to'th'purpoſe. *Tucket within.*
Lear. Who put my man i'th'Stockes?
Enter Steward.
Corn. What Trumpet's that?
Reg. I know't,my Siſters : this approues her Letter,
That ſhe would ſoone be heere. Is your Lady come?
Lear. This is a Slaue, whoſe eaſie borrowed pride
Dwels in the fickly grace of her he followes.
Out Varlet, from my ſight.
Corn. What meanes your Grace?
Enter Gonerill.
Lear. Who ſtockt my Seruant? *Regan*,I haue good hope
Thou did'ſt not know on't.
Who comes here? O Heauens!
If you do loue old men ; if your ſweet ſway
Allow Obedience ; if you your ſelues are old,
Make it your cauſe : Send downe,and take my part.
Art not aſham'd to looke vpon this Beard?
O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by'th'hand Sir? How haue I offended?
All's not offence that indiſcretion findes,
And dotage termes ſo.
Lear. O ſides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold?
How came my man i'th'Stockes?
Corn. I ſet him there,Sir : but his owne Diſorders

Deſeru'd much leſſe aduancement.
Lear. You? Did you?
Reg. I pray you Father being weake,ſeeme ſo.
If till the expiration of your Moneth
You will returne and ſoiourne with my Siſter,
Diſmiſſing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home,and out of that prouiſion
Which ſhall be needfull for your entertainement.
Lear. Returne to her? and fifty men diſmiſs'd?
No, rather I abiure all roofes,and chuſe
To wage againſt the enmity oth'ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe,and Owle,
Neceſſities ſharpe pinch. Returne with her?
Why the hot-bloodied *France*,that dowerleſſe tooke
Our yongeſt borne,I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne,and Squire-like penſion beg,
To keepe baſe life a foote; returne with her?
Perſwade me rather to be ſlaue and ſumpter
To this deteſted groome.
Gon. At your choice Sir.
Lear. I prythee Daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my Child;farewell:
Wee'l no more meete,no more ſee one another.
But yet thou art my fleſh,my blood,my Daughter,
Or rather a diſeaſe that's in my fleſh,
Which I muſt needs call mine. Thou art a Byle,
A plague ſore,or imboſſed Carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But Ile not chide thee,
Let ſhame come when it will,I do not call it,
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer ſhoote,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-iudging *Ioue*.
Mend when thou can'ſt,be better at thy leiſure,
I can be patient,I can ſtay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.
Reg. Not altogether ſo,
I look'd not for you yet, nor am prouided
For your fit welcome,giue eare Sir to my Siſter,
For thoſe that mingle reaſon with your paſſion,
Muſt be content to thinke you old,and ſo,
But ſhe knowes what ſhe doe's.
Lear. Is this well ſpoken?
Reg. I dare auouch it Sir,what fifty Followers?
Is it not well? What ſhould you need of more?
Yea,or ſo many? Sith that both charge and danger,
Speake 'gainſt ſo great a number? How in one houſe
Should many people,vnder two commands
Hold amity? 'Tis hard,almoſt impoſſible.
Gon. Why might not you my Lord,receiue attendance
From thoſe that ſhe cals Seruants,or from mine?
Reg. Why not my Lord?
If then they chanc'd to ſlacke ye,
We could comptroll them; if you will come to me,
(For now I ſpie a danger) I entreate you
To bring but fiue and twentie,to no more
Will I giue place or notice.
Lear. I gaue you all.
Reg. And in good time you gaue it.
Lear. Made you my Guardians,my Depoſitaries,
But kept a reſeruation to be followed
With ſuch a number? What,muſt I come to you
With fiue and twenty? *Regan*,ſaid you ſo?
Reg. And ſpeak't againe my Lord, no more with me.
Lea. Thoſe wicked Creatures yet do look wel fauor'd
When others are more wicked,not being the worſt
Stands in ſome ranke of praiſe,Ile go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double fiue and twenty,
And thou art twice her Loue.
Gon. Heare me my Lord;
What need you fiue and twenty? Ten? Or fiue?
To follow in a houſe, where twice ſo many
Haue a command to tend you?
Reg. What need one?
Lear. O reaſon not the need : our baſeſt Beggers
Are in the pooreſt thing ſuperfluous,
Allow not Nature,more then Nature needs:
Mans life is cheape as Beaſtes. Thou art a Lady;
If onely to go warme were gorgeous,
Why Nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'ſt,
Which ſcarcely keepes thee warme,but for true need:
You Heauens,giue me that patience,patience I need,
You ſee me heere (you Gods) a poore old man,
As full of griefe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that ſtirres theſe Daughters hearts
Againſt their Father,foole me not ſo much,
To beare it tamely: touch me with Noble anger,
And let not womens weapons, water drops,
Staine my mans cheekes. No you vnnaturall Hags,
I will haue ſuch reuenges on you both,
That all the world ſhall ——— I will do ſuch things,
What they are yet,I know not,but they ſhalbe
The terrors of the earth? you thinke Ile weepe,
No,Ile not weepe,I haue full cauſe of weeping.
Storme and Tempeſt.
But this heart ſhal break into a hundred thouſand flawes
Or ere Ile weepe; O Foole,I ſhall go mad. *Exeunt.*
Corn. Let vs withdraw, 'twill be a Storme.
Reg. This houſe is little,the old man an'ds people,
Cannot be well beſtow'd.
Gon. 'Tis his owne blame hath put himſelfe from reſt,
And muſt needs taſte his folly.
Reg. For his particular,Ile receiue him gladly,
But not one follower.
Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my Lord of *Gloſter*?
Enter Gloſter.
Corn. Followed the old man forth,he is return'd.
Glo. The King is in high rage.
Corn. Whether is he going?
Glo. He cals to Horſe,but will I know not whether.
Corn. 'Tis beſt to giue him way,he leads himſelfe.
Gon. My Lord,entreate him by no meanes to ſtay.
Glo. Alacke the night comes on,and the high windes
Do ſorely ruffle,for many Miles about
There's ſcarce a Buſh.
Reg. O Sir,to wilfull men,
The iniuries that they themſelues procure,
Muſt be their Schoole-Maſters: ſhut vp your doores,
He is attended with a deſperate traine,
And what they may incenſe him too,being apt,
To haue his eare abus'd,wiſedome bids feare.
Cor. Shut vp your doores my Lord, 'tis a wil'd night,
My *Regan* counſels well: come out oth'ſtorme. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Storme ſtill. Enter Kent,and a Gentleman,ſeuerally.

Kent. Who's there beſides foule weather?
Gen. One minded like the weather,moſt vnquietly.

Kent. I know you: Where's the King?
Gent. Contending with the fretfull Elements;
Bids the winde blow the Earth into the Sea,
Or ſwell the curled Waters 'boue the Maine,
That things might change, or ceaſe.
Kent. But who is with him?
Gent. None but the Foole, who labours to out-ieſt
His heart-ſtrooke iniuries.
Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my note
Commend a deere thing to you. There is diuiſion
(Although as yet the face of it is couer'd
With mutuall cunning) 'twixt Albany, and Cornwall:
Who haue, as who haue not, that their great Starres
Thron'd and ſet high; Seruants, who ſeeme no leſſe,
Which are to France the Spies and Speculations
Intelligent of our State. What hath bin ſeene,
Either in ſnuffes, and packings of the Dukes,
Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne
Againſt the old kinde King; or ſomething deeper,
Whereof (perchance) theſe are but furniſhings.
Gent. I will talke further with you.
Kent. No, do not:
For confirmation that I am much more
Then my out-wall; open this Purſe, and take
What it containes. If you ſhall ſee *Cordelia*,
(As feare not but you ſhall) ſhew her this Ring,
And ſhe will tell you who that Fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fye on this Storme,
I will go ſeeke the King.
Gent. Giue me your hand,
Haue you no more to ſay?
Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet;
That when we haue found the King, in which your pain
That way, Ile this: He that firſt lights on him,
Holla the other. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Storme ſtill. Enter Lear, and Foole.

Lear. Blow windes, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow
You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's ſpout,
Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, 'drown the Cockes.
You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,
Vaunt-curriors of Oake-cleauing Thunder-bolts,
Sindge my white head. And thou all-ſhaking Thunder,
Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th'world,
Cracke Natures moulds, all germaines ſpill at once
That makes ingratefull Man.

Foole. O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry houſe, is better then this Rain-water out o'doore. Good Nunkle, in, aske thy Daughters bleſſing, heere's a night pitties neither Wiſemen, nor Fooles.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full: ſpit Fire, ſpowt Raine:
Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindneſſe.
I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children;
You owe me no ſubſcription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure. Heere I ſtand your Slaue,
A poore, infirme, weake, and diſpis'd old man:
But yet I call you Seruile Miniſters,
That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne
Your high-engender'd Battailes, 'gainſt a head
So old, and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foule.

Foole. He that has a houſe to put's head in, has a good Head-peece:
The Codpiece that will houſe, before the head has any;
The Head, and he ſhall Lowſe: ſo Beggers marry many.
The man ỳ makes his Toe, what he his Hart ſhold make,
Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turne his ſleepe to wake.
For there was neuer yet faire woman, but ſhee made mouthes in a glaſſe.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patience,
I will ſay nothing.
Kent. Who's there?
Foole. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a Wiſeman, and a Foole.
Kent. Alas Sir are you here? Things that loue night,
Loue not ſuch nights as theſe: The wrathfull Skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the darke
And make them keepe their Caues: Since I was man,
Such ſheets of Fire, ſuch burſts of horrid Thunder,
Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I neuer
Remember to haue heard. Mans Nature cannot carry
Th'affliction, nor the feare.
Lear. Let the great Goddes
That keepe this dreadfull pudder o're our heads,
Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
That haſt within thee vndivulged Crimes
Vnwhipt of Iuſtice. Hide thee, thou Bloudy hand;
Thou Periur'd, and thou Simular of Vertue
That art Inceſtuous. Caytiffe, to peeces ſhake
That vnder couert, and conuenient ſeeming
Ha's practis'd on mans life. Cloſe pent-vp guilts,
Riue your concealing Continents, and cry
Theſe dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man,
More ſinn'd againſt, then ſinning.
Kent. Alacke, bare-headed?
Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Houell,
Some friendſhip will it lend you 'gainſt the Tempeſt:
Repoſe you there, while I to this hard houſe,
(More harder then the ſtones whereof 'tis rais'd,
Which euen but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) returne, and force
Their ſcanted curteſie.
Lear. My wits begin to turne.
Come on my boy. How doſt my boy? Art cold?
I am cold my ſelfe. Where is this ſtraw, my Fellow?
The Art of our Neceſſities is ſtrange,
And can make vilde things precious. Come, your Houel;
Poore Foole, and Knaue, I haue one part in my heart
That's ſorry yet for thee.
Foole. He that has and a little-tyne wit,
With heigh-ho, the Winde and the Raine,
Muſt make content with his Fortunes fit,
Though the Raine it raineth euery day.
Le. True Boy: Come bring vs to this Houell. *Exit.*
Foole. This is a braue night to coole a Curtizan:
Ile ſpeake a Propheſie ere I go:
When Prieſts are more in word, then matter;
When Brewers marre their Malt with water;
When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors,
No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Sutors;
When euery Caſe in Law, is right;
No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;
When Slanders do not liue in Tongues;
Nor Cut-purſes come not to throngs;
When Vſurers tell their Gold i'th'Field,

And Baudes, and whores, do Churches build,
Then ſhal the Realme of *Albion*, come to great confuſion:
Then comes the time, who liues to ſee't,
That going ſhalbe vs'd with feet.
This prophecie *Merlin* ſhall make, for I liue before his (time.
Exit.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Gloſter, and Edmund.

Glo. Alacke, alacke *Edmund*, I like not this vnnaturall dealing; when I deſired their leaue that I might pity him, they tooke from me the vſe of mine owne houſe, charg'd me on paine of perpetuall diſpleaſure, neither to ſpeake of him, entreat for him, or any way ſuſtaine him.

Baſt. Moſt ſauage and vnnaturall.

Glo. Go too; ſay you nothing. There is diuiſion betweene the Dukes, and a worſſe matter then that: I haue receiued a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be ſpoken, I haue lock'd the Letter in my Cloſſet, theſe iniuries the King now beares, will be reuenged home; ther is part of a Power already footed, we muſt incline to the King, I will looke him, and priuily relieue him; goe you and maintaine talke with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceiued; If he aske for me, I am ill, and gone to bed, if I die for it, (as no leſſe is threatned me) the King my old Maſter muſt be relieued. There is ſtrange things toward *Edmund*, pray you be carefull. *Exit.*

Baſt. This Curteſie forbid thee, ſhall the Duke
Inſtantly know, and of that Letter too;
This ſeemes a faire deſeruing, and muſt draw me
That which my Father looſes: no leſſe then all,
The yonger riſes, when the old doth fall. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,
The tirrany of the open night's too rough
For Nature to endure. *Storme ſtill*
Lear. Let me alone.
Kent. Good my Lord enter heere.
Lear. Wilt breake my heart?
Kent. I had rather breake mine owne,
Good my Lord enter.
Lear. Thou think'ſt 'tis much that this contentious (ſtorme
Inuades vs to the skin ſo: 'tis to thee,
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt. Thou'dſt ſhun a Beare,
But if they flight lay toward the roaring Sea,
Thou'dſt meete the Beare i'th' mouth, when the mind's free,
The bodies delicate: the tempeſt in my mind,
Doth from my ſences take all feeling elſe,
Saue what beates there, Filliall ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth ſhould teare this hand
For lifting food too't? But I will puniſh home;
No, I will weepe no more; in ſuch a night,
To ſhut me out? Poure on, I will endure:
In ſuch a night as this? O *Regan*, *Gonerill*,
Your old kind Father, whoſe franke heart gaue all,
O that way madneſſe lies, let me ſhun that:
No more of that.
Kent. Good my Lord enter here.
Lear. Prythee go in thy ſelfe, ſeeke thine owne eaſe,
This tempeſt will not giue me leaue to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but Ile goe in,
In Boy, go firſt. You houſeleſſe pouertie, *Exit.*
Nay get thee in; Ile pray, and then Ile ſleepe.
Poore naked wretches, where ſo ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pittileſſe ſtorme,
How ſhall your Houſe-leſſe heads, and vnfed ſides,
Your lop'd, and window'd raggedneſſe defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe? O I haue tane
Too little care of this: Take Phyſicke, Pompe,
Expoſe thy ſelfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou maiſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the Heauens more iuſt.

Enter Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. Fathom, and halfe, Fathom and halfe; poore *Tom.*

Foole. Come not in heere Nuncle, here's a ſpirit, helpe me, helpe me.

Kent. Giue me thy hand, who's there?

Foole. A ſpirite, a ſpirite, he ſayes his name's poore *Tom.*

Kent. What art thou that doſt grumble there i'th' ſtraw? Come forth.

Edg. Away, the foule Fiend followes me, through the ſharpe Hauthorne blow the windes. Humh, goe to thy bed and warme thee.

Lear. Did'ſt thou giue all to thy Daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edgar. Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*? Whom the foule fiend hath led though Fire, and through Flame, through Sword, and Whirle-Poole, o're Bog, and Quagmire, that hath laid Kniues vnder his Pillow, and Halters in his Pue, ſet Rats-bane by his Porredge, made him Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting Horſe, ouer foure incht Bridges, to courſe his owne ſhadow for a Traitor, Bliſſe thy fiue Wits, *Toms* a cold, O do, de, do, de, do de, bliſſe thee from Whirle-Windes, Starre-blaſting, and taking, do poore *Tom* ſome charitie, whom the foule Fiend vexes. There could I haue him now, and there, and there againe, and there. *Storme ſtill.*

Lear. Ha's his Daughters brought him to this paſſe?
Could'ſt thou ſaue nothing? Would'ſt thou giue 'em all?

Foole. Nay, he reſeru'd a Blanket, elſe we had bin all ſham'd.

Lea. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
Hang fated o're mens faults, light on thy Daughters.
Kent. He hath no Daughters Sir.
Lear. Death Traitor, nothing could haue ſubdu'd (Nature
To ſuch a lowneſſe, but his vnkind Daughters.
Is it the faſhion, that diſcarded Fathers,
Should haue thus little mercy on their fleſh:
Iudicious puniſhment, 'twas this fleſh begot
Thoſe Pelicane Daughters.

Edg. Pillicock ſat on Pillicock hill, alow: alow, loo, loo.

Foole. This cold night will turne vs all to Fooles, and Madmen.

Edgar. Take heed o'th'foule Fiend, obey thy Parents, keepe thy words Iuſtice, ſweare not, commit not, with mans ſworne Spouſe ; ſet not thy Sweet-heart on proud array. *Tom's a cold.*

Lear. What haſt thou bin?

Edg. A Seruingman? Proud in heart, and minde; that curl'd my haire, wore Gloues in my cap; ſeru'd the Luſt of my Miſtris heart, and did the acte of darkeneſſe with her. Swore as many Oathes, as I ſpake words, & broke them in the ſweet face of Heauen. One, that ſlept in the contriuing of Luſt, and wak'd to doe it. Wine lou'd I deerely, Dice deerely; and in Woman, out-Paramour'd the Turke. Falſe of heart, light of eare, bloody of hand; Hog in ſloth, Foxe in ſtealth, Wolfe in greedineſſe, Dog in madnes, Lyon in prey. Let not the creaking of ſhooes, Nor the ruſtling of Silkes, betray thy poore heart to woman. Keepe thy foote out of Brothels, thy hand out of Plackets, thy pen from Lenders Bookes, and defye the foule Fiend. Still through the Hauthorne blowes the cold winde: Sayes ſuum, mun, nonny, Dolphin my Boy, Boy *Seſey*: let him trot by. *Storme ſtill.*

Lear. Thou wert better in a Graue, then to anſwere with thy vncouer'd body, this extremitie of the Skies. Is man no more then this? Conſider him well. Thou ow'ſt the Worme no Silke; the Beaſt, no Hide; the Sheepe, no Wooll; the Cat, no perfume. Ha? Here's three on's are ſophiſticated. Thou art the thing it ſelfe; vnaccommodated man, is no more but ſuch a poore, bare, forked Animall as thou art. Off, off you Lendings: Come, vnbutton heere.

Enter Glouceſter, with a Torch.

Foole. Prythee Nunckle be contented, 'tis a naughtie night to ſwimme in. Now a little fire in a wilde Field, were like an old Letchers heart, a ſmall ſpark, all the reſt on's body, cold: Looke, heere comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foule Flibbertigibbet; hee begins at Curfew, and walkes at firſt Cocke: Hee giues the Web and the Pin, ſquints the eye, and makes the Hare-lippe; Mildewes the white Wheate, and hurts the poore Creature of earth.

Swithold footed thrice the old,
He met the Night-Mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her a-light, and her troth-plight,
And aroynt thee Witch, aroynt thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you ſeeke?

Glou. What are you there? Your Names?

Edg. Poore Tom, that eates the ſwimming Frog, the Toad, the Tod-pole, the wall-Neut, and the water: that in the furie of his heart, when the foule Fiend rages, eats Cow-dung for Sallets; ſwallowes the old Rat, and the ditch-Dogge; drinkes the green Mantle of the ſtanding Poole: who is whipt from Tything to Tything, and ſtockt, puniſh'd, and impriſon'd: who hath three Suites to his backe, ſixe ſhirts to his body:

Horſe to ride, and weapon to weare:
But Mice, and Rats, and ſuch ſmall Deare,
Haue bin Toms food, for ſeuen long yeare:
Beware my Follower. Peace Smulkin, peace thou Fiend.

Glou. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkeneſſe is a Gentleman. *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mahu.*

Glou. Our fleſh and blood, my Lord, is growne ſo vilde, that it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold.

Glou. Go in with me; my duty cannot ſuffer
T'obey in all your daughters hard commands:
Though their Iniunction be to barre my doores,
And let this Tyrannous night take hold vpon you,
Yet haue I ventured to come ſeeke you out,
And bring you where both fire, and food is ready.

Lear. Firſt let me talke with this Philoſopher,
What is the cauſe of Thunder?

Kent. Good my Lord take his offer,
Go into th'houſe.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this ſame lerned Theban:
What is your ſtudy?

Edg. How to preuent the Fiend, and to kill Vermine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in priuate.

Kent. Importune him once more to go my Lord,
His wits begin t'vnſettle.

Glou. Canſt thou blame him? *Storm ſtill*
His Daughters ſeeke his death: Ah, that good Kent,
He ſaid it would be thus: poore baniſh'd man:
Thou ſayeſt the King growes mad, Ile tell thee Friend
I am almoſt mad my ſelfe. I had a Sonne,
Now out-law'd from my blood: he ſought my life
But lately: very late: I lou'd him (Friend)
No Father his Sonne deerer: true to tell thee,
The greefe hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this?
I do beſeech your grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir:
Noble Philoſopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a cold.

Glou. In fellow there, into th'Houel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my Lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keepe ſtill with my Philoſopher.

Kent. Good my Lord, ſooth him:
Let him take the Fellow.

Glou. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirra, come on: go along with vs.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glou. No words, no words, huſh.

Edg. Childe *Rowland* to the darke Tower came,
His word was ſtill, fie, foh, and fumme,
I ſmell the blood of a Brittiſh man. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cornwall, and Edmund.

Corn. I will haue my reuenge, ere I depart his houſe.

Baſt. How my Lord, I may be cenſured, that Nature thus giues way to Loyaltie, ſomething feares mee to thinke of.

Cornw. I now perceiue, it was not altogether your Brothers euill diſpoſition made him ſeeke his death: but a prouoking merit ſet a-worke by a reprouable badneſſe in himſelfe.

Baſt. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to be iuſt? This is the Letter which hee ſpoake of; which approues him an intelligent partie to the aduantages of France. O Heauens! that this Treaſon were not; or not I the detector.

Corn. Go with me to the Dutcheſſe.

Baſt. If the matter of this Paper be certain, you haue mighty buſineſſe in hand.

Corn.

Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earle of Glouceſter: ſeeke out where thy Father is, that hee may bee ready for our apprehenſion.

Baſt. If I finde him comforting the King, it will ſtuffe his ſuſpition more fully. I will perſeuer in my courſe of Loyalty, though the conflict be ſore betweene that, and my blood.

Corn. I will lay truſt vpon thee: and thou ſhalt finde a deere Father in my loue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Kent, and Glouceſter.

Glou. Heere is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully: I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you. *Exit*

Kent. All the powre of his wits, haue giuen way to his impatience: the Gods reward your kindneſſe.

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. *Fraterretto* cals me, and tells me *Nero* is an Angler in the Lake of Darkneſſe: pray Innocent, and beware the foule Fiend.

Foole. Prythee Nunkle tell me, whether a madman be a Gentleman, or a Yeoman.

Lear. A King, a King.

Foole. No, he's a Yeoman, that ha's a Gentleman to his Sonne: for hee's a mad Yeoman that ſees his Sonne a Gentleman before him.

Lear. To haue a thouſand with red burning ſpits
Come hizzing in vpon 'em.

Edg. Bleſſe thy fiue wits.

Kent. O pitty: Sir, where is the patience now
That you ſo oft haue boaſted to retaine?

Edg. My teares begin to take his part ſo much,
They marre my counterfetting.

Lear. The little dogges, and all;
Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart: ſee, they barke at me.

Edg. Tom, will throw his head at them: Auaunt you
Curres, be thy mouth or blacke or white:
Tooth that poyſons if it bite:
Maſtiffe, Grey-hound, Mongrill, Grim,
Hound or Spaniell, Brache, or Hym:
Or Bobtaile tight, or Troudle taile,
Tom will make him weepe and waile,
For with throwing thus my head;
Dogs leapt the hatch, and all are fled.
Do, de, de, de: ſeſe: Come, march to Wakes and Fayres,
And Market Townes: poore Tom thy horne is dry.

Lear. Then let them Anatomize *Regan*: See what breeds about her heart. Is there any cauſe in Nature that make theſe hard-hearts. You ſir, I entertaine for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the faſhion of your garments. You will ſay they are Perſian; but let them bee chang'd.

Enter Gloſter.

Kent. Now good my Lord, lye heere, and reſt awhile.

Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe, draw the Curtaines: ſo, ſo, wee'l go to Supper i'th'morning.

Foole. And Ile go to bed at noone.

Glou. Come hither Friend:
Where is the King my Maſter?

Kent. Here Sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gon.

Glou. Good friend, I prythee take him in thy armes;
I haue ore-heard a plot of death vpon him:
There is a Litter ready, lay him in't,
And driue toward Douer friend, where thou ſhalt meete
Both welcome, and protection. Take vp thy Maſter,
If thou ſhould'ſt dally halfe an houre, his life
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in aſſured loſſe. Take vp, take vp,
And follow me, that will to ſome prouiſion
Giue thee quicke conduct. Come, come, away. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Baſtard,
and Seruants.

Corn. Poſte ſpeedily to my Lord your husband, ſhew him this Letter, the Army of France is landed: ſeeke out the Traitor Glouſter.

Reg. Hang him inſtantly.

Gon. Plucke out his eyes.

Corn. Leaue him to my diſpleaſure. *Edmond*, keepe you our Siſter company: the reuenges wee are bound to take vppon your Traitorous Father, are not fit for your beholding. Aduice the Duke where you are going, to a moſt feſtiuate preparation: we are bound to the like. Our Poſtes ſhall be ſwift, and intelligent betwixt vs. Farewell deere Siſter, farewell my Lord of Glouſter.

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the King?

Stew. My Lord of Glouſter hath conuey'd him hence
Some fiue or ſix and thirty of his Knights
Hot Queſtriſts after him, met him at gate,
Who, with ſome other of the Lords, dependants,
Are gone with him toward Douer; where they boaſt
To haue well armed Friends.

Corn. Get horſes for your Miſtris.

Gon. Farewell ſweet Lord, and Siſter. *Exit*

Corn. *Edmund* farewell: go ſeek the Traitor Gloſter,
Pinnion him like a Theefe, bring him before vs:
Though well we may not paſſe vpon his life
Without the forme of Iuſtice: yet our power
Shall do a curt'ſie to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not comptroll.

Enter Glouceſter, and Seruants.

Who's there? the Traitor?

Reg. Ingratefull Fox, 'tis he.

Corn. Binde faſt his corky armes.

Glou. What meanes your Graces?
Good my Friends conſider you are my Gheſts:
Do me no foule play, Friends.

Corn. Binde him I ſay.

Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy Traitor.

Glou. Vnmercifull Lady, as you are, I'me none.

Corn. To this Chaire binde him,
Villaine, thou ſhalt finde.

Glou. By the kinde Gods, 'tis moſt ignobly done
To plucke me by the Beard.

Reg. So white, and ſuch a Traitor?

Glou. Naughty Ladie,
Theſe haires which thou doſt rauiſh from my chin
Will quicken and accuſe thee. I am your Hoſt,
With Robbers hands, my hoſpitable fauours

You ſhould not ruffle thus. What will you do?
Corn. Come Sir.
What Letters had you late from France?
Reg. Be ſimple anſwer'd, for we know the truth.
Corn. And what confederacie haue you with the Traitors, late footed in the Kingdome?
Reg. To whoſe hands
You haue ſent the Lunaticke King: Speake.
Glou. I haue a Letter gueſſingly ſet downe
Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Cunning.
Reg. And falſe.
Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the King?
Glou. To Douer.
Reg. Wherefore to Douer?
Was't thou not charg'd at perill.
Corn. Wherefore to Douer? Let him anſwer that.
Glou. I am tyed to th'Stake,
And I muſt ſtand the Courſe.
Reg. Wherefore to Douer?
Glou. Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruell Nailes
Plucke out his poore old eyes: nor thy fierce Siſter,
In his Annointed fleſh, ſticke boariſh phangs.
The Sea, with ſuch a ſtorme as his bare head,
In Hell-blacke-night indur'd, would haue buoy'd vp
And quench'd the Stelled fires:
Yet poore old heart, he holpe the Heauens to raine.
If Wolues had at thy Gate howl'd that ſterne time,
Thou ſhould'ſt haue ſaid, good Porter turne the Key:
All Cruels elſe ſubſcribe: but I ſhall ſee
The winged Vengeance ouertake ſuch Children.
Corn. See't ſhalt thou neuer. Fellowes hold yͤ Chaire,
Vpon theſe eyes of thine, Ile ſet my foote.
Glou. He that will thinke to liue, till he be old,
Giue me ſome helpe. —— O cruell! O you Gods.
Reg. One ſide will mocke another: Th'other too.
Corn. If you ſee vengeance.
Seru. Hold your hand, my Lord:
I haue ſeru'd you euer ſince I was a Childe:
But better ſeruice haue I neuer done you,
Then now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dogge?
Ser. If you did weare a beard vpon your chin,
I'ld ſhake it on this quarrell. What do you meane?
Corn. My Villaine?
Seru. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.
Reg. Giue me thy Sword. A pezant ſtand vp thus?
Killes him.
Ser. Oh I am ſlaine: my Lord, you haue one eye left
To ſee ſome miſchefe on him. Oh.
Corn. Leſt it ſee more, preuent it; Out vilde gelly:
Where is thy luſter now?
Glou. All darke and comfortleſſe?
Where's my Sonne *Edmund*?
Edmund, enkindle all the ſparkes of Nature
To quit this horrid acte.
Reg. Out treacherous Villaine,
Thou call'ſt on him, that hates thee. It was he
That made the ouerture of thy Treaſons to vs:
Who is too good to pitty thee.
Glou. O my Follies! then *Edgar* was abus'd,
Kinde Gods, forgiue me that, and proſper him.
Reg. Go thruſt him out at gates, and let him ſmell
His way to Douer. *Exit with Glouſter.*
How is't my Lord? How looke you?
Corn. I haue receiu'd a hurt: Follow me Lady;
Turne out that eyeleſſe Villaine: throw this Slaue
Vpon the Dunghill: *Regan*, I bleed apace,
Vntimely comes this hurt. Giue me your arme. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,
Then ſtill contemn'd and flatter'd, to be worſt:
The loweſt, and moſt deiected thing of Fortune,
Stands ſtill in eſperance, liues not in feare:
The lamentable change is from the beſt,
The worſt returnes to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou vnſubſtantiall ayre that I embrace:
The Wretch that thou haſt blowne vnto the worſt,
Owes nothing to thy blaſts.
Enter Glouſter, and an Oldman.
But who comes heere? My Father poorely led?
World, World, O world!
But that thy ſtrange mutations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeelde to age.
Oldm. O my good Lord, I haue bene your Tenant,
And your Fathers Tenant, theſe fourescore yeares.
Glou. Away, get thee away: good Friend be gone,
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee, they may hurt.
Oldm. You cannot ſee your way.
Glou. I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I ſtumbled when I ſaw. Full oft 'tis ſeene,
Our meanes ſecure vs, and our meere defects
Proue our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne *Edgar*,
The food of thy abuſed Fathers wrath:
Might I but liue to ſee thee in my touch,
I'ld ſay I had eyes againe.
Oldm. How now? who's there?
Edg. O Gods! Who is't can ſay I am at the worſt?
I am worſe then ere I was.
Old. 'Tis poore mad Tom.
Edg. And worſe I may be yet: the worſt is not,
So long as we can ſay this is the worſt.
Oldm. Fellow, where goeſt?
Glou. Is it a Beggar-man?
Oldm. Madman, and beggar too.
Glou. He has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg.
I'th'laſt nights ſtorme, I ſuch a fellow ſaw;
Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne
Came then into my minde, and yet my minde
Was then ſcarſe Friends with him.
I haue heard more ſince:
As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th'Gods,
They kill vs for their ſport.
Edg. How ſhould this be?
Bad is the Trade that muſt play Foole to ſorrow,
Ang'ring it ſelfe, and others. Bleſſe thee Maſter.
Glou. Is that the naked Fellow?
Oldm. I, my Lord.
Glou. Get thee away: If for my ſake
Thou wilt ore-take vs hence a mile or twaine
I'th'way toward Douer, do it for ancient loue,
And bring ſome couering for this naked Soule,
Which Ile intreate to leade me.
Old. Alacke ſir, he is mad.

Glou.

Glou. 'Tis the times plague,
When Madmen leade the blinde:
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleaſure:
Aboue the reſt, be gone.
Oldm. Ile bring him the beſt Parrell that I haue
Come on't, what will. *Exit*
Glou. Sirrah, naked fellow.
Edg. Poore Tom's a cold. I cannot daub it further.
Glou. Come hither fellow.
Edg. And yet I muſt:
Bleſſe thy ſweete eyes, they bleede.
Glou. Know'ſt thou the way to Douer?
Edg. Both ſtyle, and gate; Horſeway, and foot-path: poore Tom hath bin ſcarr'd out of his good wits. Bleſſe thee good mans ſonne, from the foule Fiend.
Glou. Here take this purſe, yͭ whom the heau'ns plagues
Haue humbled to all ſtrokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier: Heauens deale ſo ſtill:
Let the ſuperfluous, and Luſt-dieted man,
That ſlaues your ordinance, that will not ſee
Becauſe he do's not feele, feele your powre quickly:
So diſtribution ſhould vndoo exceſſe,
And each man haue enough. Doſt thou know Douer?
Edg. I Maſter.
Glou. There is a Cliffe, whoſe high and bending head
Lookes fearfully in the confined Deepe:
Bring me but to the very brimme of it,
And Ile repayre the miſery thou do'ſt beare
With ſomething rich about me: from that place,
I ſhall no leading neede.
Edg. Giue me thy arme;
Poore Tom ſhall leade thee. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gonerill, Baſtard, and Steward.

Gon. Welcome my Lord. I meruell our mild husband
Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Maſter?
Stew. Madam within, but neuer man ſo chang'd:
I told him of the Army that was Landed:
He ſmil'd at it. I told him you were comming,
His anſwer was, the worſe. Of Gloſters Treachery,
And of the loyall Seruice of his Sonne
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong ſide out:
What moſt he ſhould diſlike, ſeemes pleaſant to him;
What like, offenſiue.
Gon. Then ſhall you go no further.
It is the Cowiſh terror of his ſpirit
That dares not vndertake: Hee'l not feele wrongs
Which tye him to an anſwer: our wiſhes on the way
May proue effects. Backe *Edmond* to my Brother,
Haſten his Muſters, and conduct his powres.
I muſt change names at home, and giue the Diſtaffe
Into my Husbands hands. This truſtie Seruant
Shall paſſe betweene vs: ere long you are like to heare
(If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)
A Miſtreſſes command. Weare this; ſpare ſpeech,
Decline your head. This kiſſe, if it durſt ſpeake
Would ſtretch thy Spirits vp into the ayre:
Conceiue, and fare thee well.
Baſt. Yours in the rankes of death. *Exit.*
Gon. My moſt deere Gloſter.
Oh, the difference of man, and man,
To thee a Womans ſeruices are due,
My Foole vſurpes my body.
Stew. Madam, here come's my Lord.
Enter Albany.
Gon. I haue beene worth the whiſtle.
Alb. Oh *Gonerill*,
You are not worth the duſt which the rude winde
Blowes in your face.
Gon. Milke-Liuer'd man,
That bear'ſt a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who haſt not in thy browes an eye-diſcerning
Thine Honor, from thy ſuffering.
Alb. See thy ſelfe diuell:
Proper deformitie ſeemes not in the Fiend
So horrid as in woman.
Gon. Oh vaine Foole.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwals* dead,
Slaine by his Seruant, going to put out
The other eye of Glouſter.
Alb. Glouſters eyes.
Meſ. A Seruant that he bred, thrill'd with remorſe,
Oppos'd againſt the act: bending his Sword
To his great Maſter, who, threat-enrag'd
Flew on him, and among'ſt them fell'd him dead,
But not without that harmefull ſtroke, which ſince
Hath pluckt him after.
Alb. This ſhewes you are aboue
You Iuſtices, that theſe our neather crimes
So ſpeedily can venge. But (O poore Glouſter)
Loſt he his other eye?
Meſ. Both, both, my Lord.
This Leter Madam, craues a ſpeedy anſwer:
'Tis from your Siſter.
Gon. One way I like this well.
But being widdow, and my Glouſter with her,
May all the building in my fancie plucke
Vpon my hatefull life. Another way
The Newes is not ſo tart. Ile read, and anſwer.
Alb. Where was his Sonne,
When they did take his eyes?
Meſ. Come with my Lady hither.
Alb. He is not heere.
Meſ. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.
Alb. Knowes he the wickedneſſe?
Meſ. I my good Lord: 'twas he inform'd againſt him
And quit the houſe on purpoſe, that their puniſhment
Might haue the freer courſe.
Alb. Glouſter, I liue
To thanke thee for the loue thou ſhew'dſt the King,
And to reuenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend,
Tell me what more thou know'ſt. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen, and Souldiours.

Cor. Alacke, 'tis he: why he was met euen now
As mad as the vext Sea, ſinging alowd,
Crown'd with ranke Fenitar, and furrow weeds,
With Hardokes, Hemlocke, Nettles, Cuckoo flowres,

Darnell, and all the idle weedes that grow
In our ſuſtaining Corne. A Centery ſend forth;
Search euery Acre in the high-growne field,
And bring him to our eye. What can mans wiſedome
In the reſtoring his bereaued Senſe; he that helpes him,
Take all my outward worth.
Gent. There is meanes Madam:
Our foſter Nurſe of Nature, is repoſe,
The which he lackes: that to prouoke in him
Are many Simples operatiue, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of Anguiſh.
Cord. All bleſt Secrets,
All you vnpubliſh'd Vertues of the earth
Spring with my teares; be aydant, and remediate
In the Goodmans deſires: ſeeke, ſeeke for him,
Leaſt his vngouern'd rage, diſſolue the life
That wants the meanes to leade it.
Enter Meſſenger.
Meſ. Newes Madam,
The Brittiſh Powres are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis knowne before. Our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them. O deere Father,
It is thy buſineſſe that I go about: Therfore great France
My mourning, and importun'd teares hath pittied:
No blowne Ambition doth our Armes incite,
But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd Fathers Rite:
Soone may I heare, and ſee him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Regan, and Steward.
Reg. But are my Brothers Powres ſet forth?
Stew. I Madam.
Reg. Himſelfe in perſon there?
Stew. Madam with much ado:
Your Siſter is the better Souldier.
Reg. Lord *Edmund* ſpake not with your Lord at home?
Stew. No Madam.
Reg. What might import my Siſters Letter to him?
Stew. I know not, Lady.
Reg. Faith he is poaſted hence on ſerious matter:
It was great ignorance, Glouſters eyes being out
To let him liue. Where he arriues, he moues
All hearts againſt vs: *Edmund*, I thinke is gone
In pitty of his miſery, to diſpatch
His nighted life: Moreouer to deſcry
The ſtrength o'th'Enemy.
Stew. I muſt needs after him, Madam, with my Letter.
Reg. Our troopes ſet forth to morrow, ſtay with vs:
The wayes are dangerous.
Stew. I may not Madam:
My Lady charg'd my dutie in this buſines.
Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to *Edmund*?
Might not you tranſport her purpoſes by word? Belike,
Some things, I know not what. Ile loue thee much
Let me vnſeale the Letter.
Stew. Madam, I had rather——
Reg. I know your Lady do's not loue her Husband,
I am ſure of that: and at her late being heere,
She gaue ſtrange Eliads, and moſt ſpeaking lookes
To Noble *Edmund*. I know you are of her boſome.
Stew. I, Madam?
Reg. I ſpeake in vnderſtanding: Y'are: I know't,
Therefore I do aduiſe you take this note:
My Lord is dead: *Edmond*, and I haue talk'd,
And more conuenient is he for my hand
Then for your Ladies: You may gather more:
If you do finde him, pray you giue him this;
And when your Miſtris heares thus much from you,
I pray deſire her call her wiſedome to her.
So fare you well:
If you do chance to heare of that blinde Traitor,
Preferment fals on him, that cuts him off.
Stew. Would I could meet Madam, I ſhould ſhew
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Gloucester, and Edgar.
Glou. When ſhall I come to th'top of that ſame hill?
Edg. You do climbe vp it now. Look how we labor.
Glou. Me thinkes the ground is euen.
Edg. Horrible ſteepe.
Hearke, do you heare the Sea?
Glou. No truly.
Edg. Why then your other Senſes grow imperfect
By your eyes anguiſh.
Glou. So may it be indeed.
Me thinkes thy voyce is alter'd, and thou ſpeak'ſt
In better phraſe, and matter then thou did'ſt.
Edg. Y'are much deceiu'd: In nothing am I chang'd
But in my Garments.
Glou. Me thinkes y'are better ſpoken.
Edg. Come on Sir,
Heere's the place: ſtand ſtill: how fearefull
And dizie 'tis, to caſt ones eyes ſo low,
The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre
Shew ſcarſe ſo groſſe as Beetles. Halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade:
Me thinkes he ſeemes no bigger then his head.
The Fiſhermen, that walk'd vpon the beach
Appeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,
Diminiſh'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring Surge,
That on th'vnnumbred idle Pebble chafes
Cannot be heard ſo high. Ile looke no more,
Leaſt my braine turne, and the deficient ſight
Topple downe headlong.
Glou. Set me where you ſtand.
Edg. Giue me your hand:
You are now within a foote of th'extreme Verge:
For all beneath the Moone would I not leape vpright.
Glou. Let go my hand:
Heere Friend's another purſe: in it, a Iewell
Well worth a poore mans taking. Fayries, and Gods
Proſper it with thee. Go thou further off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.
Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir.
Glou. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his diſpaire,
Is done to cure it.
Glou. O you mighty Gods!
This world I do renounce, and in your ſights

Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could beare it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great oppoſeleſſe willes,
My ſnuffe, and loathed part of Nature ſhould
Burne it ſelfe out. If *Edgar* liue, O bleſſe him:
Now Fellow, fare thee well.
Edg. Gone Sir, farewell:
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The Treaſury of life, when life it ſelfe
Yeelds to the Theft. Had he bin where he thought,
By this had thought bin paſt. Aliue, or dead?
Hoa, you Sir: Friend, heare you Sir, ſpeake:
Thus might he paſſe indeed: yet he reuiues.
What are you Sir?
Glou. Away, and let me dye.
Edg. Had'ſt thou beene ought
But Gozemore, Feathers, Ayre,
(So many fathome downe precipitating)
Thou'dſt ſhiuer'd like an Egge: but thou do'ſt breath:
Haſt heauy ſubſtance, bleed'ſt not, ſpeak'ſt, art ſound,
Ten Maſts at each, make not the altitude
Which thou haſt perpendicularly fell,
Thy life's a Myracle. Speake yet againe.
Glou. But haue I falne, or no?
Edg. From the dread Somnet of this Chalkie Bourne
Looke vp a height, the ſhrill-gorg'd Larke ſo farre
Cannot be ſeene, or heard: Do but looke vp.
Glou. Alacke, I haue no eyes:
Is wretchedneſſe depriu'd that benefit
To end it ſelfe by death? 'Twas yet ſome comfort,
When miſery could beguile the Tyrants rage,
And fruſtrate his proud will.
Edg. Giue me your arme.
Vp, ſo: How is't? Feele you your Legges? You ſtand.
Glou. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is aboue all ſtrangeneſſe,
Vpon the crowne o'th'Cliffe. What thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glou. A poore vnfortunate Beggar.
Edg. As I ſtood heere below, me thought his eyes
Were two full Moones: he had a thouſand Noſes,
Hornes wealk'd, and waued like the enraged Sea:
It was ſome Fiend: Therefore thou happy Father,
Thinke that the cleereſt Gods, who make them Honors
Of mens Impoſſibilities, haue preſerued thee.
Glou. I do remember now: henceforth Ile beare
Affliction, till it do cry out it ſelfe
Enough, enough, and dye. That thing you ſpeake of,
I tooke it for a man: often 'twould ſay
The Fiend, the Fiend, he led me to that place.
Edgar. Beare free and patient thoughts.
Enter Lear.
But who comes heere?
The ſafer ſenſe will ne're accommodate
His Maſter thus.
Lear. No, they cannot touch me for crying. I am the King himſelfe.
Edg. O thou ſide-piercing ſight!
Lear. Nature's aboue Art, in that reſpect. Ther's your Preſſe-money. That fellow handles his bow, like a Crowkeeper: draw mee a Cloathiers yard. Looke, looke, a Mouſe: peace, peace, this peece of toaſted Cheeſe will doo't. There's my Gauntlet, Ile proue it on a Gyant. Bring vp the browne Billes. O well flowne Bird: i'th' clout, i'th'clout: Hewgh. Giue the word.
Edg. Sweet Mariorum.
Lear. Paſſe.
Glou. I know that voice.
Lear. Ha! *Gonerill* with a white beard? They flatter'd me like a Dogge, and told mee I had the white hayres in my Beard, ere the blacke ones were there. To ſay I, and no, to euery thing that I ſaid: I, and no too, was no good Diuinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the winde to make me chatter: when the Thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I ſmelt 'em out. Go too, they are not men o'their words; they told me, I was euery thing: 'Tis a Lye, I am not Agu-proofe.
Glou. The tricke of that voyce, I do well remember:
Is't not the King?
Lear. I, euery inch a King.
When I do ſtare, ſee how the Subiect quakes.
I pardon that mans life. What was thy cauſe?
Adultery? thou ſhalt not dye: dye for Adultery?
No, the Wren goes too't, and the ſmall gilded Fly
Do's letcher in my ſight. Let Copulation thriue:
For Glouſters baſtard Son was kinder to his Father,
Then my Daughters got 'tweene the lawfull ſheets.
Too't Luxury pell-mell, for I lacke Souldiers.
Behold yond ſimpring Dame, whoſe face betweene her Forkes preſages Snow; that minces Vertue, & do's ſhake the head to heare of pleaſures name. The Fitchew, nor the ſoyled Horſe goes too't with a more riotous appetite: Downe from the waſte they are Centaures, though Women all aboue: but to the Girdle do the Gods inherit, beneath is all the Fiends. There's hell, there's darkenes, there is the ſulphurous pit; burning, ſcalding, ſtench, conſumption: Fye, fie, fie; pah, pah: Giue me an Ounce of Ciuet; good Apothecary ſweeten my immagination: There's money for thee.
Glou. O let me kiſſe that hand.
Lear. Let me wipe it firſt,
It ſmelles of Mortality.
Glou. O ruin'd peece of Nature, this great world
Shall ſo weare out to naught.
Do'ſt thou know me?
Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: doſt thou ſquiny at me? No, doe thy worſt blinde Cupid, Ile not loue. Reade thou this challenge, marke but the penning of it.
Glou. Were all thy Letters Sunnes, I could not ſee.
Edg. I would not take this from report,
It is, and my heart breakes at it.
Lear. Read.
Glou. What with the Caſe of eyes?
Lear. Oh ho, are you there with me? No eies in your head, nor no mony in your purſe? Your eyes are in a heauy caſe, your purſe in a light, yet you ſee how this world goes.
Glou. I ſee it feelingly.
Lear. What, art mad? A man may ſee how this world goes, with no eyes. Looke with thine eares: See how yond Iuſtice railes vpon yond ſimple theefe. Hearke in thine eare: Change places, and handy-dandy, which is the Iuſtice, which is the theefe: Thou haſt ſeene a Farmers dogge barke at a Beggar?
Glou. I Sir.
Lear. And the Creature run from the Cur: there thou might'ſt behold the great image of Authoritie, a Dogg's obey'd in Office. Thou, Raſcall Beadle, hold thy bloody hand: why doſt thou laſh that Whore? Strip thy owne backe, thou hotly luſts to vſe her in that kind, for which thou whip'ſt her. The Vſurer hangs the Cozener. Tho-

rough tatter'd cloathes great Vices do appeare: Robes, and Furr'd gownes hide all. Place ſinnes with Gold, and the ſtrong Lance of Iuſtice, hurtleſſe breakes: Arme it in ragges, a Pigmies ſtraw do's pierce it. None do's offend, none, I ſay none, Ile able 'em; take that of me my Friend, who haue the power to ſeale th'accuſers lips. Get thee glaſſe-eyes, and like a ſcuruy Politician, ſeeme to ſee the things thou doſt not. Now, now, now, now. Pull off my Bootes: harder, harder, ſo.

Edg. O matter, and impertinency mixt,
Reaſon in Madneſſe.

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my Fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is Glouſter:
Thou muſt be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'ſt, the firſt time that we ſmell the Ayre
We wawle, and cry. I will preach to thee: Marke.

Glou. Alacke, alacke the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we cry that we are come
To this great ſtage of Fooles. This a good blocke:
It were a delicate ſtratagem to ſhoo
A Troope of Horſe with Felt: Ile put't in proofe,
And when I haue ſtolne vpon theſe Son in Lawes,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Oh heere he is: lay hand vpon him, Sir.
Your moſt deere Daughter ———

Lear. No reſcue? What, a Priſoner? I am euen
The Naturall Foole of Fortune. Vſe me well,
You ſhall haue ranſome. Let me haue Surgeons,
I am cut to'th'Braines.

Gent. You ſhall haue any thing.

Lear. No Seconds? All my ſelfe?
Why, this would make a man, a man of Salt
To vſe his eyes for Garden water-pots. I wil die brauely,
Like a ſmugge Bridegroome. What? I will be Iouiall:
Come, come, I am a King, Maſters, know you that?

Gent. You are a Royall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, and you get it,
You ſhall get it by running: Sa, ſa, ſa, ſa. *Exit.*

Gent. A ſight moſt pittifull in the meaneſt wretch,
Paſt ſpeaking of in a King. Thou haſt a Daughter
Who redeemes Nature from the generall curſe
Which twaine haue brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle Sir.

Gent. Sir, ſpeed you: what's your will?

Edg. Do you heare ought (Sir) of a Battell toward.

Gent. Moſt ſure, and vulgar:
Euery one heares that, which can diſtinguiſh ſound.

Edg. But by your fauour:
How neere's the other Army?

Gent. Neere, and on ſpeedy foot: the maine deſcry
Stands on the hourely thought.

Edg. I thanke you Sir, that's all.

Gent. Though that the Queen on ſpecial cauſe is here
Her Army is mou'd on. *Exit.*

Edg. I thanke you Sir.

Glou. You euer gentle Gods, take my breath from me,
Let not my worſer Spirit tempt me againe
To dye before you pleaſe.

Edg. Well pray you Father.

Glou. Now good ſir, what are you?

Edg. A moſt poore man, made tame to Fortunes blows
Who, by the Art of knowne, and feeling ſorrowes,
Am pregnant to good pitty. Giue me your hand,
Ile leade you to ſome biding.

Glou. Heartie thankes:
The bountie, and the benizon of Heauen
To boot, and boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize: moſt happie
That eyeleſſe head of thine, was firſt fram'd fleſh
To raiſe my fortunes. Thou old, vnhappy Traitor,
Breefely thy ſelfe remember: the Sword is out
That muſt deſtroy thee.

Glou. Now let thy friendly hand
Put ſtrength enough too't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold Pezant,
Dar'ſt thou ſupport a publiſh'd Traitor? Hence,
Leaſt that th'infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arme.

Edg. Chill not let go Zir,
Without vurther 'caſion.

Stew. Let go Slaue, or thou dy'ſt.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, and let poore volke paſſe: and 'chud ha' bin zwaggerd out of my life, 'twould not ha'bin zo long as 'tis, by a vortnight. Nay, come not neere th'old man: keepe out che vor'ye, or ice try whither your Coſtard, or my Ballow be the harder; chill be plaine with you.

Stew. Out Dunghill.

Edg. Chill picke your teeth Zir: come, no matter vor your foynes.

Stew. Slaue thou haſt ſlaine me: Villain, take my purſe;
If euer thou wilt thriue, bury my bodie,
And giue the Letters which thou find'ſt about me,
To *Edmund* Earle of Glouſter: ſeeke him out
Vpon the Engliſh party. Oh vntimely death, death.

Edg. I know thee well. A ſeruiceable Villaine,
As duteous to the vices of thy Miſtris,
As badneſſe would deſire.

Glou. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe Father: reſt you.
Let's ſee theſe Pockets; the Letters that he ſpeakes of
May be my Friends: hee's dead; I am onely ſorry
He had no other Deathſman. Let vs ſee:
Leaue gentle waxe, and manners: blame vs not
To know our enemies mindes, we rip their hearts,
Their Papers is more lawfull.

Reads the Letter.

Let our reciprocall vowes be remembred. You haue manie opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done. If hee returne the Conqueror, then am I the Priſoner, and his bed, my Gaole, from the loathed warmth whereof, deliuer me, and ſupply the place for your Labour.

Your (Wife, ſo I would ſay) affectionate Seruant. Gonerill.

Oh indinguiſh'd ſpace of Womans will,
A plot vpon her vertuous Husbands life,
And the exchange my Brother: heere, in the ſands
Thee Ile rake vp, the poſte vnſanctified
Of murtherous Letchers: and in the mature time,
With this vngracious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death, and buſineſſe, I can tell.

Glou. The King is mad:
How ſtiffe is my vilde ſenſe
That I ſtand vp, and haue ingenious feeling
Of my huge Sorrowes? Better I were diſtract,
So ſhould my thoughts be ſeuer'd from my greefes,
Drum afarre off.
And woes, by wrong imaginations looſe

The

The knowledge of themſelues.

Edg. Giue me your hand:
Farre off methinkes I heare the beaten Drumme.
Come Father, Ile beſtow you with a Friend. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Septima.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.

Cor. O thou good *Kent*,
How ſhall I liue and worke
To match thy goodneſſe?
My life will be too ſhort,
And euery meaſure faile me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is ore-pai'd,
All my reports go with the modeſt truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but ſo.

Cor. Be better ſuited,
Theſe weedes are memories of thoſe worſer houres:
I prythee put them off.

Kent. Pardon deere Madam,
Yet to be knowne ſhortens my made intent,
My boone I make it, that you know me not,
Till time, and I, thinke meet.

Cor. Then be't ſo my good Lord:
How do's the King?

Gent. Madam ſleepes ſtill.

Cor. O you kind Gods!
Cure this great breach in his abuſed Nature,
Th'vntun'd and iarring ſenſes, O winde vp,
Of this childe-changed Father.

Gent. So pleaſe your Maieſty,
That we may wake the King, he hath ſlept long?

Cor. Be gouern'd by your knowledge, and proceede
I'th'ſway of your owne will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear in a chaire carried by Seruants

Gent. I Madam: in the heauineſſe of ſleepe,
We put freſh garments on him.
Be by good Madam when we do awake him,
I doubt of his Temperance.

Cor. O my deere Father, reſtauratian hang
Thy medicine on my lippes, and let this kiſſe
Repaire thoſe violent harmes, that my two Siſters
Haue in thy Reuerence made.

Kent. Kind and deere Princeſſe.

Cor. Had you not bin their Father, theſe white flakes
Did challenge pitty of them. Was this a face
To be oppos'd againſt the iarring windes?
Mine Enemies dogge, though he had bit me,
Should haue ſtood that night againſt my fire,
And was't thou faine (poore Father)
To houell thee with Swine and Rogues forlorne,
In ſhort, and muſty ſtraw? Alacke, alacke,
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits, at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes, ſpeake to him.

Gen. Madam do you, 'tis fitteſt.

Cor. How does my Royall Lord?
How fares your Maieſty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th'graue,
Thou art a Soule in bliſſe, but I am bound
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do ſcal'd, like molten Lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a ſpirit I know, where did you dye?

Cor. Still, ſtill, farre wide.

Gen. He's ſcarſe awake,
Let him alone a while.

Lear. Where haue I bin?
Where am I? Faire day light?
I am mightily abus'd; I ſhould eu'n dye with pitty
To ſee another thus. I know not what to ſay:
I will not ſweare theſe are my hands: let's ſee,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were aſſur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O looke vpon me Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o're me,
You muſt not kneele.

Lear. Pray do not mocke me:
I am a very fooliſh fond old man,
Foureſcore and vpward,
Not an houre more, nor leſſe:
And to deale plainely,
I feare I am not in my perfect mind.
Me thinkes I ſhould know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtfull: For I am mainely ignorant
What place this is: and all the skill I haue
Remembers not theſe garments: nor I know not
Where I did lodge laſt night. Do not laugh at me,
For (as I am a man) I thinke this Lady
To be my childe *Cordelia.*

Cor. And ſo I am: I am.

Lear. Be your teares wet?
Yes faith: I pray weepe not,
If you haue poyſon for me, I will drinke it:
I know you do not loue me, for your Siſters
Haue (as I do remember) done me wrong.
You haue ſome cauſe, they haue not.

Cor. No cauſe, no cauſe.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your owne kingdome Sir.

Lear. Do not abuſe me.

Gent. Be comforted good Madam, the great rage
You ſee is kill'd in him: deſire him to go in,
Trouble him no more till further ſetling.

Cor. Wilt pleaſe your Highneſſe walke?

Lear. You muſt beare with me:
Pray you now forget, and forgiue,
I am old and fooliſh. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter, with Drumme and Colours, Edmund, Regan. Gentlemen, and Souldiers.

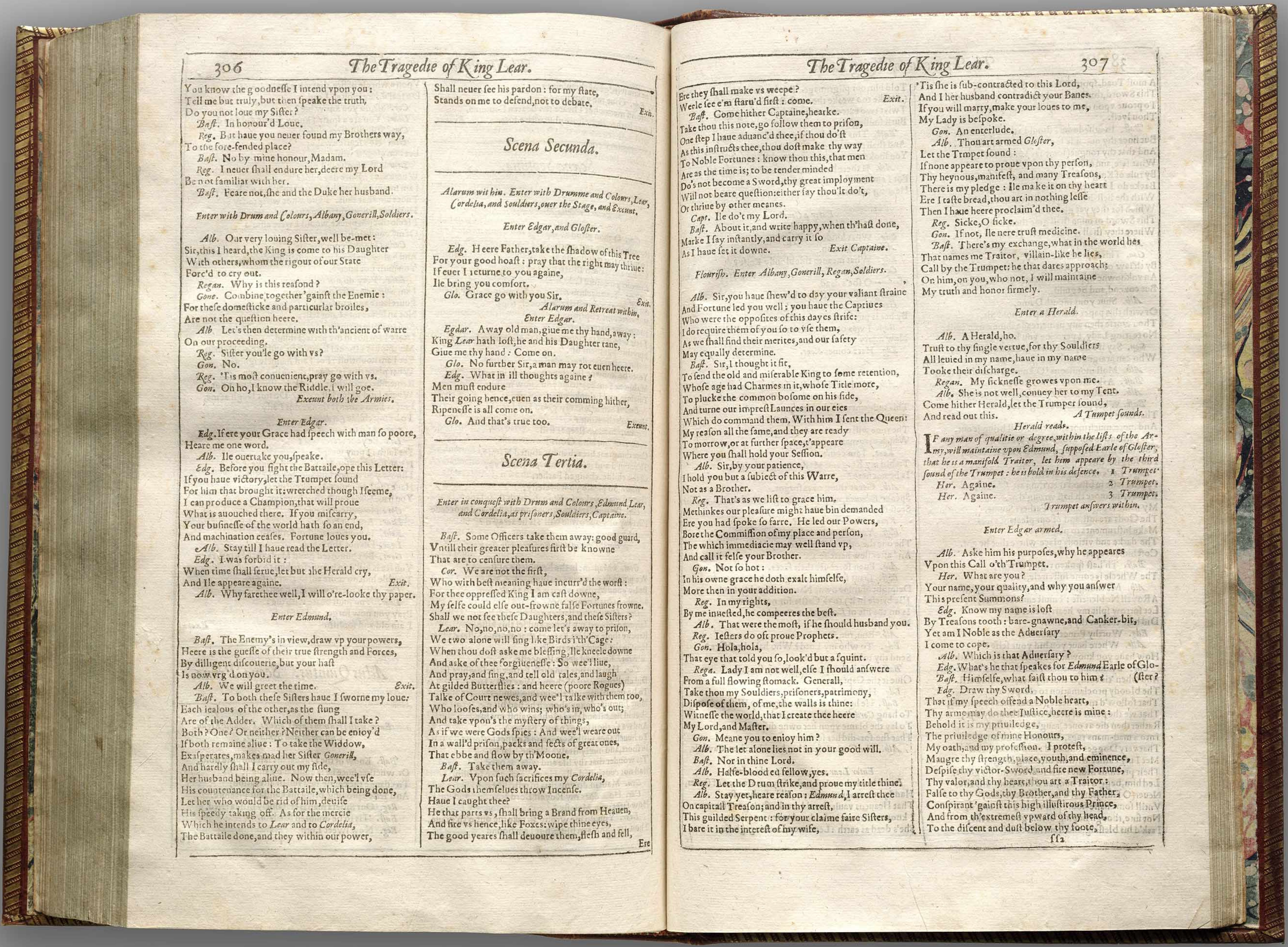
Baſt. Know of the Duke if his laſt purpoſe hold,
Or whether ſince he is aduis'd by ought
To change the courſe, he's full of alteration,
And ſelfereprouing, bring his conſtant pleaſure.

Reg. Our Siſters man is certainely miſcarried.

Baſt. 'Tis to be doubted Madam.

Reg. Now ſweet Lord,

ſ ſ You



You know the goodneſſe I intend vpon you:
Tell me but truly, but then ſpeake the truth,
Do you not loue my Siſter?
Baſt. In honour'd Loue.
Reg. But haue you neuer found my Brothers way,
To the fore-fended place?
Baſt. No by mine honour, Madam.
Reg. I neuer ſhall endure her, deere my Lord
Be not familiar with her.
Baſt. Feare not, ſhe and the Duke her husband.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Gonerill, Soldiers.

Alb. Our very louing Siſter, well be-met:
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Forc'd to cry out.
Regan. Why is this reaſond?
Gone. Combine together 'gainſt the Enemie:
For theſe domeſticke and particurlar broiles,
Are not the queſtion heere.
Alb Let's then determine with th'ancient of warre
On our proceeding.
Reg. Siſter you'le go with vs?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis moſt conuenient, pray go with vs.
Gon. Oh ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.
Exeunt both the Armies.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had ſpeech with man ſo poore,
Heare me one word.
Alb. Ile ouertake you, ſpeake.
Edg. Before you fight the Battaile, ope this Letter:
If you haue victory, let the Trumpet ſound
For him that brought it: wretched though I ſeeme,
I can produce a Champion, that will proue
What is auouched there. If you miſcarry,
Your buſineſſe of the world hath ſo an end,
And machination ceaſes. Fortune loues you.
Alb. Stay till I haue read the Letter.
Edg. I was forbid it:
When time ſhall ſerue, let but the Herald cry,
And Ile appeare againe. *Exit.*
Alb. Why farethee well, I will o're-looke thy paper.

Enter Edmund.

Baſt. The Enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,
Heere is the gueſſe of their true ſtrength and Forces,
By dilligent diſcouerie, but your haſt
Is now vrg'd on you.
Alb. We will greet the time. *Exit.*
Baſt. To both theſe Siſters haue I ſworne my loue:
Each iealous of the other, as the ſtung
Are of the Adder. Which of them ſhall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enioy'd
If both remaine aliue: To take the Widdow,
Exaſperates, makes mad her Siſter *Gonerill,*
And hardly ſhall I carry out my ſide,
Her husband being aliue. Now then, wee'l vſe
His countenance for the Battaile, which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him, deuiſe
His ſpeedy taking off. As for the mercie
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia,*
The Battaile done, and they within our power,
Shall neuer ſee his pardon: for my ſtate,
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Alarum within. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Lear, Cordelia, and Souldiers, ouer the Stage, and Exeunt.

Enter Edgar, and Gloſter.

Edg. Heere Father, take the ſhadow of this Tree
For your good hoaſt: pray that the right may thriue:
If euer I returne to you againe,
Ile bring you comfort.
Glo. Grace go with you Sir. *Exit.*
Alarum and Retreat within.
Enter Edgar.
Egdar. Away old man, giue me thy hand, away:
King *Lear* hath loſt, he and his Daughter tane,
Giue me thy hand: Come on.
Glo. No further Sir, a man may rot euen heere.
Edg. What in ill thoughts againe?
Men muſt endure
Their going hence, euen as their comming hither,
Ripeneſſe is all come on.
Glo. And that's true too. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter in conqueſt with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Lear, and Cordelia, as priſoners, Souldiers, Captaine.

Baſt. Some Officers take them away: good guard,
Vntill their greater pleaſures firſt be knowne
That are to cenſure them.
Cor. We are not the firſt,
Who with beſt meaning haue incurr'd the worſt:
For thee oppreſſed King I am caſt downe,
My ſelfe could elſe out-frowne falſe Fortunes frowne.
Shall we not ſee theſe Daughters, and theſe Siſters?
Lear. No, no, no, no: come let's away to priſon,
We two alone will ſing like Birds i'th'Cage:
When thou doſt aske me bleſſing, Ile kneele downe
And aske of thee forgiueneſſe: So wee'l liue,
And pray, and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded Butterflies: and heere (poore Rogues)
Talke of Court newes, and wee'l talke with them too,
Who looſes, and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take vpon's the myſtery of things,
As if we were Gods ſpies: And wee'l weare out
In a wall'd priſon, packs and ſects of great ones,
That ebbe and flow by th'Moone.
Baſt. Take them away.
Lear. Vpon ſuch ſacrifices my *Cordelia,*
The Gods themſelues throw Incenſe.
Haue I caught thee?
He that parts vs, ſhall bring a Brand from Heauen,
And fire vs hence, like Foxes: wipe thine eyes,
The good yeares ſhall deuoure them, fleſh and fell,

Ere they ſhall make vs weepe?
Weele ſee e'm ſtaru'd firſt: come. *Exit.*
Baſt. Come hither Captaine, hearke.
Take thou this note, go follow them to priſon,
One ſtep I haue aduanc'd thee, if thou do'ſt
As this inſtructs thee, thou doſt make thy way
To Noble Fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender minded
Do's not become a Sword, thy great imployment
Will not beare queſtion: either ſay thou'lt do't,
Or thriue by other meanes.
Capt. Ile do't my Lord.
Baſt. About it, and write happy, when th'haſt done,
Marke I ſay inſtantly, and carry it ſo
As I haue ſet it downe. *Exit Captaine.*

Flouriſh. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you haue ſhew'd to day your valiant ſtraine
And Fortune led you well: you haue the Captiues
Who were the oppoſites of this dayes ſtrife:
I do require them of you ſo to vſe them,
As we ſhall find their merites, and our ſafety
May equally determine.
Baſt. Sir, I thought it fit,
To ſend the old and miſerable King to ſome retention,
Whoſe age had Charmes in it, whoſe Title more,
To plucke the common boſome on his ſide,
And turne our impreſt Launces in our eies
Which do command them. With him I ſent the Queen:
My reaſon all the ſame, and they are ready
To morrow, or at further ſpace, t'appeare
Where you ſhall hold your Seſſion.
Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a ſubiect of this Warre,
Not as a Brother.
Reg. That's as we liſt to grace him.
Methinkes our pleaſure might haue bin demanded
Ere you had ſpoke ſo farre. He led our Powers,
Bore the Commiſſion of my place and perſon,
The which immediacie may well ſtand vp,
And call it ſelfe your Brother.
Gon. Not ſo hot:
In his owne grace he doth exalt himſelfe,
More then in your addition.
Reg. In my rights,
By me inueſted, he compeeres the beſt.
Alb. That were the moſt, if he ſhould husband you.
Reg. Ieſters do oft proue Prophets.
Gon. Hola, hola,
That eye that told you ſo, look'd but a ſquint.
Rega. Lady I am not well, elſe I ſhould anſwere
From a full flowing ſtomack. Generall,
Take thou my Souldiers, priſoners, patrimony,
Diſpoſe of them, of me, the walls is thine:
Witneſſe the world, that I create thee heere
My Lord, and Maſter.
Gon. Meane you to enioy him?
Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.
Baſt. Nor in thine Lord.
Alb. Halfe-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. Let the Drum ſtrike, and proue my title thine.
Alb. Stay yet, heare reaſon: *Edmund,* I arreſt thee
On capitall Treaſon; and in thy arreſt,
This guilded Serpent: for your claime faire Siſters,
I bare it in the intereſt of my wife,
'Tis ſhe is ſub-contracted to this Lord,
And I her husband contradict your Banes.
If you will marry, make your loues to me,
My Lady is beſpoke.
Gon. An enterlude.
Alb. Thou art armed *Gloſter,*
Let the Trmpet ſound:
If none appeare to proue vpon thy perſon,
Thy heynous, manifeſt, and many Treaſons,
There is my pledge: Ile make it on thy heart
Ere I taſte bread, thou art in nothing leſſe
Then I haue heere proclaim'd thee.
Reg. Sicke, O ſicke.
Gon. If not, Ile nere truſt medicine.
Baſt. There's my exchange, what in the world hes
That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies,
Call by the Trumpet: he that dares approach;
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honor firmely.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. A Herald, ho.
Truſt to thy ſingle vertue, for thy Souldiers
All leuied in my name, haue in my name
Tooke their diſcharge.
Regan. My ſickneſſe growes vpon me.
Alb. She is not well, conuey her to my Tent.
Come hither Herald, let the Trumper ſound,
And read out this. *A Tumpet ſounds.*
Herald reads.

IF any man of qualitie or degree, within the liſts of the Army, will maintaine vpon Edmund, ſuppoſed Earle of Gloſter, that he is a manifold Traitor, let him appeare by the third ſound of the Trumpet: he is bold in his defence. *1 Trumpet.*
Her. Againe. *2 Trumpet.*
Her. Againe. *3 Trumpet.*
Trumpet anſwers within.

Enter Edgar armed.

Alb. Aske him his purpoſes, why he appeares
Vpon this Call o'th'Trumpet.
Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you anſwer
This preſent Summons?
Edg. Know my name is loſt
By Treaſons tooth: bare-gnawne, and Canker-bit,
Yet am I Noble as the Aduerſary
I come to cope.
Alb. Which is that Aduerſary?
Edg. What's he that ſpeakes for *Edmund* Earle of Gloſter?
Baſt. Himſelfe, what ſaiſt thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy Sword,
That if my ſpeech offend a Noble heart,
Thy arme may do thee Iuſtice, heere is mine:
Behold it is my priuiledge,
The priuiledge of mine Honours,
My oath, and my profeſſion. I proteſt,
Maugre thy ſtrength, place, youth, and eminence,
Deſpiſe thy victor-Sword, and fire new Fortune,
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor:
Falſe to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father,
Conſpirant 'gainſt this high illuſtirous Prince,
And from th'extremeſt vpward of thy head,
To the diſcent and duſt below thy foote,

A moſt Toad-ſpotted Traitor. Say thou no,
This Sword,this arme,and my beſt ſpirits are bent
To proue vpon thy heart,whereto I ſpeake,
Thou lyeſt.

Baſt. In wiſedome I ſhould aske thy name,
But ſince thy out-ſide lookes ſo faire and Warlike,
And that thy tongue(ſome ſay) of breeding breathes,
What ſafe,and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of Knight-hood,I diſdaine and ſpurne:
Backe do I toſſe theſe Treaſons to thy head,
With the hell-hated Lye,ore-whelme thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by,and ſcarely bruiſe,
This Sword of mine ſhall giue them inſtant way,
Where they ſhall reſt for euer. Trumpets ſpeake.

Alb. Saue him,ſaue him. *Alarums. Fights.*

Gon. This is practiſe *Gloſter*,
By th'law of Warre,thou waſt not bound to anſwer
An vnknowne oppoſite:thou art not vanquiſh'd,
But cozend,and beguild.

Alb. Shut your mouth Dame,
Or with this paper ſhall I ſtop it : hold Sir,
Thou worſe then any name,reade thine owne euill :
No tearing Lady,I perceiue you know it.

Gon. Say if I do,the Lawes are mine not thine,
Who can araigne me for't? *Exit.*

Alb. Moſt monſtrous! O,know'ſt thou this paper?

Baſt. Aske me not what I know.

Alb. Go after her,ſhe's deſperate,gouerne her.

Baſt. What you haue charg'd me with,
That haue I done,
And more,much more,the time will bring it out.
'Tis paſt,and ſo am I : But what art thou
That haſt this Fortune on me? If thou'rt Noble,
I do forgiue thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity:
I am no leſſe in blood then thou art *Edmond*,
If more,the more th'haſt wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar* and thy Fathers Sonne,
The Gods are iuſt,and of our pleaſant vices
Make inſtruments to plague vs :
The darke and vitious place where thee he got,
Coſt him his eyes.

Baſt. Th'haſt ſpoken right,'tis true,
The Wheele is come full circle,I am heere.

Alb. Me thought thy very gate did propheſie
A Royall Nobleneſſe : I muſt embrace thee,
Let ſorrow ſplit my heart,if euer I
Did hate thee,or thy Father.

Edg. Worthy Prince I know't.

Alb. Where haue you hid your ſelfe?
How haue you knowne the miſeries of your Father?

Edg. By nurſing them my Lord. Liſt a breefe tale,
And when 'tis told,O that my heart would burſt.
The bloody proclamation to eſcape
That follow'd me ſo neere,(O our liues ſweetneſſe,
That we the paine of death would hourely dye,
Rather then die at once)taught me to ſhift
Into a mad-mans rags,t'aſſume a ſemblance
That very Dogges diſdain'd : and in this habit
Met I my Father with his bleeding Rings,
Their precious Stones new loſt:became his guide,
Led him,begg'd for him,ſau'd him from diſpaire.
Neuer(O fault)reueal'd my ſelfe vnto him,
Vntill ſome halfe houre paſt when I was arm'd,
Not ſure,though hoping of this good ſucceſſe,
I ask'd his bleſſing,and from firſt to laſt
Told him our pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart
(Alacke too weake the conflict to ſupport)
Twixt two extremes of paſſion,ioy and greefe,
Burſt ſmilingly.

Baſt. This ſpeech of yours hath mou'd me,
And ſhall perchance do good,but ſpeake you on,
You looke as you had ſomething more to ſay.

Alb. If there be more,more wofull,hold it in,
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolue,
Hearing of this.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gen. Helpe,helpe : O helpe.

Edg. What kinde of helpe?

Alb. Speake man.

Edg. What meanes this bloody Knife?

Gen. 'Tis hot,it ſmoakes, it came euen from the heart
of——O ſhe's dead.

Alb. Who dead? Speake man.

Gen. Your Lady Sir,your Lady; and her Siſter
By her is poyſon'd : ſhe confeſſes it.

Baſt. I was contracted to them both,all three
Now marry in an inſtant.

Edg. Here comes *Kent*.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies,be they aliue or dead;
Gonerill and Regans bodies brought out.
This iudgement of the Heauens that makes vs tremble,
Touches vs not with pitty: O,is this he?
The time will not allow the complement
Which very manners vrges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my King and Maſter aye good night.
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of vs forgot,
Speake *Edmund*,where's the King? and where's *Cordelia*?
Seeſt thou this obiect *Kent*?

Kent. Alacke,why thus?

Baſt. Yet *Edmund* was belou'd:
The one the other poiſon'd for my ſake,
And after ſlew herſelfe.

Alb. Euen ſo:couer their faces.

Baſt. I pant for life : ſome good I meane to do
Deſpight of mine owne Nature. Quickly ſend,
(Be briefe in it) to'th'Caſtle,for my Writ
Is on the life of *Lear*,and on *Cordelia* :
Nay,ſend in time.

Alb. Run,run,O run.

Edg. To who my Lord? Who ha's the Office?
Send thy token of repreeue.

Baſt. Well thought on,take my Sword,
Giue it the Captaine.

Edg. Haſt thee for thy life.

Baſt. He hath Commiſſion from thy Wife and me,
To hang *Cordelia* in the priſon,and
To lay the blame vpon her owne diſpaire,
That ſhe for-did her ſelfe.

Alb. The Gods defend her,beare him hence awhile.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Lear. Howle,howle,howle: O your are men of ſtones,
Had I your tongues and eyes,Il'd vſe them ſo,
That Heauens vault ſhould crack : ſhe's gone for euer.
I know when one is dead,and when one liues,
She's dead as earth : Lend me a Looking-glaſſe,

If that her breath will miſt or ſtaine the ſtone,
Why then ſhe liues.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror.

Alb. Fall and ceaſe.

Lear. This feather ſtirs,ſhe liues:if it be ſo,
It is a chance which do's redeeme all ſorrowes
That euer I haue felt.

Kent. O my good Maſter.

Lear. Prythee away.

Edg. 'Tis Noble *Kent* your Friend.

Lear. A plague vpon you Murderors,Traitors all,
I might haue ſau'd her,now ſhe's gone for euer :
Cordelia,*Cordelia*,ſtay a little. Ha:
What is't thou ſaiſt? Her voice was euer ſoft,
Gentle,and low,an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the Slaue that was a hanging thee.

Gent. 'Tis true (my Lords)he did.

Lear. Did I not fellow?
I haue ſeene the day, with my good biting Faulchion
I would haue made him skip : I am old now,
And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoile me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o'th'beſt,Ile tell you ſtraight.

Kent. If Fortune brag of two,ſhe lou'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull ſight,are you not *Kent*?

Kent. The ſame : your Seruant *Kent*,
Where is your Seruant *Caius*?

Lear. He's a good fellow,I can tell you that,
He'le ſtrike and quickly too,he's dead and rotten.

Kent. No my good Lord,I am the very man.

Lear. Ile ſee that ſtraight.

Kent. That from your firſt of difference and decay,
Haue follow'd your ſad ſteps.

Lear. Your are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man elſe:
All's cheerleſſe,darke,and deadly,
Your eldeſt Daughters haue fore-done themſelues,
And deſperately are dead

Lear. I ſo I thinke.

Alb. He knowes not what he ſaies,and vaine is it
That we preſent vs to him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Edg. Very bootleſſe.

Meſſ. *Edmund* is dead my Lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle heere :
You Lords and Noble Friends,know our intent,
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be appli'd. For vs we will reſigne,
During the life of this old Maieſty
To him our abſolute power, you to your rights,
With boote,and ſuch addition as your Honours
Haue more then merited. All Friends ſhall
Taſte the wages of their vertue,and all Foes
The cup of their deſeruings : O ſee,ſee.

Lear. And my poore Foole is hang'd: no,no,no life?
Why ſhould a Dog,a Horſe,a Rat haue life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Neuer,neuer,neuer,neuer,neuer.
Pray you vndo this Button. Thanke you Sir,
Do you ſee this? Looke on her? Looke her lips,
Looke there,looke there. *He dies.*

Edg. He faints,my Lord,my Lord.

Kent. Breake heart,I prythee breake.

Edg. Looke vp my Lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghoſt,O let him paſſe,he hates him,
That would vpon the wracke of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gon indeed.

Kent. The wonder is,he hath endur'd ſo long,
He but vſurpt his life.

Alb. Beare them from hence,our preſent buſineſſe
Is generall woe : Friends of my ſoule, you twaine,
Rule in this Realme,and the gor'd ſtate ſuſtaine.

Kent. I haue a iourney Sir,ſhortly to go,
My Maſter calls me,I muſt not ſay no.

Edg. The waight of this ſad time we muſt obey,
Speake what we feele,not what we ought to ſay :
The oldeſt hath borne moſt,we that are yong,
Shall neuer ſee ſo much, nor liue ſo long.

Exeunt with a dead March.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF Othello, the Moore of Venice.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Rodorigo, and Iago.

Rodorigo.

NEuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That thou (*Iago*) who haſt had my purſe,
As if ÿ ſtrings were thine, ſhould'ſt know of this.
Ia. But you'l not heare me. If euer I did dream
Of ſuch a matter, abhorre me.
Rodo. Thou told'ſt me,
Thou did'ſt hold him in thy hate.
Iago. Deſpiſe me
If I do not. Three Great-ones of the Cittie,
(In perſonall ſuite to make me his Lieutenant)
Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man
I know my price, I am worth no worſſe a place.
But he (as louing his owne pride, and purpoſes)
Euades them, with a bumbaſt Circumſtance,
Horribly ſtufft with Epithites of warre,
Non-ſuites my Mediators. For certes, ſaies he,
I haue already choſe my Officer. And what was he?
For-ſooth, a great Arithmatician,
One *Michaell Caſſio, a Florentine*,
(A Fellow almoſt damn'd in a faire Wife)
That neuer ſet a Squadron in the Field,
Nor the deuiſion of a Battaile knowes
More then a Spinſter. Vnleſſe the Bookiſh Theoricke:
Wherein the Tongued Conſuls can propoſe
As Maſterly as he. Meere pratle (without practiſe)
Is all his Souldierſhip. But he (Sir) had th'election;
And I (of whom his eies had ſeene the proofe
At Rhodes, at Ciprus, and on others grounds
Chriſten'd, and Heathen) muſt be be-leed, and calm'd
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caſter,
He (in good time) muſt his Lieutenant be,
And I (bleſſe the marke) his Mooreſhips Auntient.
Rod. By heauen, I rather would haue bin his hangman.
Iago. Why, there's no remedie.
'Tis the curſſe of Seruice;
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each ſecond
Stood Heire to'th'firſt. Now Sir, be iudge your ſelfe,
Whether I in any iuſt terme am Affin'd
To loue the *Moore*?
Rod. I would not follow him then.
Iago. O Sir content you.
I follow him, to ſerue my turne vpon him.
We cannot all be Maſters, nor all Maſters
Cannot be truely follow'd. You ſhall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knaue;
That (doting on his owne obſequious bondage)
Weares out his time, much like his Maſters Aſſe,
For naught but Prouender, & when he's old Caſheer'd.
Whip me ſuch honeſt knaues. Others there are
Who trym'd in Formes, and viſages of Dutie,
Keepe yet their hearts attending on themſelues,
And throwing but ſhowes of Seruice on their Lords
Doe well thriue by them.
And when they haue lin'd their Coates
Doe themſelues Homage.
Theſe Fellowes haue ſome ſoule,
And ſuch a one do I profeſſe my ſelfe. For (Sir)
It is as ſure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moore, I would not be *Iago*:
In following him, I follow but my ſelfe.
Heauen is my Iudge, not I for loue and dutie,
But ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward Action doth demonſtrate
The natiue act, and figure of my heart
In Complement externe, 'tis not long after
But I will weare my heart vpon my ſleeue
For Dawes to pecke at; I am not what I am.
Rod. What a fall Fortune do's the Thicks-lips owe
If he can carry't thus?
Iago. Call vp her Father:
Rowſe him, make after him, poyſon his delight,
Proclaime him in the Streets. Incenſe her kinſmen,
And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,
Plague him with Flies: though that his Ioy be Ioy,
Yet throw ſuch chances of vexation on't,
As it may looſe ſome colour.
Rodo. Heere is her Fathers houſe, Ile call aloud.
Iago. Doe, with like timerous accent, and dire yell,
As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire
Is ſpied in populus Citties.
Rodo. What hoa: *Brabantio*, Siginor *Brabantio*, hoa.
Iago. Awake: what hoa, *Brabantio*: Theeues, Theeues.
Looke to your houſe, your daughter, and your Bags,
Theeues, Theeues.
Bra. Aboue. What is the reaſon of this terrible
Summons? What is the matter there?
Rodo. Signior is all your Familie within?
Iago. Are your Doores lock'd?
Bra. Why? Wherefore ask you this?
Iago. Sir, y'are rob'd, for ſhame put on your Gowne,
Your

Your heart is burſt, you haue loſt halfe your ſoule
Euen now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tupping your white Ewe. Ariſe, ariſe,
Awake the ſnorting Cittizens with the Bell,
Or elſe the deuill will make a Grand-ſire of you.
Ariſe I ſay.
Bra. What, haue you loſt your wits?
Rod. Moſt reuerend Signior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I: what are you?
Rod. My name is *Rodorigo.*
Bra. The worſſer welcome:
I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:
In honeſt plaineneſſe thou haſt heard me ſay,
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madneſſe
(Being full of Supper, and diſtempring draughtes)
Vpon malitious knauerie, doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet.
Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir.
Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My ſpirits and my place haue in their power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rodo. Patience good Sir.
Bra. What tell'ſt thou me of Robbing?
This is Venice: my houſe is not a Grange.
Rodo. Moſt graue *Brabantio*,
In ſimple and pure ſoule, I come to you.
Ia. Sir: you are one of thoſe that will not ſerue God, if the deuill bid you. Becauſe we come to do you ſeruice, and you thinke we are Ruffians, you'le haue your Daughter couer'd with a Barbary horſe, you'le haue your Nephewes neigh to you, you'le haue Courſers for Cozens: and Gennets for Germaines.
Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?
Ia. I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daughter and the Moore, are making the Beaſt with two backs.
Bra. Thou art a Villaine.
Iago. You are a Senator.
Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwere. I know thee *Rodorigo.*
Rod. Sir, I will anſwere any thing. But I beſeech you
If t be your pleaſure, and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,
At this odde Euen and dull watch o'th'night
Tranſported with no worſe nor better guard,
But with a knaue of common hire, a Gundelier,
To the groſſe claſpes of a Laſciuious Moore:
If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,
We then haue done you bold, and ſaucie wrongs.
But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,
We haue your wrong rebuke. Do not beleeue
That from the ſence of all Ciuilitie,
I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.
Your Daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue)
I ſay againe, hath made a groſſe reuolt,
Tying her Dutie, Beautie, Wit, and Fortunes
In an extrauagant, and wheeling Stranger,
Of here, and euery where: ſtraight ſatisfie your ſelfe.
If ſhe be in her Chamber, or your houſe,
Let looſe on me the Iuſtice of the State
For thus deluding you.
Bra. Strike on the Tinder, hoa:
Giue me a Taper: call vp all my people,
This Accident is not vnlike my dreame,
Beleefe of it oppreſſes me alreadie.
Light, I ſay, light. *Exit.*
Iag. Farewell: for I muſt leaue you.
It ſeemes not meete, nor wholeſome to my place
To be producted, (as if I ſtay, I ſhall,)
Againſt the Moore. For I do know the State,
(How euer this may gall him with ſome checke)
Cannot with ſafetie caſt-him. For he's embark'd
With ſuch loud reaſon to the Cyprus Warres,
(Which euen now ſtands in Act) that for their ſoules
Another of his Fadome, they haue none,
To lead their Buſineſſe. In which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell apines,
Yet, for neceſſitie of preſent life,
I muſt ſhow out a Flag, and ſigne of Loue,
(Which is indeed but ſigne) that you ſhal ſurely find him
Lead to the Sagitary the raiſed Search:
And there will I be with him. So farewell. *Exit.*

Enter Brabantio, with Seruants and Torches.

Bra. It is too true an euill. Gone ſhe is,
And what's to come of my deſpiſed time,
Is naught but bitterneſſe. Now *Rodorigo*,
Where didſt thou ſee her? (Oh vnhappie Girle)
With the Moore ſaiſt thou? (Who would be a Father?)
How didſt thou know 'twas ſhe? (Oh ſhe deceaues me
Paſt thought:) what ſaid ſhe to you? Get moe Tapers:
Raiſe all my Kindred. Are they married thinke you?
Rodo. Truely I thinke they are.
Bra. Oh Heauen: how got ſhe out?
Oh treaſon of the blood.
Fathers, from hence truſt not your Daughters minds
By what you ſee them act. Is there not Charmes,
By which the propertie of Youth, and Maidhood
May be abus'd? Haue you not read *Rodorigo*,
Of ſome ſuch thing?
Rod. Yes Sir: I haue indeed.
Bra. Call vp my Brother: oh would you had had her.
Some one way, ſome another. Doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?
Rod. I thinke I can diſcouer him, if you pleaſe
To get good Guard, and go along with me.
Bra. Pray you lead on. At euery houſe Ile call,
(I may command at moſt) get Weapons (hoa)
And raiſe ſome ſpeciall Officers of might:
On good *Rodorigo*, I will deſerue your paines. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, Attendants, with Torches.

Ia. Though in the trade of Warre I haue ſlaine men,
Yet do I hold it very ſtuffe o'th'conſcience
To do no contriu'd Murder: I lacke Iniquitie
Sometime to do me ſeruice. Nine, or ten times
I had thought t'haue yerk'd him here vnder the Ribbes.
Othello. 'Tis better as it is.
Iago. Nay but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcuruy, and prouoking termes
Againſt your Honor, that with the little godlineſſe I haue
I did full hard forbeare him. But I pray you Sir,
Are you faſt married? Be aſſur'd of this,
That the Magnifico is much belou'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potentiall
As double as the Dukes: He will diuorce you.
Or put vpon you, what reſtraint or greeuance,
The

The Law (with all his might,to enforce it on)
Will giue him Cable.
Othel. Let him do his ſpight;
My Seruices, which I haue done the Signorie
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
Which when I know,that boaſting is an Honour,
I ſhall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,
From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerites
May ſpeake (vnbonnetted)to as proud a Fortune
As this that I haue reach'd. For know *Iago*,
But that I loue the gentle *Deſdemona*,
I would not my vnhouſed free condition
Put into Circumſcription,and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But looke,what Lights come yond?

Enter Caſſio, with Torches.

Iago. Thoſe are the raiſed Father,and his Friends:
You were beſt go in.
Othel. Not I: I muſt be found.
My Parts, my Title,and my perfect Soule
Shall manifeſt me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By *Ianus*,I thinke no.
Othel. The Seruants of the Dukes?
And my Lieutenant?
The goodneſſe of the Night vpon you (Friends)
What is the Newes?
Caſſio. The Duke do's greet you (Generall)
And he requires your haſte,Poſt-haſte appearance,
Enen on the inſtant.
Othello. What is the matter,thinke you?
Caſſio. Something from Cyprus,as I may diuine:
It is a buſineſſe of ſome heate. The Gallies
Haue ſent a dozen ſequent Meſſengers
This very night,at one anothers heeles:
And many of the Conſuls,rais'd and met,
Are at the Dukes already. You haue bin hotly call'd for,
When being not at your Lodging to be found,
The Senate hath ſent about three ſeuerall Queſts,
To ſearch you out.
Othel. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but ſpend a word here in the houſe,
And goe with you.
Caſſio. Aunciant,what makes he heere?
Iago. Faith,he to night hath boarded a Land Carract,
If it proue lawfull prize,he'ſ made for euer.
Caſſio. I do not vnderſtand.
Iago. He's married.
Caſſio. To who?
Iago. Marry to —— Come Captaine,will you go?
Othel. Haue with you.
Caſſio. Here comes another Troope to ſeeke for you.

Enter Brabantio,Rodorigo,with Officers,and Torches.

Iago. It is *Brabantio*: Generall be aduis'd,
He comes to bad intent.
Othello. Holla,ſtand there.
Rodo. Signior,it is the Moore.
Bra. Downe with him, Theefe.
Iago. You, *Rodorigo*? Cme Sir,I am for you.
Othe. Keepe vp your bright Swords, for the dew will ruſt them. Good Signior,you ſhall more command with yeares, then with your Weapons.
Bra. Oh thou foule Theefe,
Where haſt thou ſtow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art,thou haſt enchaunted her
For Ile referre me to all things of ſenſe,
(If ſhe in Chaines of Magick were not bound)
Whether a Maid,ſo tender,Faire,and Happie,
So oppoſite to Marriage,that ſhe ſhun'd
The wealthy curled Deareling of our Nation,
Would euer haue (t'encurre a generall mocke)
Run from her Guardage to the ſootie boſome,
Of ſuch a thing as thou: to feare,not to delight?
Iudge me the world, if 'tis not groſſe in ſenſe,
That thou haſt practis'd on her with foule Charmes,
Abus'd her delicate Youth,with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens Motion. Ile haue't diſputed on,
'Tis probable,and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuſer of the World, a practiſer
Of Arts inhibited,and out of warrant;
Lay hold vpon him, if he do reſiſt
Subdue him,at his perill.
Othe. Hold your hands
Both you of my inclining,and the reſt.
Were it my Cue to fight,I ſhould haue knowne it
Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe
To anſwere this your charge?
Bra. To Priſon,till fit time
Of Law,and courſe of direct Seſſion
Call thee to anſwer.
Othe. What if do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith ſatisfi'd,
Whoſe Meſſengers are heere about my ſide,
Vpon ſome preſent buſineſſe of the State,
To bring me to him.
Officer. 'Tis true moſt worthy Signior,
The Dukes in Counſell,and your Noble ſelfe,
I am ſure is ſent for.
Bra. How? The Duke in Counſell?
In this time of the night? Bring him away;
Mine's not an idle Cauſe. The Duke himſelfe,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feele this wrong,as 'twere their owne:
For if ſuch Actions may haue paſſage free,
Bond-ſlaues,and Pagans ſhall our Stateſmen be. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Duke,Senators,and Officers.

Duke. There's no compoſition in this Newes,
That giues them Credite.
1. *Sen.* Indeed,they are diſproportioned;
My Letters ſay,a Hundred and ſeuen Gallies.
Duke. And mine a Hundred fortie.
2. *Sena.* And mine two Hundred:
But though they iumpe not on a iuſt accompt,
(As in theſe Caſes where the ayme reports,
'Tis oft with difference)yet do they all confirme
A Turkiſh Fleete,and bearing vp to Cyprus.
Duke. Nay,it is poſſible enough to iudgement:
I do not ſo ſecure me in the Error,
But the maine Article I do approue
In fearefull ſenſe.
Saylor within. What hoa,what hoa, what hoa.
Enter Saylor.

Officer. A Meſſenger from the Gallies.
Duke. Now? What's the buſineſſe?
Sailor. The Turkiſh Preparation makes for Rhodes,
So was I bid report here to the State,
By Signior *Angelo*.
Duke. How ſay you by this change?
1. *Sen.* This cannot be
By no aſſay of reaſon. 'Tis a Pageant
To keepe vs in falſe gaze,when we conſider
Th'importancie of Cyprus to the Turke;
And let our ſelues againe but vnderſtand,
That as it more concernes the Turke then Rhodes,
So may he with more facile queſtion beare it,
For that it ſtands not in ſuch Warrelike brace,
But altogether lackes th'abilities
That Rhodes is dreſs'd in. If we make thought of this,
We muſt not thinke the Turke is ſo vnskillfull,
To leaue that lateſt,which concernes him firſt,
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe,and gaine
To wake,and wage a danger profitleſſe.
Duke. Nay,in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.
Officer. Here is more Newes.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſen. The *Ottamites*,Reueren'd,and Gracious,
Steering with due courſe toward the Ile of Rhodes,
Haue there inioynted them with an after Fleete.
1. *Sen.* I,ſo I thought: how many,as you gueſſe?
Meſſ. Of thirtie Saile: and now they do re-ſtem
Their backward courſe,bearing with frank appearance
Their purpoſes toward Cyprus. Signior *Montano*,
Your truſtie and moſt Valiant Seruitour,
With his free dutie,recommends you thus,
And prayes you to beleeue him.
Duke. 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus:
Marcus Luccicos is not he in Towne?
1. *Sen.* He's now in Florence.
Duke. Write from vs,
To him,Poſt,Poſt-haſte,diſpatch.
1. *Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio*,and the Valiant Moore.

Enter Brabantio, Othello,Caſſio, Iago,Rodorigo,
and Officers.

Duke. Valiant *Othello*,we muſt ſtraight employ you,
Againſt the generall Enemy *Ottoman*.
I did not ſee you: welcome gentle Signior,
We lack't your Counſaile,and your helpe to night.
Bra. So did I yours: Good your Grace pardon me.
Neither my place,hor ought I heard of buſineſſe
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the generall care
Take hold on me. For my perticular griefe
Is of ſo flood-gate,and ore-bearing Nature,
That it engluts,snd ſwallowes other ſorrowes,
And it is ſtill it ſelfe.
Duke. Why? What's the matter?
Bra. My Daughter: oh my Daughter!
Sen. Dead?
Bra. I, to me.
She is abus'd,ſtolne from me,and corrupted
By Spels,and Medicines,bought of Mountebanks;
For Nature,ſo prepoſtrouſly to erre,
(Being not deficient,blind,or lame of ſenſe,)
Sans witch-craft could not.
Duke. Who ere he be,that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her ſelfe,
And you of her; the bloodie Booke of Law,
You ſhall your ſelfe read,in the bitter letter,
After your owne ſenſe: yea,though our proper Son
Stood in your Action.
Bra. Humbly I thanke your Grace,
Here is the man; this Moore,whom now it ſeemes
Your ſpeciall Mandate,for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.
All. We are verie ſorry for't.
Duke. What in your owne part,can you ſay to this?
Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.
Othe. Moſt Potent,Graue,and Reueren'd Signiors,
My very Noble, and approu'd good Maſters;
That I haue tane away this old mans Daughter,
It is moſt true: true I haue married her;
The verie head,and front of my offending,
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I,in my ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſoft phraſe of Peace;
For ſince theſe Armes of mine,had ſeuen yeares pith,
Till now,ſome nine Moones waſted,they haue vs'd
Their deereſt action,in the Tented Field:
And little of this great world can I ſpeake,
More then pertaines to Feats of Broiles,and Battaile,
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for my ſelfe. Yet,(by your gratious patience)
I will a round vn-varniſh'd u Tale deliuer,
Of my whole courſe of Loue.
What Drugges,what Charmes,
What Coniuration,and what mighty Magicke,
(For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withall)
I won his Daughter.
Bra. A Maiden,neuer bold:
Of Spirit ſo ſtill,and quiet,that her Motion
Bluſh'd at her ſelfe,and ſhe,in ſpight of Nature,
Of Yeares,of Country,Credite,euery thing
To fall in Loue,with what ſhe fear'd to looke on;
It is a iudgement main'd,and moſt imperfect.
That will confeſſe Perfection ſo could erre
Againſt all rules of Nature,and muſt be driuen
To find out practiſes of cunning hell
Why this ſhould be. I therefore vouch againe,
That with ſome Mixtures,powrefull o're the blood,
Or with ſome Dram,(coniur'd to this effect)
He wrought vp on her.
To vouch this,is no proofe,
Without more wider,and more ouer Teſt
Then theſe thin habits,and poore likely-hoods
Of moderne ſeeming,do prefer againſt him.
Sen. But *Othello*,ſpeake,
Did you,by indirect,and forced courſes
Subdue,and poyſon this yong Maides affections?
Or came it by requeſt,and ſuch faire queſtion
As ſoule,to ſoule affordeth?
Othel. I do beſeech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagitary.
And let her ſpeake of me before her Father;
If you do finde me foule,in her report,
The Truſt,the Office,I do hold of you,
Not onely take away, but let your Sentence
Euen fall vpon my life.
Duke. Fetch *Deſdemona* hither.
Othe. Aunciant,conduct them:
You beſt know the place.
And tell ſhe come,as truely as to heauen,
I do confeſſe the vices of my blood,
So iuſtly to your Graue eares,Ile preſent

How I did thriue in this faire Ladies loue,
And ſhe in mine.

Duke. Say it *Othello*.

Othe. Her Father lou'd me,oft inuited me:
Still queſtion'd me the Storie of my life,
From yeare to yeare: the Battaile,Sieges,Fortune,
That I haue paſt.
I ran it through, euen from my boyiſh daies,
Toth'very moment that he bad me tell it.
Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſtrous chances:
Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of haire-breadth ſcapes i'th'imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the Inſolent Foe,
And ſold to ſlauery. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Trauellours hiſtorie.
Wherein of Antars vaſt,and Deſarts idle,
Rough Quarries,Rocks,Hills,whoſe head touch heauen,
It was my hint to ſpeake. Such was my Proceſſe,
And of the Canibals that each others eate,
The *Antropophague*,and men whoſe heads
Grew beneath their ſhoulders. Theſe things to heare,
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriouſly incline:
But ſtill the houſe Affaires would draw her hence:
Which euer as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'l'd come againe, and with a greedie eare
Deuoure vp my diſcourſe. Which I obſeruing,
Tooke once a pliant houre,and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not inſtinctiuely: I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did ſpeake of ſome diſtreſſefull ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd: My Storie being done,
She gaue me for my paines a world of kiſſes:
She ſwore in faith 'twas ſtrange: 'twas paſſing ſtrange,
'Twas pittifull: 'twas wondrous pittifull.
She wiſh'd ſhe had not heard it,yet ſhe wiſh'd
That Heauen had made her ſuch a man. She thank'd me,
And bad me,if I had a Friend that lou'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my Story,
And that would wooe her. Vpon this hint I ſpake,
She lou'd me for the dangers I had paſt,
And I lou'd her,that ſhe did pitty them.
This onely is the witch-craft I haue vs'd.
Here comes the Ladie: Let her witneſſe it.

Enter Deſdemona,Iago,Attendants.

Duke. I thinke this tale would win my Daughter too,
Good *Brabantio*,take vp this mangled matter at the beſt:
Men do their broken Weapons rather vſe,
Then their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you heare her ſpeake?
If ſhe confeſſe that ſhe was halfe the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head,if my bad blame
Light on the man. Come hither gentle Miſtris,
Do you perceiue in all this Noble Companie,
Where moſt you owe obedience?

Deſ. My Noble Father,
I do perceiue heere a diuided dutie.
To you I am bound for life,and education:
My life and education both do learne me,
How to reſpect you. You are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your Daughter. But heere's my Husband;
And ſo much dutie,as my Mother ſhew'd
To you,preferring you before her Father:
So much I challenge,that I may profeſſe
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Bra. God be with you: I haue done.
Pleaſe it your Grace,on to the State Affaires;
I had rather to adopt a Child,then get it.
Come hither Moore;
I here do giue thee that with all my heart,
Which but thou haſt already,with all my heart
I would keepe from thee. For your ſake (Iewell)
I am glad at ſoule,I haue no other Child,
For thy eſcape would teach me Tirranie
To hang clogges on them. I haue done my Lord.

Duke. Let me ſpeake like your ſelfe:
And lay a Sentence,
Which as a griſe,or ſtep may helpe theſe Louers.
When remedies are paſt, the griefes are ended
By ſeeing the worſt,which late on hopes depended.
To mourne a Miſcheefe that is paſt and gon,
Is the next way to draw new miſchiefe on.
What cannot be preſern'd,when Fortune takes:
Patience,her Iniury a mock'ry makes.
The rob'd that ſmiles,ſteales ſomething from the Thiefe,
He robs himſelfe,that ſpends a booteleſſe griefe.

Bra. So let the Turke of Cyprus vs beguile,
We looſe it not ſo long as we can ſmile:
He beares the Sentence well,that nothing beares,
But the free comfort which from thence he heares.
But he beares both the Sentence,and the ſorrow,
That to pay griefe,muſt of poore Patience borrow.
Theſe Sentences,to Sugar,or to Gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides,are Equiuocall.
But words are words,I neuer yet did heare:
That the bruized heart was pierc'd through the eares.
I humbly beſeech you proceed to th'Affaires of State.

Duke. The Turke with a moſt mighty Preparation makes for Cyprus: *Othello*, the Fortitude of the place is beſt knowne to you. And though we haue there a Subſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiencie; yet opinion, a more ſoueraigne Miſtris of Effects, throwes a more ſafer voice on you: you muſt therefore be content to ſlubber the gloſſe of your new Fortunes, with this more ſtubborne,and boyſtrous expedition.

Othe. The Tirant Cuſtome,moſt Graue Senators,
Hath made the flinty and Steele Coach of Warre
My thrice-driuen bed of Downe. I do agnize
A Naturall and prompt Alacartie,
I finde in hardneſſe: and do vndertake
This preſent Warres againſt the *Ottamites*.
Moſt humbly therefore bending to your State,
I craue fit diſpoſition for my Wife,
Due reference of Place,and Exhibition,
With ſuch Accomodation and beſort
As leuels with her breeding.

Duke. Why at her Fathers?

Bra. I will not haue it ſo.

Othe. Nor I.

Deſ. Nor would I there recide,
To put my Father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Moſt Greaious Duke,
To my vnfolding, lend your proſperous eare,
And let me finde a Charter in your voice
T'aſſiſt my ſimpleneſſe.

Duke. What would you *Deſdemona*?

Deſ. That I loue the Moore,to liue with him,
My downe-right violence,and ſtorme of Fortunes,

May trumpet to the world. My heart's ſubdu'd
Euen to the very quality of my Lord;
I ſaw *Othello's* viſage in his mind,
And to his Honours and his valiant parts,
Did I my ſoule and Fortunes conſecrate.
So that (deere Lords) if I be left behind
A Moth of Peace,and he go to the Warre,
The Rites for why I loue him,are bereft me:
And I a heauie interim ſhall ſupport
By his deere abſence. Let me go with him.

Othe. Let her haue your voice.
Vouch with me Heauen,I therefore beg it not
To pleaſe the pallate of my Appetite:
Nor to comply with heat the yong affects
In my defunct,and proper ſatisfaction.
But to be free, and bounteous to her minde:
And Heauen defend your good ſoules,that you thinke
I will your ſerious and great buſineſſe ſcant
When ſhe is with me. No,when light wing'd Toyes
Of feather'd *Cupid*,ſeele with wanton dulneſſe
My ſpeculatiue,and offic'd Inſtrument:
That my Diſports corrupt,and taint my buſineſſe:
Let Houſe-wiues make a Skillet of my Helme,
And all indigne,and baſe aduerſities,
Make head againſt my Eſtimation.

Duke. Be it as you ſhall priuately determine,
Either for her ſtay,or going: th'Affaire cries haſt:
And ſpeed muſt anſwer it.

Sen. You muſt away to night.

Othe. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th'morning, here wee'l meete againe.
Othello,leaue ſome Officer behind
And he ſhall our Commiſſion bring to you:
And ſuch things elſe of qualitie and reſpect
As doth import you.

Othe. So pleaſe your Grace,my Ancient,
A man he is of honeſty and truſt:
To his conueyance I aſſigne my wife,
With what elſe needfull,your good Grace ſhall think
To be ſent after me.

Duke. Let it be ſo:
Good night to euery one. And Noble Signior,
If Vertue no delighted Beautie lacke,
Your Son-in-law is farre more Faire then Blacke.

Sen. Adieu braue Moore,vſe *Deſdemona* well.

Bra. Looke to her (Moore) if thou haſt eies to ſee:
She ha's deceiu'd her Father,and may thee. *Exit.*

Othe. My life vpon her faith. Honeſt *Iago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leaue to thee:
I prythee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the beſt aduantage.
Come *Deſdemona*,I haue but an houre
Of Loue,of wordly matter, and direction
To ſpend with thee. We muſt obey the the time. *Exit.*

Rod. *Iago*.

Iago. What ſaiſt thou Noble heart?

Rod. What will I do,think'ſt thou?

Iago. Why go to bed and ſleepe.

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my ſelfe.

Iago. If thou do'ſt,I ſhall neuer loue thee after. Why thou ſilly Gentleman?

Rod. It is ſillyneſſe to liue, when to liue is torment: and then haue we a preſcription to dye, when death is our Phyſition.

Iago. Oh villanous: I haue look'd vpon the world for foure times ſeuen yeares,and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betwixt a Benefit,and an Iniurie: I neuer found man that knew how to loue himſelfe. Ere I would ſay, I would drowne my ſelfe for the loue of a Gynney Hen,I would change my Humanity with a Baboone.

Rod. What ſhould I do? I confeſſe it is my ſhame to be ſo fond,but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iago. Vertue? A figge, 'tis in our ſelues that we are thus,or thus. Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which, our Wills are Gardiners. So that if we will plant Nertels, or ſowe Lettice: Set Hiſope, and weede vp Time: Supplie it with one gender of Hearbes,or diſtract it with many: either to haue it ſterrill with idleneſſe, or manured with Induſtry, why the power,and Corrigeable authoritie of this lies in our Wills. If the braine of our liues had not one Scale of Reaſon, to poize another of Senſualitie, the blood, and baſeneſſe of our Natures would conduct vs to moſt prepoſtrous Concluſions. But we haue Reaſon to coole our raging Motions, our carnall Stings,or vnbitted Luſts: whereof I take this,that you call Loue,to be a Sect,or Seyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is meerly a Luſt of the blood,and a permiſſion of the will. Come, be a man: drowne thy ſelfe? Drown Cats;and blind Puppies. I haue profeſt me thy Friend, and I confeſſe me knit to thy deſeruing,with Cables of perdurable toughneſſe. I could neuer better ſteed thee then now. Put Money in thy purſe: follow thou the Warres,defeate thy fauour, with an vſurp'd Beard. I ſay put Money in thy purſe.It cannot be long that *Deſdemona* ſhould continue her loue to the Moore. Put Money in thy purſe: nor he his to her. It was a violent Commencement in her, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable Sequeſtration, put but Money in thy purſe. Theſe Moores are changeable in their wils: fill thy purſe with Money. The Food that to him now is as luſhious as Locuſts, ſhalbe to him ſhortly, as bitter as Coloquintida. She muſt change for youth: when ſhe is ſated with his body ſhe will find the errors of her choice. Therefore,put Money in thy purſe. If thou wilt needs damne thy ſelfe, do it a more delicate way then drowning. Make all the Money thou canſt: If Sanctimonie, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian, and ſuper-ſubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits,and all the Tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enioy her: therefore make Money: a pox of drowning thy ſelfe,it is cleane out of the way. Seeke thou rather to be hang'd in Compaſſing thy ioy, then to be drown'd,and go without her.

Rodo. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue?

Iago. Thou art ſure of me: Go make Money: I haue told thee often, and I re-tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore. My cauſe is hearted; thine hath no leſſe reaſon. Let vs be coniunctiue in our reuenge, againſt him. If thou canſt Cuckold him, thou doſt thy ſelfe a pleaſure, me a ſport. There are many Euents in the Wombe of Time,which wilbe deliuered. Trauerſe, go, prouide thy Money. We will haue more of this to morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meete i'th'morning?

Iago. At my Lodging.

Rod. Ile be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go too,farewell. Do you heare *Rodorigo*?

Rod. Ile ſell all my Land. *Exit.*

Iago. Thus do I euer make my Foole,my purſe:
For I mine owne gain'd knowledge ſhould prophane
If I would time expend with ſuch Snpe,

But for my Sport,and Profit : I hate the Moore,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my ſheets
She ha's done my Office. I know not if't be true,
But I, for meere ſuſpition in that kinde,
Will do, as if for Surety. He holds me well,
The better ſhall my purpoſe worke on him :
Caſſio's a proper man : Let me ſee now,
To get his Place, and to plume vp my will
In double Knauery. How? How? Let's ſee.
After ſome time, to abuſe *Othello's* eares,
That he is too familiar with his wife :
He hath a perſon, and a ſmooth diſpoſe
To be ſuſpected ; fram'd to make women falſe.
The Moore is of a free,and open Nature,
That thinkes men honeſt, that but ſeeme to be ſo,
And will as tenderly be lead by'th'Noſe
As Aſſes are :
I haue't : it is engendred : Hell, and Night,
Muſt bring this monſtrous Birth, to the worlds light.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Montano,and two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the Cape, can you diſcerne at Sea?
1.Gent. Nothing at all, it is a high wrought Flood:
I cannot'twixt the Heauen, and the Maine,
Deſcry a Saile.
Mon. Me thinks,the wind hath ſpoke aloud at Land,
A fuller blaſt ne're ſhooke our Battlements :
If it hath ruffiand ſo vpon the Sea,
What ribbes of Oake, when Mountaines melt on them,
Can hold the Morties. What ſhall we heare of this?
2 A Segregation of the Turkiſh Fleet :
For do but ſtand vpon the Foaming Shore,
The chidden Billow ſeemes to pelt the Clowds,
The winde-ſhak'd-Surge, with high & monſtrous Maine
Seemes to caſt water on the burning Beare,
And quench the Guards of th'euer-fixed Pole :
I neuer did like molleſtation view
On the enchafed Flood.
Men. If that the Turkiſh Fleete
Be not enſhelter'd, and embay'd, they are drown'd,
It is impoſſible to beare it out.

Enter a Gentleman.

3 Newes Laddes : our warres are done :
The deſperate Tempeſt hath ſo bang'd the Turkes,
That their deſignement halts. A Noble ſhip of Venice,
Hath ſeene a greeuous wracke and ſufferance
On moſt part of their Fleet.
Mon. How? Is this true?
3 The Ship is heere put in: A *Verenneſſa,Michael Caſſio*
Lieutenant to the warlike Moore, *Othello*,
Is come on Shore . the Moore himſelfe at Sea,
And is in full Commiſſion heere for Cyprus.
Mon. I am glad on't :
'Tis a worthy Gouernour.
3 But this ſame *Caſſio*, though he ſpeake of comfort,
Touching the Turkiſh loſſe, yet he lookes ſadly,
And praye the Moore be ſafe ; for they were parted
With fowle and violent Tempeſt.
Mon. Pray Heauens he be :
For I haue ſeru'd him, and the man commands
Like a full Soldier. Let's to the Sea-ſide (hoa)
As well to ſee the Veſſell that's come in,
As to throw-out our eyes for braue *Othello*,
Euen till we make the Maine, and th'Eriall blew,
An indiſtinct regard.
Gent. Come, let's do ſo ;
For euery Minute is expectancie
Of more Arriuancie.

Enter Caſſio.

Caſſi. Thankes you, the valiant of the warlike Iſle,
That ſo approoue the Moore: Oh let the Heauens
Giue him defence againſt the Elements,
For I haue loſt him on a dangerous Sea.
Mon. Is he well ſhip'd?
Caſſio. His Barke is ſtoutly Timber'd,and his Pylot
Of verie expert, and approu'd Allowance;
Therefore my hope's (not ſurfetted to death)
Stand in bold Cure.
Within. A Saile, a Saile, a Saile.
Caſſio. What noiſe?
Gent. The Towne is empty ; on the brow o'th'Sea
Stand rankes of People,and they cry,a Saile.
Caſſio. My hopes do ſhape him for the Gouernor.
Gent. They do diſcharge their Shot of Courteſie,
Our Friends, at leaſt.
Caſſio. I pray you Sir, go forth,
And giue vs truth who 'tis that is arriu'd.
Gent. I ſhall. *Exit.*
Mon. But good Lieutenant, is your Generall wiu'd?
Caſſio. Moſt fortunately : he hath atchieu'd a Maid
That paragons deſcription, and wilde Fame :
One that excels the quirkes of Blazoning pens,
And in th'eſſentiall Veſture of Creation,
Do's tyre the Ingeniuer.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? Who ha's put in?
Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Auncient to the Generall.
Caſſio. Ha's had moſt fauourable,and happie ſpeed:
Tempeſts themſelues, high Seas, and howling windes,
The gutter'd-Rockes,and Congregated Sands,
Traitors enſteep'd, to enclogge the guiltleſſe Keele,
As hauing ſence of Beautie, do omit
Their mortall Natures,letting go ſafely by
The Diuine *Deſdemona*.
Mon. What is ſhe?
Caſſio. She that I ſpake of :
Our great Captains Captaine,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*,
Whoſe footing heere anticipates our thoughts,
A Senights ſpeed. Great Ioue, *Othello* guard,
And ſwell his Saile with thine owne powrefull breath,
That he may bleſſe this Bay with his tall Ship,
Make loues quicke pants in *Deſdemonaes* Armes,
Giue renew'd fire to our extincted Spirits.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, and Æmilia.

Oh behold,
The Riches of the Ship is come on ſhore :
You men of Cyprus, let her haue your knees.
Haile to thee Ladie : and the grace of Heauen,
Before, behinde thee, and on euery hand
Enwheele thee round.
Deſ. I thanke you, Valiant *Caſſio*,
What tydings can you tell of my Lord?

Caſ. He is not yet arriu'd,nor know I ought
But that he's well,and will be ſhortly heere.
Deſ. Oh,but I feare :
How loſt you company?
Caſſio. The great Contention of Sea, and Skies
Parted our fellowſhip. But hearke,a Saile.
Within. A Saile,a Saile.
Gent. They giue this greeting to the Cittadell :
This likewiſe is a Friend.
Caſſio. See for the Newes :
Good Ancient,you are welcome. Welcome Miſtris :
Let it not gaule your patience (good *Iago*)
That I extend my Manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That giues me this bold ſhew of Curteſie.
Iago. Sir, would ſhe giue you ſomuch of her lippes,
As of her tongue ſhe oft beſtowes on me,
You would haue enough.
Deſ. Alas : ſhe ha's no ſpeech.
Iago. Infaith too much :
I finde it ſtill,when I haue leaue to ſleepe.
Marry before your Ladyſhip,I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Æmil. You haue little cauſe to ſay ſo.

Iago. Come on, come on : you are Pictures out of doore: Bells in your Parlours : Wilde-Cats in your Kitchens : Saints in your Iniuries : Diuels being offended : Players in your Huſwiferie, and Huſwiues in your Beds.

Deſ. Oh,fie vpon thee,Slanderer.
Iago. Nay,it is true : or elſe I am a Turke,
You riſe to play,and go to bed to worke.
Æmil. You ſhall not write my praiſe.
Iago. No,let me not.

Deſde. What would'ſt write of me,if thou ſhould'ſt praiſe me?

Iago. Oh,gentle Lady,do not put me too,t,
For I am nothing, if not Criticall.
Deſ. Come on, aſſay.
There's one gone to the Harbour?
Iago. I Madam.
Deſ. I am not merry : but I do beguile
The thing I am,by ſeeming otherwiſe.
Come,how would'ſt thou praiſe me?

Iago. I am about it,but indeed my inuention comes from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze,it pluckes out Braines and all. But my Muſe labours, and thus ſhe is deliuer'd.

If ſhe be faire,and wiſe:faireneſſe,and wit,
The ones for vſe, the other vſeth it.
Deſ. Well prais'd:
How if ſhe be Blacke and Witty?
Iago. If ſhe be blacke,and thereto haue a wit;
She'le find a white,that ſhall her blackneſſe fit.
Deſ. Worſe,and worſe.
Æmil. How if Faire,and Fooliſh?
Iago. She neuer yet was fooliſh that was faire,
For euen her folly helpt her to an heire.

Deſde. Theſe are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles laugh i'th'Alehouſe. What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her that's Foule,and Fooliſh.

Iago. There's none ſo foule and fooliſh thereunto,
But do's foule pranks,which faire,and wiſe-ones do.

Deſde. Oh heauy ignorance : thou praiſeſt the worſt beſt. But what praiſe could'ſt thou beſtow on a deſeruing woman indeed? One, that in the authorithy of her merit, did iuſtly put on the vouch of very malice it ſelfe.

Iago. She that was euer faire,and neuer proud,
Had Tongue at will,and yet was neuer loud :
Neuer lackt Gold,and yet went neuer gay,
Fled from her wiſh ,and yet ſaid now I may.
She that being angred,her reuenge being nie,
Bad her wrong ſtay,and her diſpleaſure flie :
She that in wiſedome neuer was ſo fraile,
To change the Cods-head for the Salmons taile :
She that could thinke,and neu'r diſcloſe her mind,
See Suitors following,and not looke behind:
She was a wight,(if euer ſuch wightes were)
Deſ. To do what?
Iago. To ſuckle Fooles,and chronicle ſmall Beere.

Deſde. Oh moſt lame and impotent concluſion. Do not learne of him *Æmillia*, though he be thy husband. How ſay you (*Caſſio*) is he not a moſt prophane,and liberall Counſailor?

Caſſio. He ſpeakes home (Madam) you may relliſh him more in the Souldier,then in the Schollet.

Iago. He takes her by the palme : I, well ſaid, whiſper. With as little a web as this, will I enſnare as great a Fly as *Caſſio*. I ſmile vpon her, do : I will giue thee in thine owne Courtſhip. You ſay true, 'tis ſo indeed. If ſuch tricks as theſe ſtrip you out of your Lieutenantrie,it had beene better you had not kiſs'd your three fingers ſo oft,which now againe you are moſt apt to play the Sir,in. Very good : well kiſs'd, and excellent Curtſie : 'tis ſo indeed. Yet againe, your fingers to your lippes? Would they were Cluſter-pipes for your ſake.

The Moore I know his Trumpet.
Caſſio, 'Tis truely ſo.
Deſ. Let's meete him, and recieue him.
Caſſio. Loe,where he comes.

Enter Othello,and Attendants.

Oth. O,my faire Warriour.
Deſ. My deere *Othello*.
Othe. It giues me wonder great,as my content
To ſee you heere before me.
Oh my Soules Ioy :
If after euery Tempeſt,come ſuch Calmes,
May the windes blow,till they haue waken'd death :
And let the labouring Barke climbe hills of Seas
Olympus high : and duck againe as low,
As hell's from Heauen. If it were now to dye,
'Twere now to be moſt happy. For I feare,
My Soule hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort like to this,
Succeedes in vnknowne Fate.
Deſ. The Heauens forbid
But that our Loues
And Comforts ſhould encreaſe
Euen as our dayes do grow.
Othe. Amen to that (ſweet Powers)
I cannot ſpeake enough of this content,
It ſtoppes me heere : it is too much of ioy.
And this,and this the greateſt diſcords be
That ere our hearts ſhall make.

Iago. Oh you are well tun'd now : But Ile ſet downe the peggs that make this Muſicke,as honeſt as I am.

Othe. Come: let vs to the Caſtle.
Newes (Friends) our Warres are done:
The Turkes are drown'd.
How do's my old Acquaintance of this Iſle?
(Hony) you ſhall be well deſir'd in Cyprus,
I haue found great loue amongſt them. Oh my Sweet,
I prattle out of faſhion, and I doate
In mine owne comforts. I prythee, good *Iago*,
Go to the Bay, and diſimbarke my Coffers:
Bring thou the Maſter to the Cittadell,
He is a good one, and his worthyneſſe
Do's challenge much reſpect. Come *Deſdemona*,
Once more well met at Cyprus.
Exit Othello and Deſdemona.

Iago. Do thou meet me preſently at the Harbour. Come thither, if thou be'ſt Valiant, (as they ſay baſe men being in Loue, haue then a Nobilitie in their Natures, more then is natiue to them) liſt-me; the Lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard. Firſt, I muſt tell thee this: *Deſdemona*, is directly in loue with him.

Rod. With him? Why, 'tis not poſſible.

Iago. Lay thy finger thus: and let thy ſoule be inſtructed. Marke me with what violence ſhe firſt lou'd the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſticall lies. To loue him ſtill for prating, let not thy diſcreet heart thinke it. Her eye muſt be fed. And what delight ſhall ſhe haue to looke on the diuell? When the Blood is made dull with the Act of Sport, there ſhould be a game to enflame it, and to giue Satiety a freſh appetite. Louelineſſe in fauour, ſimpathy in yeares, Manners, and Beauties: all which the Moore is defectiue in. Now for want of theſe requir'd Conueniences, her delicate tenderneſſe wil finde it ſelfe abus'd, begin to heaue the, gorge, diſrelliſh and abhorre the Moore, very Nature wil inſtruct her in it, and compell her to ſome ſecond choice. Now Sir, this granted (as it is a moſt pregnant and vnforc'd poſition) who ſtands ſo eminent in the degree of this Forune, as *Caſſio* do's: a knaue very voluble: no further conſcionable, then in putting on the meere forme of Ciuill, and Humaine ſeeming, for the better compaſſe of his ſalt, and moſt hidden looſe Affection? Why none, why none: A ſlipper, and ſubtle knaue, a finder of occaſion: that he's an eye can ſtampe, and counterfeit Aduantages, though true Aduantage neuer preſent it ſelfe. A diueliſh knaue: beſides, the knaue is handſome, young: and hath all thoſe requiſites in him, that folly and greene mindes looke after. A peſtilent compleat knaue, and the woman hath found him already.

Rodo. I cannot beleeue that in her, ſhe's full of moſt bleſ'd condition.

Iago. Bleſ'd figges-end. The Wine ſhe drinkes is made of grapes. If ſhee had beene bleſ'd, ſhee would neuer haue lou'd the Moore: Bleſ'd pudding. Didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palme of his hand? Didſt not marke that?

Rod. Yes, that I did: but that was but curteſie.

Iago. Leacherie by this hand: an Index, and obſcure prologue to the Hiſtory of Luſt and foule Thoughts. They met ſo neere with their lippes, that their breathes embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts *Rodorigo*, when theſe mutabilities ſo marſhall the way, hard at hand comes the Maſter, and maine exerciſe, th'incorporate concluſion: Piſh. But Sir, be you rul'd by me. I haue brought you from Venice. Watch you to night: for the Command, Ile lay't vpon you. *Caſſio* knowes you not: Ile not be farre from you. Do you finde ſome occaſion to anger *Caſſio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline, or from what other courſe you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more fauorably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's raſh, and very ſodaine in Choller: and happely may ſtrike at you, prouoke him that he may: for euen out of that will I cauſe theſe of Cyprus to Mutiny. Whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte againe, but by the diſplanting of *Caſſio*. So ſhall you haue a ſhorter iourney to your deſires, by the meanes I ſhall then haue to preferre them. And the impediment moſt profitably remoued, without the which there were no expectation of our proſperitie.

Rodo. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meete me by and by at the Cittadell. I muſt fetch his Neceſſaries a Shore. Farewell.

Rodo. Adieu. *Exit.*

Iago. That *Caſſio* loues her, I do well beleeu't:
That ſhe loues him, 'tis apt, and of great Credite.
The Moore (how beit that I endure him not)
Is of a conſtant, louing, Noble Nature,
And I dare thinke, he'le proue to *Deſdemona*
A moſt deere husband. Now I do loue her too,
Not out of abſolute Luſt, (though peraduenture
I ſtand accomptant for as great a ſin)
But partely led to dyet my Reuenge,
For that I do ſuſpect the luſtie Moore
Hath leap'd into my Seate. The thought whereof,
Doth (like a poyſonous Minerall) gnaw my Inwardes:
And nothing can, or ſhall content my Soule
Till I am eeuen'd with him, wife, for wift.
Or fayling ſo, yet that I put the Moore,
At leaſt into a Ielouzie ſo ſtrong
That iudgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poore Traſh of Venice, whom I trace
For his quicke hunting, ſtand the putting on,
Ile haue our *Michael Caſſio* on the hip,
Abuſe him to the Moore, in the right garbe
(For I feare *Caſſio* with my Night-Cape too)
Make the Moore thanke me, loue me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an Aſſe,
And practiſing vpon his peace, and quiet,
Euen to madneſſe. 'Tis heere: but yet confus'd,
Knaueries plaine face, is neuer ſeene, till vs'd. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello's, Herald with a Proclamation.

Herald. It is **Othello's** pleaſure, our Noble and Valiant Generall. That vpon certaine tydings now arriu'd, importing the meere perdition of the Turkiſh Fleete: euery man put himſelfe into Triumph. Some to daunce, ſome to make Bonfires, each man, to what Sport and Reuels his addition leads him. For beſides theſe beneficiall Newes, it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall. So much was his pleaſure ſhould be proclaimed. All offices are open, & there is full libertie of Feaſting from this

preſent houre of fiue, till the Bell haue told eleuen. Bleſſe the Iſle of Cyprus, and our Noble Generall *Othello*. *Exit.*

Enter Othello, Deſdemona, Caſſio, and Attendants.

Othe. Good *Michael*, looke you to the guard to night.
Let's teach our ſelues that Honourable ſtop,
Not to out-ſport diſcretion.

Caſ. *Iago*, hath direction what to do.
But notwithſtanding with my perſonall eye
Will I looke to't.

Othe. *Iago*, is moſt honeſt:
Michael, goodnight. To morrow with your earlieſt,
Let me haue ſpeech with you. Come my deere Loue,
The purchaſe made, the fruites are to enſue,
That profit's yet to come 'tweene me, and you.
Goodnight. *Exit.*

Enter Iago.

Caſ. Welcome *Iago*: we muſt to the Watch.

Iago. Not this houre Lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'th'clocke. Our Generall caſt vs thus earely for the loue of his *Deſdemona*: Who, let vs not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and ſhe is ſport for *Ioue*.

Caſ. She's a moſt exquiſite Lady.

Iago. And Ile warrant her, full of Game.

Caſ. Indeed ſhe's a moſt freſh, and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye ſhe ha's?
Methinkes it ſounds a parley to prouocation.

Caſ. An inuiting eye:
And yet me thinkes right modeſt.

Iago. And when ſhe ſpeakes,
Is it not an Alarum to Loue?

Caſ. She is indeed perfection.

Iago. Well: happineſſe to their Sheetes. Come Lieutenant, I haue a ſtope of Wine, and heere without are a brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine haue a meaſure to the health of blacke *Othello*.

Caſ. Not to night, good *Iago*, I haue very poore, and vnhappie Braines for drinking. I could well wiſh Curteſie would inuent ſome other Cuſtome of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our Friends: but one Cup, Ile drinke for you.

Caſſio. I haue drunke but one Cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too: and behold what inouation it makes heere. I am infortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weakeneſſe with any more.

Iago. What man? 'Tis a night of Reuels, the Gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Iago. Heere, at the doore: I pray you call them in.

Caſ. Ile do't, but it diſlikes me. *Exit.*

Iago. If I can faſten but one Cup vpon him
With that which he hath drunke to night alreadie,
He'l be as full of Quarrell, and offence
As my yong Miſtris dogge.
Now my ſicke Foole *Rodorigo*,
Whom Loue hath turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide out,
To *Deſdemona* hath to night Carrows'd.
Potations, pottle-deepe; and he's to watch.
Three elſe of Cyprus, Noble ſwelling Spirites,
(That hold their Honours in a wary diſtance,
The very Elements of this Warrelike Iſle)
Haue I to night fluſter'd with flowing Cups,
And they Watch too.
Now 'mongſt this Flocke of drunkards
Am I put to our *Caſſio* in ſome Action
That may offend the Iſle. But here they come.

Enter Caſſio, Montano, and Gentlemen.

If Conſequence do but approue my dreame,
My Boate ſailes freely, both with winde and Streame.

Caſ. 'Fore heauen, they haue giuen me a rowſe already.

Mon. Good-faith a litle one: not paſt a pint, as I am a Souldier.

Iago. Some Wine hoa.
And let me the Cannakin clinke, clinke:
And let me the Cannakin clinke.
A Souldiers a man: Oh, mans life's but a ſpan,
Why then let a Souldier drinke.
Some Wine Boyes.

Caſ. 'Fore Heauen: an excellent Song.

Iago. I learn'd it in England: where indeed they are moſt potent in Potting. Your Dane, your Germaine, and your ſwag-belly'd Hollander, (drinke hoa) are nothing to your Engliſh.

Caſſio. Is your Engliſhmen ſo exquiſite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinkes you with facillitie, your Dane dead drunke. He ſweates not to ouerthrow your Almaine. He giues your Hollander a vomit, ere the next Pottle can be fill'd.

Caſ. To the health of our Generall.

Mon. I am for it Lieutenant: and Ile do you Iuſtice.

Iago. Oh ſweet England.
King Stephen was and-a worthy Peere,
His Breeches coſt him but a Crowne,
He held them Six pence all to deere,
With that he cal'd the Tailor Lowne:
He was a wight of high Renowne,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis Pride that pulls the Country downe,
And take thy awl'd Cloake about thee.
Some Wine hoa.

Caſſio. Why this is a more exquiſite Song then the other.

Iago. Will you heare't againe?

Caſ. No: for I hold him to be vnworthy of his Place, that do's thoſe things. Well: heau'ns aboue all: and there be ſoules muſt be ſaued, and there be ſoules muſt not be ſaued.

Iago. It's true, good Lieutenant.

Caſ. For mine owne part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of qualitie: I hope to be ſaued.

Iago. And ſo do I too Lieutenant.

Caſſio. I: (but by your leaue) not before me. The Lieutenant is to be ſaued before the Ancient. Let's haue no more of this: let's to our Affaires. Forgiue vs our ſinnes: Gentlemen let's looke to our buſineſſe. Do not thinke Gentlemen, I am drunke: this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunke now: I can ſtand well enough, and I ſpeake well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why very well then: you muſt not thinke then, that I am drunke. *Exit.*

Monta. To th'Platforme (Maſters) come, let's ſet the Watch.

Iago. You ſee this Fellow, that is gone before,
He's a Souldier, fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*,
And giue direction. And do but ſee his vice,
'Tis to his vertue, a iuſt Equinox,

The one as long as th'other. 'Tis pittie of him:
I feare the truſt *Othello* puts him in,
On ſome odde time of his infirmitie
Will ſhake this Iſland.
Mont. But is he often thus?
Iago. 'Tis euermore his prologue to his ſleepe,
He'le watch the Horologe a double Set,
If Drinke rocke not his Cradle.
Mont. It were well
The Generall were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he ſees it not,or his good nature
Prizes the vertue that appeares in *Caſſio*,
And lookes not on his euills: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now *Rodorigo*?
I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.
Mon. And 'tis great pitty,that the Noble Moore
Should hazard ſuch a Place,as his owne Second
With one of an ingraft Infirmitie,
It were an honeſt Action,to ſay ſo
To the Moore.
Iago. Not I,for this faire Iſland,
I do loue *Caſſio* well: and would do much
To cure him of this euill, But hearke what noiſe?

Enter Caſſio purſuing Rodorigo.

Caſ. You Rogue: you Raſcall.
Mon. What's the matter Lieutenant?
Caſ. A Knaue teach me my dutie? Ile beate the Knaue in to a Twiggen-Bottle.
Rod. Beate me?
Caſ. Doſt thou prate,Rogue?
Mon. Nay,good Lieutenant:
I pray you Sir,hold your hand.
Caſſio. Let me go(Sir)
Or Ile knocke you o're the Mazard.
Mon. Come,come: you're drunke.
Caſſio. Drunke?
Iago. Away I ſay: go out and cry a Mutinie.
Nay good Lieutenant. Alas Gentlemen:
Helpe hoa. Lieutenant. Sir *Montano*:
Helpe Maſters. Heere's a goodly Watch indeed.
Who's that which rings the Bell: Diablo,hoa:
The Towne will riſe. Fie,fie Lieutenant,
You'le be aſham'd for euer.

Enter Othello,and Attendants.

Othe. What is the matter heere?
Mon. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt to th'death. He dies.
Othe. Hold for your liues.
Iag. Hold hoa: Lieutenant, Sir *Montano*,Gentlemen:
Haue you forgot all place of ſenſe and dutie?
Hold. The Generall ſpeaks to you: hold for ſhame.
Oth. Why how now hoa? From whence ariſeth this?
Are we turn'd Turkes? and to our ſelues do that
Which Heauen hath forbid the *Ottamittes*.
For Chriſtian ſhame,put by this barbarous Brawle:
He that ſtirs next,to carue for his owne rage,
Holds his ſoule light: He dies vpon his Motion.
Silence that dreadfull Bell,it frights the Iſle,
From her propriety. What is the matter,Maſters?
Honeſt *Iago*,that lookes dead with greeuing,
Speake: who began this? On thy loue I charge thee?
Iago. I do not know: Friends all,but now,euen now.
In Quarter,and in termes like Bride, and Groome
Deueſting them for Bed: and then,but now:
(As if ſome Planet had vnwitted men)
Swords out,and tilting one at others breaſtes,
In oppoſition bloody. I cannot ſpeake
Any begining to this peeuiſh oddes.
And would,in Action glorious,I had loſt
Thoſe legges,that brought me to a part of it.
Othe. How comes it(*Michaell*)you are thus forgot?
Caſ. I pray you pardon me,I cannot ſpeake.
Othe. Worthy *Montano*,you were wont to be ciuill:
The grauitie,and ſtillneſſe of your youth
The world hath noted. And your name is great
In mouthes of wiſeſt Cenſure. What's the matter
That you vnlace your reputation thus,
And ſpend your rich opinion,for the name
Of a night-brawler? Giue me anſwer to it.
Mon. Worthy *Othello*,I am hurt to danger,
Your Officer *Iago*,can informe you,
While I ſpare ſpeech which ſomething now offends me.
Of all that I do know,nor know I ought
By me,that's ſaid,or done amiſſe this night,
Vnleſſe ſelfe-charitie be ſometimes a vice,
And to defend our ſelues,it be a ſinne
When violence aſſailes vs.
Othe. Now by Heauen,
My blood begins my ſafer Guides to rule,
And paſſion(hauing my beſt iudgement collied)
Aſſaies to leade the way. If I once ſtir,
Or do but lift this Arme, the beſt of you
Shall ſinke in my rebuke. Giue me to know
How this foule Rout began: Who ſet it on,
And he that is approu'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me,both at a birth,
Shall looſe me. What in a Towne of warre,
Yet wilde,the peoples hearts brim-full of feare,
To Manage priuate,and domeſticke Quarrell?
In night, and on the Court and Guard of ſafetie?
'Tis monſtrous: *Iago*,who began't?
Mon. If partially Affin'd,or league in office,
Thou doſt deliuer more,or leſſe then Truth,
Thou art no Souldier.
Iago. Touch me not ſo neere,
I had rather haue this tongue cut from my mouth,
Then it ſhould do offence to *Michaell Caſſio*.
Yet I perſwade my ſelfe,to ſpeake the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. This it is Generall:
Montano and my ſelfe being in ſpeech,
There comes a Fellow,crying out for helpe,
And *Caſſio* following him with determin'd Sword
To execute vpon him. Sir,this Gentleman,
Steppes in to *Caſſio*,and entreats his pauſe:
My ſelfe,the crying Fellow did purſue,
Leaſt by his clamour (as it ſo fell out)
The Towne might fall in fright. He,(ſwift of foote)
Out-ran my purpoſe: and I return'd then rather
For that I heard the clinke,and fall of Swords,
And *Caſſio* high in oath: Which till to night
I nere might ſay before. When I came backe
(For this was briefe)I found them cloſe together
At blow,and thruſt,euen as againe they were
When you your ſelfe did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report,
But Men are Men: The beſt ſometimes forget,
Though *Caſſio* did ſome little wrong to him,
As men in rage ſtrike thoſe that wiſh them beſt,
Yet ſurely *Caſſio* I beleeue receiu'd
From him that fled,ſome ſtrange Indignitie,
Which patience could not paſſe.

Othe.

Othe. I know *Iago*
Thy honeſtie,and loue doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Caſſio*: *Caſſio*,I loue thee,
But neuer more be Officer of mine.

Enter Deſdemona attended.

Looke if my gentle Loue be not rais'd vp:
Ile make thee an example.
Deſ. What is the matter (Deere?)
Othe. All's well,Sweeting:
Come away to bed. Sir for your hurts,
My ſelfe will be your Surgeon. Lead him off:
Iago,looke with care about the Towne,
And ſilence thoſe whom this vil'd brawle diſtracted.
Come *Deſdemona*,'tis the Soldiers life,
To haue their Balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife. *Exit.*

Iago. What are you hurt Lieutenant?

Caſ. I,paſt all Surgery.

Iago. Marry Heauen forbid.

Caſ. Reputation,Reputation,Reputation: Oh I haue loſt my Reputation. I haue loſt the immortall part of myſelfe, and what remaines is beſtiall. My Reputation, *Iago*,my Reputation.

Iago. As I am an honeſt man I had thought you had receiued ſome bodily wound; there is more ſence in that then in Reputation. Reputation is an idle,and moſt falſe impoſition;oft got without merit, and loſt without deſeruing. You haue loſt no Reputation at all,vnleſſe you repute your ſelfe ſuch a looſer. What man,there are more wayes to recouer the Generall againe. You are but now caſt in his moode,(a puniſhment more in policie,then in malice)euen ſo as one would beate his offenceleſſe dogge,to affright an Imperious Lyon. Sue to him againe,and he's yours.

Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, then to deceiue ſo good a Commander, with ſo ſlight,ſo drunken,and ſo indiſcreet an Officer. Drunke? And ſpeake Parrat? And ſquabble? Swagger? Sweare? And diſcourſe Fuſtian with ones owne ſhadow? Oh thou inuiſible ſpirit of Wine,if thou haſt no name to be knowne by, let vs call thee Diuell.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your Sword? What had he done to you?

Caſ. I know not.

Iago. Is't poſſible?

Caſ. I remember a maſſe of things, but nothing diſtinctly: a Quarrell, but nothing wherefore. Oh,that men ſhould put an Enemie in their mouthes,to ſteale away their Braines? that we ſhould with ioy, pleaſance, reuell and applauſe,transforme our ſelues into Beaſts.

Iago. Why? But you are now well enough: how came you thus recouered?

Caſ. It hath pleas'd the diuell drunkenneſſe, to giue place to the diuell wrath,one vnperfectneſſe, ſhewes me another to make me frankly deſpiſe my ſelfe.

Iago. Come, you are too ſeuere a Moraller. As the Time,the Place,& the Condition of this Country ſtands I could hartily wiſh this had not befalne: but ſince it is,as it is, mend it for your owne good.

Caſ. I will aske him for my Place againe,he ſhall tell me, I am a drunkard: had I as many mouthes as *Hydra*, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a Foole,and preſently a Beaſt. Oh ſtrange! Euery inordinate cup is vnbleſs'd,and the Ingredient is a diuell.

Iago. Come, come: good wine, is a good famillar Creature, if it be well vs'd: exclaime no more againſt it. And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you thinke I loue you.

Caſſio. I haue well approued it, Sir. I drunke?

Iago. You,or any man liuing, may be drunke at a time man. I tell you what you ſhall do: Our General's Wife,is now the Generall. I may ſay ſo,in this reſpect, for that he hath deuoted, and giuen vp himſelfe to the Contemplation, marke: and deuotement of her parts and Graces. Confeſſe your ſelfe freely to her: Importune her helpe to put you in your place againe. She is of ſo free, ſo kinde, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſſe, not to do more then ſhe is requeſted. This broken ioynt betweene you, and her husband, entreat her to ſplinter. And my Fortunes againſt any lay worth naming, this cracke of your Loue, ſhall grow ſtonger, then it was before.

Caſſio. You aduiſe me well.

Iago. I proteſt in the ſinceritie of Loue, and honeſt kindneſſe.

Caſſio. I thinke it freely: and betimes in the morning,I will beſeech the vertuous *Deſdemona* to vndertake for me: I am deſperate of my Fortunes if they check me.

Iago. You are in the right: good night Lieutenant,I muſt to the Watch.

Caſſio. Good night,honeſt *Iago*.

Exit Caſſio.

Iago. And what's he then,
That ſaies I play the Villaine?
When this aduiſe is free I giue,and honeſt,
Proball to thinking, and indeed the courſe
To win the Moore againe.
For 'tis moſt eaſie
Th'inclyning *Deſdemona* to ſubdue
In any honeſt Suite. She's fram'd as fruitefull
As the free Elements. And then for her
To win the Moore,were to renownce his Baptiſme,
All Seales,and Simbols of redeemed ſin:
His Soule is ſo enfetter'd to her Loue,
That ſhe may make,vnmake,do what ſhe liſt,
Euen as her Appetite ſhall play the God,
With his weake Function. How am I then a Villaine,
To Counſell *Caſſio* to this paralell courſe,
Directly to his good? Diuinitie of hell,
When diuels will the blackeſt ſinnes put on,
They do ſuggeſt at firſt with heauenly ſhewes,
As I do now. For whiles this honeſt Foole
Plies *Deſdemona*, to repaire his Fortune,
And ſhe for him,pleades ſtrongly to the Moore,
Ile powre this peſtilence into his eare:
That ſhe repeales him,for her bodies Luſt'
And by how much ſhe ſtriues to do him good,
She ſhall vndo her Credite with the Moore.
So will I turne her vertue into pitch,
And out of her owne goodneſſe make the Net,
That ſhall en-maſh them all.
How now *Rodorigo*?

Enter Rodorigo.

Rodorigo. I do follow heere in the Chace, not like a Hound that hunts, but one that filles vp the Crie. My Money is almoſt ſpent; I haue bin to night exceedingly well Cudgell'd: And I thinke the iſſue will bee, I ſhall haue ſo much experience for my paines; And ſo, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, returne againe to Venice.

Iago. How poore are they that haue not Patience?
What wound did euer heale but by degrees?
Thou know'ſt we worke by Wit, and not by Witchcraft
And Wit depends on dilatory time:
Dos't not go well? *Caſſio* hath beaten thee,
And thou by that ſmall hurt hath caſheer'd *Caſſio:*
Though other things grow faire againſt the Sun,
Yet Fruites that bloſſome firſt, will firſt be ripe:
Content thy ſelfe, a-while. Introth 'tis Morning;
Pleaſure, and Action, make the houres ſeeme ſhort.
Retire thee, go where thou art Billited:
Away, I ſay, thou ſhalt know more heereafter:
Nay get thee gone. *Exit Rodorigo.*
Two things are to be done:
My Wife muſt moue for *Caſſio* to her Miſtris:
Ile ſet her on my ſelfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him iumpe, when he may *Caſſio* finde
Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way:
Dull not Deuice, by coldneſſe, and delay. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Caſſio, Muſitians, and Clowne.

Caſſio. Maſters, play heere, I wil content your paines,
Something that's briefe: and bid, goodmorrow General.

Clo. Why Maſters, haue your Inſtruments bin in Naples, that they ſpeake i'th'Noſe thus?

Muſ. How Sir? how?

Clo. Are theſe I pray you, winde Inſtruments?

Muſ. I marry are they ſir.

Clo. Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Muſ. Whereby hangs a tale, ſir?

Clow. Marry ſir, by many a winde Inſtrument that I know. But Maſters, heere's money for you: and the Generall ſo likes your Muſick, that he deſires you for loues ſake to make no more noiſe with it.

Muſ. Well Sir, we will not.

Clo. If you haue any Muſicke that may not be heard, too't againe. But (as they ſay) to heare Muſicke, the Generall do's not greatly care.

Muſ. We haue none ſuch, ſir.

Clow. Then put vp your Pipes in your bagge, for Ile away. Go, vaniſh into ayre, away. *Exit Mu.*

Caſſio Doſt thou heare me, mine honeſt Friend?

Clo. No, I heare not your honeſt Friend:
I heare you.

Caſſio. Prythee keepe vp thy Quillets, ther's a poore peece of Gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generall be ſtirring, tell her, there's one *Caſſio* entreats her a little fauour of Speech. Wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is ſtirring ſir: if ſhe will ſtirre hither, I ſhall ſeeme to notifie vnto her. *Exit Clo.*

Enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago.*

Iago. You haue not bin a-bed then?

Caſſio. Why no: the day had broke before we parted.
I haue made bold (*Iago*) to ſend in to your wife:
My ſuite to her is, that ſhe will to vertuous *Deſdemona*
Procure me ſome acceſſe.

Iago. Ile ſend her to you preſently:
And Ile deuiſe a meane to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your conuerſe and buſineſſe
May be more free. *Exit*

Caſſio. I humbly thanke you for't. I neuer knew
A Florentine more kinde, and honeſt.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Goodmorrow (good Lieutenant) I am ſorrie
For your diſpleaſure: but all will ſure be well.
The Generall and his wife are talking of it,
And ſhe ſpeakes for you ſtoutly. The Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus,
And great Affinitie: and that in wholſome Wiſedome
He might not but refuſe you. But he proteſts he loues you
And needs no other Suitor, but his likings
To bring you in againe.

Caſſio. Yet I beſeech you,
If you thinke fit, or that it may be done,
Giue me aduantage of ſome breefe Diſcourſe
With *Deſdemon* alone.

Æmil. Pray you come in:
I will beſtow you where you ſhall haue time
To ſpeake your boſome freely.

Caſſio. I am much bound to you.

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Gentlemen.

Othe. Theſe Letters giue (*Iago*) to the Pylot,
And by him do my duties to the Senate:
That done, I will be walking on the Workes,
Repaire there to mee.

Iago. Well, my good Lord, Ile doo't.

Oth. This Fortification (Gentlemen) ſhall we ſee't?

Gent. Well waite vpon your Lordſhip. *Exeunt*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Deſdemona, Caſſio, and Æmilia.

Deſ. Be thou aſſur'd (good *Caſſio*) I will do
All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Æmil. Good Madam do:
I warrant it greeues my Husband,
As if the cauſe were his.

Deſ. Oh that's an honeſt Fellow, Do not doubt *Caſſio*
But I will haue my Lord, and you againe
As friendly as you were.

Caſſio. Bounteous Madam,
What euer ſhall become of *Michael Caſſio*,
He's neuer any thing but your true Seruant.

Deſ. I know't: I thanke you: you do loue my Lord:
You haue knowne him long, and be you well aſſur'd
He ſhall in ſtrangeneſſe ſtand no farther off,
Then in a politique diſtance.

Caſſio. I, but Lady,
That policie may either laſt ſo long,
Or feede vpon ſuch nice and wateriſh diet,
Or breede it ſelfe ſo out of Circumſtances,
That I being abſent, and my place ſupply'd,
My Generall will forget my Loue, and Seruice.

Deſ. Do not doubt that: before *Æmilia* here,

I giue thee warrant of thy place. Aſſure thee,
If I do vow a friendſhip, Ile performe it
To the laſt Article. My Lord ſhall neuer reſt,
Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
His Bed ſhall ſeeme a Schoole, his Boord a Shrift,
Ile intermingle euery thing he do's
With *Caſſio's* ſuite: Therefore be merry *Caſſio*,
For thy Solicitor ſhall rather dye,
Then giue thy cauſe away.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Æmil. Madam, heere comes my Lord.

Caſſio. Madam, Ile take my leaue.

Deſ. Why ſtay, and heare me ſpeake.

Caſſio. Madam, not now: I am very ill at eaſe,
Vnfit for mine owne purpoſes.

Deſ. Well, do your diſcretion. *Exit Caſſio.*

Iago. Hah? I like not that.

Othel. What doſt thou ſay?

Iago. Nothing my Lord; or if——I know not what.

Othel. Was not that *Caſſio* parted from my wife?

Iago. *Caſſio* my Lord? No ſure, I cannot thinke it
That he would ſteale away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing your comming.

Oth. I do beleeue 'twas he.

Deſ. How now my Lord?
I haue bin talking with a Suitor heere,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.

Oth. Who is't you meane?

Deſ. Why your Lieutenant *Caſſio:* Good my Lord,
If I haue any grace, or power to moue you,
His preſent reconciliation take.
For if he be not one, that truly loues you,
That erres in Ignorance, and not in Cunning,
I haue no iudgement in an honeſt face.
I prythee call him backe.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Deſ. I ſooth; ſo humbled,
That he hath left part of his greefe with mee
To ſuffer with him. Good Loue, call him backe.

Othel. Not now (ſweet *Deſdemon*) ſome other time.

Deſ. But ſhall't be ſhortly?

Oth. The ſooner (Sweet) for you.

Deſ. Shall't be to night, at Supper?

Oth. No, not to night.

Deſ. To morrow Dinner then?

Oth. I ſhall not dine at home:
I meete the Captaines at the Cittadell.

Deſ. Why then to morrow night, on Tueſday morne,
On Tueſday noone, or night; on Wenſday Morne.
I prythee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes. Infaith hee's penitent:
And yet his Treſpaſſe, in our common reaſon
(Saue that they ſay the warres muſt make example)
Out of her beſt, is not almoſt a fault
T'encurre a priuate checke. When ſhall he come?
Tell me *Othello*. I wonder in my Soule
What you would aske me, that I ſhould deny,
Or ſtand ſo mam'ring on? What? *Michael Caſſio*,
That came a woing with you? and ſo many a time
(When I haue ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly)
Hath tane your part, to haue ſo much to do
To bring him in? Truſt me, I could do much.

Oth. Prythee no more: Let him come when he will:
I will deny thee nothing.

Deſ. Why, this is not a Boone:
'Tis as I ſhould entreate you weare your Gloues,
Or feede on nouriſhing diſhes, or keepe you warme,
Or ſue to you, to do a peculiar profit
To your owne perſon. Nay, when I haue a ſuite
Wherein I meane to touch your Loue indeed,
It ſhall be full of poize, and difficult waight,
And fearefull to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon, I do beſeech thee, grant me this,
To leaue me but a little to my ſelfe.

Deſ. Shall I deny you? No: farewell my Lord.

Oth. Farewell my *Deſdemona*, Ile come to thee ſtrait.

Deſ. *Æmilia* come; be as your Fancies teach you:
What ere you be, I am obedient. *Exit.*

Oth. Excellent wretch: Perdition catch my Soule
But I do loue thee: and when I loue thee not,
Chaos is come againe.

Iago. My Noble Lord.

Oth. What doſt thou ſay, *Iago*?

Iago. Did *Michael Caſſio*
When he woo'd my Lady, know of your loue?

Oth. He did, from firſt to laſt:
Why doſt thou aske?

Iago. But for a ſatisfaction of my Thought,
No further harme.

Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago*?

Iago. I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with hir.

Oth. O yes, and went betweene vs very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed? I indeed. Diſcern'ſt thou ought in that?
Is he not honeſt?

Iago. Honeſt, my Lord?

Oth. Honeſt? I, Honeſt.

Iago. My Lord, for ought I know.

Oth. What do'ſt thou thinke?

Iago. Thinke, my Lord?

Oth. Thinke, my Lord? Alas, thou ecchos't me;
As if there were ſome Monſter in thy thought
Too hideous to be ſhewne. Thou doſt mean ſomthing:
I heard thee ſay euen now, thou lik'ſt not that,
When *Caſsio* left my wife. What didd'ſt not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my Counſaile,
Of my whole courſe of wooing; thou cried'ſt, Indeede?
And didd'ſt contract, and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadd'ſt ſhut vp in thy Braine
Some horrible Conceite. If thou do'ſt loue me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My Lord, you know I loue you.

Oth. I thinke thou do'ſt:
And for I know thou'rt full of Loue, and Honeſtie,
And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giu'ſt them breath,
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine, fright me the more:
For ſuch things in a falſe diſloyall Knaue
Are trickes of Cuſtome: but in a man that's iuſt,
They're cloſe dilations, working from the heart,
That Paſſion cannot rule.

Iago. For *Michael Caſsio*,
I dare be ſworne, I thinke that he is honeſt.

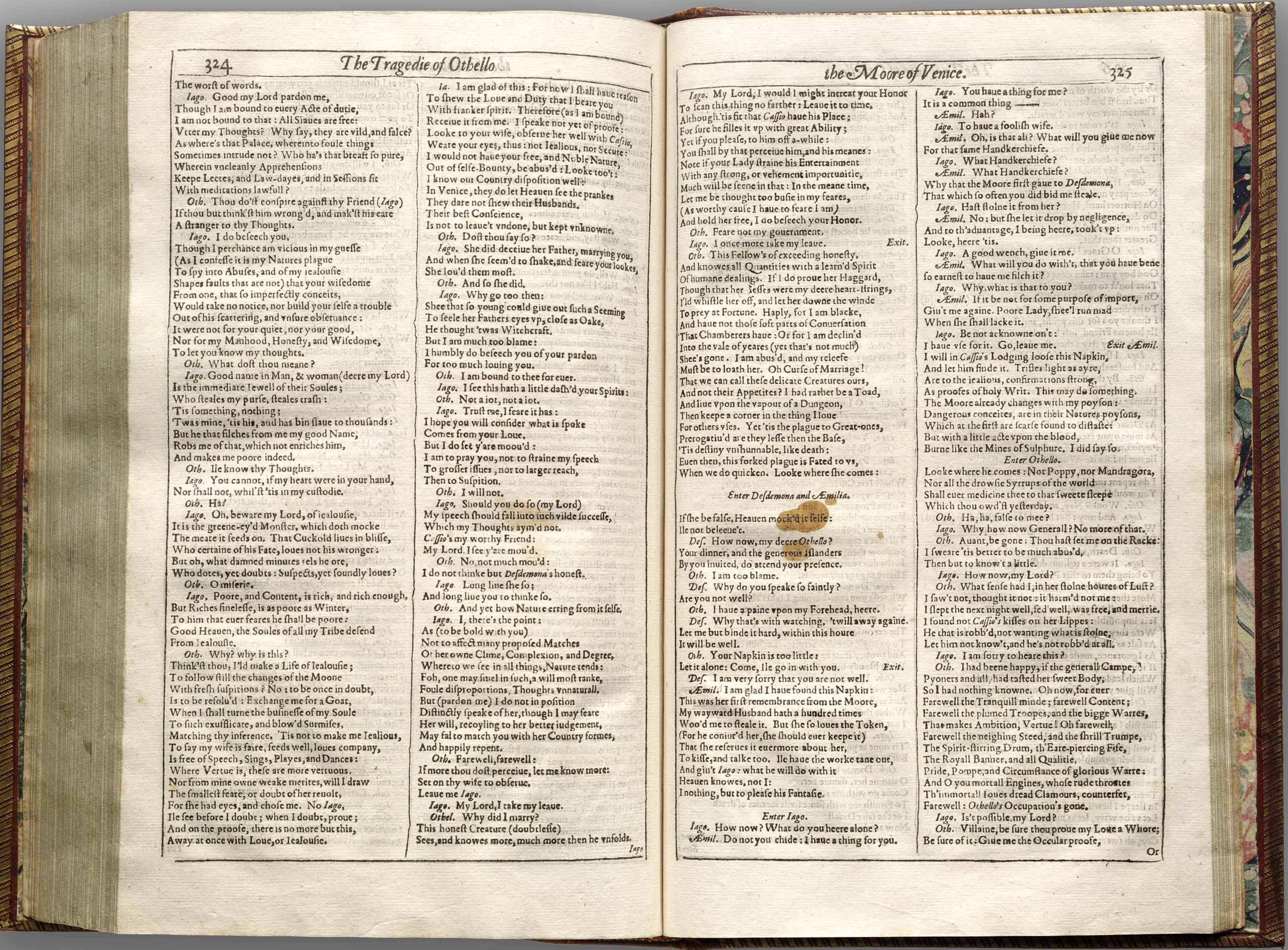
Oth. I thinke ſo too.

Iago. Men ſhould be what they ſeeme,
Or thoſe that be not, would they might ſeeme none.

Oth. Certaine, men ſhould be what they ſeeme.

Iago. Why then I thinke *Caſsio's* an honeſt man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this?
I prythee ſpeake to me, as to thy thinkings,
As thou doſt ruminate, and giue thy worſt of thoughts



The worſt of words.
Iago. Good my Lord pardon me,
Though I am bound to euery Acte of dutie,
I am not bound to that: All Slaues are free:
Vtter my Thoughts? Why ſay, they are vild, and falce?
As where's that Palace, whereinto foule things
Sometimes intrude not? Who ha's that breaſt ſo pure,
Wherein vncleanly Apprehenſions
Keepe Leetes, and Law-dayes, and in Seſſions ſit
With meditations lawfull?
Oth. Thou do'ſt conſpire againſt thy Friend (*Iago*)
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his eare
A ſtranger to thy Thoughts.
Iago. I do beſeech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my gueſſe
(As I confeſſe it is my Natures plague
To ſpy into Abuſes, and of my iealouſie
Shapes faults that are not) that your wiſedome
From one, that ſo imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your ſelfe a trouble
Out of his ſcattering, and vnſure obſeruance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my Manhood, Honeſty, and Wiſedome,
To let you know my thoughts.
Oth. What doſt thou meane?
Iago. Good name in Man, & woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Iewell of their Soules;
Who ſteales my purſe, ſteales traſh:
'Tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin ſlaue to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.
Oth. Ile know thy Thoughts.
Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand,
Nor ſhall not, whil'ſt 'tis in my cuſtodie.
Oth. Ha?
Iago. Oh, beware my Lord, of iealouſie,
It is the greene-ey'd Monſter, which doth mocke
The meate it feeds on. That Cuckold liues in bliſſe,
Who certaine of his Fate, loues not his wronger:
But oh, what damned minutes tels he ore,
Who dotes, yet doubts: Suſpects, yet ſoundly loues?
Oth. O miſerie.
Iago. Poore, and Content, is rich, and rich enough,
But Riches fineleſſe, is as poore as Winter,
To him that euer feares he ſhall be poore:
Good Heauen, the Soules of all my Tribe defend
From Iealouſie.
Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'ſt thou, I'ld make a Life of Iealouſie;
To follow ſtill the changes of the Moone
With freſh ſuſpitions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is to be reſolu'd: Exchange me for a Goat,
When I ſhall turne the buſineſſe of my Soule
To ſuch exufflicate, and blow'd Surmiſes,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me Iealious,
To ſay my wife is faire, feeds well, loues company,
Is free of Speech, Sings, Playes, and Dances:
Where Vertue is, theſe are more vertuous.
Nor from mine owne weake merites, will I draw
The ſmalleſt feare, or doubt of her reuolt,
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me. No *Iago*,
Ile ſee before I doubt; when I doubt, proue;
And on the proofe, there is no more but this,
Away at once with Loue, or Iealouſie.
Ia. I am glad of this: For now I ſhall haue reaſon
To ſhew the Loue and Duty that I beare you
With franker ſpirit. Therefore (as I am bound)
Receiue it from me. I ſpeake not yet of proofe:
Looke to your wife, obſerue her well with *Caſsio*,
Weare your eyes, thus: not Iealious, nor Secure:
I would not haue your free, and Noble Nature,
Out of ſelfe-Bounty, be abus'd: Looke too't:
I know our Country diſpoſition well:
In Venice, they do let Heauen ſee the prankes
They dare not ſhew their Husbands.
Their beſt Conſcience,
Is not to leaue't vndone, but kept vnknowne.
Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?
Iago. She did deceiue her Father, marrying you,
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake, and feare your lookes,
She lou'd them moſt.
Oth. And ſo ſhe did.
Iago. Why go too then:
Shee that ſo young could giue out ſuch a Seeming
To ſeele her Fathers eyes vp, cloſe as Oake,
He thought 'twas Witchcraft.
But I am much too blame:
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon
For too much louing you.
Oth. I am bound to thee for euer.
Iago. I ſee this hath a little daſh'd your Spirits:
Oth. Not a iot, not a iot.
Iago. Truſt me, I feare it has:
I hope you will conſider what is ſpoke
Comes from your Loue.
But I do ſee y'are moou'd:
I am to pray you, not to ſtraine my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,
Then to Suſpition.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do ſo (my Lord)
My ſpeech ſhould fall into ſuch vilde ſucceſſe,
Which my Thoughts aym'd not.
Caſſio's my worthy Friend:
My Lord, I ſee y'are mou'd.
Oth. No, not much mou'd:
I do not thinke but *Deſdemona's* honeſt.
Iago. Long liue ſhe ſo;
And long liue you to thinke ſo.
Oth. And yet how Nature erring from it ſelfe.
Iago. I, there's the point:
As (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many propoſed Matches
Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things, Nature tends:
Foh, one may ſmel in ſuch, a will moſt ranke,
Foule diſproportions, Thoughts vnnaturall.
But (pardon me) I do not in poſition
Diſtinctly ſpeake of her, though I may feare
Her will, recoyling to her better iudgement,
May fal to match you with her Country formes,
And happily repent.
Oth. Farewell, farewell:
If more thou doſt perceiue, let me know more:
Set on thy wife to obſerue.
Leaue me *Iago*.
Iago. My Lord, I take my leaue.
Othel. Why did I marry?
This honeſt Creature (doubtleſſe)
Sees, and knowes more, much more then he vnfolds.

Iago. My Lord, I would I might intreat your Honor
To ſcan this thing no farther: Leaue it to time,
Although 'tis fit that *Caſſio* haue his Place;
For ſure he filles it vp with great Ability;
Yet if you pleaſe, to him off a-while:
You ſhall by that perceiue him, and his meanes:
Note if your Lady ſtraine his Entertainment
With any ſtrong, or vehement importunitie,
Much will be ſeene in that: In the meane time,
Let me be thought too buſie in my feares,
(As worthy cauſe I haue to feare I am)
And hold her free, I do beſeech your Honor.
Oth. Feare not my gouernment.
Iago. I once more take my leaue. *Exit.*
Oth. This Fellow's of exceeding honeſty,
And knowes all Quantities with a learn'd Spirit
Of humane dealings. If I do proue her Haggard,
Though that her Ieſſes were my deere heart-ſtrings,
I'ld whiſtle her off, and let her downe the winde
To prey at Fortune. Haply, for I am blacke,
And haue not thoſe ſoft parts of Conuerſation
That Chamberers haue: Or for I am declin'd
Into the vale of yeares (yet that's not much)
Shee's gone. I am abus'd, and my releefe
Muſt be to loath her. Oh Curſe of Marriage!
That we can call theſe delicate Creatures ours,
And not their Appetites? I had rather be a Toad,
And liue vpon the vapour of a Dungeon,
Then keepe a corner in the thing I loue
For others vſes. Yet 'tis the plague to Great-ones,
Prerogatiu'd are they leſſe then the Baſe,
'Tis deſtiny vnſhunnable, like death:
Euen then, this forked plague is Fated to vs,
When we do quicken. Looke where ſhe comes:

Enter Deſdemona and Æmilia.

If ſhe be falſe, Heauen mock'd it ſelfe:
Ile not beleeue't.
Deſ. How now, my deere *Othello*?
Your dinner, and the generous Iſlanders
By you inuited, do attend your preſence.
Oth. I am too blame.
Deſ. Why do you ſpeake ſo faintly?
Are you not well?
Oth. I haue a paine vpon my Forehead, heere.
Deſ. Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe.
Let me but binde it hard, within this houre
It will be well.
Oth. Your Napkin is too little:
Let it alone: Come, Ile go in with you. *Exit.*
Deſ. I am very ſorry that you are not well.
Æmil. I am glad I haue found this Napkin:
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moore,
My wayward Husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to ſteale it. But ſhe ſo loues the Token,
(For he coniur'd her, ſhe ſhould euer keepe it)
That ſhe reſerues it euermore about her,
To kiſſe, and talke too. Ile haue the worke tane out,
And giu't *Iago*: what he will do with it
Heauen knowes, not I:
I nothing, but to pleaſe his Fantaſie.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? What do you heere alone?
Æmil. Do not you chide: I haue a thing for you.
Iago. You haue a thing for me?
It is a common thing ——
Æmil. Hah?
Iago. To haue a fooliſh wife.
Æmil. Oh, is that all? What will you giue me now
For that ſame Handkerchiefe.
Iago. What Handkerchiefe?
Æmil. What Handkerchiefe?
Why that the Moore firſt gaue to *Deſdemona*,
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteale.
Iago. Haſt ſtolne it from her?
Æmil. No: but ſhe let it drop by negligence,
And to th'aduantage, I being heere, took't vp:
Looke, heere 'tis.
Iago. A good wench, giue it me.
Æmil. What will you do with't, that you haue bene
ſo earneſt to haue me filch it?
Iago. Why, what is that to you?
Æmil. If it be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Giu't me againe. Poore Lady, ſhee'l run mad
When ſhe ſhall lacke it.
Iago. Be not acknowne on't:
I haue vſe for it. Go, leaue me. *Exit Æmil.*
I will in *Caſſio's* Lodging looſe this Napkin,
And let him finde it. Trifles light as ayre,
Are to the iealious, confirmations ſtrong,
As proofes of holy Writ. This may do ſomething.
The Moore already changes with my poyſon:
Dangerous conceites, are in their Natures poyſons,
Which at the firſt are ſcarſe found to diſtaſte:
But with a little acte vpon the blood,
Burne like the Mines of Sulphure. I did ſay ſo.

Enter Othello.

Looke where he comes: Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowſie Syrrups of the world
Shall euer medicine thee to that ſweete ſleepe
Which thou owd'ſt yeſterday.
Oth. Ha, ha, falſe to mee?
Iago. Why how now Generall? No more of that.
Oth. Auant, be gone: Thou haſt ſet me on the Racke:
I ſweare 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Then but to know't a little.
Iago. How now, my Lord?
Oth. What ſenſe had I, in her ſtolne houres of Luſt?
I ſaw't not, thought it not: it harm'd not me:
I ſlept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie.
I found not *Caſſio's* kiſſes on her Lippes:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtolne,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.
Iago. I am ſorry to heare this?
Oth. I had beene happy, if the generall Campe,
Pyoners and all, had taſted her ſweet Body,
So I had nothing knowne. Oh now, for euer
Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content;
Farewell the plumed Troopes, and the bigge Warres,
That makes Ambition, Vertue! Oh farewell,
Farewell the neighing Steed, and the ſhrill Trumpe,
The Spirit-ſtirring Drum, th'Eare-piercing Fife,
The Royall Banner, and all Qualitie,
Pride, Pompe, and Circumſtance of glorious Warre:
And O you mortall Engines, whoſe rude throates
Th'immortall Ioues dread Clamours, counterfet,
Farewell: *Othello's* Occupation's gone.
Iago. Is't poſſible, my Lord?
Oth. Villaine, be ſure thou proue my Loue a Whore;
Be ſure of it: Giue me the Occular proofe,

Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,
Thou had'ſt bin better haue bin borne a Dog
Then anſwer my wak'd wrath.
Iago. Is't come to this?
Oth. Make me to ſee't: or (at the leaſt) ſo proue it,
That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe vpon thy life.
Iago. My Noble Lord.
Oth. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more: Abandon all remorſe
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make Heauen weepe, all Earth amaz'd;
For nothing canſt thou to damnation adde,
Greater then that.
Iago. O Grace! O Heauen forgiue me!
Are you a Man? Haue you a Soule? or Senſe?
God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,
That lou'ſt to make thine Honeſty, a Vice!
Oh monſtrous world! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence
Ile loue no Friend, ſith Loue breeds ſuch offence.
Oth. Nay ſtay: thou ſhould'ſt be honeſt.
Iago. I ſhould be wiſe; for Honeſtie's a Foole,
And looſes that it workes for.
Oth. By the World,
I thinke my Wife be honeſt, and thinke ſhe is not:
I thinke that thou art iuſt, and thinke thou art not:
Ile haue ſome proofe. My name that was as freſh
As *Dians* Viſage, is now begrim'd and blacke
As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Kniues,
Poyſon, or Fire, or ſuffocating ſtreames,
Ile not indure it. Would I were ſatis fied.
Iago. I ſee you are eaten vp with Paſſion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be ſatisfied?
Oth. Would? Nay, and I will.
Iago. And may: but how? How ſatisfied, my Lord?
Would you the ſuper-viſion groſſely gape on?
Behold her top'd?
Oth. Death, and damnation. Oh!
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke,
To bring them to that Proſpect: Damne them then,
If euer mortall eyes do ſee them boulſter
More then their owne. What then? How then?
What ſhall I ſay? Where's Satisfaction?
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes,
As ſalt as Wolues in pride, and Fooles as groſſe
As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I ſay,
If imputation, and ſtrong circumſtances,
Which leade directly to the doore of Truth,
Will giue you ſatisfaction, you might haue't.
Oth. Giue me a liuing reaſon ſhe's diſloyall.
Iago. I do not like the Office.
But ſith I am entred in this cauſe ſo farre
(Prick'd too't by fooliſh Honeſty, and Loue)
I will go on. I lay with *Caſſio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not ſleepe. There are a kinde of men,
So looſe of Soule, that in their ſleepes will mutter
Their Affayres: one of this kinde is *Caſſio*:
In ſleepe I heard him ſay, ſweet *Deſdemona*,
Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Loues,
And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand:
Cry, oh ſweet Creature: then kiſſe me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kiſſes by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lippes, laid his Leg ore my Thigh,
And ſigh, and kiſſe, and then cry curſed Fate,
That gaue thee to the Moore.
Oth. O monſtrous! monſtrous!
Iago. Nay, this was but his Dreame.
Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone concluſion,
'Tis a ſhrew'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.
Iago. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That do demonſtrate thinly.
Oth. Ile teare her all to peeces.
Iago. Nay yet be wiſe; yet we ſee nothing done,
She may be honeſt yet: Tell me but this,
Haue you not ſometimes ſeene a Handkerchiefe
Spotted with Strawberries, in your wiues hand?
Oth. I gaue her ſuch a one: 'twas my firſt gift.
Iago. I know not that: but ſuch a Handkerchiefe
(I am ſure it was your wiues) did I to day
See *Caſſio* wipe his Beard with.
Oth. If it be that.
Iago. If it be that, or any, it was hers.
It ſpeakes againſt her with the other proofes.
Othel. O that the Slaue had forty thouſand liues:
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge.
Now do I ſee 'tis true. Looke heere *Iago*,
All my fond loue thus do I blow to Heauen. 'Tis gone,
Ariſe blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,
Yeeld vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and hearted Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swell boſome with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aſpickes tongues.
Iago. Yet be content.
Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood.
Iago. Patience I ſay: your minde may change.
Oth. Neuer *Iago*. Like to the Ponticke Sea,
Whoſe Icie Current, and compulſiue courſe,
Neu'r keepes retyring ebbe, but keepes due on
To the Proponticke, and the Helleſpont:
Euen ſo my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall neu'r looke backe, neu'r ebbe to humble Loue,
Till that a capeable, and wide Reuenge
Swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heauen,
In the due reuerence of a Sacred vow,
I heere engage my words.
Iago. Do not riſe yet:
Witneſſe you euer-burning Lights aboue,
You Elements, that clip vs round about,
Witneſſe that heere *Iago* doth giue vp
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* Seruice. Let him command,
And to obey ſhall be in me remorſe,
What bloody buſineſſe euer.
Oth. I greet thy loue,
Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the inſtant put thee too't.
Within theſe three dayes let me heare thee ſay,
That *Caſſio's* not aliue.
Iago. My Friend is dead:
'Tis done at your Requeſt.
But let her liue.
Oth. Damne her lewde Minx:
O damne her, damne her.
Come go with me a-part, I will withdraw
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift meanes of death
For the faire Diuell.
Now art thou my Lieutenant.
Iago. I am your owne for euer. *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Deſdemona, Æmilia, and Clown.

Deſ. Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant *Caſſio* lyes?
Clow. I dare not ſay he lies any where.
Deſ. Why man?
Clo. He's a Soldier, and for me to ſay a Souldier lyes, 'tis ſtabbing.
Deſ. Go too: where lodges he?
Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tel you where I lye.
Deſ. Can any thing be made of this?
Clo. I know not where he lodges, and for mee to deuiſe a lodging, and ſay he lies heere, or he lies there, were to lye in mine owne throat.
Deſ. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?
Clo. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make Queſtions, and by them anſwer.
Deſ. Seeke him, bidde him come hither: tell him, I haue moou'd my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will be well.
Clo. To do this, is within the compaſſe of mans Wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing it. *Exit Clo.*
Deſ. Where ſhould I looſe the Handkerchiefe, *Æmilia*?
Æmil. I know not Madam.
Deſ. Beleeue me, I had rather haue loſt my purſe
Full of Cruzadoes. And but my Noble Moore
Is true of minde, and made of no ſuch baſeneſſe,
As iealious Creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.
Æmil. Is he not iealious?
Deſ. Who, he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all ſuch humors from him.
Æmil. Looke where he comes.
Enter Othello.
Deſ. I will not leaue him now, till *Caſſio* be
Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?
Oth. Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to diſſemble!
How do you, *Deſdemona*?
Deſ. Well, my good Lord.
Oth. Giue me your hand.
This hand is moiſt my Lady.
Deſ. It hath felt no age, nor knowne no ſorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulneſſe, and liberall heart:
Hot, hot, and moyſt. This hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from Liberty: Faſting, and Prayer,
Much Caſtigation, Exerciſe deuout,
For heere's a yong, and ſweating Diuell heere
That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good hand,
A franke one.
Deſ. You may (indeed) ſay ſo:
For 'twas that hand that gaue away my heart.
Oth. A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gaue hands:
But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.
Deſ. I cannot ſpeake of this:
Come, now your promiſe.
Oth. What promiſe, Chucke?
Deſ. I haue ſent to bid *Caſſio* come ſpeake with you.
Oth. I haue a ſalt and ſorry Rhewme offends me:
Lend me thy Handkerchiefe.
Deſ. Heere my Lord.
Oth. That which I gaue you.
Deſ. I haue it not about me.
Oth. Not?
Deſ. No indeed, my Lord.
Oth. That's a fault: That Handkerchiefe
Did an Ægyptian to my Mother giue:
She was a Charmer, and could almoſt read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while ſhe kept it,
'T would make her Amiable, and ſubdue my Father
Intirely to her loue: But if ſhe loſt it,
Or made a Guift of it, my Fathers eye
Should hold her loathed, and his Spirits ſhould hunt
After new Fancies. She dying, gaue it me,
And bid me (when my Fate would haue me Wiu'd)
To giue it her. I did ſo; and take heede on't,
Make it a Darling, like your precious eye:
To looſe't, or giue't away, were ſuch perdition,
As nothing elſe could match.
Deſ. Is't poſſible?
Oth. 'Tis true: There's Magicke in the web of it:
A *Sybill* that had numbred in the world
The Sun to courſe, two hundred compaſſes,
In her Prophetticke furie ſow'd the Worke:
The Wormes were hallowed, that did breede the Silke,
And it was dyde in Mummey, which the Skilfull
Conſeru'd of Maidens hearts.
Deſ. Indeed? Is't true?
Oth. Moſt veritable, therefore looke too't well.
Deſ. Then would to Heauen, that I had neuer ſeene't?
Oth. Ha? wherefore?
Deſ. Why do you ſpeake ſo ſtartingly, and raſh?
Oth. Is't loſt? Is't gon? Speak, is't out o'th'way?
Deſ. Bleſſe vs.
Oth. Say you?
Deſ. It is not loſt: but what and if it were?
Oth. How?
Deſ. I ſay it is not loſt.
Oth. Fetcht, let me ſee't.
Deſ. Why ſo I can: but I will not now:
This is a tricke to put me from my ſuite,
Pray you let *Caſſio* be receiu'd againe.
Oth. Fetch me the Handkerchiefe,
My minde miſ-giues.
Deſ. Come, come: you'l neuer meete a more ſufficient man.
Oth. The Handkerchiefe.
Deſ. A man that all his time
Hath founded his good Fortunes on your loue;
Shar'd dangers with you.
Oth. The Handkerchiefe.
Deſ. Inſooth, you are too blame.
Oth. Away. *Exit Othello.*
Æmil. Is not this man iealious?
Deſ. I neu'r ſaw this before.
Sure, there's ſome wonder in this Handkerchikfe,
I am moſt vnhappy in the loſſe of it.
Æmil. 'Tis not a yeare or two ſhewes vs a man:
They are all but Stomackes, and we all but Food,
They eate vs hungerly, and when they are full
They belch vs.
Enter Iago, and Caſſio.

Looke you, *Caſſio* and my Husband.
Iago. There is no other way: 'tis ſhe muſt doo't:
And loe the happineſſe: go, and importune her.

Deſ. How now (good *Caſſio*) what's the newes with you?

Caſſio. Madam, my former ſuite. I do beſeech you,
That by your vertuous meanes, I may againe
Exiſt, and be a member of his loue,
Whom I, with all the Office of my heart
Intirely honour, I would not be delayd.
If my offence, be of ſuch mortall kinde,
That nor my Seruice paſt, nor preſent Sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ranſome me into his loue againe,
But to know ſo, muſt be my benefit:
So ſhall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And ſhut my ſelfe vp in ſome other courſe
To Fortunes Almes.

Deſ. Alas (thrice-gentle *Caſſio*)
My Aduocation is not now in Tune;
My Lord, is not my Lord; nor ſhould I know him,
Were he in Fauour, as in Humour alter'd.
So helpe me euery ſpirit ſanctified,
As I haue ſpoken for you all my beſt,
And ſtood within the blanke of his diſpleaſure
For my free ſpeech. You muſt awhile be patient:
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Then for my ſelfe, I dare. Let that ſuffice you.

Iago. Is my Lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now:
And certainly in ſtrange vnquietneſſe.

Iago. Can he be angry? I haue ſeene the Cannon
When it hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre,
And like the Diuell from his very Arme
Puff't his owne Brother: And is he angry?
Something of moment then: I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. *Exit*

Deſ. I prythee do ſo. Something ſure of State,
Either from Venice, or ſome vnhatch'd practiſe
Made demonſtrable heere in Cyprus, to him,
Hath pudled his cleare Spirit: and in ſuch caſes,
Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things,
Though great ones are their obiect. 'Tis euen ſo.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthfull members, euen to a ſenſe
Of paine. Nay, we muſt thinke men are not Gods,
Nor of them looke for ſuch obſeruancie
As fits the Bridall. Beſhrew me much, *Æmilia*,
I was (vnhandſome Warrior, as I am)
Arraigning his vnkindneſſe with my ſoule:
But now I finde, I had ſuborn'd the Witneſſe,
And he's Indited falſely.

Æmil. Pray heauen it bee
State matters, as you thinke, and no Conception,
Nor no Iealious Toy, concerning you.

Deſ. Alas the day, I neuer gaue him cauſe.

Æmil. But Iealious ſoules will not be anſwer'd ſo;
They are not euer iealious for the cauſe,
But iealious, for they're iealious. It is a Monſter
Begot vpon it ſelfe, borne on it ſelfe.

Deſ. Heauen keepe the Monſter from *Othello's* mind.

Æmil. Lady, Amen.

Deſ. I will go ſeeke him. *Caſſio*, walke heere about:
If I doe finde him fit, Ile moue your ſuite,
And ſeeke to effect it to my vttermoſt. *Exit*

Caſ. I humbly thanke your Ladyſhip.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. 'Saue you (Friend *Caſſio*.)

Caſſio. What make you from home?
How is't with you, my moſt faire *Bianca*?
Indeed (ſweet Loue) I was comming to your houſe.

Bian. And I was going to your Lodging, *Caſſio*.
What? keepe a weeke away? Seuen dayes, and Nights?
Eight ſcore eight houres? And Louers abſent howres
More tedious then the Diall, eight ſcore times?
Oh weary reck'ning.

Caſſio. Pardon me, *Bianca*:
I haue this while with leaden thoughts beene preſt,
But I ſhall in a more continuate time
Strike off this ſcore of abſence. Sweet *Bianca*
Take me this worke out.

Bianca. Oh *Caſſio*, whence came this?
This is ſome Token from a newer Friend,
To the felt-Abſence: now I feele a Cauſe:
Is't come to this? Well, well.

Caſſio. Go too, woman:
Throw your vilde geſſes in the Diuels teeth,
From whence you haue them. You are iealious now,
That this is from ſome Miſtris, ſome remembrance;
No, in good troth *Bianca*.

Bian. Why, who's is it?

Caſſio. I know not neither:
I found it in my Chamber,
I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded
(As like enough it will) I would haue it coppied:
Take it, and doo't, and leaue me for this time.

Bian. Leaue you? Wherefore?

Caſſio. I do attend heere on the Generall,
And thinke it no addition nor my wiſh
To haue him ſee me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Caſſio. Not that I loue you not.

Bian. But that you do not loue me.
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And ſay, if I ſhall ſee you ſoone at night?

Caſſio. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend heere: But Ile ſee you ſoone.

Bian. 'Tis very good: I muſt be circumſtanc'd.
Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Othello, and Iago.

Iago. Will you thinke ſo?

Oth. Thinke ſo, *Iago*?

Iago. What, to kiſſe in priuate?

Oth. An vnauthoriz'd kiſſe?

Iago. Or to be naked with her Friend in bed,
An houre, or more, not meaning any harme?

Oth. Naked in bed (*Iago*) and not meane harme?
It is hypocriſie againſt the Diuell:
They that meane vertuouſly, and yet do ſo,
The Diuell their vertue tempts, and they tempt Heauen.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a Veniall ſlip:
But if I giue my wife a Handkerchiefe.

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then 'tis hers (my Lord) and being hers,
She may (I thinke) beſtow't on any man.

Oth. She is Protectreſſe of her honor too:
May ſhe giue that?

Iago. Her honor is an Eſſence that's not ſeene,
They haue it very oft, that haue it not.
But for the Handkerchiefe.

Othe. By heauen, I would moſt gladly haue forgot it:
Thou ſaidſt (oh, it comes ore my memorie,
As doth the Rauen o're the infectious houſe:
Boading to all) he had my Handkerchiefe.

Iago. I: what of that?

Othe. That's not ſo good now.

Iag. What if I had ſaid, I had ſeene him do you wrong?
Or heard him ſay (as Knaues be ſuch abroad,
Who hauing by their owne importunate ſuit,
Or voluntary dotage of ſome Miſtris,
Conuinced or ſupply'd them, cannot chuſe
But they muſt blab.)

Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?

Iago. He hath (my Lord) but be you well aſſur'd,
No more then he'le vn-ſweare.

Oth. What hath he ſaid?

Iago. Why, that he did: I know not what he did.

Othe. What? What?

Iago. Lye.

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her? On her: what you will.

Othe. Lye with her? lye on her? We ſay lye on her, when they be-lye-her. Lye with her: that's fullſome: Handkerchiefe: Confeſſions: Handkerchiefe. To confeſſe, and be hang'd for his labour. Firſt, to be hang'd, and then to confeſſe: I tremble at it. Nature would not inueſt her ſelfe in ſuch ſhadowing paſſion, without ſome Inſtruction. It is not words that ſhakes me thus, (piſh) Noſes, Eares, and Lippes: is't poſſible. Confeſſe? Handkerchiefe? O diuell. *Falls in a Traunce.*

Iago. Worke on,
My Medicine workes. Thus credulous Fooles are caught,
And many worthy, and chaſt Dames euen thus,
(All guiltleſſe) meete reproach; what hoa? My Lord?
My Lord, I ſay: *Othello.*

Enter Caſſio.

How now *Caſſio*?

Caſ. What's the matter?

Iago. My Lord is falne into an Epilepſie,
This is his ſecond Fit: he had one yeſterday.

Caſ. Rub him about the Temples.

Iago. The Lethargie muſt haue his quyet courſe:
If not, he foames at mouth: and by and by
Breakes out to ſauage madneſſe. Looke, he ſtirres:
Do you withdraw your ſelfe a little while,
He will recouer ſtraight: when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion, ſpeake with you.
How is it Generall? Haue you not hurt your head?

Othe. Doſt thou mocke me?

Iago. I mocke you not, by Heauen:
Would you would beare your Fortune like a Man.

Othe. A Horned man's a Monſter, and a Beaſt.

Iago. Ther's many a Beaſt then in a populous Citty,
And many a ciuill Monſter.

Othe. Did he confeſſe it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man:
Thinke euery bearded fellow that's but yoak'd
May draw with you. There's Millions now aliue,
That nightly lye in thoſe vnproper beds,
Which they dare ſweare peculiar. Your caſe is better.
Oh, 'tis the ſpight of hell, the Fiends Arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a ſecure Cowch;
And to ſuppoſe her chaſt. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhallbe.

Oth. Oh, thou art wiſe: 'tis certaine.

Iago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your ſelfe but in a patient Liſt,
Whil'ſt you were heere, o're-whelmed with your griefe
(A paſſion moſt reſulting ſuch a man)
Caſſio came hither. I ſhifted him away,
And layd good ſcuſes vpon your Extaſie,
Bad him anon returne: and heere ſpeake with me,
The which he promis'd. Do but encaue your ſelfe,
And marke the Fleeres, the Gybes, and notable Scornes
That dwell in euery Region of his face,
For I will make him tell the Tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is againe to cope your wife.
I ſay, but marke his geſture: marry Patience,
Or I ſhall ſay y'are all in all in Spleene,
And nothing of a man.

Othe. Do'ſt thou heare, *Iago*,
I will be found moſt cunning in my Patience:
But (do'ſt thou heare) moſt bloody.

Iago. That's not amiſſe,
But yet keepe time in all: will you withdraw?
Now will I queſtion *Caſſio* of *Bianca*,
A Huſwife that by ſelling her deſires
Buyes her ſelfe Bread, and Cloath. It is a Creature
That dotes on *Caſſio*, (as 'tis the Strumpets plague
To be-guile many, and be be-guil'd by one)
He, when he heares of her, cannot reſtraine
From the exceſſe of Laughter. Heere he comes.

Enter Caſſio.

As he ſhall ſmile, *Othello* ſhall go mad:
And his vnbookiſh Ielouſie muſt conſerue
Poore *Caſſio's* ſmiles, geſtures, and light behauiours
Quite in the wrong. How do you Lieutenant?

Caſ. The worſer, that you giue me the addition,
Whoſe want euen killes me.

Iago. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't:
Now, if this Suit lay in *Bianca's* dowre,
How quickely ſhould you ſpeed?

Caſ. Alas poore Caitiffe.

Oth. Looke how he laughes already.

Iago. I neuer knew woman loue man ſo.

Caſ. Alas poore Rogue, I thinke indeed ſhe loues me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly: and laughes it out.

Iago. Do you heare *Caſſio*?

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o're: go too, well ſaid, well ſaid.

Iago. She giues it out, that you ſhall marry her.
Do you intend it?

Caſ. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do ye triumph, Romaine? do you triumph?

Caſ. I marry. What? A cuſtomer; prythee beare
Some Charitie to my wit, do not thinke it
So vnwholeſome. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, ſo, ſo, ſo: they laugh, that winnes.

Iago. Why the cry goes, that you marry her.

Caſ. Prythee ſay true.

Iago. I am a very Villaine elſe.

Oth. Haue you ſcoar'd me? Well.

Caſ. This is the Monkeys owne giuing out:
She is perſwaded I will marry her
Out of her owne loue & flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. *Iago* becomes me: now he begins the ſtory.

Caſſio. She was heere euen now: ſhe haunts me in euery place. I was the other day talking on the Sea-banke with certaine Venetians, and thither comes the Bauble, and falls me thus about my neck.

Oth. Crying oh deere *Caſſio*, as it were: his ieſture imports it.

Caſſio. So hangs, and lolls, and weepes vpon me:
So ſhakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Now he tells how ſhe pluckt him to my Chamber: oh, I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dogge, I ſhall throw it to.

Caſſio. Well, I muſt leaue her companie.

Iago. Before me: looke where ſhe comes.

Enter Bianca.

Caſ. 'Tis ſuch another Fitchew: marry a perfum'd one?
What do you meane by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the diuell, and his dam haunt you: what did you meane by that ſame Handkerchiefe, you gaue me euen now? I was a fine Foole to take it: I muſt take out the worke? A likely piece of worke, that you ſhould finde it in your Chamber, and know not who left it there. This is ſome Minxes token, & I muſt take out the worke? There, giue it your Hobbey-horſe, whereſoeuer you had it, Ile take out no worke on't.

Caſſio. How now, my ſweete *Bianca*?
How now? How now?

Othe. By Heauen, that ſhould be my Handkerchiefe.

Bian. If you'le come to ſupper to night you may, if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. *Exit*

Iago. After her: after her.

Caſ. I muſt, ſhee'l rayle in the ſtreets elſe.

Iago. Will you ſup there?

Caſſio. Yes, I intend ſo.

Iago. Well, I may chance to ſee you: for I would very faine ſpeake with you.

Caſ. Prythee come: will you?

Iago. Go too: ſay no more.

Oth. How ſhall I murther him, *Iago*.

Iago. Did you perceiue how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago*.

Iago. And did you ſee the Handkerchiefe?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours by this hand: and to ſee how he prizes the fooliſh woman your wife: ſhe gaue it him, and he hath giu'n it his whore.

Oth. I would haue him nine yeeres a killing:
A fine woman, a faire woman, a ſweete woman?

Iago. Nay, you muſt forget that.

Othello. I, let her rot and periſh, and be damn'd to night, for ſhe ſhall not liue. No, my heart is turn'd to ſtone: I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a ſweeter Creature: ſhe might lye by an Emperours ſide, and command him Taskes.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Othe. Hang her, I do but ſay what ſhe is: ſo delicate with her Needle: an admirable Muſitian. Oh ſhe will ſing the Sauageneſſe out of a Beare: of ſo high and plenteous wit, and inuention?

Iago. She's the worſe for all this.

Othe. Oh, a thouſand, a thouſand times:
And then of ſo gentle a condition?

Iago. I too gentle.

Othe. Nay that's certaine:
But yet the pitty of it, *Iago*: oh *Iago*, the pitty of it *Iago*.

Iago. If you are ſo fond ouer her iniquitie: giue her pattent to offend, for if it touch not you, it comes neere no body.

Oth. I will chop her into Meſſes: Cuckold me?

Iago. Oh, 'tis foule in her.

Oth. With mine Officer?

Iago. That's fouler.

Othe. Get me ſome poyſon, *Iago*, this night. Ile not expoſtulate with her: leaſt her body and beautie vnprouide my mind againe: this night *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poyſon, ſtrangle her in her bed,
Euen the bed ſhe hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:
The Iuſtice of it pleaſes: very good.

Iago. And for *Caſſio*, let me be his vndertaker:
You ſhall heare more by midnight.

Enter Lodouico, Deſdemona, and Attendants.

Othe. Excellent good: What Trumpet is that ſame?

Iago. I warrant ſomething from Venice,
'Tis *Lodouico*, this, comes from the Duke.
See, your wife's with him.

Lodo. Saue you worthy Generall.

Othe With all my heart Sir.

Lod. The Duke, and the Senators of Venice greet you.

Othe. I kiſſe the Inſtrument of their pleaſures.

Deſ. And what's the newes, good cozen *Lodouico*?

Iago. I am very glad to ſee you Signior:
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thanke you: how do's Lieutenant *Caſſio*?

Iago. Liues Sir,

Deſ. Cozen, there's falne betweene him, & my Lord,
An vnkind breach: but you ſhall make all well.

Othe. Are you ſure of that?

Deſ. My Lord?

Othe. This faile you not to do, as you will ——

Lod. He did not call: he's buſie in the paper,
Is there deuiſion 'twixt my Lord, and *Caſſio*?

Deſ. A moſt vnhappy one: I would do much
T'attone them, for the loue I beare to *Caſſio*.

Oth. Fire, and brimeſtone.

Deſ. My Lord.

Oth. Are you wiſe?

Deſ. What is he angrie?

Lod. May be th Letter mou'd him.
For as I thinke, they do command him home,
Deputing *Caſſio* in his Gouernment.

Deſ. Truſt me, I am glad on't.

Othe. Indeed?

Deſ. My Lord?

Othe. I am glad to ſee you mad.

Deſ. Why, ſweete *Othello*?

Othe. Diuell.

Deſ. I haue not deſeru'd this.

Lod. My Lord, this would not be beleeu'd in Venice,
Though I ſhould ſweare I ſaw't. 'Tis very much,
Make her amends: ſhe weepes.

Othe. Oh diuell, diuell:
If that the Earth could teeme with womans teares,
Each drop ſhe falls, would proue a Crocodile:
Out of my ſight.

Deſ. I will not ſtay to offend you.

Lod. Truely obedient Lady:
I do beſeech your Lordſhip call her backe.

Othe. Miſtris.

Deſ. My Lord.

Othe. What would you with her, Sir?

Lod. Who I, my Lord?

Othe. I, you did wiſh, that I would make her turne:
Sir, ſhe can turne, and turne: and yet go on
And turne againe. And ſhe can weepe, Sir, weepe.
And ſhe's obedient: as you ſay obedient.
Very obedient: proceed you in your teares.
Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted paſſion)
I am commanded home: get you away:
Ile ſend for you anon. Sir I obey the Mandate,
And will returne to Venice. Hence, auaunt:
Caſſio ſhall haue my Place. And Sir, to night
I do entreat, that we may ſup together.
You are welcome Sir to Cyprus.
Goates, and Monkeys. *Exit.*

Lod. Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all ſufficient? Is this the Nature
Whom Paſſion could not ſhake? Whoſe ſolid vertue
The ſhot of Accident, nor dart of Chance
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits ſafe? Is he not light of Braine?

Iago. He's that he is: I may not breath my cenſure.
What he might be: if what he might, he is not,
I would to heauen he were.

Lod. What? Strike his wife?

Iago. 'Faith that was not ſo well: yet would I knew
That ſtroke would proue the worſt.

Lod. Is it his vſe?
Or did the Letters, worke vpon his blood,
And new create his fault?

Iago. Alas, alas:
It is not honeſtie in me to ſpeake
What I haue ſeene, and knowne. You ſhall obſerue him,
And his owne courſes will deonte him ſo,
That I may ſaue my ſpeech: do but go after
And marke how he continues.

Lod. I am ſorry that I am deceiu'd in him. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Æmilia.

Othe. You haue ſeene nothing then?

Æmil. Nor euer heard: nor euer did ſuſpect.

Othe. Yes, you haue ſeene *Caſſio*, and ſhe together.

Æmi. But then I ſaw no harme: and then I heard,
Each ſyllable that breath made vp betweene them.

Othe. What? Did they neuer whiſper?

Æmil. Neuer my Lord.

Othe. Nor ſend you out o'th'way?

Æmil. Neuer.

Othe. To fetch her Fan, her Gloues, her Mask, nor nothing?

Æmil. Neuer my Lord.

Othe. That's ſtrange.

Æmil. I durſt (my Lord) to wager, ſhe is honeſt:
Lay downe my Soule at ſtake: If you thinke other,
Remoue your thought. It doth abuſe your boſome:
If any wretch haue put this in your head,
Let Heauen requit it with the Serpents curſe,
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſte, and true,
There's no man happy. The pureſt of their Wiues
Is foule as Slander.

Othe. Bid her come hither: go. *Exit Æmilia.*
She ſaies enough: yet ſhe's a ſimple Baud
That cannot ſay as much. This is a ſubtile Whore:
A Cloſſet Locke and Key of Villanous Secrets,
And yet ſhe'le kneele, and pray: I haue ſeene her do't.

Enter Deſdemona, and Æmilia.

Deſ. My Lord, what is your will?

Othe. Pray you Chucke come hither.

Deſ. What is your pleaſure?

Oth. Let me ſee your eyes: looke in my face.

Deſ. What horrible Fancie's this?

Othe. Some of your Function Miſtris:
Leaue Procreants alone, and ſhut the doore:
Cough, or cry hem; if any body come:
Your Myſtery, your Myſtery: May diſpatch. *Exit Æmi.*

Deſ. Vpon my knee, what doth your ſpeech import?
I vnderſtand a Fury in your words.

Othe. Why? What art thou?

Deſ. Your wife my Lord: your true and loyall wife.

Othello. Come ſweare it: damne thy ſelfe, leaſt being like one of Heauen, the diuells themſelues ſhould feare to ceaze thee. Therefore be double damn'd: ſweare thou art honeſt.

Deſ. Heauen doth truely know it.

Othe. Heauen truely knowes, that thou art falſe as hell.

Deſ. To whom my Lord?
With whom? How am I falſe?

Othe. Ah *Deſdemon*, away, away, away.

Deſ. Alas the heauy day: why do you weepe?
Am I the motiue of theſe teares my Lord?
If happely you my Father do ſuſpect,
An Inſtrument of this your calling backe,
Lay not your blame on me: if you haue loſt him,
I haue loſt him too.

Othe. Had it pleas'd Heauen,
To try me with Affliction, had they rain'd
All kind of Sores, and Shames on my bare-head:
Steep'd me in pouertie to the very lippes,
Giuen to Captiuitie, me, and my vtmoſt hopes,
I ſhould haue found in ſome place of my Soule
A drop of patience. But alas, to make me
The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,
To point his ſlow, and mouing finger at.
Yet could I beare that too, well, very well:
But there where I haue garnerd vp my heart,
Where either I muſt liue, or beare no life,
The Fountaine from the which my currant runnes,
Or elſe dries vp: to be diſcarded thence,
Or keepe it as a Ceſterne, for foule Toades
To knot and gender in. Turne thy complexion there:
Patience, thou young and Roſe-lip'd Cherubin,
I heere looke grim as hell.

Deſ. I hope my Noble Lord eſteemes me honeſt.

Othe. Oh I, as Sommer Flyes are in the Shambles,
That quicken euen with blowing. Oh thou weed:
Who art ſo louely faire, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweete,
That the Senſe akes at thee,
Would thou had'ſt neuer bin borne.

Deſ. Alas, what ignorant ſin haue I committed?

Othe. Was this faire Paper? This moſt goodly Booke
Made to write Whore vpon? What commited,

Committed? Oh, thou publicke Commoner,
I ſhould make very Forges of my cheekes,
That would to Cynders burne vp Modeſtie,
Did I but ſpeake thy deedes. What commited?
Heauen ſtoppes the Noſe at it, and the Moone winks:
The baudy winde that kiſſes all it meetes,
Is huſh'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
And will not hear't. What commited?

Deſ. By Heauen you do me wrong.

Othe. Are not you a Strumpet?

Deſ. No, as I am a Chriſtian.
If to preſerue this veſſell for my Lord,
From any other foule vnlawfull touch
Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.

Othe. What, not a Whore?

Deſ. No, as I ſhall be ſau'd.

Othe. Is't poſſible?

Deſ. Oh Heauen forgiue vs.

Othe. I cry you mercy then.
I tooke you for that cunning Whore of Venice,
That married with *Othello*. You Miſtris,

Enter Æmilia.

That haue the office oppoſite to Saint *Peter*,
And keepes the gate of hell. You, you: I you.
We haue done our courſe: there's money for your paines:
I pray you turne the key, and keepe our counſaile. *Exit.*

Æmil. Alas, what do's this Gentleman conceiue?
How do you Madam? how do you my good Lady?

Deſ. Faith, halfe a ſleepe.

Æmi. Good Madam,
What's the matter with my Lord?

Deſ. With who?

Æmil. Why, with my Lord, Madam?

Deſ. Who is thy Lord?

Æmil. He that is yours, ſweet Lady.

Deſ. I haue none: do not talke to me, *Æmilia*,
I cannot weepe: nor anſweres haue I none,
But what ſhould go by water. Prythee to night,
Lay on my bed my wedding ſheetes, remember,
And call thy husband hither.

Æmil. Heere's a change indeed. *Exit.*

Deſ. 'Tis meete I ſhould be vs'd ſo: very meete.
How haue I bin behau'd, that he might ſticke
The ſmall'ſt opinion on my leaſt miſuſe?

Enter Iago, and Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleaſure Madam?
How is't with you?

Deſ. I cannot tell: thoſe that do teach yong Babes
Do it with gentle meanes, and eaſie taskes.
He might haue chid me ſo: for in good faith
I am a Child to chiding.

Iago. What is the matter Lady?

Æmil. Alas (*Iago*) my Lord hath ſo bewhor'd her,
Throwne ſuch diſpight, and heauy termes vpon her
That true hearts cannot beare it.

Deſ. Am I that name, *Iago*?

Iago. What name, (faire Lady?)

Deſ. Such as ſhe ſaid my Lord did ſay I was.

Æmil. He call'd her whore: a Begger in his drinke:
Could not haue laid ſuch termes vpon his Callet.

Iago. Why did he ſo?

Deſ. I do not know: I am ſure I am none ſuch.

Iago. Do not weepe, do not weepe: alas the day.

Æmil. Hath ſhe forſooke ſo many Noble Matches?
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?
To be call'd Whore? Would it not make one weepe?

Deſ. It is my wretched Fortune.

Iago. Beſhrew him for't:
How comes this Tricke vpon him?

Deſ. Nay, Heauen doth know.

Æmi. I will be hang'd, if ſome eternall Villaine,
Some buſie and inſinuating Rogue,
Some cogging, cozening Slaue, to get ſome Office,
Haue not deuis'd this Slander: I will be hang'd elſe.

Iago. Fie, there is no ſuch man: it is impoſſible.

Deſ. If any ſuch there be, Heauen pardon him.

Æmil. A halter pardon him:
And hell gnaw his bones.
Why ſhould he call her Whore?
Who keepes her companie?
What Place? What Time?
What Forme? What liklyhood?
The Moore's abus'd by ſome moſt villanous Knaue,
Some baſe notorious Knaue, ſome ſcuruy Fellow.
Oh Heauens, that ſuch companions thou'd'ſt vnfold,
And put in euery honeſt hand a whip
To laſh the Raſcalls naked through the world,
Euen from the Eaſt to th'Weſt.

Iago. Speake within doore.

Æmil. Oh fie vpon them: ſome ſuch Squire he was
That turn'd your wit, the ſeamy-ſide without,
And made you to ſuſpect me with the Moore.

Iago. You are a Foole: go too.

Deſ. Alas *Iago*,
What ſhall I do to win my Lord againe?
Good Friend, go to him; for by this light of Heauen,
I know not how I loſt him. Heere I kneele:
If ere my will did treſpaſſe 'gainſt his Loue,
Either in diſcourſe of thought, or actuall deed,
Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence
Delighted them: or any other Forme.
Or that I do not yet, and euer did,
And euer will, (though he do ſhake me off
To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him deerely,
Comfort forſweare me. Vnkindneſſe may do much,
And his vnkindneſſe may defeat my life,
But neuer taynt my Loue. I cannot ſay Whore,
It do's abhorre me now I ſpeake the word,
To do the Act, that might the addition earne,
Not the worlds Maſſe of vanitie could make me.

Iago. I pray you be content: 'tis but his humour:
The buſineſſe of the State do's him offence.

Deſ. If 'twere no other.

Iago. It is but ſo, I warrant,
Hearke how theſe Inſtruments ſummon to ſupper:
The Meſſengers of Venice ſtaies the meate,
Go in, and weepe not: all things ſhall be well.

Exeunt Deſdemona and Æmilia.

Enter Rodorigo.

How now *Rodorigo*?

Rod. I do not finde
That thou deal'ſt iuſtly with me.

Iago. What in the contrarie?

Rodori. Euery day thou daffs me with ſome deuiſe *Iago*, and rather, as it ſeemes to me now, keep'ſt from me all conueniencie, then ſuppliest me with the leaſt aduantage of hope: I will indeed no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perſwaded to put vp in peace, what already I haue fooliſhly ſuffred.

Iago. Will you heare me *Rodorigo*?

Rodori. I haue heard too much: and your words and Performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me moſt vniuſtly.

Rodo. With naught but truth: I haue waſted my ſelfe out of my meanes. The Iewels you haue had from me to deliuer *Deſdemona*, would halfe haue corrupted a Votariſt. You haue told me ſhe hath receiu'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of ſodaine reſpect, and acquaintance, but I finde none.

Iago. Well, go too: very well.

Rod. Very well, go too: I cannot go too, (man) nor tis not very well. Nay I think it is ſcuruy: and begin to finde my ſelfe fopt in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rodor. I tell you, 'tis not very well: I will make my ſelfe knowne to *Deſdemona*. If ſhe will returne me my Iewels, I will giue ouer my Suit, and repent my vnlawfull ſolicitation. If not, aſſure your ſelfe, I will ſeeke ſatisfaction of you.

Iago. You haue ſaid now.

Rodo. I: and ſaid nothing but what I proteſt intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I ſee there's mettle in thee: and euen from this inſtant do build on thee a better opinion then euer before: giue me thy hand *Rodorigo*. Thou haſt taken againſt me a moſt iuſt exception: but yet I proteſt I haue dealt moſt directly in thy Affaire.

Rod. It hath not appeer'd.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeer'd: and your ſuſpition is not without wit and iudgement. But *Rodorigo*, if thou haſt that in thee indeed, which I haue greater reaſon to beleeue now then euer (I meane purpoſe, Courage, and Valour) this night ſhew it. If thou the next night following enioy not *Deſdemona*, take me from this world with Treacherie, and deuiſe Engines for my life.

Rod. Well: what is it? Is it within, reaſon and compaſſe?

Iago. Sir, there is eſpeciall Commiſſion come from Venice to depute *Caſſio* in *Othello's* place.

Rod. Is that true? Why then *Othello* and *Deſdemona* returne againe to Venice.

Iago. Oh no: he goes into Mauritania and taketh away with him the faire *Deſdemona*, vnleſſe his abode be lingred heere by ſome accident. Wherein none can be ſo determinate, as the remouing of *Caſſio*.

Rod. How do you meane remouing him?

Iago. Why, by making him vncapable of *Othello's* place: knocking out his braines.

Rod. And that you would haue me to do.

Iago. I: if you dare do your ſelfe a profit, and a right. He ſups to night with a Harlotry: and thither will I go to him. He knowes not yet of his Honourable Fortune, if you will watch his going thence (which I will faſhion to fall out betweene twelue and one) you may take him at your pleaſure. I will be neere to ſecond your Attempt, and he ſhall fall betweene vs. Come, ſtand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me: I will ſhew you ſuch a neceſſitie in his death, that you ſhall thinke your ſelfe bound to put it on him. It is now high ſupper time: and the night growes to waſt. About it.

Rod. I will heare further reaſon for this.

Iago. And you ſhalbe ſatisfi'd. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Othello, Lodouico, Deſdemona, Æmilia, and Atendants.

Lod. I do beſeech you Sir, trouble your ſelfe no further.

Oth. Oh pardon me: 'twill do me good to walke.

Lodoui. Madam, good night: I humbly thanke your Ladyſhip.

Deſ. Your Honour is moſt welcome.

Oth. Will you walke Sir? Oh *Deſdemona*.

Deſ. My Lord.

Othello. Get you to bed on th'inſtant, I will be return'd forthwith: diſmiſſe your Attendant there: look't be done. *Exit.*

Deſ. I will my Lord.

Æm. How goes it now? He lookes gentler then he did.

Deſ. He ſaies he will returne incontinent,
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to diſmiſſe you.

Æmi. Diſmiſſe me?

Deſ. It was his bidding: therefore good *Æmilia*,
Giue me my nightly wearing, and adieu.
We muſt not now diſpleaſe him.

Æmil. I, would you had neuer ſeene him.

Deſ. So would not I: my loue doth ſo approue him,
That euen his ſtubborneſſe, his checks, his frownes,
(Prythee vn-pin me) haue grace and fauour.

Æmi. I haue laid thoſe Sheetes you bad me on the bed.

Deſ. All's one: good Father, how fooliſh are our minds?
If I do die before, prythee ſhrow'd me
In one of theſe ſame Sheetes.

Æmil. Come, come: you talke.

Deſ. My Mother had a Maid call'd *Barbarie*,
She was in loue: and he ſhe lou'd prou'd mad,
And did forſake her. She had a Song of Willough,
An old thing 'twas: but it expreſs'd her Fortune,
And ſhe dy'd ſinging it. That Song to night,
Will not go from my mind: I haue much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one ſide
And ſing it like poore *Brabarie*: prythee diſpatch.

Æmi. Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne?

Deſ. No, vn-pin me here,
This *Lodouico* is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handſome man.

Deſ. He ſpeakes well.

Æmil. I know a Lady in Venice would haue walk'd barefoot to Paleſtine for a touch of his nether lip.

Deſ. *The poore Soule ſat ſinging, by a Sicamour tree.*
Sing all a greene Willough:
Her hand on her boſome her head on her knee,
Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.
The freſh Streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes
Sing Willough, &c.
Her ſalt teares fell from her, and ſoftned the ſtones,
Sing Willough, &c. (Lay by theſe)
Willough, Willough. (Prythee high thee: he'le come anon)
Sing all a greene Willough muſt be my Garland.
Let no body blame him, his ſcorne I approue.
(Nay that's not next. Harke, who is't that knocks?

Æmil. It's the wind.

Deſ. *I call'd my Loue falſe Loue: but what ſaid he then?*
Sing Willough, &c.
If I court mo women, you'le couch with mo men.

So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:
Doth that boade weeping?
Æmil, 'Tis neyther heere, nor there.
Deſ. I haue heard it ſaid ſo. O theſe Men, theſe men!
Do'ſt thou in conſcience thinke (tell me *Æmilia*)
That there be women do abuſe their husbands
In ſuch groſſe kinde?
Æmil. There be ſome ſuch, no queſtion.
Deſ. Would'ſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?
Æmil. Why, would not you?
Deſ. No, by this Heauenly light.
Æmil. Nor I neither, by this Heauenly light:
I might doo't as well i'th'darke.
Deſ. Would'ſt thou do ſuch a deed for al the world?
Æmil. The world's a huge thing:
It is a great price, for a ſmall vice.
Deſ. Introth, I thinke thou would'ſt not.

Æmil. Introth I thinke I ſhould, and vndoo't when I had done. Marry, I would not doe ſuch a thing for a ioynt Ring, nor for meaſures of Lawne, nor for Gownes, Petticoats, nor Caps, nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world: why, who would not make her husband a Cuckold, to make him a Monarch? I ſhould venture Purgatory for't.

Deſ. Beſhrew me, if I would do ſuch a wrong
For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th'world; and hauing the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.

Deſ. I do not thinke there is any ſuch woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen: and as many to'th'vantage, as would ſtore the world they plaid for.
But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults
If Wiues do fall: (Say, that they ſlacke their duties,
And powre our Treaſures into forraigne laps;
Or elſe breake out in peeuiſh Iealouſies,
Throwing reſtraint vpon vs: Or ſay they ſtrike vs,
Or ſcant our former hauing in deſpight)
Why we haue galles: and though we haue ſome Grace,
Yet haue we ſome Reuenge. Let Husbands know,
Their wiues haue ſenſe like them: They ſee, and ſmell,
And haue their Palats both for ſweet, and ſowre,
As Husbands haue. What is it that they do,
When they change vs for others? Is it Sport?
I thinke it is: and doth Affection breed it?
I thinke it doth. Is't Frailty that thus erres?
It is ſo too. And haue not we Affections?
Deſires for Sport? and Frailty, as men haue?
Then let them vſe vs well: elſe let them know,
The illes we do, their illes inſtruct vs ſo.
Deſ. Good night, good night:
Heauen me ſuch vſes ſend,
Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Iago, and Rodorigo.

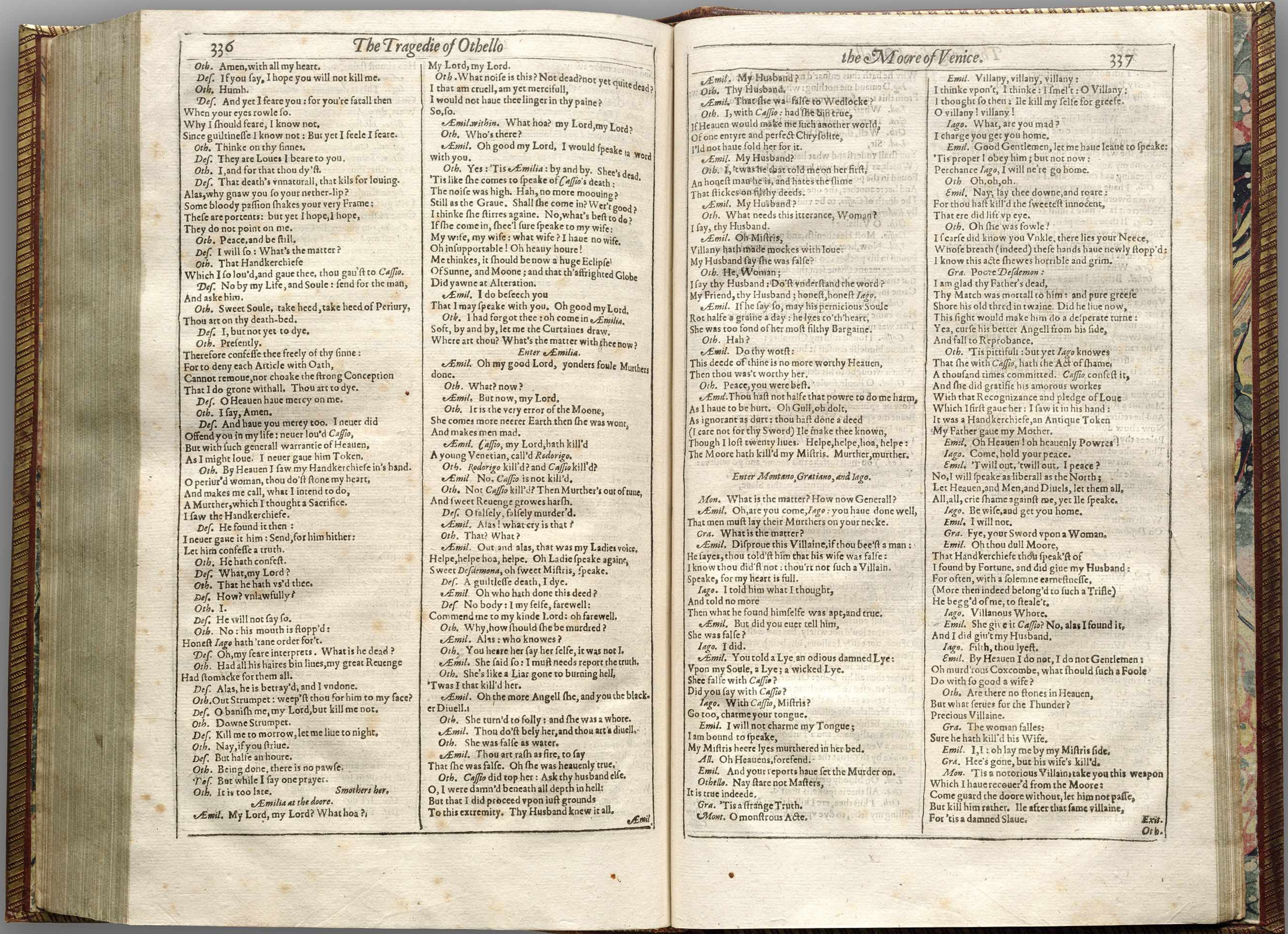
Iago. Heere, ſtand behinde this Barke,
Straight will he come:
Weare thy good Rapier bare, and put it home:
Quicke, quicke, feare nothing; Ile be at thy Elbow,
It makes vs, or it marres vs, thinke on that,
And fixe moſt firme thy Reſolution.
Rod. Be neere at hand, I may miſcarry in't.
Iago. Heere, at thy hand: Be bold, & take thy ſtand.
Rod. I haue no great deuotion to the deed,
And yet he hath giuen me ſatisfying Reaſons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth my Sword: he dies.
Iago. I haue rub'd this yong Quat almoſt to the ſenſe,
And he growes angry. Now, whether he kill *Caſſio*,
Or *Caſſio* him, or each do kill the other,
Euery way makes my gaine. Liue *Rodorigo*,
He calles me to a reſtitution large
Of Gold, and Iewels, that I bob'd from him,
As Guifts to *Deſdemona*.
It muſt not be: If *Caſſio* do remaine,
He hath a dayly beauty in his life,
That makes me vgly: and beſides, the Moore
May vnfold me to him: there ſtand I in much perill:
No, he muſt dye. But ſo, I heard him comming.
Enter Caſſio.
Rod. I know his gate, 'tis he: Villaine thou dyeſt.
Caſ. That thruſt had beene mine enemy indeed,
But that my Coate is better then thou know'ſt:
I will make proofe of thine.
Rod. Oh, I am ſlaine.
Caſſio. I am maym'd for euer:
Helpe hoa: Murther, murther.
Enter Othello.
Oth. The voyce of *Caſſio*, *Iago* keepes his word.
Rod. O Villaine that I am.
Oth. It is euen ſo.
Caſ. Oh helpe hoa: Light, a Surgeon.
Oth. 'Tis he: O braue *Iago*, honeſt, and iuſt,
That haſt ſuch Noble ſenſe of thy Friends wrong,
Thou teacheſt me. Minion, your deere lyes dead,
And your vnbleſt Fate highes: Strumpet I come:
For of my heart, thoſe Charmes thine Eyes, are blotted.
Thy Bed luſt-ſtain'd, ſhall with Luſts blood bee ſpotted.
Exit Othello.
Enter Lodouico and Gratiano.
Caſ. What hoa? no Watch? No paſſage?
Murther, Murther.
Gra. 'Tis ſome miſchance, the voyce is very direfull.
Caſ. Oh helpe.
Lodo. Hearke.
Rod. Oh wretched Villaine.
Lod. Two or three groane. 'Tis heauy night;
Theſe may be counterfeits: Let's think't vnſafe
To come into the cry, without more helpe.
Rod. Nobody come: then ſhall I bleed to death.
Enter Iago.
Lod. Hearke.
Gra. Here's one comes in his ſhirt, with Light, and Weapons.
Iago. Who's there?
Who's noyſe is this that cries on murther?
Lodo. We do not know.
Iago, Do not you heare a cry?
Caſ. Heere, heere: for heauen ſake helpe me.
Iago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is *Othello*'s Ancient, as I take it.
Lodo. The ſame indeede, a very valiant Fellow.
Iago. What are you heere, that cry ſo greeuouſly?
Caſ. *Iago*? Oh I am ſpoyl'd, vndone by Villaines:
Giue me ſome helpe.
Iago. O mee, Lieutenant!
What Villaines haue done this?
Caſ. I thinke that one of them is heereabout,
And

And cannot make away.
Iago. Oh treacherous Villaines:
What are you there? Come in, and giue ſome helpe.
Rod. O helpe me there.
Caſſio. That's one of them.
Iago. Oh murd'rous Slaue! O Villaine!
Rod. O damn'd *Iago*! O inhumane Dogge!
Iago. Kill men i'th'darke?
Where be theſe bloody Theeues?
How ſilent is this Towne? Hoa, murther, murther.
What may you be? Are you of good, or euill?
Lod. As you ſhall proue vs, praiſe vs.
Iago. Signior *Lodouico*?
Lod. He Sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy: here's *Caſſio* hurt by Villaines.
Gra. *Caſſio*?
Iago. How is't Brother?
Caſ. My Legge is cut in two.
Iago. Marry heauen forbid:
Light Gentlemen, Ile binde it with my ſhirt.
Enter Bianca.
Bian. What is the matter hoa? Who is't that cry'd?
Iago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. Oh my deere *Caſſio*,
My ſweet *Caſſio*: Oh *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*.
Iago. O notable Strumpet. *Caſſio*, may you ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be, that haue thus mangled you?
Caſ. No.
Gra. I am ſorry to finde you thus;
I haue beene to ſeeke you.
Iago. Lend me a Garter. So:——Oh for a Chaire
To beare him eaſily hence.
Bian. Alas he faints. Oh *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*.
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do ſuſpect this Traſh
To be a party in this Iniurie.
Patience awhile, good *Caſſio*. Come, come;
Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?
Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman
Rodorigo? No: Yes ſure: Yes, 'tis *Rodorigo*.
Gra. What, of Venice?
Iago. Euen he Sir: Did you know him?
Gra. Know him? I.
Iago. Signior *Gratiano*? I cry your gentle pardon:
Theſe bloody accidents muſt excuſe my Manners,
That ſo neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to ſee you.
Iago. How do you *Caſſio*? Oh, a Chaire, a Chaire.
Gra. *Rodorigo*?
Iago. He, he, 'tis he:
Oh that's well ſaid, the Chaire.
Some good man beare him carefully from hence,
Ile fetch the Generall's Surgeon. For you Miſtris,
Saue you your labour. He that lies ſlaine heere (*Caſſio*)
Was my deere friend. What malice was between you?
Caſ. None in the world: nor do I know the man?
Iago. What? looke you pale? Oh beare him o'th'Ayre.
Stay you good Gentlemen. Looke you pale, Miſtris?
Do you perceiue the gaſtneſſe of her eye?
Nay, if you ſtare, we ſhall heare more anon.
Behold her well: I pray you looke vpon her:
Do you ſee Gentlemen? Nay, guiltineſſe will ſpeake
Though tongues were out of vſe.
Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, Husband?
Iago. *Caſſio* hath heere bin ſet on in the darke
By *Rodorigo*, and Fellowes that are ſcap'd:
He's almoſt ſlaine, and *Rodorigo* quite dead.
Æmil. Alas good Gentleman: alas good *Caſſio*.
Iago. This is the fruits of whoring. Prythe *Æmilia*,
Go know of *Caſſio* where he ſupt to night.
What, do you ſhake at that?
Bian. He ſupt at my houſe, but I therefore ſhake not.
Iago. O did he ſo? I charge you go with me.
Æmil. Oh fie vpon thee Strumpet.
Bian. I am no Strumpet, but of life as honeſt,
As you that thus abuſe me.
Æmil. As I? Fie vpon thee.
Iago. Kinde Gentlemen:
Let's go ſee poore *Caſſio* dreſt.
Come Miſtris, you muſt tel's another Tale.
Æmilia, run you to the Cittadell,
And tell my Lord and Lady, what hath happ'd:
Will you go on afore? This is the night
That either makes me, or foredoes me quight. *Exeunt*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Othello, and Deſdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Cauſe, it is the Cauſe (my Soule)
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte Starres,
It is the Cauſe. Yet Ile not ſhed her blood,
Nor ſcarre that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,
And ſmooth as Monumentall Alablaſter:
Yet ſhe muſt dye, elſe ſhee'l betray more men:
Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming Miniſter,
I can againe thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light,
Thou cunning'ſt Patterne of excelling Nature,
I know not where is that *Promethæan* heate
That can thy Light re-Lume.
When I haue pluck'd thy Roſe,
I cannot giue it vitall growth againe,
It needs muſt wither. Ile ſmell thee on the Tree.
Oh Balmy breath, that doſt almoſt perſwade
Iuſtice to breake her Sword. One more, one more:
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And loue thee after. One more, and that's the laſt.
So ſweet, was ne're ſo fatall. I muſt weepe,
But they are cruell Teares: This ſorrow's heauenly,
It ſtrikes, where it doth loue. She wakes.
Deſ. Who's there? *Othello*?
Othel. I *Deſdemona*.
Deſ. Will you come to bed, my Lord?
Oth. Haue you pray'd to night, *Deſdemon*?
Deſ. I my Lord.
Oth. If you bethinke your ſelfe of any Crime
Vnreconcil'd as yet to Heauen, and Grace,
Solicite for it ſtraight.
Deſ. Alacke, my Lord,
What may you meane by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be breefe, I will walke by:
I would not kill thy vnprepared Spirit,
No, Heauens fore-fend) I would not kill thy Soule.
Deſ. Talke you of killing?
Oth. I, I do.
Deſ. Then Heauen haue mercy on mee.
Oth.



My Lord, my Lord?
Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Deſ. If you ſay, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Humh.
Deſ. And yet I feare you: for you're fatall then
When your eyes rowle ſo.
Why I ſhould feare, I know not,
Since guiltineſſe I know not: But yet I feele I feare.
Oth. Thinke on thy ſinnes.
Deſ. They are Loues I beare to you.
Oth. I, and for that thou dy'ſt.
Deſ. That death's vnnaturall, that kils for louing.
Alas, why gnaw you ſo your nether-lip?
Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very Frame:
Theſe are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be ſtill.
Deſ. I will ſo: What's the matter?
Oth. That Handkerchiefe
Which I ſo lou'd, and gaue thee, thou gau'ſt to *Caſſio.*
Deſ. No by my Life, and Soule: ſend for the man,
And aske him.
Oth. Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Periury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Deſ. I, but not yet to dye.
Oth. Preſently.
Therefore confeſſe thee freely of thy ſinne:
For to deny each Article with Oath,
Cannot remoue, nor choake the ſtrong Conception
That I do grone withall. Thou art to dye.
Deſ. O Heauen haue mercy on me.
Oth. I ſay, Amen.
Deſ. And haue you mercy too. I neuer did
Offend you in my life: neuer lou'd *Caſſio,*
But with ſuch generall warrantie of Heauen,
As I might loue. I neuer gaue him Token.
Oth. By Heauen I ſaw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.
O periur'd woman, thou do'ſt ſtone my heart,
And makes me call, what I intend to do,
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I ſaw the Handkerchiefe.
Deſ. He found it then:
I neuer gaue it him: Send, for him hither:
Let him confeſſe a truth.
Oth. He hath confeſt.
Deſ. What, my Lord?
Oth. That he hath vs'd thee.
Deſ. How? vnlawfully?
Oth. I.
Deſ. He will not ſay ſo.
Oth. No: his mouth is ſtopp'd:
Honeſt *Iago* hath 'tane order for't.
Deſ. Oh, my feare interprets. What is he dead?
Oth. Had all his haires bin liues, my great Reuenge
Had ſtomacke for them all.
Deſ. Alas, he is betray'd, and I vndone.
Oth. Out Strumpet: weep'ſt thou for him to my face?
Deſ. O baniſh me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Downe Strumpet.
Deſ. Kill me to morrow, let me liue to night.
Oth. Nay, if you ſtriue.
Deſ. But halfe an houre.
Oth. Being done, there is no pawſe.
Deſ. But while I ſay one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. *Smothers her.*
Æmilia at the doore.
Æmil. My Lord, my Lord? What hoa?
My Lord, my Lord.
Oth. What noiſe is this? Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruell, am yet mercifull,
I would not haue thee linger in thy paine?
So, ſo.
Æmil. within. What hoa? my Lord, my Lord?
Oth. Who's there?
Æmil. Oh good my Lord, I would ſpeake a word
with you.
Oth. Yes: 'Tis *Æmilia*: by and by. Shee's dead.
'Tis like ſhe comes to ſpeake of *Caſſio's* death:
The noiſe was high. Hah, no more moouing?
Still as the Graue. Shall ſhe come in? Wer't good?
I thinke ſhe ſtirres againe. No, what's beſt to do?
If ſhe come in, ſhee'l ſure ſpeake to my wife:
My wife, my wife: what wife? I haue no wife.
Oh inſupportable! Oh heauy houre!
Me thinkes, it ſhould be now a huge Eclipſe
Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th'affrighted Globe
Did yawne at Alteration.
Æmil. I do beſeech you
That I may ſpeake with you. Oh good my Lord.
Oth. I had forgot thee: oh come in *Æmilia.*
Soft, by and by, let me the Curtaines draw.
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?
Enter Æmilia.
Æmil. Oh my good Lord, yonders foule Murthers
done.
Oth. What? now?
Æmil. But now, my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moone,
She comes more neerer Earth then ſhe was wont,
And makes men mad.
Æmil. *Caſſio*, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young Venetian, call'd *Rodorigo.*
Oth. *Rodorigo* kill'd? and *Caſſio* kill'd?
Æmil No, *Caſſio* is not kill'd.
Oth. Not *Caſſio* kill'd? Then Murther's out of tune,
And ſweet Reuenge growes harſh.
Deſ. O falſely, falſely murder'd.
Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That? What?
Æmil. Out and alas, that was my Ladies voice.
Helpe, helpe hoa, helpe. Oh Ladie ſpeake againe,
Sweet *Deſdemona*, oh ſweet Miſtris, ſpeake.
Deſ. A guiltleſſe death, I dye.
Æmil Oh who hath done this deed?
Deſ No body: I my ſelfe, farewell:
Commend me to my kinde Lord: oh farewell.
Oth. Why, how ſhould ſhe be murdred?
Æmil. Alas: who knowes?
Oth. You heare her ſay her ſelfe, it was not I.
Æmil. She ſaid ſo: I muſt needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a Liar gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her.
Æmil. Oh the more Angell ſhe, and you the blacker Diuell.
Oth. She turn'd to folly: and ſhe was a whore.
Æmil. Thou do'ſt bely her, and thou art a diuell.
Oth. She was falſe as water.
Æmil. Thou art raſh as fire, to ſay
That ſhe was falſe. Oh ſhe was heauenly true.
Oth. *Caſſio* did top her: Ask thy husband elſe.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell:
But that I did proceed vpon iuſt grounds
To this extremity. Thy Husband knew it all.

Æmil

Æmil. My Husband?
Oth. Thy Husband.
Æmil. That ſhe was falſe to Wedlocke?
Oth. I, with *Caſſio*: had ſhe bin true,
If Heauen would make me ſuch another world,
Of one entyre and perfect Chryſolite,
I'ld not haue ſold her for it.
Æmil. My Husband?
Oth. I, 'twas he that told me on her firſt,
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime
That ſtickes on filthy deeds.
Æmil. My Husband?
Oth. What needs this itterance, Woman?
I ſay, thy Husband.
Æmil. Oh Miſtris,
Villany hath made mockes with loue:
My Husband ſay ſhe was falſe?
Oth. He, Woman;
I ſay thy Husband: Do'ſt vnderſtand the word?
My Friend, thy Husband; honeſt, honeſt *Iago.*
Æmil. If he ſay ſo, may his pernicious Soule
Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to'th'heart,
She was too fond of her moſt filthy Bargaine.
Oth. Hah?
Æmil. Do thy worſt:
This deede of thine is no more worthy Heauen,
Then thou was't worthy her.
Oth. Peace, you were beſt.
Æmil. Thou haſt not halfe that powre to do me harm,
As I haue to be hurt. Oh Gull, oh dolt,
As ignorant as durt: thou haſt done a deed
(I care not for thy Sword) Ile make thee known,
Though I loſt twenty liues. Helpe, helpe, hoa, helpe:
The Moore hath kill'd my Miſtris. Murther, murther.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, and Iago.

Mon. What is the matter? How now Generall?
Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Iago*: you haue done well,
That men muſt lay their Murthers on your necke.
Gra. What is the matter?
Æmil. Diſproue this Villaine, if thou bee'ſt a man:
He ſayes, thou told'ſt him that his wife was falſe:
I know thou did'ſt not: thou'rt not ſuch a Villain.
Speake, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought,
And told no more
Then what he found himſelfe was apt, and true.
Æmil. But did you euer tell him,
She was falſe?
Iago. I did.
Æmil. You told a Lye an odious damned Lye:
Vpon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye.
Shee falſe with *Caſſio*?
Did you ſay with *Caſſio*?
Iago. With *Caſſio*, Miſtris?
Go too, charme your tongue.
Emil. I will not charme my Tongue;
I am bound to ſpeake,
My Miſtris heere lyes murthered in her bed.
All. Oh Heauens, forefend.
Emil. And your reports haue ſet the Murder on.
Othello. Nay ſtare not Maſters,
It is true indeede.
Gra. 'Tis a ſtrange Truth.
Mont. O monſtrous Acte.
Emil. Villany, villany, villany:
I thinke vpon't, I thinke: I ſmel't: O Villany:
I thought ſo then: Ile kill my ſelfe for greefe.
O villany! villany!
Iago. What, are you mad?
I charge you get you home.
Emil. Good Gentlemen, let me haue leaue to ſpeake:
'Tis proper I obey him; but not now:
Perchance *Iago*, I will ne're go home.
Oth Oh, oh, oh.
Emil. Nay, lay thee downe, and roare:
For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt innocent,
That ere did lift vp eye.
Oth. Oh ſhe was fowle!
I ſcarſe did know you Vnkle, there lies your Neece,
Whoſe breath (indeed) theſe hands haue newly ſtopp'd:
I know this acte ſhewes horrible and grim.
Gra. Poore *Deſdemon*:
I am glad thy Father's dead,
Thy Match was mortall to him: and pure greefe
Shore his old thred in twaine. Did he liue now,
This ſight would make him do a deſperate turne:
Yea, curſe his better Angell from his ſide,
And fall to Reprobance.
Oth. 'Tis pittifull: but yet *Iago* knowes
That ſhe with *Caſſio*, hath the Act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed. *Caſſio* confeſt it,
And ſhe did gratifie his amorous workes
With that Recognizance and pledge of Loue
Which I firſt gaue her: I ſaw it in his hand:
It was a Handkerchiefe, an Antique Token
My Father gaue my Mother.
Emil. Oh Heauen! oh heauenly Powres!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out. I peace?
No, I will ſpeake as liberall as the North;
Let Heauen, and Men, and Diuels, let them all,
All, all, crie ſhame againſt me, yet Ile ſpeake.
Iago. Be wiſe, and get you home.
Emil. I will not.
Gra. Fye, your Sword vpon a Woman.
Emil. Oh thou dull Moore,
That Handkerchiefe thou ſpeak'ſt of
I found by Fortune, and did giue my Husband:
For often, with a ſolemne earneſtneſſe,
(More then indeed belong'd to ſuch a Trifle)
He begg'd of me, to ſteale't.
Iago. Villanous Whore.
Emil. She giue it *Caſſio*? No, alas I found it,
And I did giu't my Husband.
Iago. Filth, thou lyeſt.
Emil. By Heauen I do not, I do not Gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous Coxcombe, what ſhould ſuch a Foole
Do with ſo good a wife?
Oth. Are there no ſtones in Heauen,
But what ſerues for the Thunder?
Precious Villaine.
Gra. The woman falles:
Sure he hath kill'd his Wife.
Emil. I, I: oh lay me by my Miſtris ſide.
Gra. Hee's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious Villain, take you this weapon
Which I haue recouer'd from the Moore:
Come guard the doore without, let him not paſſe,
But kill him rather. Ile after that ſame villaine,
For 'tis a damned Slaue. *Exit.*

Oth. I am not valiant neither:
But euery Punie whipſter gets my Sword.
But why ſhould Honor out-liue Honeſty?
Let it go all.
Æmil. What did thy Song boad Lady?
Hearke, canſt thou heare me? I will play the Swan,
And dye in Muſicke: *Willough, Willough, Willough.*
Moore, ſhe was chaſte: She lou'd thee, cruell Moore,
So come my Soule to bliſſe, as I ſpeake true:
So ſpeaking as I thinke, alas, I dye.
Oth. I haue another weapon in this Chamber,
It was a Sword of Spaine, the Ice brookes temper:
Oh heere it is: Vnkle I muſt come forth.
Gra. If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee deere;
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.
Oth. Looke in vpon me then, and ſpeake with me,
Or naked as I am I will aſſault thee.
Gra. What is the matter?
Othel. Behold, I haue a weapon:
A better neuer did it ſelfe ſuſtaine
Vpon a Soldiers Thigh. I haue ſeene the day,
That with this little Arme, and this good Sword,
I haue made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your ſtop. But (oh vaine boaſt)
Who can controll his Fate? 'Tis not ſo now.
Be not affraid, though you do ſee me weapon'd:
Heere is my iournies end, heere is my butt
And verie Sea-marke of my vtmoſt Saile.
Do you go backe diſmaid? 'Tis a loſt feare:
Man but a Ruſh againſt *Othello's* breſt,
And he retires. Where ſhould *Othello* go?
Now: how doſt thou looke now? Oh ill-Starr'd wench,
Pale as thy Smocke: when we ſhall meete at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heauen,
And Fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girle?
Euen like thy Chaſtity. O curſed, curſed Slaue!
Whip me ye Diuels,
From the poſſeſſion of this Heauenly ſight:
Blow me about in windes, roaſt me in Sulphure,
Waſh me in ſteepe-downe gulfes of Liquid fire.
Oh *Deſdemon*! dead *Deſdemon*: dead. Oh, oh!

Enter Lodouico, Caſſio, Montano, and Iago, with Officers.

Lod. Where is this raſh, and moſt vnfortunate man?
Oth. That's he that was *Othello*: heere I am.
Lod. Where is that Viper?
Bring the Villaine forth.
Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a Fable,
If that thou bee'ſt a Diuell, I cannot kill thee.
Lod. Wrench his Sword from him.
Iago. I bleed Sir, but not kill'd.
Othel. I am not ſorry neither, Il'd haue thee liue:
For in my ſenſe, 'tis happineſſe to die.
Lod. Oh thou *Othello*, that was once ſo good,
Falne in the practiſe of a curſed Slaue,
What ſhall be ſaide to thee.
Oth. Why any thing:
An honourable Murderer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in Honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confeſt his Villany:
Did you and he conſent in *Caſſio's* death.
Oth. I.
Caſ. Deere Generall, I neuer gaue you cauſe.
Oth. I do beleeue it, and I aske your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-Diuell,
Why he hath thus enſnar'd my Soule and Body.
Iag. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth, I neuer will ſpeake word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou doſt beſt.
Lod. Sir,
You ſhall vnderſtand what hath befalne,
(Which, as I thinke, you know not) heere is a Letter
Found in the pocket of the ſlaine *Rodorigo*,
And heere another, the one of them imports
The death of *Caſſio*, to be vndertooke
By *Rodorigo*.
Oth. O Villaine!
Caſſio. Moſt Heatheniſh, and moſt groſſe.
Lod. Now, heere's another diſcontented paper
Found in his pocket too: and this it ſeemes
Rodorigo meant t'haue ſent this damned villaine:
But that (belike) *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and ſatisfi'd him.
Oth. Oh thou pernitious Caitiffe;
How came you (*Caſſio*) by that Handkerchiefe
That was my wiues?
Caſſio. I found it in my Chamber:
And he himſelfe confeſt it but euen now,
That there he dropt it for a ſpeciall purpoſe,
Which wrought to his deſire.
Othel. O Foole, foole, foole!
Caſſio. There is beſides, in *Rodorigo's* Letter,
How he vpbraides *Iago*, that he made him
Braue me vpon the Watch: whereon it came
That I was caſt: and euen but now he ſpake
(After long ſeeming dead) *Iago* hurt him,
Iago ſet him on.
Lod. You muſt forſake this roome, and go with vs:
Your Power, and your Command is taken off,
And *Caſſio* rules in Cyprus. For this Slaue,
If there be any cunning Crueltie,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It ſhall be his. You ſhall cloſe Priſoner reſt,
Till that the Nature of your fault be knowne
To the Venetian State. Come, bring away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you goe:
I haue done the State ſome ſeruice, and they know't:
No more of that. I pray you in your Letters,
When you ſhall theſe vnluckie deeds relate,
Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet downe ought in malice.
Then muſt you ſpeake,
Of one that lou'd not wiſely, but too well:
Of one, not eaſily Iealious, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whoſe hand
(Like the baſe Iudean) threw a Pearle away
Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whoſe ſubdu'd Eyes,
Albeit vn-vſed to the melting moode,
Drops teares as faſt as the Arabian Trees
Their Medicinable gumme. Set you downe this:
And ſay beſides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant, and a Turbond-Turke
Beate a Venetian, and traduc'd the State,
I tooke by th'throat the circumciſed Dogge,
And ſmoate him, thus.
Lod. Oh bloody period.
Gra. All that is ſpoke, is marr'd.
Oth. I kiſt thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,
Killing my ſelfe, to dye vpon a kiſſe. *Dyes*
Caſſio.

Caſ. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon:
For he was great of heart.
Lod. Oh Sparton Dogge:
More fell then Anguiſh, Hunger, or the Sea:
Looke on the Tragicke Loading of this bed:
This is thy worke:
The Obiect poyſons Sight,
Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keepe the houſe,
And ſeize vpon the Fortunes of the Moore,
For they ſucceede on you. To you, Lord Gouernor,
Remaines the Cenſure of this helliſh villaine:
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it:
My ſelfe will ſtraight aboord, and to the State,
This heauie Act, with heauie heart relate. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.

(:*⁎*:)

OThello, *the Moore.*
Brabantio, *Father to Deſdemona.*
Caſſio, *an Honourable Lieutenant.*
Iago, *a Villaine.*
Rodorigo, *a gull'd Gentleman.*
Duke of Venice.
Senators.
Montano, *Gouernour of Cyprus.*
Gentlemen of Cyprus.
Lodouico, *and* Gratiano, *two Noble Venetians.*
Saylors.
Clowne.

Deſdemona, *wife to Othello.*
Æmilia, *wife to Iago.*
Bianca, *a Curtezan.*

THE TRAGEDIE OF
Anthonie, and Cleopatra.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.

NAy, but this dotage of our Generals
Ore-flowes the meaſure: thoſe his goodly eyes
That o're the Files and Muſters of the Warre,
Haue glow'd like plated Mars:
Now bend, now turne
The Office and Deuotion of their view
Vpon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,
Which in the ſcuffles of great Fights hath burſt
The Buckles on his breſt, reneages all temper,
And is become the Bellowes and the Fan
To coole a Gypſies Luſt.

Flouriſh. Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the Traine, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Looke where they come:
Take but good note, and you ſhall ſee in him
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd
Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and ſee.

Cleo. If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggery in the loue that can be reckon'd

Cleo. Ile ſet a bourne how farre to be belou'd.

Ant. Then muſt thou needes finde out new Heauen, new Earth.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.

Ant. Grates me, the ſumme.

Cleo. Nay heare them *Anthony.*
Fuluia perchance is angry: Or who knowes,
If the ſcarſe-bearded *Cæſar* haue not ſent
His powrefull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchiſe that:
Perform't, or elſe we damne thee.

Ant. How, my Loue?

Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and moſt like:
You muſt not ſtay heere longer, your diſmiſſion
Is come from *Cæſar*, therefore heare it *Anthony.*
Where's *Fuluias* Proceſſe? (*Cæſars* I would ſay) both?
Call in the Meſſengers: As I am Egypts Queene,
Thou bluſheſt *Anthony*, and that blood of thine
Is *Cæſars* homager: elſe ſo thy cheeke payes ſhame,
When ſhrill-tongu'd *Fuluia* ſcolds. The Meſſengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raing'd Empire fall: Heere is my ſpace,
Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth alike
Feeds Beaſt as Man; the Nobleneſſe of life
Is to do thus: when ſuch a mutuall paire,
And ſuch a twaine can doo't, in which I binde
One paine of puniſhment, the world to weete
We ſtand vp Peereleſſe.

Cleo. Excellent falſhood:
Why did he marry *Fuluia*, and not loue her?
Ile ſeeme the Foole I am not. *Anthony* will be himſelfe.

Ant. But ſtirr'd by *Cleopatra*.
Now for the loue of Loue, and her ſoft houres,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harſh;
There's not a minute of our liues ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome pleaſure now. What ſport to night?

Cleo. Heare the Ambaſſadors.

Ant. Fye wrangling Queene:
Whom euery thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weepe: who euery paſſion fully ſtriues
To make it ſelfe (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.
No Meſſenger but thine, and all alone, to night
Wee'l wander through the ſtreets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Laſt night you did deſire it. Speake not to vs.

Exeunt with the Traine.

Dem. Is *Cæſar* with *Anthonius* priz'd ſo ſlight?

Philo. Sir ſometimes when he is not *Anthony*,
He comes too ſhort of that great Property
Which ſtill ſhould go with *Anthony*.

Dem. I am full ſorry, that hee approues the common Lyar, who thus ſpeakes of him at Rome; but I will hope of better deeds to morrow. Reſt you happy. *Exeunt*

Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Southſayer, Rannius, Lucillius, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas.

Char. L. *Alexas*, ſweet *Alexas*, moſt any thing *Alexas*, almoſt moſt abſolute *Alexas*, where's the Soothſayer that you prais'd ſo to'th' Queene? Oh that I knewe this Husband, which you ſay, muſt change his Hornes with Garlands.

Alex. Soothſayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the Man? Is't you ſir that know things?

Sooth. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enob. Bring in the Banket quickly: Wine enough,

Cleopatra's health to drinke.

Char. Good ſir, giue me good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foreſee.

Char. Pray then, foreſee me one.

Sooth. You ſhall be yet farre fairer then you are.

Char. He meanes in fleſh.

Iras. No, you ſhall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his preſcience, be attentiue.

Char. Huſh.

Sooth. You ſhall be more belouing, then beloued.

Char. I had rather heate my Liuer with drinking.

Alex. Nay, heare him.

Char. Good now ſome excellent Fortune: Let mee be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow them all: Let me haue a Childe at fifty, to whom *Herode* of Iewry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with *Octauius Cæſar*, and companion me with my Miſtris.

Sooth. You ſhall out-liue the Lady whom you ſerue.

Char. Oh excellent, I loue long life better then Figs.

Sooth. You haue ſeene and proued a fairer former fortune, then that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my Children ſhall haue no names: Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches muſt I haue.

Sooth. If euery of your wiſhes had a wombe, & foretell euery wiſh, a Million.

Char. Out Foole, I forgiue thee for a Witch.

Alex. You thinke none but your ſheets are priuie to your wiſhes.

Char. Nay come, tell *Iras* hers.

Alex. Wee'l know all our Fortunes.

Enob. Mine, and moſt of our Fortunes to night, ſhall be drunke to bed.

Iras. There's a Palme preſages Chaſtity, if nothing els.

Char. E'ne as the o're-flowing Nylus preſageth Famine.

Iras. Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Soothſay.

Char. Nay, if an oyly Palme bee not a fruitfull Prognoſtication, I cannot ſcratch mine eare. Prythee tel her but a worky day Fortune.

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how, giue me particulars.

Sooth. I haue ſaid.

Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then ſhe?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better then I: where would you chooſe it.

Iras. Not in my Husbands noſe.

Char. Our worſer thoughts Heauens mend.

Alexas. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him mary a woman that cannot go, ſweet *Iſis*, I beſeech thee, and let her dye too, and giue him a worſe, and let worſe follow worſe, till the worſt of all follow him laughing to his graue, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good *Iſis* heare me this Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more waight: good *Iſis* I beſeech thee.

Iras. Amen, deere Goddeſſe, heare that prayer of the people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to ſee a handſome man looſe-Wiu'd, ſo it is a deadly ſorrow, to beholde a foule Knaue vncuckolded: Therefore deere *Iſis* keep *decorum*, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a Cuckold, they would make themſelues Whores, but they'ld doo't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Enob. Huſh, heere comes *Anthony*.

Char. Not he, the Queene.

Cleo. Saue you, my Lord.

Enob. No Lady.

Cleo. Was he not heere?

Char. No Madam.

Cleo. He was diſpos'd to mirth, but on the ſodaine
A Romane thought hath ſtrooke him.
Enobarbus?

Enob. Madam.

Cleo. Seeke him, and bring him hither: wher's *Alexias*?

Alex. Heere at your ſeruice.
My Lord approaches.

Enter Anthony, with a Meſſenger.

Cleo. We will not looke vpon him:
Go with vs. *Exeunt.*

Meſſen. *Fuluia* thy Wife,
Firſt came into the Field.

Ant. Againſt my Brother *Lucius*?

Meſſen. I: but ſoone that Warre had end,
And the times ſtate
Made friends of them, ioynting their force 'gainſt *Cæſar*,
Whoſe better iſſue in the warre from Italy,
Vpon the firſt encounter draue them.

Ant. Well, what worſt.

Meſſ. The Nature of bad newes infects the Teller.

Ant. When it concernes the Foole or Coward: On.
Things that are paſt, are done, with me. 'Tis thus,
Who tels me true, though in his Tale lye death,
I heare him as he flatter'd.

Meſ. *Labienus* (this is ſtiffe-newes)
Hath with his Parthian Force
Extended Aſia: from Euphrates his conquering
Banner ſhooke, from Syria to Lydia,
And to Ionia, whil'ſt——

Ant. *Anthony* thou would'ſt ſay.

Meſ. Oh my Lord.

Ant. Speake to me home,
Mince not the generall tongue, name
Cleopatra as ſhe is call'd in Rome:
Raile thou in *Fuluia's* phraſe, and taunt my faults
With ſuch full Licenſe, as both Truth and Malice
Haue power to vtter. Oh then we bring forth weeds,
When our quicke windes lye ſtill, and our illes told vs
Is as our earing: fare thee well awhile.

Meſ. At your Noble pleaſure. *Exit Meſſenger.*

Enter another Meſſenger.

Ant. From *Scicion* how the newes? Speake there.

1. *Meſ.* The man from *Scicion*,
Is there ſuch an one?

2. *Meſ.* He ſtayes vpon your will.

Ant. Let him appeare:
Theſe ſtrong Egyptian Fetters I muſt breake,
Or looſe my ſelfe in dotage.

Enter another Meſſenger with a Letter.

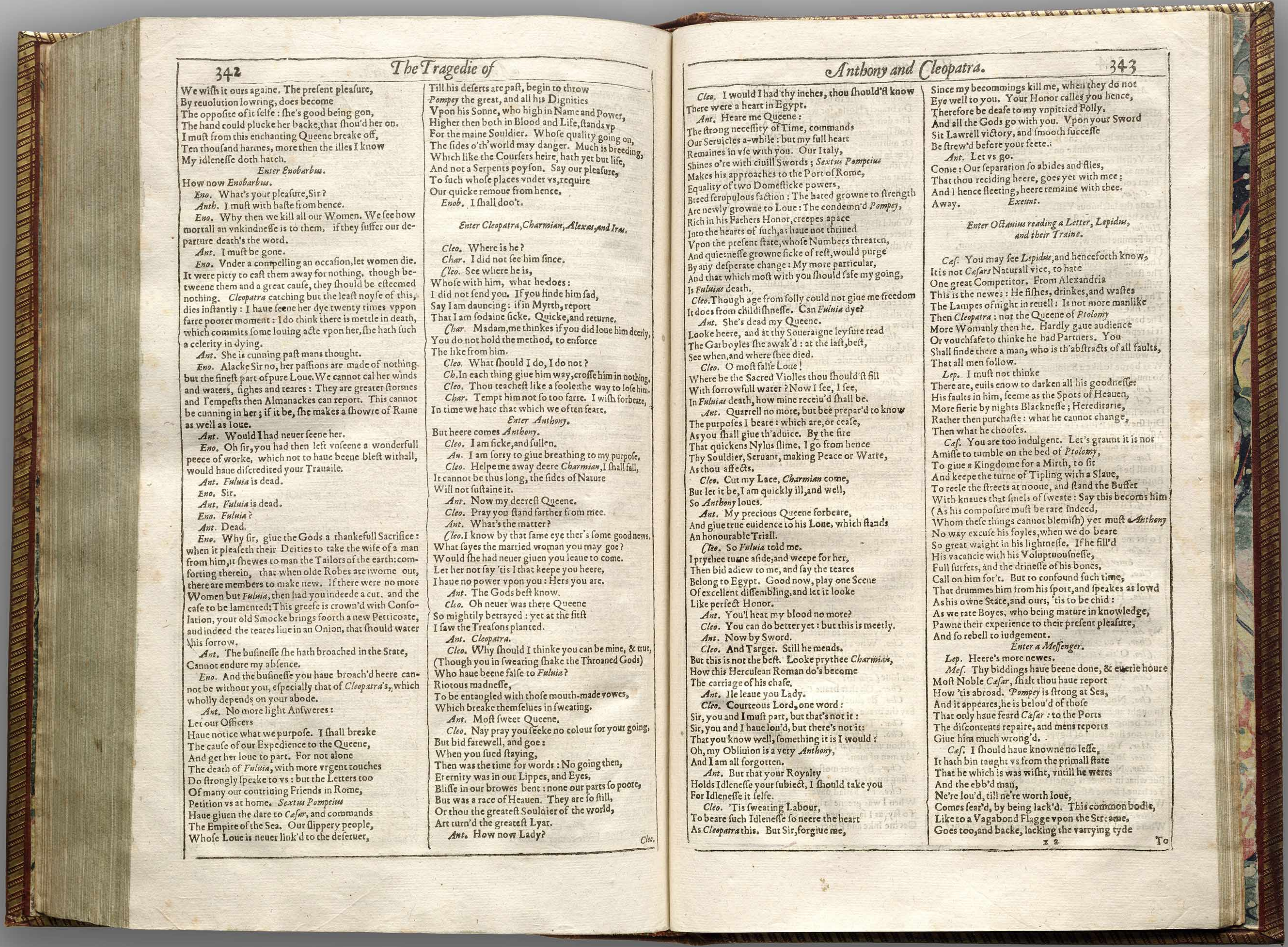
What are you?

3. *Meſ.* *Fuluia* thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where dyed ſhe.

Meſ. In *Scicion*, her length of ſickneſſe,
With what elſe more ſerious,
Importeth thee to know, this beares.

Antho. Forbeare me
There's a great Spirit gone, thus did I deſire it:
What our contempts doth often hurle from vs,



We wiſh it ours againe. The preſent pleaſure,
By reuolution lowring, does become
The oppoſite of it ſelfe: ſhe's good being gon,
The hand could plucke her backe, that ſhou'd her on.
I muſt from this enchanting Queene breake off,
Ten thouſand harmes, more then the illes I know
My idleneſſe doth hatch.

Enter Enobarbus.

How now *Enobarbus.*

Eno. What's your pleaſure, Sir?

Anth. I muſt with haſte from hence.

Eno. Why then we kill all our Women. We ſee how mortall an vnkindneſſe is to them, if they ſuffer our departure death's the word.

Ant. I muſt be gone.

Eno. Vnder a compelling an occaſion, let women die. It were pitty to caſt them away for nothing, though betweene them and a great cauſe, they ſhould be eſteemed nothing. *Cleopatra* catching but the leaſt noyſe of this, dies inſtantly: I haue ſeene her dye twenty times vppon farre poorer moment: I do think there is mettle in death, which commits ſome louing acte vpon her, ſhe hath ſuch a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning paſt mans thought.

Eno. Alacke Sir no, her paſſions are made of nothing but the fineſt part of pure Loue. We cannot cal her winds and waters, ſighes and teares: They are greater ſtormes and Tempeſts then Almanackes can report. This cannot be cunning in her; if it be, ſhe makes a ſhowre of Raine as well as loue.

Ant. Would I had neuer ſeene her.

Eno. Oh ſir, you had then left vnſeene a wonderfull peece of worke, which not to haue beene bleſt withall, would haue diſcredited your Trauaile.

Ant. Fuluia is dead.

Eno. Sir.

Ant. Fuluia is dead.

Eno. Fuluia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why ſir, giue the Gods a thankefull Sacrifice: when it pleaſeth their Deities to take the wife of a man from him, it ſhewes to man the Tailors of the earth: comforting therein, that when olde Robes are worne out, there are members to make new. If there were no more Women but *Fuluia*, then had you indeede a cut, and the caſe to be lamented: This greefe is crown'd with Conſolation, your old Smocke brings foorth a new Petticoate, and indeed the teares liue in an Onion, that ſhould water this ſorrow.

Ant. The buſineſſe ſhe hath broached in the State,
Cannot endure my abſence.

Eno. And the buſineſſe you haue broach'd heere cannot be without you, eſpecially that of *Cleopatra's*, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light Anſweres:
Let our Officers
Haue notice what we purpoſe. I ſhall breake
The cauſe of our Expedience to the Queene,
And get her loue to part. For not alone
The death of *Fuluia*, with more vrgent touches
Do ſtrongly ſpeake to vs: but the Letters too
Of many our contriuing Friends in Rome,
Petition vs at home. *Sextus Pompeius*
Haue giuen the dare to *Cæſar*, and commands
The Empire of the Sea. Our ſlippery people,
Whoſe Loue is neuer link'd to the deſeruer,
Till his deſerts are paſt, begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his Dignities
Vpon his Sonne, who high in Name and Power,
Higher then both in Blood and Life, ſtands vp
For the maine Souldier. Whoſe quality going on,
The ſides o'th'world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which like the Courſers heire, hath yet but life,
And not a Serpents poyſon. Say our pleaſure,
To ſuch whoſe places vnder vs, require
Our quicke remoue from hence.

Enob. I ſhall doo't.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Alexas, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not ſee him ſince.

Cleo. See where he is,
Whoſe with him, what he does:
I did not ſend you. If you finde him ſad,
Say I am dauncing: if in Myrth, report
That I am ſodaine ſicke. Quicke, and returne.

Char. Madam, me thinkes if you did loue him deerly,
You do not hold the method, to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What ſhould I do, I do not?

Ch. In each thing giue him way, croſſe him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teacheſt like a foole: the way to loſe him.

Char. Tempt him not ſo too farre. I wiſh forbeare,
In time we hate that which we often feare.

Enter Anthony.

But heere comes *Anthony.*

Cleo. I am ſicke, and ſullen.

An. I am ſorry to giue breathing to my purpoſe.

Cleo. Helpe me away deere *Charmian*, I ſhall fall,
It cannot be thus long, the ſides of Nature
Will not ſuſtaine it.

Ant. Now my deereſt Queene.

Cleo. Pray you ſtand farther from mee.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that ſame eye ther's ſome good news.
What ſayes the married woman you may goe?
Would ſhe had neuer giuen you leaue to come.
Let her not ſay 'tis I that keepe you heere,
I haue no power vpon you: Hers you are.

Ant. The Gods beſt know.

Cleo. Oh neuer was there Queene
So mightily betrayed: yet at the firſt
I ſaw the Treaſons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra.

Cleo. Why ſhould I thinke you can be mine, & true,
(Though you in ſwearing ſhake the Throaned Gods)
Who haue beene falſe to *Fuluia?*
Riotous madneſſe,
To be entangled with thoſe mouth-made vowes,
Which breake themſelues in ſwearing.

Ant. Moſt ſweet Queene.

Cleo. Nay pray you ſeeke no colour for your going,
But bid farewell, and goe:
When you ſued ſtaying,
Then was the time for words: No going then,
Eternity was in our Lippes, and Eyes,
Bliſſe in our browes bent: none our parts ſo poore,
But was a race of Heauen. They are ſo ſtill,
Or thou the greateſt Souldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greateſt Lyar.

Ant. How now Lady?

Cleo. I would I had thy inches, thou ſhould'ſt know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Heare me Queene:
The ſtrong neceſſity of Time, commands
Our Seruicles a-while: but my full heart
Remaines in vſe with you. Our Italy,
Shines o're with ciuill Swords; *Sextus Pompeius*
Makes his approaches to the Port of Rome,
Equality of two Domeſticke powers,
Breed ſcrupulous faction: The hated growne to ſtrength
Are newly growne to Loue: The condemn'd *Pompey*,
Rich in his Fathers Honor, creepes apace
Into the hearts of ſuch, as haue not thriued
Vpon the preſent ſtate, whoſe Numbers threaten,
And quietneſſe growne ſicke of reſt, would purge
By any deſperate change: My more particular,
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſafe my going,
Is *Fuluias* death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not giue me freedom
It does from childiſhneſſe. Can *Fuluia* dye?

Ant. She's dead my Queene.
Looke heere, and at thy Soueraigne leyſure read
The Garboyles ſhe awak'd: at the laſt, beſt,
See when, and where ſhee died.

Cleo. O moſt falſe Loue!
Where be the Sacred Violles thou ſhould'ſt fill
With ſorrowfull water? Now I ſee, I ſee,
In *Fuluias* death, how mine receiu'd ſhall be.

Ant. Quarrell no more, but bee prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I beare: which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall giue th'aduice. By the fire
That quickens Nylus ſlime, I go from hence
Thy Souldier, Seruant, making Peace or Warre,
As thou affects.

Cleo. Cut my Lace, *Charmian* come,
But let it be, I am quickly ill, and well,
So *Anthony* loues.

Ant. My precious Queene forbeare,
And giue true euidence to his Loue, which ſtands
An honourable Triall.

Cleo. So *Fuluia* told me.
I prythee turne aſide, and weepe for her,
Then bid adiew to me, and ſay the teares
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one Scene
Of excellent diſſembling, and let it looke
Like perfect Honor.

Ant. You'l heat my blood no more?

Cleo. You can do better yet: but this is meetly.

Ant. Now by Sword.

Cleo. And Target. Still he mends.
But this is not the beſt. Looke prythee *Charmian*,
How this Herculean Roman do's become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. Ile leaue you Lady.

Cleo. Courteous Lord, one word:
Sir, you and I muſt part, but that's not it:
Sir, you and I haue lou'd, but there's not it:
That you know well, ſomething it is I would:
Oh, my Obliuion is a very *Anthony*,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your Royalty
Holds Idleneſſe your ſubiect, I ſhould take you
For Idleneſſe it ſelfe.

Cleo. 'Tis ſweating Labour,
To beare ſuch Idleneſſe ſo neere the heart
As *Cleopatra* this. But Sir, forgiue me,
Since my becommings kill me, when they do not
Eye well to you. Your Honor calles you hence,
Therefore be deafe to my vnpittied Folly,
And all the Gods go with you. Vpon your Sword
Sit Lawrell victory, and ſmooth ſucceſſe
Be ſtrew'd before your feete.

Ant. Let vs go.
Come: Our ſeparation ſo abides and flies,
That thou reciding heere, goes yet with mee;
And I hence fleeting, heere remaine with thee.
Away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Octauius reading a Letter, Lepidus,
and their Traine.

Cæſ. You may ſee *Lepidus*, and henceforth know,
It is not *Cæſars* Naturall vice, to hate
One great Competitor. From Alexandria
This is the newes: He fiſhes, drinkes, and waſtes
The Lampes of night in reuell: Is not more manlike
Then *Cleopatra*: nor the Queene of *Ptolomy*
More Womanly then he. Hardly gaue audience
Or vouchſafe to thinke he had Partners. You
Shall finde there a man, who is th'abſtracts of all faults,
That all men follow.

Lep. I muſt not thinke
There are, euils enow to darken all his goodneſſe:
His faults in him, ſeeme as the Spots of Heauen,
More fierie by nights Blackneſſe; Hereditarie,
Rather then purchaſte: what he cannot change,
Then what he chooſes.

Cæſ. You are too indulgent. Let's graunt it is not
Amiſſe to tumble on the bed of *Ptolomy*,
To giue a Kingdome for a Mirth, to ſit
And keepe the turne of Tipling with a Slaue,
To reele the ſtreets at noone, and ſtand the Buffet
With knaues that ſmels of ſweate: Say this becoms him
(As his compoſure muſt be rare indeed,
Whom theſe things cannot blemiſh) yet muſt *Anthony*
No way excuſe his foyles, when we do beare
So great waight in his lightneſſe. If he fill'd
His vacancie with his Voluptuouſneſſe,
Full ſurfets, and the drineſſe of his bones,
Call on him for't. But to confound ſuch time,
That drummes him from his ſport, and ſpeakes as lowd
As his owne State, and ours, 'tis to be chid:
As we rate Boyes, who being mature in knowledge,
Pawne their experience to their preſent pleaſure,
And ſo rebell to iudgement.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Lep. Heere's more newes.

Meſ. Thy biddings haue beene done, & euerie houre
Moſt Noble *Cæſar*, ſhalt thou haue report
How 'tis abroad. *Pompey* is ſtrong at Sea,
And it appeares, he is belou'd of thoſe
That only haue feard *Cæſar*: to the Ports
The diſcontents repaire, and mens reports
Giue him much wrong'd.

Cæſ. I ſhould haue knowne no leſſe,
It hath bin taught vs from the primall ſtate
That he which is was wiſht, vntill he were:
And the ebb'd man,
Ne're lou'd, till ne're worth loue,
Comes fear'd, by being lack'd. This common bodie,
Like to a Vagabond Flagge vpon the Streame,
Goes too, and backe, lacking the varrying tyde

To rot it ſelfe with motion.
Meſ. *Cæſar* I bring thee word,
Menacrates and *Menas* famous Pyrates
Makes the Sea ſerue them, which they eare and wound
With keeles of euery kinde. Many hot inrodes
They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime
Lacke blood to thinke on't, and fluſh youth reuolt,
No Veſſell can peepe forth: but 'tis as ſoone
Taken as ſeene: for *Pompeyes* name ſtrikes more
Then could his Warre reſiſted.
Cæſar. *Anthony*,
Leaue thy laſciuious Vaſſailes. When thou once
Was beaten from *Medena*, where thou ſlew'ſt
Hirſius, and *Pauſa* Conſuls, at thy heele
Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'ſt againſt,
(Though daintily brought vp) with patience more
Then Sauages could ſuffer. Thou did'ſt drinke
The ſtale of Horſes, and the gilded Puddle
Which Beaſts would cough at. Thy pallat thē did daine
The rougheſt Berry, on the rudeſt Hedge.
Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Paſture ſheets,
The barkes of Trees thou brows'd. On the Alpes,
It is reported thou did'ſt eate ſtrange fleſh,
Which ſome did dye to looke on: And all this
(It wounds thine Honor that I ſpeake it now)
Was borne ſo like a Soldiour, that thy cheeke
So much as lank'd not.
Lep. 'Tis pitty of him.
Cæſ. Let his ſhames quickely
Driue him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine
Did ſhew our ſelues i'th'Field, and to that end
Aſſemble me immediate counſell, *Pompey*
Thriues in our Idleneſſe.
Lep. To morrow *Cæſar*,
I ſhall be furniſht to informe you rightly
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able
To front this preſent time.
Cæſ. Til which encounter, it is my buſines too. Farwell.
Lep. Farwell my Lord, what you ſhal know mean time
Of ſtirres abroad, I ſhall beſeech you Sir
To let me be partaker.
Cæſar. Doubt not ſir, I knew it for my Bond. *Exeunt*
Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, & Mardian.
Cleo. *Charmian.*
Char. Madam.
Cleo. Ha, ha, giue me to drinke *Mandragoru.*
Char. Why Madam?
Cleo. That I might ſleepe out this great gap of time:
My *Anthony* is away.
Char. You thinke of him too much.
Cleo. O 'tis Treaſon.
Char. Madam, I truſt not ſo.
Cleo. Thou, Eunuch *Mardian*?
Mar. What's your Highneſſe pleaſure?
Cleo. Not now to heare thee ſing. I take no pleaſure
In ought an Eunuch ha's: Tis well for thee,
That being vnſeminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not flye forth of Egypt. Haſt thou Affections?
Mar. Yes gracious Madam.
Cleo. Indeed?
Mar. Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing
But what in deede is honeſt to be done:
Yet haue I fierce Affections, and thinke
What Venus did with Mars.
Cleo. Oh *Charmion*:
Where think'ſt thou he is now? Stands he, or ſits he?
Or does he walke? Or is he on his Horſe?
Oh happy horſe to beare the weight of *Anthony*!
Do brauely Horſe, for wot'ſt thou whom thou mou'ſt,
The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arme
And Burganet of men. Hee's ſpeaking now,
Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nyle,
(For ſo he cals me:) Now I feede my ſelfe
With moſt delicious poyſon. Thinke on me
That am with Phœbus amorous pinches blacke,
And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted *Cæſar*,
When thou was't heere aboue the ground, I was
A morſell for a Monarke: and great *Pompey*
Would ſtand and make his eyes grow in my brow,
There would he anchor his Aſpect, and dye
With looking on his life.

Enter Alexas from Cæſar.
Alex. Soueraigne of Egypt, haile.
Cleo. How much vnlike art thou *Marke Anthony*?
Yet comming from him, that great Med'cine hath
With his Tinct gilded thee.
How goes it with my braue *Marke Anthonie*?
Alex. Laſt thing he did (deere Queene)
He kiſt the laſt of many doubled kiſſes
This Orient Pearle. His ſpeech ſtickes in my heart.
Cleo. Mine eare muſt plucke it thence.
Alex. Good Friend, quoth he:
Say the firme Roman to great Egypt ſends
This treaſure of an Oyſter; at whoſe foote
To mend the petty preſent, I will peece
Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the Eaſt,
(Say thou) ſhall call her Miſtris. So he nodded,
And ſoberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede,
Who neigh'd ſo hye, that what I would haue ſpoke,
Was beaſtly dumbe by him.
Cleo. What was he ſad, or merry?
Alex. Like to the time o'th'yeare, between ẏ extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor ſad nor merrie.
Cleo. Oh well diuided diſpoſition: Note him,
Note him good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him.
He was not ſad, for he would ſhine on thoſe
That make their lookes by his. He was not merrie,
Which ſeem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his ioy, but betweene both.
Oh heauenly mingle! Bee'ſt thou ſad, or merrie,
The violence of either thee becomes,
So do's it no mans elſe. Met'ſt thou my Poſts?
Alex. I Madam, twenty ſeuerall Meſſengers.
Why do you ſend ſo thicke?
Cleo. Who's borne that day, when I forget to ſend to *Anthonie*, ſhall dye a Begger. Inke and paper *Charmian*. Welcome my good *Alexas*. Did I *Charmian*, euer loue *Cæſar* ſo?
Char. Oh that braue *Cæſar*!
Cleo. Be choak'd with ſuch another Emphaſis,
Say the braue *Anthony*.
Char. The valiant *Cæſar*.
Cleo. By *Iſis*, I will giue thee bloody teeth,
If thou with *Cæſar* Parago nagaine:
My man of men.
Char. By your moſt gracious pardon,
I ſing but after you.
Cleo. My Sallad dayes,
When I was greene in iudgement, cold in blood,
To ſay, as I ſaide then. But come, away,
Get me Inke and Paper,

he ſhall haue euery day a ſeuerall greeting, or Ile vnpeople Egypt. *Exeunt*
Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in warlike manner.
Pom. If the great Gods be iuſt, they ſhall aſſiſt
The deeds of iuſteſt men.
Mene. Know worthy *Pompey*, that what they do delay, they not deny.
Pom. Whiles we are ſutors to their Throne, decayes the thing we ſue for.
Mene. We ignorant of our ſelues,
Begge often our owne harmes, which the wiſe Powres
Deny vs for our good: ſo finde we profit
By looſing of our Prayers.
Pom. I ſhall do well:
The people loue me, and the Sea is mine;
My powers are Creſſent, and my Auguring hope
Sayes it will come to'th'full. *Marke Anthony*
In Egypt ſits at dinner, and will make
No warres without doores. *Cæſar* gets money where
He looſes hearts: *Lepidus* flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loues,
Nor either cares for him.
Mene. *Cæſar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,
A mighty ſtrength they carry.
Pom. Where haue you this? 'Tis falſe.
Mene. From *Siluius*, Sir.
Pom. He dreames: I know they are in Rome together
Looking for *Anthony*: but all the charmes of Loue,
Salt *Cleopatra* ſoften thy wand lip,
Let Witchcraft ioyne with Beauty, Luſt with both,
Tye vp the Libertine in a field of Feaſts,
Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes,
Sharpen with cloyleſſe ſawce his Appetite,
That ſleepe and feeding may prorogue his Honour,
Euen till a Lethied dulneſſe——
Enter Varrius.
How now *Varrius*?
Var. This is moſt certaine, that I ſhall deliuer:
Marke Anthony is euery houre in Rome
Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A ſpace for farther Trauaile.
Pom. I could haue giuen leſſe matter
A better eare. *Menas*, I did not thinke
This amorous Surfetter would haue donn'd his Helme
For ſuch a petty Warre: His Souldierſhip
Is twice the other twaine: But let vs reare
The higher our Opinion, that our ſtirring
Can from the lap of Egypts Widdow, plucke
The neere Luſt-wearied *Anthony*.
Mene. I cannot hope,
Cæſar and *Anthony* ſhall well greet together;
His Wife that's dead, did treſpaſſes to *Cæſar*,
His Brother wan'd vpon him, although I thinke
Not mou'd by *Anthony*.
Pom. I know not *Menas*,
How leſſer Enmities may giue way to greater,
Were't not that we ſtand vp againſt them all:
'Twer pregnant they ſhould ſquare between themſelues,
For they haue entertained cauſe enough
To draw their ſwords: but how the feare of vs
May Ciment their diuiſions, and binde vp
The petty difference, we yet not know:
Bee't as our Gods will haue't; it onely ſtands
Our liues vpon, to vſe our ſtrongeſt hands
Come *Menas*. *Exeunt.*
Enter Enobarbus and Lepidus.
Lep. Good *Enobarbus*, 'tis a worthy deed,
And ſhall become you well, to intreat your Captaine
To ſoft and gentle ſpeech.
Enob. I ſhall intreat him
To anſwer like himſelfe: if *Cæſar* moue him,
Let *Anthony* looke ouer *Cæſars* head,
And ſpeake as lowd as Mars. By Iupiter,
Were I the wearer of *Anthonio's* Beard,
I would not ſhaue't to day.
Lep. 'Tis not a time for priuate ſtomacking.
Eno. Euery time ſerues for the matter that is then borne in't.
Lep. But ſmall to greater matters muſt giue way.
Eno. Not if the ſmall come firſt.
Lep. Your ſpeech is paſſion: but pray you ſtirre
No Embers vp. Heere comes the Noble *Anthony*.
Enter Anthony and Ventidius.
Eno. And yonder *Cæſar*.
Enter Cæſar, Mecenas, and Agrippa.
Ant. If we compoſe well heere, to Parthia:
Hearke *Ventidius*.
Cæſar. I do not know *Mecenas*, aske *Agrippa*.
Lep. Noble Friends:
That which combin'd vs was moſt great, and let not
A leaner action rend vs. What's amiſſe,
May it be gently heard. When we debate
Our triuiall difference loud, we do commit
Murther in healing wounds. Then Noble Partners,
The rather for I earneſtly beſeech,
Touch you the ſowreſt points with ſweeteſt tearmes,
Nor curſtneſſe grow to'th'matter.
Ant. 'Tis ſpoken well:
Were we before our Armies, and to fight,
I ſhould do thus. *Flouriſh.*
Cæſ. Welcome to Rome.
Ant. Thanke you.
Cæſ. Sit.
Ant. Sit ſir.
Cæſ. Nay then.
Ant. I learne, you take things ill, which are not ſo:
Or being, concerne you not.
Cæſ. I muſt be laught at, if or for nothing, or a little, I
Should ſay my ſelfe offended, and with you
Chiefely i'th'world. More laught at, that I ſhould
Once name you derogately: when to ſound your name
It not concern'd me.
Ant. My being in Egypt *Cæſar*, what was't to you?
Cæſ. No more then my reciding heere at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet if you there
Did practiſe on my State, your being in Egypt
Might be my queſtion.
Ant. How intend you, practis'd?
Cæſ. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,
By what did heere befall me. Your Wife and Brother
Made warres vpon me, and their conteſtation
Was Theame for you, you were the word of warre.
Ant. You do miſtake your buſines, my Brother neuer
Did vrge me in his Act: I did inquire it,
And haue my Learning from ſome true reports
That drew their ſwords with you, did he not rather
Diſcredit my authority with yours,
And make the warres alike againſt my ſtomacke,
Hauing alike your cauſe. Of this, my Letters
Before did ſatisfie you. If you'l patch a quarrell,
As matter whole you haue to make it with,

It muſt not be with this.
Cæſ. You praiſe your ſelfe, by laying defects of iudgement to me: but you patcht vp your excuſes.
Anth. Not ſo, not ſo:
I know you could not lacke, I am certaine on't,
Very neceſſity of this thought, that I
Your Partner in the cauſe 'gainſt which he fought,
Could not with gracefull eyes attend thoſe Warres
Which fronted mine owne peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her ſpirit, in ſuch another,
The third oth'world is yours, which with a Snaffle,
You may pace eaſie, but not ſuch a wife.
Enobar. Would we had all ſuch wiues, that the men might go to Warres with the women.
Anth. So much vncurbable, her Garboiles (*Cæſar*)
Made out of her impatience: which not wanted
Shrodeneſſe of policie to: I greeuing grant,
Did you too much diſquiet, for that you muſt,
But ſay I could not helpe it.
Cæſar. I wrote to you, when rioting in Alexandria you
Did pocket vp my Letters: and with taunts
Did gibe my Miſiue out of audience.
Ant. Sir, he fell vpon me, ere admitted, then:
Three Kings I had newly feaſted, and did want
Of what I was i'th'morning: but next day
I told him of my ſelfe, which was as much
As to haue askt him pardon. Let this Fellow
Be nothing of our ſtrife: if we contend
Out of our queſtion wipe him.
Cæſar. You haue broken the Article of your oath, which you ſhall neuer haue tongue to charge me with.
Lep. Soft *Cæſar.*
Ant. No *Lepidus*, let him ſpeake,
The Honour is Sacred which he talks on now,
Suppoſing that I lackt it: but on *Cæſar*,
The Article of my oath.
Cæſar. To lend me Armes, and aide when I requir'd them, the which you both denied.
Anth. Neglected rather:
And then when poyſoned houres had bound me vp
From mine owne knowledge, as neerely as I may,
Ile play the penitent to you. But mine honeſty,
Shall not make poore my greatneſſe, nor my power
Worke without it. Truth is, that *Fuluia*,
To haue me out of Egypt, made Warres heere,
For which my ſelfe, the ignorant motiue, do
So farre aske pardon, as befits mine Honour
To ſtoope in ſuch a caſe.
Lep. 'Tis Noble ſpoken.
Mece. If it might pleaſe you, to enforce no further
The griefes betweene ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember: that the preſent neede,
Speakes to attone you.
Lep. Worthily ſpoken *Mecenas.*
Enobar. Or if you borrow one anothers Loue for the inſtant, you may when you heare no more words of *Pompey* returne it againe: you ſhall haue time to wrangle in, when you haue nothing elſe to do.
Anth. Thou art a Souldier, onely ſpeake no more.
Enob. That truth ſhould be ſilent, I had almoſt forgot.
Anth. You wrong this preſence, therefore ſpeake no more.
Enob. Go too then: your Conſiderate ſtone.
Cæſar. I do not much diſlike the matter, but
The manner of his ſpeech: for't cannot be,
We ſhall remaine in friendſhip, our conditions
So diffring in their acts. Yet if I knew,
What Hoope ſhould hold vs ſtaunch from edge to edge
Ath'world: I would perſue it.
Agri. Giue me leaue *Cæſar.*
Cæſar. Speake *Agrippa.*
Agri. Thou haſt a Siſter by the Mothers ſide, admir'd
Octauia: Great *Mark Anthony* is now a widdower.
Cæſar. Say not, ſay *Agrippa*; if *Cleopater* heard you, your proofe were well deſerued of raſhneſſe.
Anth. I am not marryed *Cæſar*: let me heere *Agrippa* further ſpeake.
Agri. To hold you in perpetuall amitie,
To make you Brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an vn-ſlipping knot, take *Anthony*,
Octauia to his wife: whoſe beauty claimes
No worſe a husband then the beſt of men: whoſe
Vertue, and whoſe generall graces, ſpeake
That which none elſe can vtter. By this marriage,
All little Ielouſies which now ſeeme great,
And all great feares, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing. Truth's would be tales,
Where now halfe tales be truth's: her loue to both,
Would each to other, and all loues to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I haue ſpoke,
For 'tis a ſtudied not a preſent thought,
By duty ruminated.
Anth. Will *Cæſar* ſpeake?
Cæſar. Not till he heares how *Anthony* is toucht,
With what is ſpoke already.
Anth. What power is in *Agrippa*,
If I would ſay *Agrippa* be it ſo,
To make this good?
Cæſar. The power of *Cæſar*,
And his power, vnto *Octauia.*
Anth. May I neuer
(To this good purpoſe, that ſo fairely ſhewes)
Dreame of impediment: let me haue thy hand
Further this act of Grace: and from this houre,
The heart of Brothers gouerne in our Loues,
And ſway our great Deſignes.
Cæſar. There's my hand:
A Siſter I bequeath you, whom no Brother
Did euer loue ſo deerely. Let her liue
To ioyne our kingdomes, and our hearts, and neuer
Flie off our Loues againe.
Lepi. Happily, Amen.
Ant. I did not think to draw my Sword 'gainſt *Pompey*,
For he hath laid ſtrange courteſies, and great
Of late vpon me. I muſt thanke him onely,
Leaſt my remembrance, ſuffer ill report:
At heele of that, defie him.
Lepi. Time cals vpon's,
Of vs muſt *Pompey* preſently be ſought,
Or elſe he ſeekes out vs.
Anth. Where lies he?
Cæſar. About the Mount-Meſena.
Anth. What is his ſtrength by land?
Cæſar. Great, and encreaſing:
But by Sea he is an abſolute Maſter.
Anth. So is the Fame,
Would we had ſpoke together. Haſt we for it,
Yet ere we put our ſelues in Armes, diſpatch we
The buſineſſe we haue talkt of.
Cæſar. With moſt gladneſſe,
And do inuite you to my Siſters view,

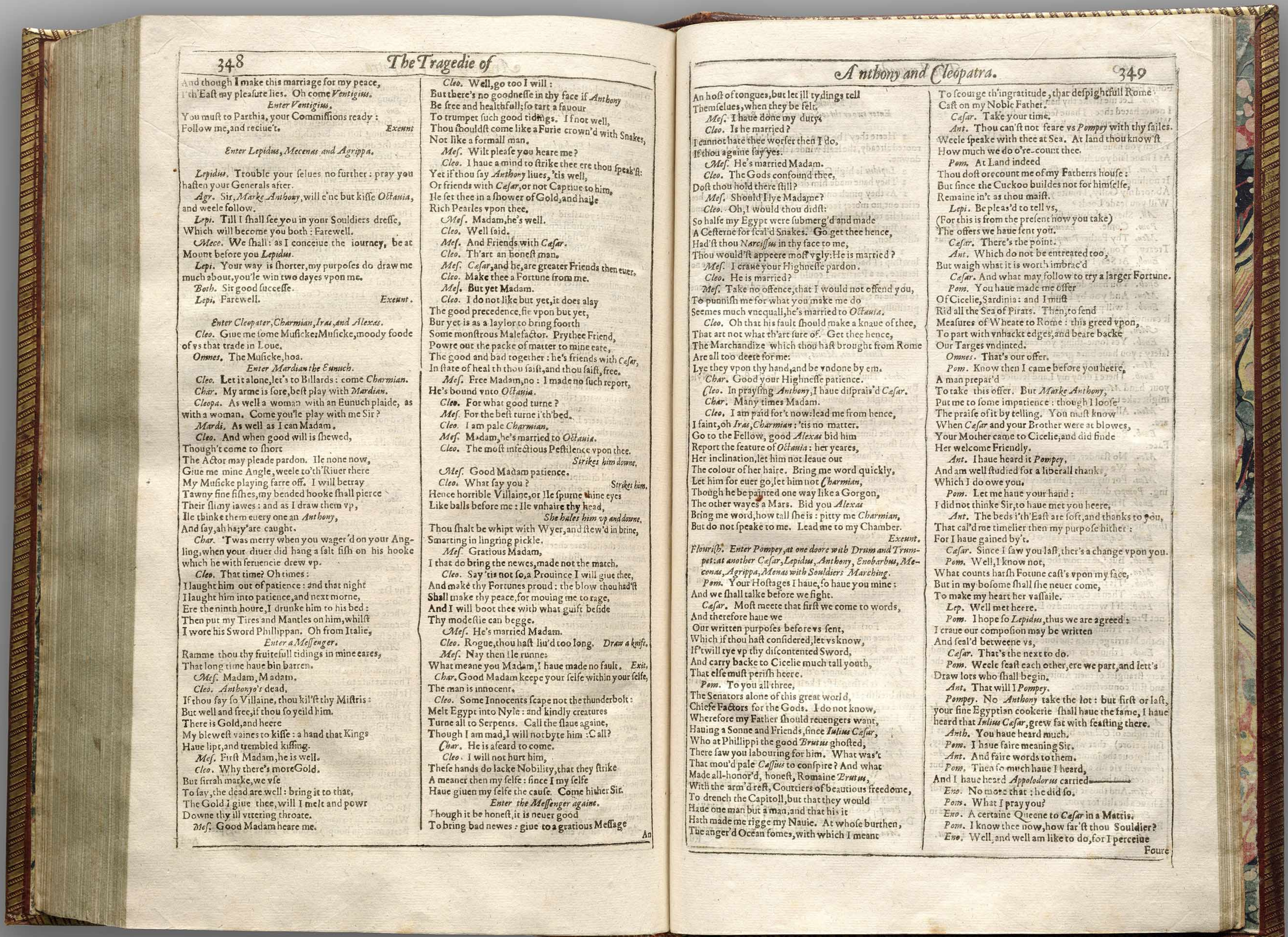
Whe-

Whether ſtraight Ile lead you.
Anth. Let vs *Lepidus* not lacke your companie.
Lep. Noble *Anthony*, not ſickeneſſe ſhould detaine me.
Flouriſh. Exit omnes.
Manet Enobarbus, Agrippa, Mecenas.
Mec. Welcome from Ægypt Sir.
Eno. Halfe the heart of *Cæſar*, worthy *Mecenas.* My honourable Friend *Agrippa.*
Agri. Good *Enobarbus.*
Mece. We haue cauſe to be glad, that matters are ſo well diſgeſted: you ſtaid well by't in Egypt.
Enob. I Sir, we did ſleepe day out of countenaunce: and made the night light with drinking.
Mece. Eight Wilde-Boares roſted whole at a breakfaſt: and but twelue perſons there. Is this true?
Eno. This was but as a Flye by an Eagle: we had much more monſtrous matter of Feaſt, which worthily deſerued noting.
Mecenas. She's a moſt triumphant Lady, if report be ſquare to her.
Enob. When ſhe firſt met *Marke Anthony*, ſhe purſt vp his heart vpon the Riuer of Sidnis.
Agri. There ſhe appear'd indeed: or my reporter deuis'd well for her.
Eno. I will tell you,
The Barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſht Throne
Burnt on the water: the Poope was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sailes: and ſo perfumed that
The Windes were Loue-ſicke.
With them the Owers were Siluer,
Which to the tune of Flutes kept ſtroke, and made
The water which they beate, to follow faſter;
As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her owne perſon,
It beggerd all diſcription, ſhe did lye
In her Pauillion, cloth of Gold, of Tiſſue,
O're-picturing that Venus, where we ſee
The fancie out-worke Nature. On each ſide her,
Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like ſmiling Cupids,
With diuers coulour'd Fannes whoſe winde did ſeeme,
To gloue the delicate cheekes which they did coole,
And what they vndid did.
Agrip. Oh rare for *Anthony.*
Eno. Her Gentlewoman, like the Nereides,
So many Mer-maides tended her i'th'eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the Helme.
A ſeeming Mer-maide ſteeres: The Silken Tackle,
Swell with the touches of thoſe Flower-ſoft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
A ſtrange inuiſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adiacent Wharfes. The Citty caſt
Her people out vpon her: and *Anthony*
Enthron'd i'th'Market-place, did ſit alone,
Whiſling to'th'ayre: which but for vacancie,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopater* too,
And made a gap in Nature.
Agri. Rare Egiptian.
Eno. Vpon her landing, *Anthony* ſent to her,
Inuited her to Supper: ſhe replyed,
It ſhould be better, he became her gueſt:
Which ſhe entreated, our Courteous *Anthony*,
Whom nere the word of no woman hard ſpeake,
Being barber'd ten times o're, goes to the Feaſt;
And for his ordinary, paies his heart,
For what his eyes eate onely.
Agri. Royall Wench:
She made great *Cæſar* lay his Sword to bed,
He ploughed her, and ſhe cropt.
Eno. I ſaw her once
Hop forty Paces through the publicke ſtreete,
And hauing loſt her breath, ſhe ſpoke, and panted,
That ſhe did make defect, perfection,
And breathleſſe powre breath forth.
Mece. Now *Anthony*, muſt leaue her vtterly.
Eno. Neuer he will not:
Age cannot wither her, nor cuſtome ſtale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feede, but ſhe makes hungry,
Where moſt ſhe ſatisfies. For vildeſt things
Become themſelues in her, that the holy Prieſts
Bleſſe her, when ſhe is Riggiſh.
Mece If Beauty, Wiſedome, Modeſty, can ſettle
The heart of *Anthony*: *Octauia* is
A bleſſed Lottery to him.
Agrip. Let vs go. Good *Enobarbus*, make your ſelfe my gueſt, whilſt you abide heere.
Eno. Humbly Sir I thanke you. *Exeunt*

Enter Anthony, Cæſar, Octauia betweene them.

Anth. The world, and my great office, will
Sometimes deuide me from your boſome.
Octa. All which time, before the Gods my knee ſhall bowe my prayers to them for you.
Anth. Goodnight Sir. My *Octauia*
Read not my blemiſhes in the worlds report:
I haue not kept my ſquare, but that to come
Shall all be done byth'Rule: good night deere Lady:
Good night Sir.
Cæſar. Goodnight. *Exit.*
Enter Soothſaier.
Anth. Now ſirrah: you do wiſh your ſelfe in Egypt?
Sooth. Would I had neuer come from thence, nor you thither.
Ant. If you can, your reaſon?
Sooth. I ſee it in my motion: haue it not in my tongue,
But yet hie you to Egypt againe.
Antho. Say to me, whoſe Fortunes ſhall riſe higher
Cæſars or mine?
Soot. *Cæſars.* Therefore (oh *Anthony*) ſtay not by his ſide
Thy Dæmon that thy ſpirit which keepes thee, is
Noble, Couragious, high vnmatchable,
Where *Cæſars* is not. But neere him, thy Angell
Becomes a feare: as being o're-powr'd, therefore
Make ſpace enough betweene you.
Anth. Speake this no more.
Sooth. To none but thee no more but: when to thee,
If thou doſt play with him at any game,
Thou art ſure to looſe: And of that Naturall lucke,
He beats thee 'gainſt the oddes. Thy Luſter thickens,
When he ſhines by: I ſay againe, thy ſpirit
Is all affraid to gouerne thee neere him:
But he alway 'tis Noble.
Anth. Get thee gone:
Say to *Ventigius* I would ſpeake with him. *Exit.*
He ſhall to Parthia, be it Art or hap,
He hath ſpoken true. The very Dice obey him,
And in our ſports my better cunning faints,
Vnder his chance, if we draw lots he ſpeeds,
His Cocks do winne the Battaile, ſtill of mine,
When it is all to naught: and his Quailes euer
Beate mine (in hoopt) at odd's. I will to Egypte:

And



And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I'th'Eaſt my pleaſure lies. Oh come *Ventigius.*

Enter Ventigius.

You muſt to Parthia, your Commiſſions ready:
Follow me, and reciue't. *Exeunt*

Enter Lepidus, Mecenas and Agrippa.

Lepidus. Trouble your ſelues no further: pray you haſten your Generals after.

Agr. Sir, *Marke Anthony*, will e'ne but kiſſe *Octauia*, and weele follow.

Lepi. Till I ſhall ſee you in your Souldiers dreſſe,
Which will become you both: Farewell.

Mece. We ſhall: as I conceiue the iourney, be at Mount before you *Lepidus*.

Lepi. Your way is ſhorter, my purpoſes do draw me much about, you'le win two dayes vpon me.

Both. Sir good ſucceſſe.

Lepi. Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopater, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Giue me ſome Muſicke: Muſicke, moody foode of vs that trade in Loue.

Omnes. The Muſicke, hoa.

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to Billards: come *Charmian.*

Char. My arme is ſore, beſt play with *Mardian.*

Cleopa. As well a woman with an Eunuch plaide, as with a woman. Come you'le play with me Sir?

Mardi. As well as I can Madam.

Cleo. And when good will is ſhewed,
Though't come to ſhort
The Actor may pleade pardon. Ile none now,
Giue me mine Angle, weele to'th'Riuer there
My Muſicke playing farre off. I will betray
Tawny fine fiſhes, my bended hooke ſhall pierce
Their ſlimy iawes: and as I draw them vp,
Ile thinke them euery one an *Anthony*,
And ſay, ah ha; y'are caught.

Char. 'Twas merry when you wager'd on your Angling, when your diuer did hang a ſalt fiſh on his hooke which he with feruencie drew vp.

Cleo. That time? Oh times:
I laught him out of patience: and that night
I laught him into patience, and next morne,
Ere the ninth houre, I drunke him to his bed:
Then put my Tires and Mantles on him, whilſt
I wore his Sword Phillippan. Oh from Italie,

Enter a Meſſenger.

Ramme thou thy fruitefull tidings in mine eares,
That long time haue bin barren.

Meſ. Madam, Madam.

Cleo. *Anthonyo's* dead,
If thou ſay ſo Villaine, thou kil'ſt thy Miſtris:
But well and free, if thou ſo yeild him.
There is Gold, and heere
My bleweſt vaines to kiſſe: a hand that Kings
Haue lipt, and trembled kiſſing.

Meſ. Firſt Madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why there's more Gold.
But ſirrah marke, we vſe
To ſay, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The Gold I giue thee, will I melt and powr
Downe thy ill vttering throate.

Meſ. Good Madam heare me.

Cleo. Well, go too I will:
But there's no goodneſſe in thy face if *Anthony*
Be free and healthfull; ſo tart a fauour
To trumpet ſuch good tidings. If not well,
Thou ſhouldſt come like a Furie crown'd with Snakes,
Not like a formall man.

Meſ. Wilt pleaſe you heare me?

Cleo. I haue a mind to ſtrike thee ere thou ſpeak'ſt:
Yet if thou ſay *Anthony* liues, 'tis well,
Or friends with *Cæſar*, or not Captiue to him,
Ile ſet thee in a ſhower of Gold, and haile
Rich Pearles vpon thee.

Meſ. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well ſaid.

Meſ. And Friends with *Cæſar.*

Cleo. Th'art an honeſt man.

Meſ. *Cæſar*, and he, are greater Friends then euer.

Cleo. Make thee a Fortune from me.

Meſ. But yet Madam.

Cleo. I do not like but yet, it does alay
The good precedence, fie vpon but yet,
But yet is as a Iaylor to bring foorth
Some monſtrous Malefactor. Prythee Friend,
Powre out the packe of matter to mine eare,
The good and bad together: he's friends with *Cæſar*,
In ſtate of heal th thou ſaiſt, and thou ſaiſt, free.

Meſ. Free Madam, no: I made no ſuch report,
He's bound vnto *Octauia.*

Cleo. For what good turne?

Meſ. For the beſt turne i'th'bed.

Cleo. I am pale *Charmian.*

Meſ. Madam, he's married to *Octauia.*

Cleo. The moſt infectious Peſtilence vpon thee.

Strikes him downe.

Meſ. Good Madam patience.

Cleo. What ſay you? *Strikes him.*
Hence horrible Villaine, or Ile ſpurne thine eyes
Like balls before me: Ile vnhaire thy head,

She hales him vp and downe.

Thou ſhalt be whipt with Wyer, and ſtew'd in brine,
Smarting in lingring pickle.

Meſ. Gratious Madam,
I that do bring the newes, made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not ſo, a Prouince I will giue thee,
And make thy Fortunes proud: the blow thou had'ſt
Shall make thy peace, for mouing me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what guift beſide
Thy modeſtie can begge.

Meſ. He's married Madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou haſt liu'd too long. *Draw a knife.*

Meſ. Nay then Ile runne:
What meane you Madam, I haue made no fault. *Exit.*

Char. Good Madam keepe your ſelfe within your ſelfe,
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some Innocents ſcape not the thunderbolt:
Melt Egypt into Nyle: and kindly creatures
Turne all to Serpents. Call the ſlaue againe,
Though I am mad, I will not byte him: Call?

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him,
Theſe hands do lacke Nobility, that they ſtrike
A meaner then my ſelfe: ſince I my ſelfe
Haue giuen my ſelfe the cauſe. Come hither Sir.

Enter the Meſſenger againe.

Though it be honeſt, it is neuer good
To bring bad newes: giue to a gratious Meſſage

An hoſt of tongues, but let ill tydings tell
Themſelues, when they be felt.

Meſ. I haue done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?
I cannot hate thee worſer then I do,
If thou againe ſay yes.

Meſ. He's married Madam.

Cleo. The Gods confound thee,
Doſt thou hold there ſtill?

Meſ. Should I lye Madame?

Cleo. Oh, I would thou didſt:
So halfe my Egypt were ſubmerg'd and made
A Ceſterne for ſcal'd Snakes. Go get thee hence,
Had'ſt thou *Narciſſus* in thy face to me,
Thou would'ſt appeere moſt vgly: He is married?

Meſ. I craue your Highneſſe pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Meſ. Take no offence, that I would not offend you,
To puniſh me for what you make me do
Seemes much vnequall, he's married to *Octauia.*

Cleo. Oh that his fault ſhould make a knaue of thee,
That art not what th'art ſure of. Get thee hence,
The Marchandize which thou haſt brought from Rome
Are all too deere for me:
Lye they vpon thy hand, and be vndone by em.

Char. Good your Highneſſe patience.

Cleo. In prayſing *Anthony*, I haue diſprais'd *Cæſar.*

Char. Many times Madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now: lead me from hence,
I faint, oh *Iras*, *Charmian*: 'tis no matter.
Go to the Fellow, good *Alexas* bid him
Report the feature of *Octauia*: her yeares,
Her inclination, let him not leaue out
The colour of her haire. Bring me word quickly,
Let him for euer go, let him not *Charmian*,
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other wayes a Mars. Bid you *Alexas*
Bring me word, how tall ſhe is: pitty me *Charmian*,
But do not ſpeake to me. Lead me to my Chamber.

Exeunt.

Floriſh. Enter Pompey, at one doore with Drum and Trumpet: at another Cæſar, Lepidus, Anthony, Enobarbus, Mecenas, Agrippa, Menas with Souldiers Marching.

Pom. Your Hoſtages I haue, ſo haue you mine:
And we ſhall talke before we fight.

Cæſar. Moſt meete that firſt we come to words,
And therefore haue we
Our written purpoſes before vs ſent,
Which if thou haſt conſidered, let vs know,
If'twill tye vp thy diſcontented Sword,
And carry backe to Cicelie much tall youth,
That elſe muſt periſh heere.

Pom. To you all three,
The Senators alone of this great world,
Chiefe Factors for the Gods. I do not know,
Wherefore my Father ſhould reuengers want,
Hauing a Sonne and Friends, ſince *Iulius Cæſar*,
Who at Phillippi the good *Brutus* ghoſted,
There ſaw you labouring for him. What was't
That mou'd pale *Caſſius* to conſpire? And what
Made all-honor'd, honeſt, Romaine *Brutus*,
With the arm'd reſt, Courtiers of beautious freedome,
To drench the Capitoll, but that they would
Haue one man but a man, and that his it
Hath made me rigge my Nauie. At whoſe burthen,
The anger'd Ocean fomes, with which I meant
To ſcourge th'ingratitude, that deſpightfull Rome
Caſt on my Noble Father.

Cæſar. Take your time.

Ant. Thou can'ſt not feare vs *Pompey* with thy ſailes.
Weele ſpeake with thee at Sea. At land thou know'ſt
How much we do o're-count thee.

Pom. At Land indeed
Thou doſt orecount me of my Fatherrs houſe:
But ſince the Cuckoo buildes not for himſelfe,
Remaine in't as thou maiſt.

Lepi. Be pleas'd to tell vs,
(For this is from the preſent how you take)
The offers we haue ſent you.

Cæſar. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated too,
But waigh what it is worth imbrac'd

Cæſar. And what may follow to try a larger Fortune.

Pom. You haue made me offer
Of Cicelie, Sardinia: and I muſt
Rid all the Sea of Pirats. Then, to ſend
Meaſures of Wheate to Rome: this greed vpon,
To part with vnhackt edges, and beare backe
Our Targes vndinted.

Omnes. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then I came before you heere,
A man prepar'd
To take this offer. But *Marke Anthony*,
Put me to ſome impatience: though I looſe
The praiſe of it by telling. You muſt know
When *Cæſar* and your Brother were at blowes,
Your Mother came to Cicelie, and did finde
Her welcome Friendly.

Ant. I haue heard it *Pompey*,
And am well ſtudied for a liberall thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me haue your hand:
I did not thinke Sir, to haue met you heere,

Ant. The beds i'th'Eaſt are ſoft, and thanks to you,
That cal'd me timelier then my purpoſe hither:
For I haue gained by't.

Cæſar. Since I ſaw you laſt, ther's a change vpon you.

Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts harſh Fotune caſt's vpon my face,
But in my boſome ſhall ſhe neuer come,
To make my heart her vaſſaile.

Lep. Well met heere.

Pom. I hope ſo *Lepidus*, thus we are agreed:
I craue our compoſion may be written
And ſeal'd betweene vs,

Cæſar. That's the next to do.

Pom. Weele feaſt each other, ere we part, and lett's
Draw lots who ſhall begin.

Ant. That will I *Pompey.*

Pompey. No *Anthony* take the lot: but firſt or laſt, your fine Egyptian cookerie ſhall haue the ſame, I haue heard that *Iulius Cæſar*, grew fat with feaſting there.

Anth. You haue heard much.

Pom. I haue faire meaning Sir.

Ant. And faire words to them.

Pom. Then ſo much haue I heard,
And I haue heard *Appolodorus* carried——

Eno. No more that: he did ſo.

Pom. What I pray you?

Eno. A certaine Queene to *Cæſar* in a Mattris.

Pom. I know thee now, how far'ſt thou Souldier?

Eno. Well, and well am like to do, for I perceiue

Foure Feaſts are toward.

Pom. Let me ſhake thy hand,
I neuer hated thee: I haue ſeene thee fight,
When I haue enuied thy behauiour.

Enob. Sir, I neuer lou'd you much, but I ha'prais'd ye,
When you haue well deſeru'd ten times as much,
As I haue ſaid you did.

Pom. Inioy thy plainneſſe,
It nothing ill becomes thee:
Aboord my Gally, I inuite you all.
Will you leade Lords?

All. Shew's the way, ſir.

Pom. Come. *Exeunt.* *Manet Enob. & Menas*

Men. Thy Father *Pompey* would ne're haue made this Treaty. You, and I haue knowne ſir.

Enob. At Sea, I thinke.

Men. We haue Sir.

Enob. You haue done well by water.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. I will praiſe any man that will praiſe me, thogh it cannot be denied what I haue done by Land.

Men. Nor what I haue done by water.

Enob. Yes ſome-thing you can deny for your owne ſafety: you haue bin a great Theefe by Sea.

Men. And you by Land.

Enob. There I deny my Land ſeruice: but giue mee your hand *Menas*, if our eyes had authority, heere they might take two Theeues kiſſing.

Men. All mens faces are true, whatſomere their hands are.

Enob. But there is neuer a fayre Woman, ha's a true Face.

Men. No ſlander, they ſteale hearts.

Enob. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am ſorry it is turn'd to a Drinking. *Pompey* doth this day laugh away his Fortune.

Enob. If he do, ſure he cannot weep't backe againe.

Men. Y'haue ſaid Sir, we look'd not for *Marke Anthony* heere, pray you, is he married to *Cleopatra*?

Enob. *Cæſars* Siſter is call'd *Octauia*.

Men. True Sir, ſhe was the wife of *Caius Marcellus*.

Enob. But ſhe is now the wife of *Marcus Anthonius*.

Men. Pray'ye ſir.

Enob. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is *Cæſar* and he, for euer knit together.

Enob. If I were bound to Diuine of this vnity, I wold not Propheſie ſo.

Men. I thinke the policy of that purpoſe, made more in the Marriage, then the loue of the parties.

Enob. I thinke ſo too. But you ſhall finde the band that ſeemes to tye their friendſhip together, will bee the very ſtrangler of their Amity: *Octauia* is of a holy, cold, and ſtill conuerſation.

Men. Who would not haue his wife ſo?

Eno. Not he that himſelfe is not ſo: which is *Marke Anthony*: he will to his Egyptian diſh againe: then ſhall the ſighes of *Octauia* blow the fire vp in *Cæſar*, and (as I ſaid before) that which is the ſtrength of their Amity, ſhall proue the immediate Author of their variance. *Anthony* will vſe his affection where it is. Hee married but his occaſion heere.

Men. And thus it may be. Come Sir, will you aboord? I haue a health for you.

Enob. I ſhall take it ſir: we haue vs'd our Throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away. *Exeunt.*

Muſicke playes.
Enter two or three Seruants with a Banket.

1 Heere they'l be man: ſome o'th'their Plants are ill rooted already, the leaſt winde i'th'world wil blow them downe.

2 *Lepidus* is high Conlord.

1 They haue made him drinke Almes drinke.

2 As they pinch one another by the diſpoſition, hee cries out, no more; reconciles them to his entreatie, and himſelfe to'th'drinke.

1 But it raiſes the greater warre betweene him & his diſcretion.

2 Why this it is to haue a name in great mens Fellowſhip: I had as liue haue a Reede that will doe me no ſeruice, as a Partizan I could not heaue.

1 To be call'd into a huge Sphere, and not to be ſeene to moue in't, are the holes where eyes ſhould bee, which pittifully diſaſter the cheekes.

A Sennet ſounded.
Enter Caſar, Anthony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrippa, Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menes, with other Captaines.

Ant. Thus do they Sir: they take the flow o'th'Nyle
By certaine ſcales i'th'Pyramid: they know
By'th'height, the lowneſſe, or the meane: If dearth
Or Foizon follow. The higher Nilus ſwels,
The more it promiſes: as it ebbes, the Seedſman
Vpon the ſlime and Ooze ſcatters his graine,
And ſhortly comes to Haruest.

Lep. Y'haue ſtrange Serpents there?

Anth. I *Lepidus*.

Lep. Your Serpent of Egypt, is bred now of your mud by the operation of your Sun: ſo is your Crocodile.

Ant. They are ſo.

Pom. Sit, and ſome Wine: A health to *Lepidus*.

Lep. I am not ſo well as I ſhould be:
But Ile ne're out.

Enob. Not till you haue ſlept: I feare me you'l bee in till then.

Lep. Nay certainly, I haue heard the *Ptolomies* Pyramiſis are very goodly things: without contradiction I haue heard that.

Menas. *Pompey*, a word.

Pomp. Say in mine eare, what is't.

Men. Forſake thy ſeate I do beſeech thee Captaine,
And heare me ſpeake a word.

Pom. Forbeare me till anon. *Whiſpers in's Eare.*
This Wine for *Lepidus*.

Lep. What manner o'thing is your Crocodile?

Ant. It is ſhap'd ſir like it ſelfe, and it is as broad as it hath bredth; It is iuſt ſo high as it is, and mooues with it owne organs. It liues by that which nouriſheth it, and the Elements once out of it, it Tranſmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of it owne colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a ſtrange Serpent.

Ant. 'Tis ſo, and the teares of it are wet.

Caſ. Will this deſcription ſatisfie him?

Ant. With the Health that *Pompey* giues him, elſe he is a very Epicure.

Pomp. Go hang ſir, hang: tell me of that? Away:
Do as I bid you. Where's this Cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the ſake of Merit thou wilt heare mee,

Riſe from thy ſtoole.

Pom. I thinke th'art mad: the matter?

Men. I haue euer held my cap off to thy Fortunes.

Pom. Thou haſt ſeru'd me with much faith: what's elſe to ſay? Be iolly Lords.

Anth. Theſe Quicke-ſands *Lepidus*,
Keepe off, them for you ſinke.

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of all the world?

Pom. What ſaiſt thou?

Men. Wilt thou be Lord of the whole world?
That's twice.

Pom. How ſhould that be?

Men. But entertaine it, and though thou thinke me poore, I am the man will giue thee all the world.

Pom. Haſt thou drunke well.

Men. No *Pompey*, I haue kept me from the cup,
Thou art if thou dar'ſt be, the earthly Ioue:
What ere the Ocean pales, or skie inclippes,
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Shew me which way?

Men. Theſe three World-ſharers, theſe Competitors
Are in thy veſſell. Let me cut the Cable,
And when we are put off, fall to their throates:
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou ſhouldſt haue done,
And not haue ſpoke on't. In me 'tis villanie,
In thee, 't had bin good ſeruice: thou muſt know,
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine Honour:
Mine Honour it, Repent that ere thy tongue,
Hath ſo betraide thine acte. Being done vnknowne,
I ſhould haue found it afterwards well done,
But muſt condemne it now: deſiſt, and drinke.

Men. For this, Ile neuer follow
Thy paul'd Fortunes more,
Who ſeekes and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,
Shall neuer finde it more.

Pom. This health to *Lepidus*.

Ant. Beare him aſhore,
Ile pledge it for him *Pompey*.

Eno. Heere's to thee *Menas*.

Men. *Enobarbus*, welcome.

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a ſtrong Fellow *Menas*.

Men. Why?

Eno. A beares the third part of the world man: ſeeſt not?

Men. The third part, then he is drunk: would it were all, that it might go on wheeles.

Eno. Drinke thou: encreaſe the Reeles.

Men Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian Feaſt.

Ant. It ripen's towards it: ſtrike the Veſſells hoa.
Heere's to *Cæſar*.

Cæſar. I could well forbear't, it's monſtrous labour when I waſh my braine, and it grow fouler.

Ant. Be a Child o'th'time.

Cæſar. Poſſeſſe it, Ile make anſwer: but I had rather faſt from all, foure dayes, then drinke ſo much in one.

Enob. Ha my braue Emperour, ſhall we daunce now the Egyptian Backenals, and celebrate our drinke?

Pom. Let's ha't good Souldier.

Ant. Come, let's all take hands,
Till that the conquering Wine hath ſteep't our ſenſe,
In ſoft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands:
Make battery to our eares with the loud Muſicke,
The while, Ile place you, then the Boy ſhall ſing.
The holding euery man ſhall beate as loud,
As his ſtrong ſides can volly.

Muſicke Playes. *Enobarbus places them hand in hand.*

The Song.

Come thou Monarch of the Vine,
Plumpie Bacchus, with pinke eyne:
In thy Fattes our Cares be drown'd,
With thy Grapes our haires be Crown'd.
Cup vs till the world go round,
Cup vs till the world go round.

Cæſar. What would you more?
Pompey goodnight. Good Brother
Let me requeſt you of our grauer buſineſſe
Frownes at this leuitie. Gentle Lords let's part,
You ſee we haue burnt our cheekes. Strong *Enobarbe*
Is weaker then the Wine, and mine owne tongue
Spleet's what it ſpeakes: the wilde diſguiſe hath almoſt
Antickt vs all. What needs more words? goodnight.
Good *Anthony* your hand.

Pom. Ile try you on the ſhore.

Anth. And ſhall Sir, giues your hand.

Pom. Oh *Anthony*, you haue my Father houſe.
But what, we are Friends?
Come downe into the Boate.

Eno. Take heed you fall not *Menas*: Ile not on ſhore,
No to my Cabin: theſe Drummes,
Theſe Trumpets, Flutes: what
Let Neptune heare, we bid aloud farewell
To theſe great Fellowes. Sound and be hang'd, ſound out.

Sound a Flouriſh with Drummes.

Enor. Hoo ſaies a there's my Cap.

Men. Hoa, Noble Captaine, come. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ventidius as it were in triumph, the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now darting Parthya art thou ſtroke, and now
Pleas'd Fortune does of *Marcus Craſſus* death
Make me reuenger. Beare the Kings Sonnes body,
Before our Army thy *Pacorus Orades*,
Paies this for *Marcus Craſſus*.

Romaine. Noble *Ventidius*,
Whil'ſt yet with Parthian blood thy Sword is warme,
The Fugitiue Parthians follow. Spurre through Media,
Meſapotamia, and the ſhelters, whether
The routed flie. So thy grand Captaine *Anthony*
Shall ſet thee on triumphant Chariots, and
Put Garlands on thy head.

Ven. Oh *Sillius*, *Sillius*,
I haue done enough. A lower place note well
May make too great an act. For learne this *Sillius*,
Better to leaue vndone, then by our deed
Acquire too high a Fame, when him we ſerues away.
Cæſar and *Anthony*, haue euer wonne
More in their officer, then perſon. *Soſſius*
One of my place in Syria, his Lieutenant,
For quicke accumulation of renowne,
Which he atchiu'd by'th'minute, loſt his fauour.
Who does i'th'Warres more then his Captaine can,
Becomes his Captaines Captaine: and Ambition
(The Souldiers vertue) rather makes choiſe of loſſe
Then gaine, which darkens him.
I could do more to do *Anthonius* good,
But 'twould offend him. And in his offence,

Should my performance periſh.
Rom. Thou haſt *Ventidius* that, without the which a
Souldier and his Sword graunts ſcarce diſtinction : thou
wilt write to *Anthony*.
Ven. Ile humbly ſignifie what in his name,
That magicall word of Warre we haue effected,
How with his Banners, and his well paid ranks,
The nere-yet beaten Horſe of Parthia,
We haue iaded out o'th Field.
Rom. Where is he now?
Ven. He purpoſeth to Athens, whither with what haſt
The waight we muſt conuay with's, will permit :
We ſhall appeare before him. On there, paſſe along.
Exeunt.

Enter Agrippa at one doore, Enobarbus at another.

Agri. What are the Brothers parted?
Eno. They haue diſpatcht with *Pompey*, he is gone,
The other three are Sealing. *Octauia* weepes
To part from Rome : *Cæſar* is ſad, and *Lepidus*
Since *Pompey's* feaſt, as *Menas* ſaies, is troubled
With the Greene-Sickneſſe.
Agri. 'Tis a Noble *Lepidus*.
Eno. A very fine one : oh, how he loues *Cæſar*.
Agri. Nay but how deerely he adores *Mark Anthony*.
Eno. *Cæſar*? why he's the Iupiter of men.
Ant. What's *Anthony*, the God of Iupiter?
Eno. Spake you of *Cæſar*? How, the non-pareill?
Agri. Oh *Anthony*, oh thou Arabian Bird!
Eno. Would you praiſe *Cæſar*, ſay *Cæſar* go no further.
Agr. Indeed he plied them both with excellent praiſes.
Eno. But he loues *Cæſar* beſt, yet he loues *Anthony* :
Hoo, Hearts, Tongues, Figure,
Scribes, Bards, Poets, cannot
Thinke ſpeake, caſt, write, ſing, number : hoo,
His loue to *Anthony*. But as for *Cæſar*,
Kneele downe, kneele downe, and wonder.
Agri. Both he loues.
Eno. They are his Shards, and he their Beetle, ſo:
This is to horſe : Adieu, Noble *Agrippa*.
Agri. Good Fortune worthy Souldier, and farewell.

Enter Cæſar, Anthony, Lepidus, and Octauia.

Antho. No further Sir.
Cæſar. You take from me a great part of my ſelfe:
Vſe me well in't. Siſter, proue ſuch a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my fartheſt Band
Shall paſſe on thy approofe : moſt Noble *Anthony*,
Let not the peece of Vertue which is ſet
Betwixt vs, as the Cyment of our loue
To keepe it builded, be the Ramme to batter
The Fortreſſe of it: for better might we
Haue lou'd without this meane, if on both parts
This be not cheriſht.
Ant. Make me not offended, in your diſtruſt.
Cæſar. I haue ſaid.
Ant. You ſhall not finde,
Though you be therein curious, the left cauſe
For what you ſeeme to feare, ſo the Gods keepe you,
And make the hearts of Romaines ſerue your ends :
We will heere part.
Cæſar. Farewell my deereſt Siſter, fare thee well,
The Elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy ſpirits all of comfort : fare thee well.
Octa. My Noble Brother.
Anth. The Aprill's in her eyes, it is Loues ſpring,
And theſe the ſhowers to bring it on : be cheerfull.
Octa. Sir, looke well to my Husbands houſe : and—
Cæſar. What *Octauia*?
Octa. Ile tell you in your eare.
Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart informe her tougue.
The Swannes downe feather
That ſtands vpon the Swell at the full of Tide :
And neither way inclines.
Eno. Will *Cæſar* weepe?
Agr. He ha's a cloud in's face.
Eno. He were the worſe for that were he a Horſe, ſo is
he being a man.
Agri. Why *Enobarbus* :
When *Anthony* found *Iulius Cæſar* dead,
He cried almoſt to roaring : And he wept,
When at Phillippi he found *Brutus* ſlaine.
Eno. That year indeed, he was trobled with a rheume,
What willingly he did confound, he wail'd,
Beleeu't till I weepe too.
Cæſar. No ſweet *Octauia*,
You ſhall heare from me ſtill : the time ſhall not
Out-go my thinking on you.
Ant. Come Sir, come,
Ile wraſtle with you in my ſtrength of loue,
Looke heere I haue you, thus I let you go,
And giue you to the Gods.
Cæſar. Adieu, be happy.
Lep. Let all the number of the Starres giue light
To thy faire way.
Cæſar. Farewell, farewell. *Kiſſes Octauia.*
Ant. Farewell. *Trumpets ſound.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleo. Where is the Fellow?
Alex. Halfe afeard to come.
Cleo. Go too, go too : Come hither Sir.
Enter the Meſſenger as before.
Alex. Good Maieſtie: *Herod* of Iury dare not looke
vpon you, but when you are well pleas'd.
Cleo. That *Herods* head, Ile haue : but how? When
Anthony is gone, through whom I might commaund it;
Come thou neere.
Meſ. Moſt gratious Maieſtie.
Cleo. Did'ſt thou behold *Octauia*?
Meſ. I dread Queene.
Cleo. Where?
Meſ. Madam in Rome, I lookt her in the face : and
ſaw her led betweene her Brother, and *Marke Anthony*.
Cleo. Is ſhe as tall as me?
Meſ. She is not Madam.
Cleo. Didſt heare her ſpeake?
Is ſhe ſhrill tongu'd or low?
Meſ. Madam, I heard her ſpeake, ſhe is low voic'd.
Cleo. That's not ſo good : he cannot like her long.
Char. Like her? Oh *Iſis* : 'tis impoſſible.
Cleo. I thinke ſo *Charmian* : dull of tongue, & dwarfiſh
What Maieſtie is in her gate, remember
If ere thou look'ſt on Maieſtie.
Meſ. She creepes: her motion, & her ſtation are as one:
She ſhewes a body, rather then a life,
A Statue, then a Breather.
Cleo. Is this certaine?
Meſ. Or I haue no obſeruance.
Cha. Three in Egypt cannot make better note.
Cleo. He's very knowing, I do perceiu't,
There's nothing in her yet.

The Fellow ha's good iudgement.
Char. Excellent.
Cleo. Gueſſe at her yeares, I prythee.
Meſſ. Madam, ſhe was a widdow.
Cleo. Widdow? *Charmian*, hearke.
Meſ. And I do thinke ſhe's thirtie.
Cle. Bear'ſt thou her face in mind? is't long or round?
Meſſ. Round, euen to faultineſſe.
Cleo. For the moſt part too, they are fooliſh that are
ſo. Her haire what colour?
Meſſ. Browne Madam : and her forehead
As low as ſhe would wiſh it.
Cleo. There's Gold for thee,
Thou muſt not take my former ſharpeneſſe ill,
I will employ thee backe againe : I finde thee
Moſt fit for buſineſſe. Go, make thee ready,
Our Letters are prepar'd.
Char. A proper man.
Cleo. Indeed he is ſo : I repent me much
That ſo I harried him. Why me think's by him,
This Creature's no ſuch thing.
Char. Nothing Madam.
Cleo. The man hath ſeene ſome Maieſty, and ſhould
know.
Char. Hath he ſeene Maieſtie? *Iſis* elſe defend : and
ſeruing you ſo long.
Cleopa. I haue one thing more to aske him yet good
Charmian : but 'tis no matter, thou ſhalt bring him to me
where I will write; all may be well enough.
Char. I warrant you Madam. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony and Octauia.

Ant. Nay, nay *Octauia*, not onely that,
That were excuſable, that and thouſands more
Of ſemblable import, but he hath wag'd
New Warres 'gainſt *Pompey*. Made his will, and read it,
To publicke eare, ſpoke ſcantly of me,
When perforce he could not
But pay me tearmes of Honour : cold and ſickly
He vented then moſt narrow meaſure; lent me,
When the beſt hint was giuen him : he not look't,
Or did it from his teeth.
Octaui. Oh my good Lord,
Beleeue not all, or if you muſt beleeue,
Stomacke not all. A more vnhappie Lady,
If this deuiſion chance, ne're ſtood betweene
Praying for both parts :
The good Gods wil mocke me preſently,
When I ſhall pray: Oh bleſſe my Lord, and Husband,
Vndo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
Oh bleſſe my Brother. Husband winne, winne Brother,
Prayes, and diſtroyes the prayer, no midway
'Twixt theſe extreames at all.
Ant. Gentle *Octauia*,
Let your beſt loue draw to that point which ſeeks
Beſt to preſerue it : if I looſe mine Honour,
I looſe my ſelfe: better I were not yours
Then your ſo branchleſſe. But as you requeſted,
Your ſelfe ſhall go between's, the meane time Lady,
Ile raiſe the preparation of a Warre
Shall ſtaine your Brother, make your ſooneſt haſt,
So your deſires are yours.
Oct. Thanks to my Lord,
The Ioue of power make me moſt weake, moſt weake,
You reconciler: Warres 'twixt you twaine would be,
As if the world ſhould cleaue, and that ſlaine men
Should ſoader vp the Rift.
Anth. When it appeeres to you where this begins,
Turne your diſpleaſure that way, for our faults
Can neuer be ſo equall, that your loue
Can equally moue with them. Prouide your going,
Chooſe your owne company, and command what coſt
Your heart he's mind too. *Exeunt.*

Enter Enobarbus, and Eros.

Eno. How now Friend *Eros*?
Eros. Ther's ſtrange Newes come Sir.
Eno. What man?
Ero. *Cæſar* & *Lepidus* haue made warres vpon *Pompey*.
Eno. This is old, what is the ſucceſſe?
Eros. *Cæſar* hauing made vſe of him in the warres
'gainſt *Pompey* : preſently denied him riuality, would not
let him partake in the glory of the action, and not reſting
here, accuſes him of Letters he had formerly wrote to
Pompey. Vpon his owne appeale ſeizes him, ſo the poore
third is vp, till death enlarge his Confine.
Eno. Then would thou hadſt a paire of chaps no more,
and throw betweene them all the food thou haſt, they'le
grinde the other. Where's *Anthony*?
Eros. He's walking in the garden thus, and ſpurnes
The ruſh that lies before him. Cries Foole *Lepidus*,
And threats the throate of that his Officer,
That murdred *Pompey*.
Eno. Our great Nauies rig'd.
Eros. For Italy and *Cæſar*, more *Domitius*,
My Lord deſires you preſently : my Newes
I might haue told heareafter.
Eno. 'Twill be naught, but let it be: bring me to *Anthony*.
Eros. Come Sir, *Exeunt.*

Enter Agrippa, Mecenas, and Cæſar.

Cæſ. Contemning Rome he ha's done all this, & more
In Alexandria : heere's the manner of't :
I'th' Market-place on a Tribunall ſiluer'd,
Cleopatra and himſelfe in Chaires of Gold
Were publikely enthron'd : at the feet, ſat
Cæſarion whom they call my Fathers Sonne,
And all the vnlawfull iſſue, that their Luſt
Since then hath made betweene them. Vnto her,
He gaue the ſtabliſhment of Egypt, made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, abſolute Queene.
Mece. This in the publike eye?
Cæſar. I'th' common ſhew place, where they exerciſe,
His Sonnes hither proclaimed the King of Kings,
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia
He gaue to *Alexander*. To *Ptolomy* he aſſign'd,
Syria, Silicia, and Phœnetia : ſhe
In th' abiliments of the Goddeſſe *Iſis*
That day appeer'd, and oft before gaue audience,
As 'tis reported ſo.
Mece. Let Rome be thus inform'd.
Agri. Who queazie with his inſolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.
Cæſar. The people knowes it,
And haue now receiu'd his accuſations.
Agri. Who does he accuſe?
Cæſar. *Cæſar*, and that hauing in Cicilie
Sextus Pompeius ſpoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o'th' Iſle. Then does he ſay, he lent me
Some ſhipping vnreſtor'd. Laſtly, he frets
That *Lepidus* of the Triumpherate, ſhould be depos'd,
And being that, we detaine all his Reuenue.
Agri. Sir, this ſhould be anſwer'd.
Cæſar. 'Tis done already, and the Meſſenger gone :
I haue told him *Lepidus* was growne too cruell,

That he his high Authority abus'd,
And did deſerue his change: for what I haue conquer'd,
I grant him part: but then in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd Kingdoms, I demand the like
Mec. Hee'l neuer yeeld to that.
Cæſ. Nor muſt not then be yeelded to in this.
Enter Octauia with her Traine.
Octa. Haile *Cæſar*, and my L. haile moſt deere *Cæſar.*
Cæſar. That euer I ſhould call thee Caſt-away.
Octa. You haue not call'd me ſo, nor haue you cauſe.
Cæſ. Why haue you ſtoln vpon vs thus? you come not
Like *Cæſars* Siſter, The wife of *Anthony*
Should haue an Army for an Vſher, and
The neighes of Horſe to tell of her approach,
Long ere ſhe did appeare. The trees by'th'way
Should haue borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the duſt
Should haue aſcended to the Roofe of Heauen,
Rais'd by your populous Troopes: But you are come
A Market-maid to Rome, and haue preuented
The oſtentation of our loue; which left vnſhewne,
Is often left vnlou'd: we ſhould haue met you
By Sea, and Land, ſupplying euery Stage
With an augmented greeting.
Octa. Good my Lord,
To come thus was I not conſtrain'd, but did it
On my free-will. My Lord *Marke Anthony*,
Hearing that you prepar'd for Warre, acquainted
My greeued eare withall; whereon I begg'd
His pardon for returne.
Cæſ. Which ſoone he granted,
Being an abſtract 'tweene his Luſt, and him.
Octa. Do not ſay ſo, my Lord.
Cæſ. I haue eyes vpon him,
And his affaires come to me on the wind: wher is he now?
Octa. My Lord, in Athens.
Cæſar. No my moſt wronged Siſter, *Cleopatra*
Hath nodded him to her. He hath giuen his Empire
Vp to a Whore, who now are leuying
The Kings o'th'earth for Warre. He hath aſſembled,
Bochus the King of Lybia, *Archilaus*
Of Cappadocia, *Philadelphos* King
Of Paphlagonia: the Thracian King *Adullas*,
King *Mauchus* of Arabia, King of Pont,
Herod of Iewry, *Mithridates* King
Of Comageat, *Polemen* and *Amintas*,
The Kings of Mede, and Licoania,
With a more larger Liſt of Scepters.
Octa. Aye me moſt wretched,
That haue my heart parted betwixt two Friends,
That does afflict each other. (breaking forth
Cæſ. Welcom hither: your Letters did with-holde our
Till we perceiu'd both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger: cheere your heart,
Be you not troubled with the time, which driues
O're your content, theſe ſtrong neceſſities,
But let determin'd things to deſtinie
Hold vnbewayl'd their way. Welcome to Rome,
Nothing more deere to me: You are abus'd
Beyond the marke of thought: and the high Gods
To do you Iuſtice, makes his Miniſters
Of vs, and thoſe that loue you. Beſt of comfort,
And euer welcom to vs. *Agrip.* Welcome Lady.
Mec. Welcome deere Madam,
Each heart in Rome does loue and pitty you,
Onely th'adulterous *Anthony*, moſt large
In his abhominations, turnes you off,
And giues his potent Regiment to a Trull
That noyſes it againſt vs.
Octa. Is it ſo ſir?
Cæſ. Moſt certaine: Siſter welcome: pray you
Be euer knowne to patience. My deer'ſt Siſter. *Exeunt*
Enter Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.
Cleo. I will be euen with thee, doubt it not.
Eno. But why, why, why?
Cleo. Thou haſt forſpoke my being in theſe warres,
And ſay'ſt it it not fit.
Eno. Well: is it, is it.
Cleo. If not, denounc'd againſt vs, why ſhould not
we be there in perſon.
Enob. Well, I could reply: if wee ſhould ſerue with
Horſe and Mares together, the Horſe were meerly loſt:
the Mares would beare a Soldiour and his Horſe.
Cleo. What is't you ſay?
Enob. Your preſence needs muſt puzle *Anthony*,
Take from his heart, take from his Braine, from's time,
What ſhould not then be ſpar'd. He is already
Traduc'd for Leuity, and 'tis ſaid in Rome,
That *Photinus* an Eunuch, and your Maides
Mannage this warre.
Cleo. Sinke Rome, and their tongues rot
That ſpeake againſt vs. A Charge we beare i'th'Warre,
And as the preſident of my Kingdome will
Appeare there for a man. Speake not againſt it,
I will not ſtay behinde.
Enter Anthony and Camidias.
Eno. Nay I haue done, here comes the Emperor.
Ant. Is it not ſtrange *Camidius*,
That from Tarrentum, and Brunduſium,
He could ſo quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
And take in Troine. You haue heard on't (Sweet?)
Cleo. Celerity is neuer more admir'd,
Then by the negligent.
Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might haue well becom'd the beſt of men
To taunt at ſlackneſſe. *Camidius*, wee
Will fight with him by Sea.
Cleo. By Sea, what elſe?
Cam. Why will my Lord, do ſo?
Ant. For that he dares vs too't.
Enob. So hath my Lord, dar'd him to ſingle fight.
Cam. I, and to wage this Battell at Pharſalia,
Where *Cæſar* fought with *Pompey*. But theſe offers
Which ſerue not for his vantage, he ſhakes off,
And ſo ſhould you.
Enob. Your Shippes are not well mann'd,
Your Marriners are Militers, Reapers, people
Ingroſt by ſwift Impreſſe. In *Cæſars* Fleete,
Are thoſe, that often haue 'gainſt *Pompey* fought,
Their ſhippes are yare, yours heauy: no diſgrace
Shall fall you for refuſing him at Sea,
Being prepar'd for Land.
Ant. By Sea, by Sea.
Eno. Moſt worthy Sir, you therein throw away
The abſolute Soldierſhip you haue by Land,
Diſtract your Armie, which doth moſt conſiſt
Of Warre-markt-footmen, leaue vnexecuted
Your owne renowned knowledge, quite forgoe
The way which promiſes aſſurance, and
Giue vp your ſelfe meerly to chance and hazard,
From firme Securitie.
Ant. Ile fight at Sea.

Cleo. I haue ſixty Sailes, *Cæſar* none better.
Ant. Our ouer-plus of ſhipping will we burne,
And with the reſt full mann'd, from th'head of Action
Beate th'approaching *Cæſar*. But if we faile,
We then can doo't at Land. *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Thy Buſineſſe?
Meſ. The Newes is true, my Lord, he is deſcried,
Cæſar ha's taken Toryne.
Ant, Can he be there in perſon? 'Tis impoſſible
Strange, that his power ſhould be. *Camidius*,
Our nineteene Legions thou ſhalt hold by Land,
And our twelue thouſand Horſe. Wee'l to our Ship,
Away my *Thetis*.
Enter a Soldiour.
How now worthy Souldier?
Soul. Oh Noble Emperor, do not fight by Sea,
Truſt not to rotten plankes: Do you miſdoubt
This Sword, and theſe my Wounds; let th'Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a ducking: wee
Haue vs'd to conquer ſtanding on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.
Ant. Well, well, away. *exit Ant. Cleo. & Enob.*
Soul. By *Hercules* I thinke I am i'th'right.
Cam. Souldier thou art: but his whole action growes
Not in the power on't: ſo our Leaders leade,
And we are Womens men.
Soul. You keepe by Land the Legions and the Horſe
whole, do you not?
Ven. Marcus Octauius, Marcus Iuſteus,
Publicola, and *Celius*, are for Sea:
But we keepe whole by Land. This ſpeede of *Cæſars*
Carries beyond beleefe.
Soul. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in ſuch diſtractions,
As beguilde all Spies.
Cam. Who's his Lieutenant, heare you?
Soul. They ſay, one *Towrus*.
Cam. Well, I know the man.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. The Emperor cals *Camidius*.
Cam. With Newes the times with Labour,
And throwes forth each minute, ſome. *exeunt*

Enter Cæſar with his Army, marching.

Cæſ. Towrus?
Tow. My Lord.
Cæſ. Strike not by Land,
Keepe whole, prouoke not Battaile
Till we haue done at Sea. Do not exceede
The Preſcript of this Scroule: Our fortune lyes
Vpon this iumpe. *exit.*
Enter Anthony, and Enobarbus.
Ant. Set we our Squadrons on yond ſide o'th'Hill,
In eye of *Cæſars* battaile, from which place
We may the number of the Ships behold,
And ſo proceed accordingly. *exit.*

Camidius Marcheth with his Land Army one way ouer the
ſtage, and Towrus the Lieutenant of Cæſar the other way:
After their going in, is heard the noiſe of a Sea-fight.
Alarum. Enter Enobarbus and Scarus.

Eno. Naught, naught, al naught, I can behold no longer:
Thantoniad, the Egyptian Admirall,
With all their ſixty flye, and turne the Rudder:
To ſee't, mine eyes are blaſted.
Enter Scarrus.
Scar. Gods, & Goddeſſes, all the whol ſynod of them!
Eno. What's thy paſſion.
Scar. The greater Cantle of the world, is loſt
With very ignorance, we haue kiſt away
Kingdomes, and Prouinces.
Eno. How appeares the Fight?
Scar. On our ſide, like the Token'd Peſtilence,
Where death is ſure. Yon ribaudred Nagge of Egypt,
(Whom Leproſie o're-take) i'th'midſt o'th'fight,
When vantage like a payre of Twinnes appear'd
Both as the ſame, or rather ours the elder;
(The Breeze vpon her) like a Cow in Inne,
Hoiſts Sailes, and flyes.
Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did ſicken at the ſight, and could not
Indure a further view.
Scar. She once being looſt,
The Noble ruine of her Magicke, *Anthony*,
Claps on his Sea-wing, and (like a doting Mallard)
Leauing the Fight in heighth, flyes after her:
I neuer ſaw an Action of ſuch ſhame;
Experience, Man-hood, Honor, ne're before,
Did violate ſo it ſelfe.
Enob. Alacke, alacke.
Enter Camidius.
Cam. Our Fortune on the Sea is out of breath,
And ſinkes moſt lamentably. Had our Generall
Bin what he knew himſelfe, it had gone well:
Oh his ha's giuen example for our flight,
Moſt groſſely by his owne.
Enob. I, are you thereabouts? Why then goodnight
indeede.
Cam. Toward Peloponneſus are they fled.
Scar. 'Tis eaſie toot,
And there I will attend what further comes.
Camid. To *Cæſar* will I render
My Legions and my Horſe, ſixe Kings alreadie
Shew me the way of yeelding.
Eno. Ile yet follow
The wounded chance of *Anthony*, though my reaſon
Sits in the winde againſt me.
Enter Anthony with Attendants.
Ant. Hearke, the Land bids me tread no more vpon't,
It is aſham'd to beare me. Friends, come hither,
I am ſo lated in the world, that I
Haue loſt my way for euer. I haue a ſhippe,
Laden with Gold, take that, diuide it: flye,
And make your peace with *Cæſar*.
Omnes. Fly? Not wee.
Ant. I haue fled my ſelfe, and haue inſtructed cowards
To runne, and ſhew their ſhoulders. Friends be gone,
I haue my ſelfe reſolu'd vpon a courſe,
Which has no neede of you. Be gone,
My Treaſure's in the Harbour. Take it: Oh,
I follow'd that I bluſh to looke vpon,
My very haires do mutiny: for the white
Reproue the browne for raſhneſſe, and they them
For feare, and doting. Friends be gone, you ſhall
Haue Letters from me to ſome Friends, that will
Sweepe your way for you. Pray you looke not ſad,
Nor make replyes of loathneſſe, take the hint
Which my diſpaire proclaimes. Let them be left
Which leaues it ſelfe, to the Sea-ſide ſtraight way;
I will poſſeſſe you of that ſhip and Treaſure.

Leaue me, I pray a little: pray you now,
Nay do ſo: for indeede I haue loſt command,
Therefore I pray you, Ile ſee you by and by. *Sits downe*

Enter Cleopatra led by Charmian and Eros.

Eros. Nay gentle Madam, to him, comfort him.
Iras. Do moſt deere Queene.
Char. Do, why, what elſe?
Cleo. Let me ſit downe: Oh *Iuno.*
Ant. No, no, no, no, no.
Eros. See you heere, Sir?
Ant. Oh fie, fie, fie.
Char. Madam.
Iras. Madam, oh good Empreſſe.
Eros. Sir, ſir.
Ant. Yes my Lord, yes; he at Philippi kept
His ſword e'ne like a dancer, while I ſtrooke
The leane and wrinkled *Caſſius*, and 'twas I
That the mad *Brutus* ended: he alone
Dealt on Lieutenantry, and no practiſe had
In the braue ſquares of Warre: yet now: no matter.
Cleo. Ah ſtand by.
Eros. The Queene my Lord, the Queene.
Iras. Go to him, Madam, ſpeake to him,
Hee's vnqualited with very ſhame.
Cleo. Well then, ſuſtaine me: Oh.
Eros. Moſt Noble Sir ariſe, the Queene approaches,
Her head's declin'd, and death will ceaſe her, but
Your comfort makes the reſcue.
Ant. I haue offended Reputation,
A moſt vnnoble ſweruing.
Eros. Sir, the Queene.
Ant. Oh whether haſt thou lead me Egypt, ſee
How I conuey my ſhame, out of thine eyes,
By looking backe what I haue left behinde
Stroy'd in diſhonor.
Cleo. Oh my Lord, my Lord,
Forgiue my fearfull ſayles, I little thought
You would haue followed.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'ſt too well,
My heart was to thy Rudder tyed by'th'ſtrings,
And thou ſhould'ſt ſtowe me after. O're my ſpirit
The full ſupremacie thou knew'ſt, and that
Thy becke, might from the bidding of the Gods
Command mee.
Cleo. Oh my pardon.
Ant. Now I muſt
To the young man ſend humble Treaties, dodge
And palter in the ſhifts of lownes, who
With halfe the bulke o'th'world plaid as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring Fortunes. You did know
How much you were my Conqueror, and that
My Sword, made weake by my affection, would
Obey it on all cauſe.
Cleo. Pardon, pardon.
Ant Fall not a teare I ſay, one of them rates
All that is wonne and loſt: Giue me a kiſſe,
Euen this repayes me.
We ſent our Schoolemaſter, is a come backe?
Loue I am full of Lead: ſome Wine
Within there, and our Viands: Fortune knowes,
We ſcorne her moſt, when moſt ſhe offers blowes. *Exeunt*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, and Dollabello, with others.

Cæſ. Let him appeare that's come from *Anthony.*
Know you him.
Dolla. *Cæſar*, 'tis his Schoolemaſter,
An argument that he is pluckt, when hither
He ſends ſo poore a Pinnion of his Wing,
Which had ſuperfluous Kings for Meſſengers,
Not many Moones gone by.

Enter Ambaſſador from Anthony.

Cæſar. Approach, and ſpeake.
Amb. Such as I am, I come from *Anthony*:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the Morne-dew on the Mertle leafe
To his grand Sea.
Cæſ. Bee't ſo, declare thine office.
Amb. Lord of his Fortunes he ſalutes thee, and
Requires to liue in Egypt, which not granted
He Leſſons his Requeſts, and to thee ſues
To let him breath betweene the Heauens and Earth
A priuate man in Athens: this for him.
Next, *Cleopatra* does confeſſe thy Greatneſſe,
Submits her to thy might, and of thee craues
The Circle of the *Ptolomies* for her heyres,
Now hazarded to thy Grace.
Cæſ. For *Anthony*,
I haue no eares to his requeſt. The Queene,
Of Audience, nor Deſire ſhall faile, ſo ſhee
From Egypt driue her all-diſgraced Friend,
Or take his life there. This if ſhee performe,
She ſhall not ſue vnheard. So to them both.
Amb. Fortune purſue thee.
Cæſ. Bring him through the Bands:
To try thy Eloquence, now 'tis time, diſpatch,
From *Anthony* winne *Cleopatra*, promiſe
And in our Name, what ſhe requires, adde more
From thine inuention, offers. Women are not
In their beſt Fortunes ſtrong; but want will periure
The ne're touch'd Veſtall. Try thy cunning *Thidias*,
Make thine owne Edict for thy paines, which we
Will anſwer as a Law.
Thid. *Cæſar*, I go.
Cæſar. Obſerue how *Anthony* becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'ſt his very action ſpeakes
In euery power that mooues.
Thid. *Cæſar*, I ſhall. *exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian, & Iras.

Cleo. What ſhall we do, *Enobarbus*?
Eno. Thinke, and dye.
Cleo. Is *Anthony*, or we in fault for this?
Eno. *Anthony* onely, that would make his will
Lord of his Reaſon. What though you fled,
From that great face of Warre, whoſe ſeuerall ranges
Frighted each other? Why ſhould he follow?
The itch of his Affection ſhould not then
Haue nickt his Captain-ſhip, at ſuch a point,
When halfe to halfe the world oppos'd, he being
The meered queſtion? 'Twas a ſhame no leſſe
Then was his loſſe, to courſe your flying Flagges,
And leaue his Nauy gazing.
Cleo. Prythee peace.

Enter the Ambaſſador, with Anthony.

Ant. Is that his anſwer? *Amb.* I my Lord.
Ant. The Queene ſhall then haue courteſie,
So ſhe will yeeld vs vp.
Am. He ſayes ſo.
Antho. Let her know't. To the Boy *Cæſar* ſend this
grizled head, and he will fill thy wiſhes to the brimme,
With Principalities.
Cleo. That head my Lord?

Ant. To him againe, tell him he weares the Roſe
Of youth vpon him: from which, the world ſhould note
Something particular: His Coine, Ships, Legions,
May be a Cowards, whoſe Miniſters would preuaile
Vnder the ſeruice of a Childe, as ſoone
As i'th'Command of *Cæſar*. I dare him therefore
To lay his gay Compariſons a-part,
And anſwer me declin'd, Sword againſt Sword,
Our ſelues alone: Ile write it: Follow me.
Eno. Yes like enough: hye battel'd *Cæſar* will
Vnſtate his happineſſe, and be Stag'd to'th'ſhew
Againſt a Sworder. I ſee mens Iudgements are
A parcell of their Fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them
To ſuffer all alike, that he ſhould dreame,
Knowing all meaſures, the full *Cæſar* will
Anſwer his emptineſſe; *Cæſar* thou haſt ſubdu'de
His iudgement too.

Enter a Seruant.

Ser. A Meſſenger from *Cæſar.*
Cleo. What no more Ceremony? See my Women,
Againſt the blowne Roſe may they ſtop their noſe,
That kneel'd vnto the Buds. Admit him ſir.
Eno. Mine honeſty, and I, beginne to ſquare,
The Loyalty well held to Fooles, does make
Our Faith meere folly: yet he that can endure
To follow with Allegeance a falne Lord,
Does conquer him that did his Maſter conquer,
And earnes a place i'th'Story.

Enter Thidias.

Cleo. *Cæſars* will.
Thid. Heare it apart.
Cleo. None but Friends: ſay boldly.
Thid. So haply are they Friends to *Anthony.*
Enob. He needs as many (Sir) as *Cæſar* ha's,
Or needs not vs. If *Cæſar* pleaſe, our Maſter
Will leape to be his Friend: For vs you know,
Whoſe he is, we are, and that is *Cæſars.*
Thid. So. Thus then thou moſt renown'd, *Cæſar* intreats,
Not to conſider in what caſe thou ſtand'ſt
Further then he is *Cæſars.*
Cleo. Go on, right Royall.
Thid. He knowes that you embrace not *Anthony*
As you did loue, but as you feared him.
Cleo. Oh.
Thid. The ſcarre's vpon your Honor, therefore he
Does pitty, as conſtrained blemiſhes,
Not as deſerued.
Cleo. He is a God,
And knowes what is moſt right. Mine Honour
Was not yeelded, but conquer'd meerely.
Eno. To be ſure of that, I will aske *Anthony.*
Sir, ſir, thou art ſo leakie
That we muſt leaue thee to thy ſinking, for
Thy deereſt quit thee. *Exit Enob.*
Thid. Shall I ſay to *Cæſar*,
What you require of him: for he partly begges
To be deſir'd to giue. It much would pleaſe him,
That of his Fortunes you ſhould make a ſtaffe
To leane vpon. But it would warme his ſpirits
To heare from me you had left *Anthony*,
And put your ſelfe vnder his ſhrowd, the vniuerſal Land-(lord.
Cleo. What's your name?
Thid. My name is *Thidias.*
Cleo. Moſt kinde Meſſenger,
Say to great *Cæſar* this in diſputation,
I kiſſe his conqu'ring hand: Tell him, I am prompt
To lay my Crowne at's feete, and there to kneele.
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath, I heare
The doome of Egypt.
Thid. 'Tis your Nobleſt courſe:
Wiſedome and Fortune combatting together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may ſhake it. Giue me grace to lay
My dutie on your hand.
Cleo. Your *Cæſars* Father oft,
(When he hath mus'd of taking kingdomes in)
Beſtow'd his lips on that vnworthy place,
As it rain'd kiſſes.

Enter Anthony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Fauours? By Ioue that thunders. What art thou (Fellow?
Thid. One that but performes
The bidding of the fulleſt man, and worthieſt
To haue command obey'd.
Eno. You will be whipt.
Ant. Approch there: ah you Kite. Now Gods & diuels
Authority melts from me of late. When I cried hoa,
Like Boyes vnto a muſſe, Kings would ſtart forth,
And cry, your will. Haue you no eares?
I am *Anthony* yet. Take hence this Iack, and whip him.

Enter a Seruant.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a Lions whelpe,
Then with an old one dying.
Ant. Moone and Starres,
Whip him: wer't twenty of the greateſt Tributaries
That do acknowledge *Cæſar*, ſhould I finde them
So ſawcy with the hand of ſhe heere, what's her name
Since ſhe was *Cleopatra*? Whip him Fellowes,
Till like a Boy you ſee him crindge his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.
Thid. *Marke Anthony.*
Ant. Tugge him away: being whipt
Bring him againe, the Iacke of *Cæſars* ſhall
Beare vs an arrant to him. *Exeunt with Thidius.*
You were halfe blaſted ere I knew you: Ha?
Haue I my pillow left vnpreſt in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawfull Race,
And by a Iem of women, to be abus'd
By one that lookes on Feeders?
Cleo. Good my Lord.
Ant. You haue beene a boggeler euer,
But when we in our viciouſneſſe grow hard
(Oh miſery on't) the wiſe Gods ſeele our eyes
In our owne filth, drop our cleare iudgements, make vs
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we ſtrut
To our confuſion.
Cleo. Oh, is't come to this?
Ant. I found you as a Morſell, cold vpon
Dead *Cæſars* Trencher: Nay, you were a Fragment
Of *Gneius Pompeyes*, beſides what hotter houres
Vnregiſtred in vulgar Fame, you haue
Luxuriouſly pickt out. For I am ſure,
Though you can gueſſe what Temperance ſhould be,
You know not what it is.
Cleo. Wherefore is this?
Ant. To let a Fellow that will take rewards,
And ſay, God quit you, be familiar with
My play-fellow, your hand; this Kingly Seale,
And plighter of high hearts. O that I were
Vpon the hill of Baſan, to out-roare
The horned Heard, for I haue ſauage cauſe,
And to proclaime it ciuilly, were like

A halter'd necke, which do's the Hangman thanke,
For being yare about him. Is he whipt?
Enter a Seruant with Thidias.
Ser. Soundly, my Lord.
Ant. Cried he? and begg'd a Pardon?
Ser. He did aske fauour.
Ant. If that thy Father liue, let him repent
Thou was't not made his daughter, and be thou ſorrie
To follow *Cæſar* in his Triumph, ſince
Thou haſt bin whipt. For following him, henceforth
The white hand of a Lady Feauer thee,
Shake thou to looke on't. Get thee backe to *Cæſar*,
Tell him thy entertainment: looke thou ſay
He makes me angry with him. For he ſeemes
Proud and diſdainfull, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time moſt eaſie 'tis to doo't:
When my good Starres, that were my former guides
Haue empty left their Orbes, and ſhot their Fires
Into th'Abiſme of hell. If he miſlike,
My ſpeech, and what is done, tell him he has
Hiparchus, my enfranched Bondman, whom
He may at pleaſure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he ſhall like to quit me. Vrge it thou:
Hence with thy ſtripes, be gone. *Exit Thid.*
Cleo. Haue you done yet?
Ant. Alacke our Terrene Moone is now Eclipſt,
And it portends alone the fall of *Anthony*.
Cleo. I muſt ſtay his time?
Ant. To flatter *Cæſar*, would you mingle eyes
With one that tyes his points.
Cleo. Not know me yet?
Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?
Cleo. Ah (Deere) if I be ſo,
From my cold heart let Heauen ingender haile,
And poyſon it in the ſourſe, and the firſt ſtone
Drop in my necke: as it determines ſo
Diſſolue my life, the next Cæſarian ſmile,
Till by degrees the memory of my wombe,
Together with my braue Egyptians all,
By the diſcandering of this pelleted ſtorme,
Lye graueleſſe, till the Flies and Gnats of Nyle
Haue buried them for prey.
Ant. I am ſatisfied:
Cæſar ſets downe in Alexandria, where
I will oppoſe his Fate. Our force by Land,
Hath Nobly held, our ſeuer'd Nauie too
Haue knit againe, and Fleete, threatning moſt Sea-like.
Where haſt thou bin my heart? Doſt thou heare Lady?
If from the Field I ſhall returne once more
To kiſſe theſe Lips, I will appeare in Blood,
I, and my Sword, will earne our Chronicle,
There's hope in't yet.
Cleo. That's my braue Lord.
Ant. I will be trebble-ſinewed, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciouſly: for when mine houres
Were nice and lucky, men did ranſome liues
Of me for ieſts: But now, Ile ſet my teeth,
And ſend to darkeneſſe all that ſtop me. Come,
Let's haue one other gawdy night: Call to me
All my ſad Captaines, fill our Bowles once more:
Let's mocke the midnight Bell.
Cleo. It is my Birth-day,
I had thought t'haue held it poore. But ſince my Lord
Is *Anthony* againe, I will be *Cleopatra*.
Ant. We will yet do well.
Cleo. Call all his Noble Captaines to my Lord.
Ant. Do ſo, wee'l ſpeake to them,
And to night Ile force
The Wine peepe through their ſcarres.
Come on (my Queene)
There's ſap in't yet. The next time I do fight
Ile make death loue me: for I will contend
Euen with his peſtilent Sythe. *Exeunt.*
Eno. Now hee'l out-ſtare the Lightning, to be furious
Is to be frighted out of feare, and in that moode
The Doue will pecke the Eſtridge; and I ſee ſtill
A diminution in our Captaines braine,
Reſtores his heart; when valour prayes in reaſon,
It eates the Sword it fights with: I will ſeeke
Some way to leaue him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, & Mecenas with his Army,
Cæſar reading a Letter.

Cæſ. He calles me Boy, and chides as he had power
To beate me out of Egypt. My Meſſenger
He hath whipt with Rods, dares me to perſonal Combat.
Cæſar to *Anthony*: let the old Ruffian know,
I haue many other wayes to dye: meane time
Laugh at his Challenge.
Mece. *Cæſar* muſt thinke,
When one ſo great begins to rage, hee's hunted
Euen to falling. Giue him no breath, but now
Make boote of his diſtraction: Neuer anger
Made good guard for it ſelfe.
Cæſ. Let our beſt heads know,
That to morrow, the laſt of many Battailes
We meane to fight. Within our Files there are,
Of thoſe that ſeru'd *Marke Anthony* but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,
And Feaſt the Army, we haue ſtore to doo't,
And they haue earn'd the waſte. Poore *Anthony*. *Exeunt*

Enter Anthony, Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Charmian,
Iras, Alexas, with others.

Ant. He will not fight with me, *Domitian*?
Eno. No?
Ant. Why ſhould he not?
Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.
Ant. To morrow Soldier,
By Sea and Land Ile fight: or I will liue,
Or bathe my dying Honor in the blood
Shall make it liue againe. Woo't thou fight well.
Eno. Ile ſtrike, and cry, Take all.
Ant. Well ſaid, come on:
Call forth my Houſhold Seruants, lets to night
Enter 3 or 4 Seruitors.
Be bounteous at our Meale. Giue me thy hand,
Thou haſt bin rightly honeſt, ſo haſt thou,
Thou, and thou, and thou: you haue ſeru'd me well,
And Kings haue beene your fellowes.
Cleo. What meanes this?
Eno. 'Tis one of thoſe odde tricks which ſorow ſhoots
Out of the minde.
Ant. And thou art honeſt too:
I wiſh I could be made ſo many men,
And all of you clapt vp together, in
An *Anthony*: that I might do you ſeruice,
So good as you haue done.
Omnes.

Omnes. The Gods forbid.
Ant. Well, my good Fellowes, wait on me to night:
Scant not my Cups, and make as much of me,
As when mine Empire was your Fellow too,
And ſuffer'd my command.
Cleo. What does he meane?
Eno. To make his Followers weepe.
Ant. Tend me to night;
May be, it is the period of your duty,
Haply you ſhall not ſee me more, or if,
A mangled ſhadow. Perchance to morrow,
You'l ſerue another Maſter. I looke on you,
As one that takes his leaue. Mine honeſt Friends,
I turne you not away, but like a Maſter
Married to your good ſeruice, ſtay till death:
Tend me to night two houres, I aske no more,
And the Gods yeeld you for't.
Eno. What meane you (Sir)
To giue them this diſcomfort? Looke they weepe,
And I an Aſſe, am Onyon-ey'd; for ſhame,
Transforme vs not to women.
Ant. Ho, ho, ho:
Now the Witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where thoſe drops fall (my hearty Friends)
You take me in too dolorous a ſenſe,
For I ſpake to you for your comfort, did deſire you
To burne this night with Torches: Know (my hearts)
I hope well of to morrow, and will leade you,
Where rather Ile expect victorious life,
Then death, and Honor. Let's to Supper, come,
And drowne conſideration. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Company of Soldiours.

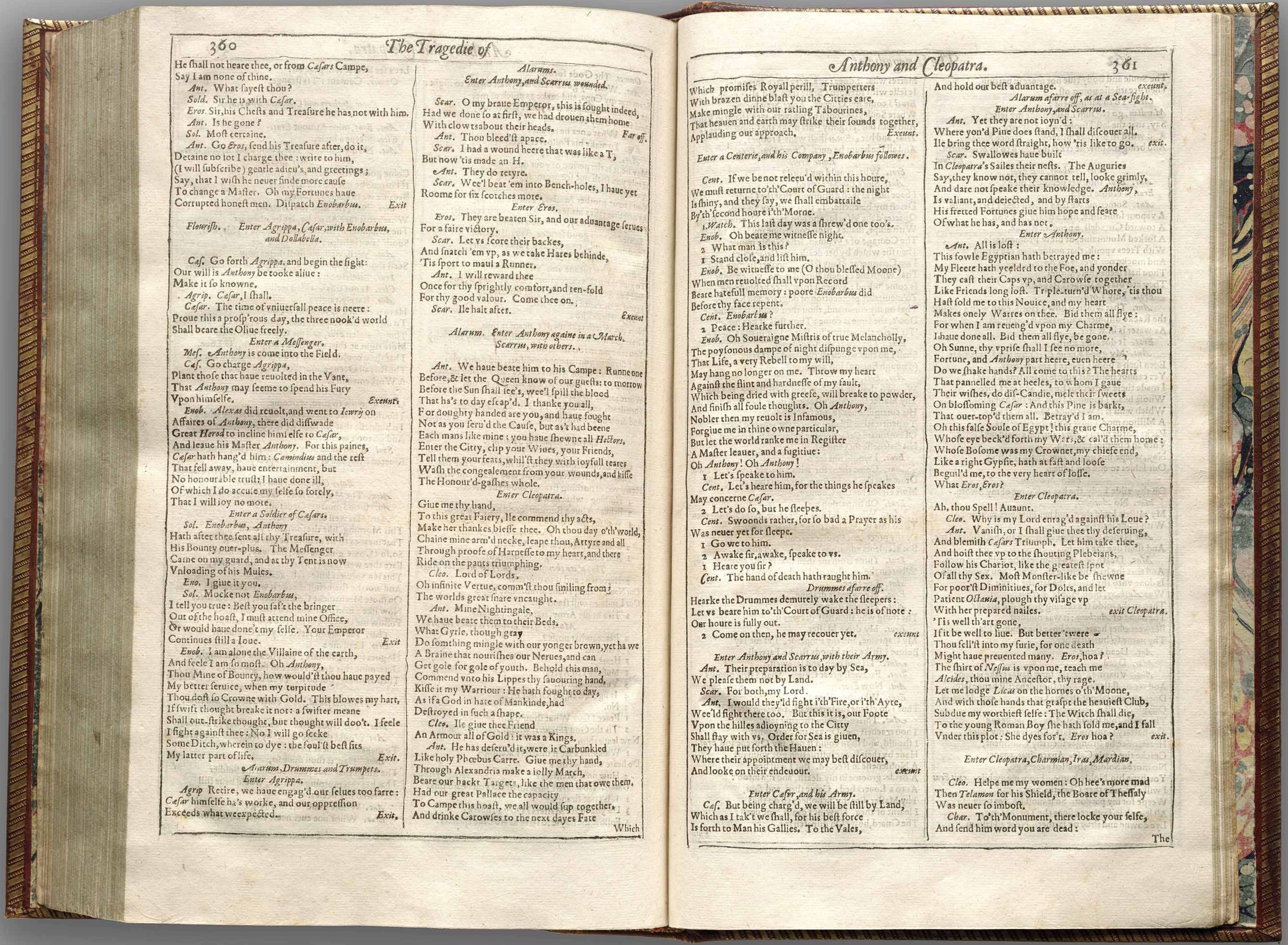
1. *Sol.* Brother, goodnight: to morrow is the day.
2. *Sol.* It will determine one way: Fare you well.
Heard you of nothing ſtrange about the ſtreets.
1 Nothing: what newes?
2 Belike 'tis but a Rumour, good night to you.
1 Well ſir, good night.
They meete other Soldiers.
2 Souldiers, haue carefull Watch.
1 And you: Goodnight, goodnight.
They place themſelues in euery corner of the Stage.
2 Heere we: and if to morrow
Our Nauie thriue, I haue an abſolute hope
Our Landmen will ſtand vp.
1 'Tis a braue Army, and full of purpoſe.
Muſicke of the Hoboyes is vnder the Stage.
2 Peace, what noiſe?
1 Liſt, liſt.
2 Hearke.
1 Muſicke i'th' Ayre.
3 Vnder the earth.
4 It ſignes well, do's it not?
3 No.
1 Peace I ſay: What ſhould this meane?
2 'Tis the God *Hercules*, whom *Anthony* loued,
Now leaues him.
1 Walke, let's ſee if other Watchmen
Do heare what we do?
2 How now Maiſters? *Speak together.*
Omnes. How now? how now? do you heare this?
1 I, is't not ſtrange?
3 Do you heare Maſters? Do you heare?
1 Follow the noyſe ſo farre as we haue quarter.
Let's ſee how it will giue off.
Omnes. Content: 'Tis ſtrange. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anthony and Cleopatra, with others.

Ant. *Eros*, mine Armour *Eros*.
Cleo. Sleepe a little.
Ant. No my Chucke. *Eros*, come mine Armor *Eros*.
Enter Eros.
Come good Fellow, put thine Iron on,
If Fortune be not ours to day, it is
Becauſe we braue her. Come.
Cleo. Nay, Ile helpe too, *Anthony*.
What's this for? Ah let be, let be, thou art
The Armourer of my heart: Falſe, falſe: This, this,
Sooth-law Ile helpe: Thus it muſt bee.
Ant. Well, well, we ſhall thriue now.
Seeſt thou my good Fellow. Go, put on thy defences.
Eros. Briefely Sir.
Cleo. Is not this buckled well?
Ant. Rarely, rarely:
He that vnbuckles this, till we do pleaſe
To daft for our Repoſe, ſhall heare a ſtorme.
Thou fumbleſt *Eros*, and my Queenes a Squire
More tight at this, then thou: Diſpatch. O Loue,
That thou couldſt ſee my Warres to day, and knew'ſt
The Royall Occupation, thou ſhould'ſt ſee
A Workeman in't.
Enter an Armed Soldier.
Good morrow to thee, welcome,
Thou look'ſt like him that knowes a warlike Charge:
To buſineſſe that we loue, we riſe betime,
And go too't with delight.
Soul. A thouſand Sir, early though't be, haue on their
Riueted trim, and at the Port expect you. *Showt.*
Trumpets Flouriſh.
Enter Captaines, and Souldiers.
Alex. The Morne is faire: Good morrow Generall.
All. Good morrow Generall.
Ant. 'Tis well blowne Lads.
This Morning, like the ſpirit of a youth
That meanes to be of note, begins betimes.
So, ſo: Come giue me that, this way, well-ſed.
Fare thee well Dame, what ere becomes of me,
This is a Soldiers kiſſe: rebukeable,
And worthy ſhamefull checke it were, to ſtand
On more Mechanicke Complement, Ile leaue thee.
Now like a man of Steele, you that will fight,
Follow me cloſe, Ile bring you too't: Adieu. *Exeunt.*
Char. Pleaſe you retyre to your Chamber?
Cleo. Lead me:
He goes forth gallantly: That he and *Cæſar* might
Determine this great Warre in ſingle fight;
Then *Anthony*; but now. Well on. *Exeunt*

Trumpets ſound. Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Eros. The Gods make this a happy day to *Anthony*.
Ant. Would thou, & thoſe thy ſcars had once preuaild
To make me fight at Land.
Eros. Had"ſt thou done ſo,
The Kings that haue reuolted, and the Soldier
That has this morning left thee, would haue ſtill
Followed thy heeles.
Ant. Whoſe gone this morning?
Eros. Who? one euer neere thee, call for *Enobarbus*,
Hee



He ſhall not heare thee, or from *Caſars* Campe,
Say I am none of thine.
Ant. What ſayeſt thou?
Sold. Sir he is with *Cæſar*.
Eros. Sir, his Cheſts and Treaſure he has not with him.
Ant. Is he gone?
Sol. Moſt certaine.
Ant. Go *Eros*, ſend his Treaſure after, do it,
Detaine no iot I charge thee: write to him,
(I will ſubſcribe) gentle adieu's, and greetings;
Say, that I wiſh he neuer finde more cauſe
To change a Maſter. Oh my Fortunes haue
Corrupted honeſt men. Diſpatch *Enobarbus*. *Exit*

Flouriſh. Enter Agrippa, Cæſar, with Enobarbus, and Dollabella.

Caſ. Go forth *Agrippa*, and begin the fight:
Our will is *Anthony* be tooke aliue:
Make it ſo knowne.
Agrip. *Cæſar*, I ſhall.
Cæſar. The time of vniuerſall peace is neere:
Proue this a proſp'rous day, the three nook'd world
Shall beare the Oliue freely.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. *Anthony* is come into the Field.
Caſ. Go charge *Agrippa*,
Plant thoſe that haue reuolted in the Vant,
That *Anthony* may ſeeme to ſpend his Fury
Vpon himſelfe. *Exeunt.*
Enob. *Alexas* did reuolt, and went to *Iewry* on
Affaires of *Anthony*, there did diſſwade
Great *Herod* to incline himſelfe to *Cæſar*,
And leaue his Maſter *Anthony*. For this paines,
Cæſar hath hang'd him: *Camindius* and the reſt
That fell away, haue entertainment, but
No honourable truſt: I haue done ill,
Of which I do accuſe my ſelfe ſo ſorely,
That I will ioy no more.
Enter a Soldier of Cæſars.
Sol. *Enobarbus*, *Anthony*
Hath after thee ſent all thy Treaſure, with
His Bounty ouer-plus. The Meſſenger
Came on my guard, and at thy Tent is now
Vnloading of his Mules.
Eno. I giue it you.
Sol. Mocke not *Enobarbus*,
I tell you true: Beſt you ſaf't the bringer
Out of the hoaſt, I muſt attend mine Office,
Or would haue done't my ſelfe. Your Emperor
Continues ſtill a Ioue. *Exit*
Enob. I am alone the Villaine of the earth,
And feele I am ſo moſt. Oh *Anthony*,
Thou Mine of Bounty, how would'ſt thou haue payed
My better ſeruice, when my turpitude
Thou doſt ſo Crowne with Gold. This blowes my hart,
If ſwift thought breake it not: a ſwifter meane
Shall out-ſtrike thought, but thought will doo't. I feele
I fight againſt thee: No I will go ſeeke
Some Ditch, wherein to dye: the foul'ſt beſt fits
My latter part of life. *Exit.*
Alarum, Drummes and Trumpets.
Enter Agrippa.
Agrip Retire, we haue engag'd our ſelues too farre:
Cæſar himſelfe ha's worke, and our oppreſſion
Exceeds what we expected. *Exit.*

Alarums.
Enter Anthony, and Scarrus wounded.

Scar. O my braue Emperor, this is fought indeed,
Had we done ſo at firſt, we had drouen them home
With clowts about their heads. *Far off.*
Ant. Thou bleed'ſt apace.
Scar. I had a wound heere that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.
Ant. They do retyre.
Scar. Wee'l beat 'em into Bench-holes, I haue yet
Roome for ſix ſcotches more.
Enter Eros.
Eros. They are beaten Sir, and our aduantage ſerues
For a faire victory.
Scar. Let vs ſcore their backes,
And ſnatch 'em vp, as we take Hares behinde,
'Tis ſport to maul a Runner.
Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy ſprightly comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.
Scar. Ile halt after. *Exeunt*

Alarum. Enter Anthony againe in a March. Scarrus, with others.

Ant. We haue beate him to his Campe: Runne one
Before, & let the Queen know of our gueſts: to morrow
Before the Sun ſhall ſee's, wee'l ſpill the blood
That ha's to day eſcap'd. I thanke you all,
For doughty handed are you, and haue fought
Not as you ſeru'd the Cauſe, but as't had beene
Each mans like mine: you haue ſhewne all *Hectors*.
Enter the Citty, clip your Wiues, your Friends,
Tell them your feats, whil'ſt they with ioyfull teares
Waſh the congealement from your wounds, and kiſſe
The Honour'd-gaſhes whole.
Enter Cleopatra.
Giue me thy hand,
To this great Faiery, Ile commend thy acts,
Make her thankes bleſſe thee. Oh thou day o'th'world,
Chaine mine arm'd necke, leape thou, Attyre and all
Through proofe of Harneſſe to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.
Cleo. Lord of Lords.
Oh infinite Vertue, comm'ſt thou ſmiling from
The worlds great ſnare vncaught.
Ant. Mine Nightingale,
We haue beate them to their Beds.
What Gyrle, though gray
Do ſomthing mingle with our yonger brown, yet ha we
A Braine that nouriſhes our Nerues, and can
Get gole for gole of youth. Behold this man,
Commend vnto his Lippes thy fauouring hand,
Kiſſe it my Warriour: He hath fought to day,
As if a God in hate of Mankinde, had
Deſtroyed in ſuch a ſhape.
Cleo. Ile giue thee Friend
An Armour all of Gold: it was a Kings.
Ant. He has deſeru'd it, were it Carbunkled
Like holy Phœbus Carre. Giue me thy hand,
Through Alexandria make a iolly March,
Beare our hackt Targets, like the men that owe them.
Had our great Pallace the capacity
To Campe this hoaſt, we all would ſup together,
And drinke Carowſes to the next dayes Fate
Which

Which promiſes Royall perill, Trumpetters
With brazen dinne blaſt you the Citties eare,
Make mingle with our ratling Tabourines,
That heauen and earth may ſtrike their ſounds together,
Applauding our approach. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Centerie, and his Company, Enobarbus followes.

Cent. If we be not releeu'd within this houre,
We muſt returne to'th'Court of Guard: the night
Is ſhiny, and they ſay, we ſhall embattaile
By'th'ſecond houre i'th'Morne.
1.*Watch.* This laſt day was a ſhrew'd one too's.
Enob. Oh beare me witneſſe night.
2 What man is this?
1 Stand cloſe, and liſt him.
Enob. Be witneſſe to me (O thou bleſſed Moone)
When men reuolted ſhall vpon Record
Beare hatefull memory: poore *Enobarbus* did
Before thy face repent.
Cent. *Enobarbus*?
2 Peace: Hearke further.
Enob. Oh Soueraigne Miſtris of true Melancholly,
The poyſonous dampe of night diſpunge vpon me,
That Life, a very Rebell to my will,
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart
Againſt the flint and hardneſſe of my fault,
Which being dried with greefe, will breake to powder,
And finiſh all foule thoughts. Oh *Anthony*,
Nobler then my reuolt is Infamous,
Forgiue me in thine owne particular,
But let the world ranke me in Regiſter
A Maſter leauer, and a fugitiue:
Oh *Anthony*! Oh *Anthony*!
1 Let's ſpeake to him.
Cent. Let's heare him, for the things he ſpeakes
May concerne *Cæſar*.
2 Let's do ſo, but he ſleepes.
Cent. Swoonds rather, for ſo bad a Prayer as his
Was neuer yet for ſleepe.
1 Go we to him.
2 Awake ſir, awake, ſpeake to vs.
1 Heare you ſir?
Cent. The hand of death hath raught him.
Drummes afarre off.
Hearke the Drummes demurely wake the ſleepers:
Let vs beare him to'th'Court of Guard: he is of note:
Our houre is fully out.
2 Come on then, he may recouer yet. *exeunt*

Enter Anthony and Scarrus, with their Army.
Ant. Their preparation is to day by Sea,
We pleaſe them not by Land.
Scar. For both, my Lord.
Ant. I would they'ld fight i'th'Fire, or i'th'Ayre,
Wee'ld fight there too. But this it is, our Foote
Vpon the hilles adioyning to the Citty
Shall ſtay with vs. Order for Sea is giuen,
They haue put forth the Hauen:
Where their appointment we may beſt diſcouer,
And looke on their endeuour. *exeunt*

Enter Cæſar, and his Army.
Cæſ. But being charg'd, we will be ſtill by Land,
Which as I tak't we ſhall, for his beſt force
Is forth to Man his Gallies. To the Vales,
And hold our beſt aduantage. *exeunt.*
Alarum afarre off, as at a Sea-fight.
Enter Anthony, and Scarrus.
Ant. Yet they are not ioyn'd:
Where yon'd Pine does ſtand, I ſhall diſcouer all.
Ile bring thee word ſtraight, how 'tis like to go. *exit.*
Scar. Swallowes haue built
In *Cleopatra's* Sailes their neſts. The Auguries
Say, they know not, they cannot tell, looke grimly,
And dare not ſpeake their knowledge. *Anthony*,
Is valiant, and deiected, and by ſtarts
His fretted Fortunes giue him hope and feare
Of what he has, and has not.
Enter Anthony.
Ant. All is loſt:
This fowle Egyptian hath betrayed me:
My Fleete hath yeelded to the Foe, and yonder
They caſt their Caps vp, and Carowſe together
Like Friends long loſt. Triple-turn'd Whore, 'tis thou
Haſt ſold me to this Nouice, and my heart
Makes onely Warres on thee. Bid them all flye:
For when I am reueng'd vpon my Charme,
I haue done all. Bid them all flye, be gone.
Oh Sunne, thy vpriſe ſhall I ſee no more,
Fortune, and *Anthony* part heere, euen heere
Do we ſhake hands? All come to this? The hearts
That pannelled me at heeles, to whom I gaue
Their wiſhes, do diſ-Candie, melt their ſweets
On bloſſoming *Cæſar*: And this Pine is barkt,
That ouer-top'd them all. Betray'd I am.
Oh this falſe Soule of Egypt! this graue Charme,
Whoſe eye beck'd forth my Wars, & cal'd them home:
Whoſe Boſome was my Crownet, my chiefe end,
Like a right Gypſie, hath at faſt and looſe
Beguil'd me, to the very heart of loſſe.
What *Eros*, *Eros*?
Enter Cleopatra.
Ah, thou Spell! Auaunt.
Cleo. Why is my Lord enrag'd againſt his Loue?
Ant. Vaniſh, or I ſhall giue thee thy deſeruing,
And blemiſh *Cæſars* Triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoiſt thee vp to the ſhouting Plebeians,
Follow his Chariot, like the greateſt ſpot
Of all thy Sex. Moſt Monſter-like be ſhewne
For poor'ſt Diminitiues, for Dolts, and let
Patient *Octauia*, plough thy viſage vp
With her prepared nailes. *exit Cleopatra.*
'Tis well th'art gone,
If it be well to liue. But better 'twere
Thou fell'ſt into my furie, for one death
Might haue preuented many. *Eros*, hoa?
The ſhirt of *Neſſus* is vpon me, teach me
Alcides, thou mine Anceſtor, thy rage.
Let me lodge *Licas* on the hornes o'th'Moone,
And with thoſe hands that graſpt the heauieſt Club,
Subdue my worthieſt ſelfe: The Witch ſhall die,
To the young Roman Boy ſhe hath ſold me, and I fall
Vnder this plot: She dyes for't. *Eros* hoa? *exit.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, Mardian.

Cleo. Helpe me my women: Oh hee's more mad
Then *Telamon* for his Shield, the Boare of Theſſaly
Was neuer ſo imboſt.
Char. To'th'Monument, there locke your ſelfe,
And ſend him word you are dead:
The

The Soule and Body riue not more in parting,
Then greatneſſe going off.
Cleo. To'th'Monument:
Mardian, go tell him I haue ſlaine my ſelfe:
Say, that the laſt I ſpoke was *Anthony*,
And word it (prythee) pitteouſly. Hence *Mardian*,
And bring me how he takes my death to'th'Monument.
Exeunt.

Enter Anthony, and Eros.

Ant. *Eros*, thou yet behold'ſt me?
Eros. I Noble Lord.
Ant. Sometime we ſee a clowd that's Dragoniſh,
A vapour ſometime, like a Beare, or Lyon,
A toward Cittadell, a pendant Rocke,
A forked Mountaine, or blew Promontorie
With Trees vpon't, that nodde vnto the world,
And mocke our eyes with Ayre.
Thou haſt ſeene theſe Signes,
They are blacke Veſpers Pageants.
Eros. I my Lord.
Ant. That which is now a Horſe, euen with a thoght
the Racke diſlimes, and makes it indiſtinct
As water is in water.
Eros. It does my Lord.
Ant. My good Knaue *Eros*, now thy Captaine is
Euen ſuch a body: Heere I am *Anthony*,
Yet cannot hold this viſible ſhape (my Knaue)
I made theſe warres for Egypt, and the Queene,
Whoſe heart I thought I had, for ſhe had mine:
Which whil'ſt it was mine, had annext vntoo't
A Million moe, (now loſt:) ſhee *Eros* has
Packt Cards with *Caſars*, and falſe plaid my Glory
Vnto an Enemies triumph.
Nay, weepe not gentle *Eros*, there is left vs
Our ſelues to end our ſelues.

Enter Mardian.

Oh thy vilde Lady, ſhe has rob'd me of my Sword.
Mar. No *Anthony*,
My Miſtris lou'd thee, and her Fortunes mingled
With thine intirely.
Ant. Hence ſawcy Eunuch peace, ſhe hath betraid me,
And ſhall dye the death.
Mar. Death of one parſon, can be paide but once,
And that ſhe ha's diſcharg'd. What thou would'ſt do
Is done vnto thy hand: the laſt ſhe ſpake
Was *Anthony*, moſt Noble *Anthony*:
Then in the midd'ſt a tearing grone did breake
The name of *Anthony*: it was diuided
Betweene her heart, and lips: ſhe rendred life
Thy name ſo buried in her.
Ant. Dead then?
Mar. Dead.
Ant. Vnarme *Eros*, the long dayes taske is done,
And we muſt ſleepe: That thou depart'ſt hence ſafe
Does pay thy labour richly: Go. *exit Mardian.*
Off, plucke off,
The ſeuen-fold ſhield of *Aiax* cannot keepe
The battery from my heart. Oh cleaue my ſides.
Heart, once be ſtronger then thy Continent,
Cracke thy fraile Caſe. Apace *Eros*, apace;
No more a Soldier: bruiſed peeces go,
You haue bin Nobly borne. From me awhile. *exit Eros*
I will o're-take thee *Cleopatra*, and
Weepe for my pardon. So it muſt be, for now
All length is Torture: ſince the Torch is out,
Lye downe and ſtray no farther. Now all labour
Marres what it does: yea, very force entangles
It ſelfe with ſtrength: Seale then, and all is done.
Eros? I come my Queene. *Eros?* Stay for me,
Where Soules do couch on Flowers, wee'l hand in hand,
And with our ſprightly Port make the Ghoſtes gaze:
Dido, and her *Æneas* ſhall want Troopes,
And all the haunt be ours. Come *Eros*, *Eros*.

Enter Eros.

Eros. What would my Lord?
Ant. Since *Cleopatra* dyed,
I haue liu'd in ſuch diſhonour, that the Gods
Deteſt my baſeneſſe. I, that with my Sword,
Quarter'd the World, and o're greene Neptunes backe
With Ships, made Cities; condemne my ſelfe, to lacke
The Courage of a Woman, leſſe Noble minde
Then ſhe which by her death, our *Cæſar* telles
I am Conqueror of my ſelfe. Thou art ſworne *Eros*,
That when the exigent ſhould come, which now
Is come indeed: When I ſhould ſee behinde me
Th'ineuitable proſecution of diſgrace and horror,
That on my command, thou then would'ſt kill me.
Doo't, the time is come: Thou ſtrik'ſt not me,
'Tis *Cæſar* thou defeat'ſt. Put colour in thy Cheeke.
Eros. The Gods with-hold me,
Shall I do that which all the Parthian Darts,
(Though Enemy) loſt ayme, and could not.
Ant. *Eros*,
Would'ſt thou be window'd in great Rome, and ſee
Thy Maſter thus with pleacht Armes, bending downe
His corrigible necke, his face ſubdu'de
To penetratiue ſhame; whil'ſt the wheel'd ſeate
Of Fortunate *Cæſar* drawne before him, branded
His Baſeneſſe that enſued.
Eros. I would not ſee't.
Ant. Come then: for with a wound I muſt be cur'd.
Draw that thy honeſt Sword, which thou haſt worne
Moſt vſefull for thy Country.
Eros. Oh ſir, pardon me.
Ant, When I did make thee free, ſwor'ſt ỹ not then
To do this when I bad thee? Do it at once,
Or thy precedent Seruices are all
But accidents vnpurpos'd. Draw, and come.
Eros. Turne from me then that Noble countenance,
Wherein the worſhip of the whole world lyes.
Ant. Loe thee.
Eros. My ſword is drawne.
Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou haſt drawne it.
Eros. My deere Maſter,
My Captaine, and my Emperor. Let me ſay
Before I ſtrike this bloody ſtroke, Farwell.
Ant. 'Tis ſaid man, and farewell.
Eros. Farewell great Chiefe. Shall I ſtrike now?
Ant. Now *Eros*. *Killes himſelfe.*
Eros. Why there then:
Thus I do eſcape the ſorrow of *Anthonies* death.
Ant. Thrice-Nobler then my ſelfe,
Thou teacheſt me: Oh valiant *Eros*, what
I ſhould, and thou could'ſt not, my Queene and *Eros*
Haue by their braue inſtruction got vpon me
A Nobleneſſe in Record. But I will bee
A Bride-groome in my death, and run intoo't
As to a Louers bed. Come then, and *Eros*,
Thy Maſter dies thy Scholler; to do thus
I learnt of thee. How, not dead? Not dead?
The Guard, how? Oh diſpatch me.
Enter

Enter a Guard.

1.Guard. What's the noiſe?
Ant. I haue done my worke ill Friends:
Oh make an end of what I haue begun.
2 The Starre is falne.
1 And time is at his Period.
All. Alas, and woe.
Ant. Let him that loues me, ſtrike me dead.
1 Not I.
2 Nor I.
3 Nor any one. *exeunt*
Dercetus. Thy death and fortunes bid thy folowers fly
This ſword but ſhewne to *Cæſar* with this tydings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's *Anthony*?
Decre. There *Diomed* there.
Diom. Liues he: wilt thou not anſwer man?
Ant. Art thou there *Diomed*?
Draw thy ſword, and giue mee,
Suffiſing ſtrokes for death.
Diom. Moſt abſolute Lord:
My Miſtris *Cleopatra* ſent me to thee.
Ant. When did ſhee ſend thee?
Diom. Now my Lord.
Anth. Where is ſhe? (feare
Diom. Lockt in her Monument: ſhe had a Propheſying
Of what hath come to paſſe: for when ſhe ſaw
(Which neuer ſhall be found) you did ſuſpect
She had diſpos'd with *Cæſar*, and that your rage
Would not be purg'd, ſhe ſent you word ſhe was dead:
But fearing ſince how it might worke, hath ſent
Me to proclaime the truth, and I am come
I dread, too late.
Ant. Too late good *Diomed*: call my Guard I prythee.
Dio. What hoa: the Emperors Guard,
The Guard, what hoa? Come, your Lord calles.

Enter 4. or 5. of the Guard of Anthony.

Ant. Beare me good Friends where *Cleopatra* bides,
'Tis the laſt ſeruice that I ſhall command you.
1 Woe, woe are we ſir, you may not liue to weare
All your true Followers out.
All. Moſt heauy day.
Ant. Nay good my Fellowes, do not pleaſe ſharp fate
To grace it with your ſorrowes. Bid that welcome
Which comes to puniſh vs, and we puniſh it
Seeming to beare it lightly. Take me vp,
I haue led you oft, carry me now good Friends,
And haue my thankes for all. *Exit bearing Anthony*

Enter Cleopatra, and her Maides aloft, with Charmian & Iras.

Cleo. Oh *Charmian*, I will neuer go from hence.
Char. Be comforted deere Madam.
Cleo. No, I will not:
All ſtrange and terrible euents are welcome,
But comforts we diſpiſe; our ſize of ſorrow
Proportion'd to our cauſe, muſt be as great
As that which makes it.

Enter Diomed.

How now? is he dead?
Diom. His death's vpon him, but not dead.
Looke out o'th other ſide your Monument,
His Guard haue brought him thither.

Enter Anthony, and the Guard.

Cleo. Oh Sunne,
Burne the great Sphere thou mou'ſt in, darkling ſtand
The varrying ſhore o'th'world. O *Antony*, *Antony*, *Antony*
Helpe *Charmian*, helpe *Iras* helpe: helpe Friends
Below, let's draw him hither.
Ant. Peace,
Not *Cæſars* Valour hath o'rethrowne *Anthony*,
But *Anthonie's* hath Triumpht on it ſelfe.
Cleo. So it ſhould be,
That none but *Anthony* ſhould conquer *Anthony*,
But woe 'tis ſo.
Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying; onely
I heere importune death a-while, vntill
Of many thouſand kiſſes, the poore laſt
I lay vpon thy lippes.
Cleo. I dare not Deere,
Deere my Lord pardon: I dare not,
Leaſt I be taken: not th'Imperious ſhew
Of the full-Fortun'd *Cæſar*, euer ſhall
Be brooch'd with me, if Knife, Drugges, Serpents haue
Edge, ſting, or operation. I am ſafe:
Your Wife *Octauia*, with her modeſt eyes,
And ſtill Concluſion, ſhall acquire no Honour
Demuring vpon me: but come, come *Anthony*,
Helpe me my women, we muſt draw thee vp:
Aſſiſt good Friends.
Ant. Oh quicke, or I am gone.
Cleo. Heere's ſport indeede:
How heauy weighes my Lord?
Our ſtrength is all gone into heauineſſe,
That makes the waight. Had I great *Iuno's* power,
The ſtrong wing'd Mercury ſhould fetch thee vp,
And ſet thee by Ioues ſide. Yet come a little,
Wiſhers were euer Fooles. Oh come, come, come,
They heaue Anthony aloft to Cleopatra.
And welcome, welcome. Dye when thou haſt liu'd,
Quicken with kiſſing: had my lippes that power,
Thus would I weare them out.
All. A heauy ſight.
Ant. I am dying Egypt, dying.
Giue me ſome Wine, and let me ſpeake a little.
Cleo. No, let me ſpeake, and let me rayle ſo hye,
That the falſe Huſwife Fortune, breake her Wheele,
Prouok'd by my offence.
Ant. One word (ſweet Queene)
Of *Cæſar* ſeeke your Honour, with your ſafety. Oh.
Cleo. They do not go together.
Ant. Gentle heare me,
None about *Cæſar* truſt, but *Proculeius*.
Cleo. My Reſolution, and my hands, Ile truſt,
None about *Cæſar*.
Ant. The miſerable change now at my end,
Lament nor ſorrow at: but pleaſe your thoughts
In feeding them with thoſe my former Fortunes
Wherein I liued. The greateſt Prince o'th'world,
The Nobleſt: and do now not baſely dye,
Not Cowardly put off my Helmet to
My Countreyman. A Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquiſh'd. Now my Spirit is going,
I can no more.
Cleo. Nobleſt of men, woo't dye?
Haſt thou no care of me, ſhall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy abſence is
No better then a Stye? Oh ſee my women:
The Crowne o'th'earth doth melt. My Lord?
Oh wither'd is the Garland of the Warre,
The

The Souldiers pole is falne : young Boyes and Gyrles
Are leuell now with men : The oddes is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkeable
Beneath the viſiting Moone.
Char. Oh quietneſſe, Lady.
Iras. She's dead too, our Soueraigne.
Char. Lady.
Iras. Madam.
Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.
Iras. Royall Egypt : Empreſſe.
Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*
Cleo. No more but in a Woman, and commanded
By ſuch poore paſſion, as the Maid that Milkes,
And doe's the meaneſt chares. It were for me,
To throw my Scepter at the iniurious Gods,
To tell them that this World did equall theyrs,
Till they had ſtolne our Iewell. All's but naught :
Patience is ſottiſh, and impatience does
Become a Dogge that's mad : Then is it ſinne,
To ruſh into the ſecret houſe of death,
Ere death dare come to vs. How do you Women?
What, what good cheere? Why how now *Charmian?*
My Noble Gyrles? Ah Women, women! Looke
Our Lampe is ſpent, it's out. Good ſirs, take heart,
Wee'l bury him : And then, what's braue, what's Noble,
Let's doo't after the high Roman faſhion,
And make death proud to take vs. Come, away,
This caſe of that huge Spirit now is cold.
Ah Women, Women! Come, we haue no Friend
But Reſolution, and the breefeſt end.
Exeunt, bearing of Anthonies body.

Enter Cæſar, Agrippa, Dollabella, Menas, with his Counſell of Warre.

Cæſar. Go to him *Dollabella*, bid him yeeld,
Being ſo fruſtrate, tell him,
He mockes the pawſes that he makes.
Dol. *Cæſar*, I ſhall.
Enter Decretas with the ſword of Anthony.
Cæſ. Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'ſt
Appeare thus to vs?
Dec. I am call'd *Decretas*,
Marke Anthony I ſeru'd, who beſt was worthie
Beſt to be ſeru'd : whil'ſt he ſtood vp, and ſpoke
He was my Maſter, and I wore my life
To ſpend vpon his haters. If thou pleaſe
To take me to thee, as I was to him,
Ile be to *Cæſar* : if ÿ pleaſeſt not, I yeild thee vp my life.
Cæſar. What is't thou ſay'ſt?
Dec. I ſay (Oh *Cæſar*) *Anthony* is dead.
Cæſar. The breaking of ſo great a thing, ſhould make
A greater cracke. The round World
Should haue ſhooke Lyons into ciuill ſtreets,
And Cittizens to their dennes. The death of *Anthony*
Is not a ſingle doome, in the name lay
A moity of the world.
Dec. He is dead *Cæſar*,
Not by a publike miniſter of Iuſtice,
Nor by a hyred Knife, but that ſelfe-hand
Which writ his Honor in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it ſtain'd
With his moſt Noble blood.
Cæſ. Looke you ſad Friends,
The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings
To waſh the eyes of Kings.
Dol. And ſtrange it is,
That Nature muſt compell vs to lament
Our moſt perſiſted deeds.
Mec. His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him.
Dola. A Rarer ſpirit neuer
Did ſteere humanity : but you Gods will giue vs
Some faults to make vs men. *Cæſar* is touch'd.
Mec. When ſuch a ſpacious Mirror's ſet before him,
He needes muſt ſee him ſelfe.
Cæſar. Oh *Anthony*,
I haue followed thee to this, but we do launch
Diſeaſes in our Bodies. I muſt perforce
Haue ſhewne to thee ſuch a declining day,
Or looke on thine : we could not ſtall together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With teares as Soueraigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all deſigne; my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Starres
Vnreconciliable, ſhould diuide our equalneſſe to this.
Heare me good Friends,
But I will tell you at ſome meeter Seaſon,
The buſineſſe of this man lookes out of him,
Wee'l heare him what he ſayes.
Enter an Ægyptian.
Whence are you?
Ægyp. A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my miſtris
Confin'd in all, ſhe has her Monument
Of thy intents, deſires, inſtruction,
That ſhe preparedly may frame her ſelfe
To'th'way ſhee's forc'd too.
Cæſar. Bid her haue good heart,
She ſoone ſhall know of vs, by ſome of ours,
How honourable, and how kindely Wee
Determine for her. For *Cæſar* cannot leaue to be vngentle
Ægypt. So the Gods preſerue thee. *Exit.*
Cæſ. Come hither *Proculeius*. Go and ſay
We purpoſe her no ſhame : giue her what comforts
The quality of her paſſion ſhall require;
Leaſt in her greatneſſe, by ſome mortall ſtroke
She do defeate vs. For her life in Rome,
Would be eternall in our Triumph : Go,
And with your ſpeedieſt bring vs what ſhe ſayes,
And how you finde of her.
Pro. *Cæſar* I ſhall. *Exit Proculeius.*
Cæſ. *Gallus*, go you along : where's *Dolabella*, to ſecond *Proculeius*?
All. *Dolabella.*
Cæſ. Let him alone : for I remember now
How hee's imployd : he ſhall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you ſhall ſee
How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,
How calme and gentle I proceeded ſtill
In all my Writings. Go with me, and ſee
What I can ſhew in this. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. My deſolation does begin to make
A better life : Tis paltry to be *Cæſar* :
Not being Fortune, hee's but Fortunes knaue,
A miniſter of her will : and it is great

To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which ſhackles accedents, and bolts vp change;
Which ſleepes, and neuer pallates more the dung,
The beggers Nurſe, and *Cæſars.*
Enter Proculeius.
Pro. *Cæſar* ſends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,
And bids thee ſtudy on what faire demands
Thou mean'ſt to haue him grant thee.
Cleo. What's thy name?
Pro. My name is *Proculeius.*
Cleo. *Anthony*
Did tell me of you, bad me truſt you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiu'd
That haue no vſe for truſting. If your Maſter
Would haue a Queece his begger, you muſt tell him,
That Maieſty to keepe *decorum*, muſt
No leſſe begge then a Kingdome : If he pleaſe
To giue me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
He giues me ſo much of mine owne, as I
Will kneele to him with thankes.
Pro. Be of good cheere :
Y'are falne into a Princely hand, feare nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is ſo full of Grace, that it flowes ouer
On all that neede. Let me report to him
Your ſweet dependacie, and you ſhall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindneſſe,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.
Cleo. Pray you tell him,
I am his Fortunes Vaſſall, and I ſend him
The Greatneſſe he has got. I hourely learne
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him i'th'Face.
Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Haue comfort, for I know your plight is pittied
Of him that caus'd it.
Pro. You ſee how eaſily ſhe may be ſurpriz'd :
Guard her till *Cæſar* come.
Iras. Royall Queene.
Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queene.
Cleo. Quicke, quicke, good hands.
Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold :
Doe not your ſelfe ſuch wrong, who are in this
Releeu'd, but not betraid.
Cleo. What of death too that rids our dogs of languiſh
Pro. *Cleopatra*, do not abuſe my Maſters bounty, by
Th'vndoing of your ſelfe : Let the World ſee
His Nobleneſſe well acted, which your death
Will neuer let come forth.
Cleo. Where art thou Death?
Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene
Worth many Babes and Beggers.
Pro. Oh temperance Lady.
Cleo. Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not drinke ſir,
If idle talke will once be neceſſary
Ile not ſleepe neither. This mortall houſe Ile ruine,
Do *Cæſar* what he can. Know ſir, that I
Will not waite pinnion'd at your Maſters Court,
Nor once be chaſtic'd with the ſober eye
Of dull *Octauia*. Shall they hoyſt me vp,
And ſhew me to the ſhowting Varlotarie
Of cenſuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt.
Be gentle graue vnto me, rather on Nylus mudde
Lay me ſtarke-nak'd, and let the water-Flies
Blow me into abhorring; rather make
My Countries high pyramides my Gibbet,
And hang me vp in Chaines.
Pro. You do extend
Theſe thoughts of horror further then you ſhall
Finde cauſe in *Cæſar.*
Enter Dolabella.
Dol. *Proculeius*,
What thou haſt done, thy Maſter *Cæſar* knowes,
And he hath ſent for thee : for the Queene,
Ile take her to my Guard.
Pro. So *Dolabella*,
It ſhall content me beſt : Be gentle to her,
To *Cæſar* I will ſpeake, what you ſhall pleaſe,
If you'l imploy me to him. *Exit Proculeius*
Cleo. Say, I would dye.
Dol. Moſt Noble Empreſſe, you haue heard of me.
Cleo. I cannot tell.
Dol. Aſſuredly you know me.
Cleo. No matter ſir, what I haue heard or knowne :
You laugh when Boyes or Women tell their Dreames,
Is't not your tricke?
Dol. I vnderſtand not, Madam.
Cleo. I dreampt there was an Emperor *Anthony.*
Oh ſuch another ſleepe, that I might ſee
But ſuch another man.
Dol. If it might pleaſe ye.
Cleo. His face was as the Heau'ns, and therein ſtucke
A Sunne and Moone, which kept their courſe, & lighted
The little o'th'earth.
Dol. Moſt Soueraigne Creature.
Cleo. His legges beſtrid the Ocean, his rear'd arme
Creſted the world : His voyce was propertied
As all the tuned Spheres, and that to Friends :
But when he meant to quaile, and ſhake the Orbe,
He was as ratling Thunder. For his Bounty,
There was no winter in't. An *Anthony* it was,
That grew the more by reaping : His delights
Were Dolphin-like, they ſhew'd his backe aboue
The Element they liu'd in : In his Liuery
Walk'd Crownes and Crownets : Realms & Iſlands were
As plates dropt from his pocket.
Dol. *Cleopatra.*
Cleo. Thinke you there was, or might be ſuch a man
As this I dreampt of?
Dol. Gentle Madam, no.
Cleo. You Lye vp to the hearing of the Gods :
But if there be, nor euer were one ſuch
It's paſt the ſize of dreaming : Nature wants ſtuffe
To vie ſtrange formes with fancie, yet t'imagine
An *Anthony* were Natures peece, 'gainſt Fancie,
Condemning ſhadowes quite.
Dol. Heare me, good Madam :
Your loſſe is as your ſelfe, great; and you beare it
As anſwering to the waight, would I might neuer
Ore-take purſu'de ſucceſſe : But I do feele
By the rebound of yours, a greefe that ſuites
My very heart at roote.
Cleo. I thanke you ſir :
Know you what *Cæſar* meanes to do with me?
Dol. I am loath to tell you what, I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay pray you ſir.
Dol. Though he be Honourable.
Cleo. Hee'l leade me then in Triumph.
Dol. Madam he will, I know't. *Flouriſh.*
Enter Proculeius, Cæſar, Gallus, Mecenas, and others of his Traine.
All. Make way there *Cæſar.*

Caeſ. Which is the Queene of Egypt.
Dol. It is the Emperor Madam. *Cleo. kneeles.*
Cæſar. Ariſe, you ſhall not kneele:
I pray you riſe, riſe Egypt.
Cleo. Sir, the Gods will haue it thus,
My Maſter and my Lord I muſt obey,
Cæſar. Take to you no hard thoughts,
The Record of what iniuries you did vs,
Though written in our fleſh, we ſhall remember
As things but done by chance.
Cleo. Sole Sir o'th' World,
I cannot proiect mine owne cauſe ſo well
To make it cleare, but do confeſſe I haue
Bene laden with like frailties, which before
Haue often ſham'd our Sex.
Cæſar. *Cleopatra* know,
We will extenuate rather then inforce:
If you apply your ſelfe to our intents,
Which towards you are moſt gentle, you ſhall finde
A benefit in this change: but if you ſeeke
To lay on me a Cruelty, by taking
Anthonies courſe, you ſhall bereaue your ſelfe
Of my good purpoſes, and put your children
To that deſtruction which Ile guard them from,
If thereon you relye. Ile take my leaue.
Cleo. And may through all the world: tis yours, & we
your Scutcheons, and your ſignes of Cõqueſt ſhall
Hang in what place you pleaſe. Here my good Lord.
Cæſar. You ſhall aduiſe me in all for *Cleopatra*.
Cleo. This is the breefe: of Money, Plate, & Iewels
I am poſſeſt of, 'tis exactly valewed,
Not petty things admitted. Where's *Seleucus*?
Seleu. Heere Madam.
Cleo. This is my Treaſurer, let him ſpeake (my Lord)
Vpon his perill, that I haue reſeru'd
To my ſelfe nothing. Speake the truth *Seleucus*.
Seleu. Madam, I had rather ſeele my lippes,
Then to my perill ſpeake that which is not.
Cleo. What haue I kept backe.
Sel. Enough to purchaſe what you haue made known
Cæſar. Nay bluſh not *Cleopatra*, I approue
Your Wiſedome in the deede.
Cleo. See *Cæſar*: Oh behold,
How pompe is followed: Mine will now be yours,
And ſhould we ſhift eſtates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this *Seleucus*, does
Euen make me wilde. Oh Slaue, of no more truſt
Then loue that's hyr'd? What goeſt thou backe, yͧ ſhalt
Go backe I warrant thee: but Ile catch thine eyes
Though they had wings. Slaue, Soule-leſſe, Villain, Dog.
O rarely baſe!
Cæſar. Good Queene, let vs intreat you.
Cleo. O *Cæſar*, what a wounding ſhame is this,
That thou vouchſafing heere to viſit me,
Doing the Honour of thy Lordlineſſe
To one ſo meeke, that mine owne Seruant ſhould
Parcell the ſumme of my diſgraces, by
Addition of his Enuy. Say (good *Cæſar*)
That I ſome Lady trifles haue reſeru'd,
Immoment toyes, things of ſuch Dignitie
As we greet moderne Friends withall, and ſay
Some Nobler token I haue kept apart
For *Liuia* and *Octauia*, to induce
Their mediation, muſt I be vnfolded
With one that I haue bred: The Gods! it ſmites me
Beneath the fall I haue. Prythee go hence,
Or I ſhall ſhew the Cynders of my ſpirits
Through th'Aſhes of my chance: Wer't thou a man,
Thou would'ſt haue mercy on me.
Cæſar. Forbeare *Seleucus*.
Cleo. Be it known, that we the greateſt are miſ-thoght
For things that others do: and when we fall,
We anſwer others merits, in our name
Are therefore to be pittied.
Cæſar. *Cleopatra*,
Not what you haue reſeru'd, nor what acknowledg'd
Put we i'th' Roll of Conqueſt: ſtill bee't yours,
Beſtow it at your pleaſure, and beleeue
Cæſars no Merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that Merchants ſold. Therefore be cheer'd,
Make not your thoughts your priſons: No deere Queen,
For we intend ſo to diſpoſe you, as
Your ſelfe ſhall giue vs counſell: Feede, and ſleepe:
Our care and pitty is ſo much vpon you,
That we remaine your Friend, and ſo adieu.
Cleo. My Maſter, and my Lord.
Cæſar. Not ſo: Adieu. *Flouriſh.*
Exeunt Cæſar, and his Traine.
Cleo. He words me Gyrles, he words me,
That I ſhould not be Noble to my ſelfe.
But hearke thee *Charmian*.
Iras. Finiſh good Lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the darke.
Cleo. Hye thee againe,
I haue ſpoke already, and it is prouided,
Go put it to the haſte.
Char. Madam, I will.
Enter Dolabella.
Dol. Where's the Queene?
Char. Behold ſir.
Cleo. *Dolabella.*
Dol. Madam, as thereto ſworne, by your command
(Which my loue makes Religion to obey)
I tell you this: *Cæſar* through Syria
Intends his iourney, and within three dayes,
You with your Children will he ſend before,
Make your beſt vſe of this. I haue perform'd
Your pleaſure, and my promiſe.
Cleo. *Dolabella*, I ſhall remaine your debter.
Dol. I your Seruant:
Adieu good Queene, I muſt attend on *Cæſar*. *Exit*
Cleo. Farewell, and thankes.
Now *Iras*, what think'ſt thou?
Thou, an Egyptian Puppet ſhall be ſhewne
In Rome aſwell as I: Mechanicke Slaues
With greazie Aprons, Rules, and Hammers ſhall
Vplift vs to the view. In their thicke breathes,
Ranke of groſſe dyet, ſhall we be enclowded,
And forc'd to drinke their vapour.
Iras. The Gods forbid.
Cleo. Nay, 'tis moſt certaine *Iras*: ſawcie Lictors
Will catch at vs like Strumpets, and ſcald Rimers
Ballads vs out a Tune. The quicke Comedians
Extemporally will ſtage vs, and preſent
Our Alexandrian Reuels: *Anthony*
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I ſhall ſee
Some ſqueaking *Cleopatra* Boy my greatneſſe
I'th' poſture of a Whore.
Iras. O the good Gods!
Cleo. Nay that's certaine.
Iras. Ile neuer ſee't? for I am ſure mine Nailes
Are ſtronger then mine eyes.

Cleo. Why that's the way to foole their preparation,
And to conquer their moſt abſurd intents.
Enter Charmian.
Now *Charmian*.
Shew me my Women like a Queene: Go fetch
My beſt Attyres. I am againe for *Cidrus*,
To meete *Marke Anthony*. Sirra *Iras*, go
(Now Noble *Charmian*, wee'l diſpatch indeede,)
And when thou haſt done this chare, Ile giue thee leaue
To play till Doomeſday: bring our Crowne, and all.
A noiſe within.
Wherefore's this noiſe?
Enter a Guardſman.
Gardſ. Heere is a rurall Fellow,
That will not be deny'de your Highneſſe preſence,
He brings you Figges.
Cleo. Let him come in. *Exit Guardſman.*
What poore an Inſtrument
May do a Noble deede: he brings me liberty:
My Reſolution's plac'd, and I haue nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foote
I am Marble conſtant: now the fleeting Moone
No Planet is of mine.
Enter Guardſman, and Clowne.
Guardſ. This is the man.
Cleo. Auoid, and leaue him. *Exit Guardſman.*
Haſt thou the pretty worme of Nylus there,
That killes and paines not?

Clow. Truly I haue him: but I would not be the partie that ſhould deſire you to touch him, for his byting is immortall: thoſe that doe dye of it, doe ſeldome or neuer recouer.

Cleo. Remember'ſt thou any that haue dyed on't?

Clow. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer then yeſterday, a very honeſt woman, but ſomething giuen to lye, as a woman ſhould not do, but in the way of honeſty, how ſhe dyed of the byting of it, what paine ſhe felt: Truely, ſhe makes a verie good report o'th' worme: but he that wil beleeue all that they ſay, ſhall neuer be ſaued by halfe that they do: but this is moſt falliable, the Worme's an odde Worme.

Cleo. Get thee hence, farewell.

Clow. I wiſh you all ioy of the Worme.

Cleo. Farewell.

Clow. You muſt thinke this (looke you,) that the Worme will do his kinde.

Cleo. I, I, farewell.

Clow. Looke you, the Worme is not to bee truſted, but in the keeping of wiſe people: for indeede, there is no goodneſſe in the Worme.

Cleo. Take thou no care, it ſhall be heeded.

Clow. Very good: giue it nothing I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eate me?

Clow. You muſt not think I am ſo ſimple, but I know the diuell himſelfe will not eate a woman: I know, that a woman is a diſh for the Gods, if the diuell dreſſe her not. But truly, theſe ſame whorſon diuels doe the Gods great harme in their women: for in euery tenne that they make, the diuels marre fiue.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone, farewell.

Clow. Yes forſooth: I wiſh you ioy o'th' worm. *Exit*

Cleo. Giue me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue
Immortall longings in me. Now no more
The iuyce of Egypts Grape ſhall moyſt this lip.
Yare, yare, good *Iras*; quicke: Me thinkes I heare
Anthony call: I ſee him rowſe himſelfe
To praiſe my Noble Act. I heare him mock
The lucke of *Cæſar*, which the Gods giue men
To excuſe their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title.
I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements
I giue to baſer life. So, haue you done?
Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my Lippes.
Farewell kinde *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell.
Haue I the Aſpicke in my lippes? Doſt fall?
If thou, and Nature can ſo gently part,
The ſtroke of death is as a Louers pinch,
Which hurts, and is deſir'd. Doſt thou lye ſtill?
If thus thou vaniſheſt, thou tell'ſt the world,
It is not worth leaue-taking.
Char. Diſſolue thicke clowd, & Raine, that I may ſay
The Gods themſelues do weepe.
Cleo. This proues me baſe:
If ſhe firſt meete the Curled *Anthony*,
Hee'l make demand of her, and ſpend that kiſſe
Which is my heauen to haue. Come thou mortal wretch,
With thy ſharpe teeth this knot intrinſicate,
Of life at once vntye: Poore venomous Foole,
Be angry, and diſpatch. Oh could'ſt thou ſpeake,
That I might heare thee call great *Cæſar* Aſſe, vnpolicied.
Char. Oh Eaſterne Starre.
Cleo. Peace, peace:
Doſt thou not ſee my Baby at my breaſt,
That ſuckes the Nurſe aſleepe.
Char. O breake! O breake!
Cleo. As ſweet as Balme, as ſoft as Ayre, as gentle.
O *Anthony*! Nay I will take thee too.
What ſhould I ſtay——— *Dyes.*
Char. In this wilde World? So fare thee well:
Now boaſt thee Death, in thy poſſeſſion lyes
A Laſſe vnparalell'd. Downie Windowes cloze,
And golden Phœbus, neuer be beheld
Of eyes againe ſo Royall: your Crownes away,
Ile mend it, and then play———
Enter the Guard ruſtling in, and Dolabella.
1 Guard. Where's the Queene?
Char. Speake ſoftly, wake her not.
1 *Cæſar* hath ſent
Char. Too ſlow a Meſſenger.
Oh come apace, diſpatch, I partly feele thee.
1 Approach hoa,
All's not well: *Cæſar's* beguild.
2 There's *Dolabella* ſent from *Cæſar*: call him.
1 What worke is heere *Charmian*?
Is this well done?
Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princeſſe
Deſcended of ſo many Royall Kings.
Ah Souldier. *Charmian dyes.*

Enter Dolabella.

Dol. How goes it heere?
2 Guard. All dead.
Dol. *Cæſar*, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thy ſelfe art comming
To ſee perform'd the dreaded Act which thou
So ſought'ſt to hinder.

Enter Cæſar and all his Traine, marching.

All. A way there, a way for *Cæſar*.

Dol. Oh ſir, you are too ſure an Augurer:
That you did feare, is done.
Cæſar. Braueſt at the laſt,
She leuell'd at our purpoſes, and being Royall
Tooke her owne way: the manner of their deaths,
I do not ſee them bleede.
Dol. Who was laſt with them?
1 *Guard.* A ſimple Countryman, that broght hir Figs:
This was his Basket.
Cæſar. Poyſon'd then.
1. *Guard.* Oh *Cæſar*:
This *Charmian* liu'd but now, ſhe ſtood and ſpake:
I found her trimming vp the Diadem;
On her dead Miſtris tremblingly ſhe ſtood,
And on the ſodaine dropt.
Cæſar. Oh Noble weakeneſſe:
If they had ſwallow'd poyſon, 'twould appeare
By externall ſwelling: but ſhe lookes like ſleepe,
As ſhe would catch another *Anthony*
In her ſtrong toyle of Grace.
Dol. Heere on her breſt,
There is a vent of Bloud, and ſomething blowne,
The like is on her Arme.
1. *Guard.* This is an Aſpickes traile,
And theſe Figge-leaues haue ſlime vpon them, ſuch
As th'Aſpicke leaues vpon the Caues of Nyle.
Cæſar. Moſt probable
That ſo ſhe dyed: for her Phyſitian tels mee
She hath purſu'de Concluſions infinite
Of eaſie wayes to dye. Take vp her bed,
And beare her Women from the Monument,
She ſhall be buried by her *Anthony*.
No Graue vpon the earth ſhall clip in it
A payre ſo famous: high euents as theſe
Strike thoſe that make them: and their Story is
No leſſe in pitty, then his Glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our Army ſhall
In ſolemne ſhew, attend this Funerall,
And then to Rome. Come *Dolabella*, ſee
High Order, in this great Solmemnity. *Exeunt omnes*

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF CYMBELINE.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.*
You do not meet a man but Frownes.
Our bloods no more obey the Heauens
Then our Courtiers:
Still ſeeme, as do's the Kings.
2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?
1. His daughter, and the heire of's kingdome (whom
He purpos'd to his wiues ſole Sonne, a Widdow
That late he married) hath referr'd her ſelfe
Vnto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband baniſh'd; ſhe impriſon'd, all
Is outward ſorrow, though I thinke the King
Be touch'd at very heart.
2 None but the King?
1 He that hath loſt her too: ſo is the Queene,
That moſt deſir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they weare their faces to the bent
Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they ſcowle at.
2 And why ſo?
1 He that hath miſs'd the Princeſſe, is a thing
Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I meane, that married her, alacke good man,
And therefore baniſh'd) is a Creature, ſuch,
As to ſeeke through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like; there would be ſomething failing
In him, that ſhould compare. I do not thinke,
So faire an Outward, and ſuch ſtuffe Within
Endowes a man, but hee.
2 You ſpeake him farre.
1 I do extend him (Sir) within himſelfe,
Cruſh him together, rather then vnfold
His meaſure duly.
2 What's his name, and Birth?
1 I cannot delue him to the roote: His Father
Was call'd *Sicillius*, who did ioyne his Honor
Againſt the Romanes, with *Caſſibulan*,
But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He ſeru'd with Glory, and admir'd Succeſſe:
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.
And had (beſides this Gentleman in queſtion)
Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th'time
Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father
Then old, and fond of yſſue, tooke ſuch ſorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady
Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceaſt
As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe
To his protection, cals him *Poſthumus Leonatus*,
Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his time
Could make him the receiuer of, which he tooke
As we do ayre, faſt as 'twas miniſtred,
And in's Spring, became a Harueſt: Liu'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do) moſt prais'd, moſt lou'd,
A ſample to the yongeſt: to th'more Mature,
A glaſſe that feated them: and to the grauer,
A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Miſtris,
(For whom he now is baniſh'd) her owne price
Proclaimes how ſhe eſteem'd him; and his Vertue
By her electiō may be truly read, what kind of man he is.
2 I honor him, euen out of your report.
But pray you tell me, is ſhe ſole childe to'th'King?
1 His onely childe:
He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,
Marke it) the eldeſt of them, at three yeares old
I'th'ſwathing cloathes, the other from their Nurſery
Were ſtolne, and to this houre, no gheſſe in knowledge
Which way they went.
2 How long is this ago?
1 Some twenty yeares.
2 That a Kings Children ſhould be ſo conuey'd,
So ſlackely guarded, and the ſearch ſo ſlow
That could not trace them.
1 Howſoere, 'tis ſtrange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at:
Yet is it true Sir.
2 I do well beleeue you.
1 We muſt forbeare. Heere comes the Gentleman,
The Queene, and Princeſſe. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Queene, Poſthumus, and Imogen.

Qu. No, be aſſur'd you ſhall not finde me (Daughter)
After the ſlander of moſt Step-Mothers,
Euill-ey'd vnto you. You're my Priſoner, but
Your Gaoler ſhall deliuer you the keyes

That locke vp your reſtraint. For you *Poſthumus*,
So ſoone as I can win th'offended King,
I will be knowne your Aduocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd vnto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wiſedome may informe you.
Poſt. 'Pleaſe your Highneſſe,
I will from hence to day.
Qu. You know the perill:
Ile fetch a turne about the Garden, pittying
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you ſhould not ſpeake together. *Exit*
Imo. O diſſembling Curteſie! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where ſhe wounds? My deereſt Husband,
I ſomething feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing
(Alwayes reſeru'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You muſt be gone,
And I ſhall heere abide the hourely ſhot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to liue,
But that there is this Iewell in the world,
That I may ſee againe.
Poſt. My Queene, my Miſtris:
O Lady, weepe no more, leaſt I giue cauſe
To be ſuſpected of more tenderneſſe
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyall'ſt husband, that did ere plight troth.
My reſidence in Rome, at one *Filorio's*,
Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me
Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, Ile drinke the words you ſend,
Though Inke be made of Gall.

Enter Queene.

Qu. Be briefe, I pray you:
If the King come, I ſhall incurre, I know not
How much of his diſpleaſure: yet Ile moue him
To walke this way: I neuer do him wrong,
But he do's buy my Iniuries, to be Friends:
Payes deere for my offences.
Poſt. Should we be taking leaue
As long a terme as yet we haue to liue,
The loathneſſe to depart, would grow: Adieu.
Imo. Nay, ſtay a little:
Were you but riding forth to ayre your ſelfe,
Such parting were too petty. Looke heere (Loue)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)
But keepe it till you woo another Wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.
Poſt. How, how? Another?
You gentle Gods, giue me but this I haue,
And ſeare vp my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,
While ſenſe can keepe it on: And ſweeteſt, faireſt,
As I (my poore ſelfe) did exchange for you
To your ſo infinite loſſe; ſo in our trifles
I ſtill winne of you. For my ſake weare this,
It is a Manacle of Loue, Ile place it
Vpon this fayreſt Priſoner.
Imo. O the Gods!
When ſhall we ſee againe?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Poſt. Alacke, the King.
Cym. Thou baſeſt thing, auoyd hence, from my ſight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy vnworthineſſe, thou dyeſt. Away,
Thou'rt poyſon to my blood.
Poſt. The Gods protect you,
And bleſſe the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone. *Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More ſharpe then this is.
Cym. O diſloyall thing,
That ſhould'ſt repayre my youth, thou heap'ſt
A yeares age on mee.
Imo. I beſeech you Sir,
Harme not your ſelfe with your vexation,
I am ſenſeleſſe of your Wrath; a Touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all feares.
Cym. Paſt Grace? Obedience?
Imo. Paſt hope, and in diſpaire, that way paſt Grace.
Cym. That might'ſt haue had
The ſole Sonne of my Queene.
Imo. O bleſſed, that I might not: I choſe an Eagle,
And did auoyd a Puttocke.
Cym. Thou took'ſt a Begger, would'ſt haue made my
Throne, a Seate for baſeneſſe.
Imo. No, I rather added a luſtre to it.
Cym. O thou vilde one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I haue lou'd *Poſthumus*:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buyes mee
Almoſt the ſumme he payes.
Cym. What? art thou mad?
Imo. Almoſt Sir: Heauen reſtore me: would I were
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our Neighbour-Shepheards Sonne.

Enter Queene.

Cym. Thou fooliſh thing;
They were againe together: you haue done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her vp.
Qu. Beſeech your patience: Peace
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,
Leaue vs to our ſelues, and make your ſelf ſome comfort
Out of your beſt aduice.
Cym. Nay let her languiſh
A drop of blood a day, and being aged
Dye of this Folly. *Exit.*

Enter Piſanio.

Qu. Fye, you muſt giue way:
Heere is your Seruant. How now Sir? What newes?
Piſa. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Maſter.
Qu. Hah?
No harme I truſt is done?
Piſa. There might haue beene,
But that my Maſter rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.
Qu. I am very glad on't.
Imo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw vpon an Exile. O braue Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,
My ſelfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke
The goer backe. Why came you from your Maſter?
Piſa. On his command: he would not ſuffer mee
To bring him to the Hauen: left theſe Notes
Of what commands I ſhould be ſubiect too,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.
Qu. This hath beene
Your faithfull Seruant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remaine ſo.
Piſa. I humbly thanke your Highneſſe.

Qu. Pray walke a-while.
Imo. About ſome halfe houre hence,
Pray you ſpeake with me;
You ſhall (at leaſt) go ſee my Lord aboord.
For this time leaue me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and two Lords.

1. Sir, I would aduiſe you to ſhift a Shirt; the Violence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad ſo wholeſome as that you vent.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to ſhift it. Haue I hurt him?

2 No faith: not ſo much as his patience.

1 Hurt him? His bodie's a paſſable Carkaſſe if he bee not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if it be not hurt.

2 His Steele was in debt, it went o'th'Backe-ſide the Towne.

Clot. The Villaine would not ſtand me.

2 No, but he fled forward ſtill, toward your face.

1 Stand you? you haue Land enough of your owne: But he added to your hauing, gaue you ſome ground.

2 As many Inches, as you haue Oceans (Puppies.)

Clot. I would they had not come betweene vs.

2 So would I, till you had meaſur'd how long a Foole you were vpon the ground.

Clot. And that ſhee ſhould loue this Fellow, and refuſe mee.

2 If it be a ſin to make a true election, ſhe is damn'd.

1 Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty & her Braine go not together. Shee's a good ſigne, but I haue ſeene ſmall reflection of her wit.

2 She ſhines not vpon Fooles, leaſt the reflection
Should hurt her.

Clot. Come, Ile to my Chamber: would there had beene ſome hurt done.

2 I wiſh not ſo, vnleſſe it had bin the fall of an Aſſe, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'l go with vs?

1 Ile attend your Lordſhip.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2 Well my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen, and Piſanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'ſt vnto the ſhores o'th'Hauen,
And queſtioned'ſt euery Saile: if he ſhould write,
And I not haue it, 'twere a Paper loſt
As offer'd mercy is: What was the laſt
That he ſpake to thee?
Piſa. It was his Queene, his Queene.
Imo. Then wau'd his Handkerchiefe?
Piſa. And kiſt it, Madam.
Imo. Senſeleſſe Linnen, happier therein then I:
And that was all?
Piſa. No Madam: for ſo long
As he could make me with his eye, or eare,
Diſtinguiſh him from others, he did keepe
The Decke, with Gloue, or Hat, or Handkerchife,
Still wauing, as the fits and ſtirres of's mind
Could beſt expreſſe how ſlow his Soule ſayl'd on,
How ſwift his Ship.
Imo. Thou ſhould'ſt haue made him,
As little as a Crow, or leſſe, ere left
To after-eye him.
Piſa. Madam, ſo I did.
Imo. I would haue broke mine eye-ſtrings;
Crack'd them, but to looke vpon him, till the diminution
Of ſpace, had pointed him ſharpe as my Needle:
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The ſmalneſſe of a Gnat, to ayre: and then
Haue turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good *Piſanio*,
When ſhall we heare from him.
Piſa. Be aſſur'd Madam,
With his next vantage.
Imo. I did not take my leaue of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay: Ere I could tell him
How I would thinke on him at certaine houres,
Such thoughts, and ſuch: Or I could make him ſweare,
The Shees of Italy ſhould not betray
Mine Intereſt, and his Honour: or haue charg'd him
At the ſixt houre of Morne, at Noone, at Midnight,
T'encounter me with Oriſons, for then
I am in Heauen for him: Or ere I could,
Giue him that parting kiſſe, which I had ſet
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,
And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our buddes from growing.

Enter a Lady.

La. The Queene (Madam)
Deſires your Highneſſe Company.
Imo. Thoſe things I bid you do, get them diſpatch'd,
I will attend the Queene.
Piſa. Madam, I ſhall. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Philario, Iachimo: a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Iach. Beleeue it Sir, I haue ſeene him in Britaine; hee was then of a Creſſent note, expected to proue ſo woorthy, as ſince he hath beene allowed the name of. But I could then haue look'd on him, without the help of Admiration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had bin tabled by his ſide, and I to peruſe him by Items.

Phil. You ſpeake of him when he was leſſe furniſh'd, then now hee is, with that which makes him both without, and within.

French. I haue ſeene him in France: wee had very many there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as hee.

Iach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter, wherein he muſt be weighed rather by her valew, then his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the matter.

French. And then his baniſhment.

Iach. I, and the approbation of thoſe that weepe this lamentable diuorce vnder her colours, are wonderfully to extend him, be it but to fortifie her iudgement, which elſe an eaſie battery might lay flat, for taking a Begger without leſſe quality. But how comes it, he is to ſoiourne with you? How creepes acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I haue bin often bound for no leſſe then my life.

Enter Poſthumus.

Heere comes the Britaine. Let him be ſo entertained among'ſt you, as ſuites with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I beſeech you all be better knowne to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will leaue to appeare hereafter, rather then ſtory him in his owne hearing.

French. Sir, we haue knowne togither in Orleance.

Poſt. Since when, I haue bin debtor to you for courteſies, which I will be euer to pay, and yet pay ſtill.

French. Sir, you o're-rate my poore kindneſſe, I was glad I did attone my Countryman and you: it had beene pitty you ſhould haue beene put together, with ſo mortall a purpoſe, as then each bore, vpon importance of ſo ſlight and triuiall a nature.

Poſt. By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traueller, rather ſhun'd to go euen with what I heard, then in my euery action to be guided by others experiences: but vpon my mended iudgement (if I offend to ſay it is mended) my Quarrell was not altogether ſlight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbiterment of Swords, and by ſuch two, that would by all likelyhood haue confounded one the other, or haue fal'ne both.

Iach. Can we with manners, aske what was the difference?

French. Safely, I thinke, 'twas a contention in publicke, which may (without contradiction) ſuffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out laſt night, where each of vs fell in praiſe of our Country-Miſtreſſes. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and vpon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more Faire, Vertuous, Wiſe, Chaſte, Conſtant, Qualified, and leſſe attemptible then any, the rareſt of our Ladies in Fraunce.

Iach. That Lady is not now liuing; or this Gentlemans opinion by this, worne out.

Poſt. She holds her Vertue ſtill, and I my mind.

Iach. You muſt not ſo farre preferre her, 'fore ours of Italy.

Poſth. Being ſo farre prouok'd as I was in France: I would abate her nothing, though I profeſſe my ſelfe her Adorer, not her Friend.

Iach. As faire, and as good: a kind of hand in hand compariſon, had beene ſomething too faire, and too good for any Lady in Britanie; if ſhe went before others. I haue ſeene as that Diamond of yours out-luſters many I haue beheld, I could not beleeue ſhe excelled many: but I haue not ſeene the moſt precious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Poſt. I prais'd her, as I rated her: ſo do I my Stone.

Iach. What do you eſteeme it at?

Poſt. More then the world enioyes.

Iach. Either your vnparagon'd Miſtirs is dead, or ſhe's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Poſt. You are miſtaken: the one may be ſolde or giuen, or if there were wealth enough for the purchaſes, or merite for the guift. The other is not a thing for ſale, and onely the guift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods haue giuen you?

Poſt. Which by their Graces I will keepe.

Iach. You may weare her in title yours: but you know ſtrange Fowle light vpon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be ſtolne too, ſo your brace of vnprizeable Eſtimations, the one is but fraile, and the other Caſuall;. A cunning Thiefe, or a (that way) accompliſh'd Courtier, would hazzard the winning both of firſt and laſt.

Poſt. Your Italy, containes none ſo accompliſh'd a Courtier to conuince the Honour of my Miſtris: if in the holding or loſſe of that, you terme her fraile, I do nothing doubt you haue ſtore of Theeues, notwithſtanding I feare not my Ring.

Phil. Let vs leaue heere, Gentlemen?

Poſt. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I thanke him, makes no ſtranger of me, we are familiar at firſt.

Iach. With fiue times ſo much conuerſation, I ſhould get ground of your faire Miſtris; make her go backe, euen to the yeilding, had I admittance, and opportunitie to friend.

Poſt. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawne the moytie of my Eſtate, to your Ring, which in my opinion o're-values it ſomething: but I make my wager rather againſt your Confidence, then her Reputation. And to barre your offence heerein to, I durſt attempt it againſt any Lady in the world.

Poſt. You are a great deale abus'd in too bold a perſwaſion, and I doubt not you ſuſtaine what y'are worthy of, by your Attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Poſth. A Repulſe though your Attempt (as you call it) deſerue more; a puniſhment too.

Phi. Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too ſodainely, let it dye as it was borne, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my Eſtate, and my Neighbors on th'approbation of what I haue ſpoke.

Poſt. What Lady would you chuſe to aſſaile?

Iach. Yours, whom in conſtancie you thinke ſtands ſo ſafe. I will lay you ten thouſands Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more aduantage then the opportunitie of a ſecond conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor of hers, which you imagine ſo reſeru'd.

Poſthmus. I will wage againſt your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I holde deere as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a Friend, and there in the wiſer: if you buy Ladies fleſh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preſeure it from tainting; but I ſee you haue ſome Religion in you, that you feare.

Poſthu. This is but a cuſtome in your tongue: you beare a grauer purpoſe I hope.

Iach. I am the Maſter of my ſpeeches, and would vnder-go what's ſpoken, I ſweare.

Poſthu. Will you? I ſhall but lend my Diamond till your returne: let there be Couenants drawne between's. My Miſtris exceedes in goodneſſe, the hugeneſſe of your vnworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: heere's my Ring.

Phil. I will haue it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no ſufficient teſtimony that I haue enioy'd the deereſt bodily part of your Miſtris: my ten thouſand Duckets are yours;

ſo is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leaue her in ſuch honour as you haue truſt in; Shee your Iewell, this your Iewell, and my Gold are yours: prouided, I haue your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Poſt. I embrace theſe Conditions, let vs haue Articles betwixt vs: onely thus farre you ſhall anſwere, if you make your voyage vpon her, and giue me directly to vnderſtand, you haue preuayl'd, I am no further your Enemy, ſhee is not worth our debate. If ſhee remaine vnſeduc'd, you not making it appeare otherwiſe: for your ill opinion, and th'aſſault you haue made to her chaſtity, you ſhall anſwer me with your Sword.

Iach. Your hand, a Couenant: wee will haue theſe things ſet downe by lawfull Counſell, and ſtraight away for Britaine, leaſt the Bargaine ſhould catch colde, and ſterue: I will fetch my Gold, and haue our two Wagers recorded.

Poſt. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, thinke you.

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it. Pray let vs follow 'em. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Queene, Ladies, and Cornelius.

Qu. Whiles yet the dewe's on ground,
Gather thoſe Flowers,
Make haſte. Who ha's the note of them?

Lady. I Madam.

Queen. Diſpatch. *Exit Ladies.*
Now Maſter Doctor, haue you brought thoſe drugges?

Cor. Pleaſeth your Highnes, I: here they are, Madam:
But I beſeech your Grace, without offence
(My Conſcience bids me aske) wherefore you haue
Commanded of me theſe moſt poyſonous Compounds,
Which are the moouers of a languiſhing death:
But though ſlow, deadly.

Qu. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'ſt me ſuch a Queſtion: Haue I not bene
Thy Pupill long? Haſt thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes? Diſtill? Preſerue? Yea ſo,
That our great King himſelfe doth woo me oft
For my Confections? Hauing thus farre proceeded,
(Vnleſſe thou think'ſt me diuelliſh) is't not meete
That I did amplifie my iudgement in
Other Concluſions? I will try the forces
Of theſe thy Compounds, on ſuch Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging (but none humane)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their Act, and by them gather
Their ſeuerall vertues, and effects.

Cor. Your Highneſſe
Shall from this practiſe, but make hard your heart:
Beſides, the ſeeing theſe effects will be
Both noyſome, and infectious.

Qu. O content thee.

Enter Piſanio.

Heere comes a flattering Raſcall, vpon him
Will I firſt worke: Hee's for his Maſter,
And enemy to my Sonne. How now *Piſanio*?
Doctor, your ſeruice for this time is ended,
Take your owne way.

Cor. I do ſuſpect you, Madam,
But you ſhall do no harme.

Qu. Hearke thee, a word.

Cor. I do not like her. She doth thinke ſhe ha's
Strange ling'ring poyſons: I do know her ſpirit,
And will not truſt one of her malice, with
A drugge of ſuch damn'd Nature. Thoſe ſhe ha's,
Will ſtupifie and dull the Senſe a-while,
Which firſt (perchance) ſhee'l proue on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward vp higher: but there is
No danger in what ſhew of death it makes,
More then the locking vp the Spirits a time,
To be more freſh, reuiuing. She is fool'd
With a moſt falſe effect: and I, the truer,
So to be falſe with her.

Qu. No further ſeruice, Doctor,
Vntill I ſend for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leaue. *Exit.*

Qu. Weepes ſhe ſtill (ſaiſt thou?)
Doſt thou thinke in time
She will not quench, and let inſtructions enter
Where Folly now poſſeſſes? Do thou worke:
When thou ſhalt bring me word ſhe loues my Sonne,
Ile tell thee on the inſtant, thou art then
As great as is thy Maſter: Greater, for
His Fortunes all lye ſpeechleſſe, and his name
Is at laſt gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: To ſhift his being,
Is to exchange one miſery with another,
And euery day that comes, comes to decay
A dayes worke in him. What ſhalt thou expect
To be depender on a thing that leanes?
Who cannot be new built, nor ha's no Friends
So much, as but to prop him? Thou tak'ſt vp
Thou know'ſt not what: But take it for thy labour,
It is a thing I made, which hath the King
Fiue times redeem'd from death. I do not know
What is more Cordiall. Nay, I prythee take it,
It is an earneſt of a farther good
That I meane to thee. Tell thy Miſtris how
The caſe ſtands with her: doo't, as from thy ſelfe;
Thinke what a chance thou changeſt on, but thinke
Thou haſt thy Miſtris ſtill, to boote, my Sonne,
Who ſhall take notice of thee. Ile moue the King
To any ſhape of thy Preferment, ſuch
As thou'lt deſire: and then my ſelfe, I cheefely,
That ſet thee on to this deſert, am bound
To loade thy merit richly. Call my women. *Exit Piſa.*
Thinke on my words. A ſlye, and conſtant knaue,
Not to be ſhak'd: the Agent for his Maſter,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-faſt to her Lord. I haue giuen him that,
Which if he take, ſhall quite vnpeople her
Of Leidgers for her Sweete: and which, ſhe after
Except ſhe bend her humor, ſhall be aſſur'd
To taſte of too.

Enter Piſanio, and Ladies.

So, ſo: Well done, well done:
The Violets, Cowſlippes, and the Prime-Roſes
Beare to my Cloſſet: Fare thee well, *Piſanio.*
Thinke on my words. *Exit Qu. and Ladies*

Piſa. And ſhall do:
But when to my good Lord, I proue vntrue,
Ile choake my ſelfe: there's all Ile do for you. *Exit.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruell, and a Stepdame falſe,
A Fooliſh Suitor to a Wedded-Lady,
That hath her Husband baniſh'd : O, that Husband,
My ſupreame Crowne of griefe, and thoſe repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe-ſtolne,
As my two Brothers, happy : but moſt miſerable
Is the deſires that's glorious. Bleſſed be thoſe
How meane ſo ere, that haue their honeſt wills,
Which ſeaſons comfort. Who may this be? Fye.

Enter Piſanio, and Iachimo.

Piſa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.
Iach. Change you, Madam :
The Worthy *Leonatus* is in ſafety,
And greetes your Highneſſe deerely.
Imo. Thanks good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.
Iach. All of her, that is out of doore, moſt rich :
If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare
She is alone th'Arabian-Bird; and I
Haue loſt the wager. Boldneſſe be my Friend :
Arme me Audacitie from head to foote,
Orlike the Parthian I ſhall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

He is one of the Nobleſt note, to whoſe kindneſſes I am moſt infinitely tied. Reflect vpon him accordingly, as you value your truſt.
Leonatus.

So farre I reade aloud.
But euen the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by'th'reſt, and take it thankefully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Haue words to bid you, and ſhall finde it ſo
In all that I can do.
Iach. Thankes faireſt Lady :
What are men mad? Hath Nature giuen them eyes
To ſee this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can diſtinguiſh 'twixt
The firie Orbes aboue, and the twinn'd Stones
Vpon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectales ſo pretious
Twixt faire, and foule?
Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be i'th'eye : for Apes, and Monkeys
'Twixt two ſuch She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemne with mowes the other. Nor i'th'iudgment :
For Idiots in this caſe of fauour, would
Be wiſely definit : Nor i'th'Appetite.
Sluttery to ſuch neate Excellence, oppos'd
Should make deſire vomit emptineſſe,
Not ſo allur'd to feed.
Imo. What is the matter trow?
Iach. The Cloyed will :
That ſatiate yet vnſatisfi'd deſire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running : Rauening firſt the Lambe,
Longs after for the Garbage.
Imo. What, deere Sir,
Thus rap's you? Are you well?
Iach. Thanks Madam well : Beſeech you Sir,
Deſire my Man's abode, where I did leaue him :
He's ſtrange and peeuiſh.
Piſa. I was going Sir,
To giue him welcome. *Exit.*
Imo. Continues well my Lord?
His health beſeech you?
Iach. Well, Madam.
Imo. Is he diſpos'd to mirth? I hope he is.
Iach. Exceeding pleaſant : none a ſtranger there,
So merry, and ſo gameſome : he is call'd
The Britaine Reueller.
Imo. When he was heere
He did incline to ſadneſſe, and oft times
Not knowiug why.
Iach. I neuer ſaw him ſad.
There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monſieur, that it ſeemes much loues
A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces
The thicke ſighes from him; whiles the iolly Britaine,
(Your Lord I meane) laughes from's free lungs : cries oh,
Can my ſides hold, to think that man who knowes
By Hiſtory, Report, or his owne proofe
What woman is, yea what ſhe cannot chooſe
But muſt be : will's free houres languiſh :
For aſſured bondage?
Imo. Will my Lord ſay ſo?
Iach. I Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And heare him mocke the Frenchman :
But Heauen's know ſome men are much too blame.
Imo. Not he I hope.
Iach. Not he :
But yet Heauen's bounty towards him, might
Be vs'd more thankfully. In himſelfe 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.
Whil'ſt I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pitty too.
Imo. What do you pitty Sir?
Iach. Two Creatures heartyly.
Imo. Am I one Sir?
You looke on me : what wrack diſcerne you in me
Deſerues your pitty?
Iach. Lamentable : what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and ſolace
I'th'Dungeon by a Snuffe.
Imo. I pray you Sir,
Deliuer with more openneſſe your anſweres
To my demands. Why do you pitty me?
Iach. That others do,
(I was about to ſay) enioy your —— but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to ſpeake on't.
Imo. You do ſeeme to know
Something of me, or what concernes me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Then to be ſure they do. For Certainties
Either are paſt remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne. Diſcouer to me
What both you ſpur and ſtop.
Iach. Had I this cheeke
To bathe my lips vpon : this hand, whoſe touch,
(Whoſe euery touch) would force the Feelers ſoule
To'th'oath of loyalty. This obiect, which
Takes priſoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fiering it onely heere, ſhould I (damn'd then)

Slaues

Slauuer with lippes as common as the ſtayres
That mount the Capitoll : Ioyne gripes, with hands
Made hard with hourely falſhood (falſhood as
With labour :) then by peeping in an eye
Baſe and illuſtrious as the ſmoakie light
That's fed with ſtinking Tallow : it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell ſhould at one time
Encounter ſuch reuolt.
Imo. My Lord, I feare
Has forgot Brittaine.
Iach. And himſelfe, not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggery of his change : but 'tis your Graces
That from my muteſt Conſcience, to my tongue,
Charmes this report out.
Imo. Let me heare no more.
Iach. O deereſt Soule : your Cauſe doth ſtrike my hart
With pitty, that doth make me ſicke. A Lady
So faire, and faſten'd to an Emperie
Would make the great'ſt King double, to be partner'd
With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that ſelfe exhibition
Which your owne Coffers yeeld : with diſeas'd ventures
That play with all Infirmities for Gold,
Which rottenneſſe can lend Nature. Such boyl'd ſtuffe
As well might poyſon Poyſon. Be reueng'd,
Or ſhe that bore you, was no Queene, and you
Recoyle from your great Stocke.
Imo. Reueng'd :
How ſhould I be reueng'd? If this be true,
(As I haue ſuch a Heart, that both mine eares
Muſt not in haſte abuſe) if it be true,
How ſhould I be reueng'd?
Iach. Should he make me
Liue like *Diana's* Prieſt, betwixt cold ſheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable Rampes
In your deſpight, vpon your purſe : reuenge it.
I dedicate my ſelfe to your ſweet pleaſure,
More Noble then that runnagate to your bed,
And will continue faſt to your Affection,
Still cloſe, as ſure.
Imo. What hoa, *Piſanio*?
Iach. Let me my ſeruice tender on your lippes.
Imo. Away, I do condemne mine eares, that haue
So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable
Thou would'ſt haue told this tale for Vertue, not
For ſuch an end thou ſeek'ſt, as baſe, as ſtrange :
Thou wrong'ſt a Gentleman, who is as farre
From thy report, as thou from Honor : and
Solicites heere a Lady, that diſdaines
Thee, and the Diuell alike. What hoa, *Piſanio*?
The King my Father ſhall be made acquainted
Of thy Aſſault : if he ſhall thinke it fit,
A ſawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romiſh Stew, and to expound
His beaſtly minde to vs; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
He not reſpects at all. What hoa, *Piſanio*?
Iach. O happy *Leonatus* I may ſay,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deſerues thy truſt, and thy moſt perfect goodneſſe
Her aſſur'd credit. Bleſſed liue you long,
A Lady to the worthieſt Sir, that euer
Country call'd his; and you his Miſtris, onely
For the moſt worthieſt fit. Giue me your pardon,
I haue ſpoke this to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and ſhall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o're : And he is one
The trueſt manner'd : ſuch a holy Witch,
That he enchants Societies into him :
Halfe all men hearts are his.
Imo. You make amends.
Iach. He ſits 'mongſt men, like a deſcended God;
He hath a kinde of Honor ſets him off,
More then a mortall ſeeming. Be not angrie
(Moſt mighty Princeſſe) that I haue aduentur'd
To try your taking of a falſe report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great Iudgement,
In the election of a Sir, ſo rare,
Which you know, cannot erre. The loue I beare him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
(Vnlike all others) chaffeleſſe. Pray your pardon.
Imo. All's well Sir :
Take my powre i'th'Court for yours.
Iach. My humble thankes : I had almoſt forgot
T'intreat your Grace, but in a ſmall requeſt,
And yet of moment too, for it concernes :
Your Lord, my ſelfe, and other Noble Friends
Are partners in the buſineſſe.
Imo. Pray what is't?
Iach. Some dozen Romanes of vs, and your Lord
(The beſt Feather of our wing) haue mingled ſummes
To buy a Preſent for the Emperor :
Which I (the Factor for the reſt) haue done
In France : 'tis Plate of rare deuice, and Iewels
Of rich, and exquiſite forme, their valewes great,
And I am ſomething curious, being ſtrange
To haue them in ſafe ſtowage : May it pleaſe you
To take them in protection.
Imo. Willingly :
And pawne mine Honor for their ſafety, ſince
My Lord hath intereſt in them, I will keepe them
In my Bed-chamber.
Iach. They are in a Trunke
Attended by my men : I will make bold
To ſend them to you, onely for this night :
I muſt aboord to morrow.
Imo. O no, no.
Iach. Yes I beſeech : or I ſhall ſhort my word
By length'ning my returne. From Gallia,
I croſt the Seas on purpoſe, and on promiſe
To ſee your Grace.
Imo. I thanke you for your paines :
But not away to morrow.
Iach. O I muſt Madam.
Therefore I ſhall beſeech you, if you pleaſe
To greet your Lord with writing, doo't to night,
I haue out-ſtood my time, which is materiall
To'th'tender of our Preſent.
Imo. I will write :
Send your Trunke to me, it ſhall ſafe be kept,
And truely yeelded you : you're very welcome. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clotten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there euer man had ſuch lucke? when I kiſt the Iacke vpon an vp-caſt, to be hit away? I had a hundred pound on't : and then a whorſon Iacke-an-Apes, muſt take me vp for ſwearing, as if I borrowed mine oathes of him, and might not ſpend them at my pleaſure.

1. What got he by that? you haue broke his pate with your Bowle.

2. If his wit had bin like him that broke it: it would haue run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is diſpos'd to ſweare: it is not for any ſtanders by to curtall his oathes. Ha?

2. No my Lord; nor crop the eares of them.

Clot Whorſon dog: I gaue him ſatisfaction? would he had bin one of my Ranke.

2. To haue ſmell'd like a Foole.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in th'earth: a pox on't. I had rather not be ſo Noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, becauſe of the Queene my Mother: euery Iacke-Slaue hath his belly full of Fighting, and I muſt go vp and downe like a Cock, that no body can match.

2. You are Cocke and Capon too, and you crow Cock, with your combe on.

Clot. Sayeſt thou?

2. It is not fit you Lordſhip ſhould vndertake euery Companion, that you giue offence too.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I ſhould commit offence to my inferiors.

2. I, it is fit for your Lordſhip onely.

Clot. Why ſo I ſay.

1. Did you heere of a Stranger that's come to Court night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't?

2. He's a ſtrange Fellow himſelfe, and knowes it not.

1. There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus* Friends.

Clot. *Leonatus*? A baniſht Raſcall; and he's another, whatſoeuer he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1. One of your Lordſhips Pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to looke vpon him? Is there no derogation in't?

2. You cannot derogate my Lord.

Clot. Not eaſily I thinke.

2. You are a Foole graunted, therefore your Iſſues being fooliſh do not derogate.

Clot. Come, Ile go ſee this Italian: what I haue loſt to day at Bowles, Ile winne to night of him. Come: go.

2. Ile attend your Lordſhip. *Exit.*

That ſuch a craftie Diuell as is his Mother
Should yeild the world this Aſſe: A woman, that
Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne,
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
Aud leaue eighteene. Alas poore Princeſſe,
Thou diuine *Imogen*, what thou endur'ſt,
Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame gouern'd,
A Mother hourely coyning plots: A Wooer,
More hatefull then the foule expuſion is
Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act
Of the diuorce, heel'd make the Heauens hold firme
The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe vnſhak'd
That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maiſt ſtand
T'enioy thy baniſh'd Lord: and this great Land. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.

Imo. Who's there? My woman: *Helene*?

La. Pleaſe you Madam.

Imo. What houre is it?

Lady. Almoſt midnight, Madam.

Imo. I haue read three houres then:
Mine eyes are weake,
Fold downe the leafe where I haue left: to bed.
Take not away the Taper, leaue it burning:
And if thou canſt awake by foure o'th'clock,
I prythee call me: Sleepe hath ceiz'd me wholly.
To your protection I commend me, Gods,
From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night,
Guard me beſeech yee.

Sleepes.

Iachimo from the Trunke.

Iach. The Crickets ſing, and mans ore-labor'd ſenſe
Repaires it ſelfe by reſt: Our *Tarquine* thus
Did ſoftly preſſe the Ruſhes, ere he waken'd
The Chaſtitie he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How brauely thou becom'ſt thy Bed; freſh Lilly,
And whiter then the Sheetes: that I might touch,
But kiſſe, one kiſſe. Rubies vnparagon'd,
How deerely they doo't: 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th'Taper
Bowes toward her, and would vnder-peepe her lids.
To ſee th'incloſed Lights, now Canopied
Vnder theſe windowes, White and Azure lac'd
With Blew of Heauens owne tinct. But my deſigne.
To note the Chamber, I will write all downe,
Such, and ſuch pictures: There the window, ſuch
Th'adronement of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,
Why ſuch, and ſuch: and the Contents o'th'Story.
Ah, but ſome naturall notes about her Body,
Aboue ten thouſand meaner Moueables
Would teſtifie, t'enrich mine Inuentorie.
O ſleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull vpon her,
And be her Senſe but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;
As ſlippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witneſſe outwardly,
As ſtrongly as the Conſcience do's within:
To'th'madding of her Lord. On her left breſt
A mole Cinque-ſpotted: Like the Crimſon drops
I'th'bottome of a Cowſlippe. Heere's a Voucher,
Stronger then euer Law could make; this Secret
Will force him thinke I haue pick'd the lock, and t'ane
The treaſure of her Honour. No more: to what end?
Why ſhould I write this downe, that's riuete,
Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,
The Tale of *Tereus*, heere the leaffe's turn'd downe
Where *Philomele* gaue vp. I haue enough,
To'th'Truncke againe, and ſhut the ſpring of it.
Swift, ſwift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
May beare the Rauens eye: I lodge in feare,
Though this a heauenly Angell: hell is heere.

Clocke ſtrikes

One, two, three: time, time. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and Lords.

1. Your Lordſhip is the moſt patient man in loſſe, the moſt coldeſt that euer turn'd vp Ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to looſe.

1. But not euery man patient after the noble temper of your Lordſhip; You are moſt hot, and furious when you winne.

Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get this fooliſh *Imogen*, I ſhould haue Gold enough: it's almoſt morning, is't not?

1 Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Muſicke would come: I am aduiſed to giue her Muſicke a mornings, they ſay it will penetrate. *Enter Muſitians.*

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, ſo: wee'l try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remaine: but Ile neuer giue o're. Firſt, a very excellent good conceyted thing; after a wonderful ſweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her conſider.

SONG.

Hearke, hearke, the Larke at Heauens gate ſings,
and Phœbus gins ariſe,
His Steeds to water at thoſe Springs
on chalic'd Flowres that lyes:
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes
With euery thing that pretty is, my Lady ſweet ariſe:
Ariſe, ariſe.

So, get you gone: if this pen trate, I will conſider your Muſicke the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her eares which Horſe-haires, and Calues-guts, nor the voyce of vnpaued Eunuch to boot, can neuer amed.

Enter Cymbaline, and Queene.

2 Heere comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was vp ſo late, for that's the reaſon I was vp ſo earely: he cannot chooſe but take this Seruice I haue done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Maieſty, and to my gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the doore of our ſtern daughter
Will ſhe not forth?

Clot. I haue aſſayl'd her with Muſickes, but ſhe vouchſafes no notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new,
She hath not yet forgot him, ſome more time
Muſt weare the print of his remembrance on't,
And then ſhe's yours.

Qu. You are moſt bound to'th'King,
Who let's go by no vantages, that may
Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your ſelfe
To orderly ſolicity, and be friended
With aptneſſe of the ſeaſon: make denials
Encreaſe your Seruices: ſo ſeeme, as if
You were inſpir'd to do thoſe duties which
You tender to her: that you in all obey her,
Saue when command to your diſmiſſion tends,
And therein you are ſenſeleſſe.

Clot. Senſeleſſe? Not ſo.

Meſ. So like you (Sir) Ambaſſadors from Rome;
The one is *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy Fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpoſe now;
But that's no fault of his: we muſt receyue him
According to the Honor of his Sender,
And towards himſelfe, his goodneſſe fore-ſpent on vs
We muſt extend our notice: Our deere Sonne,
When you haue giuen good morning to your Miſtris,
Attend the Queene, and vs, we ſhall haue neede
T'employ you towards this Romane.
Come our Queene. *Exeunt.*

Clot. If ſhe be vp, Ile ſpeake with her: if not
Let her lye ſtill, and dreame: by your leaue hoa,
I know her women are about her: what
If I do line one of their hands, 'tis Gold
Which buyes admittance (oft it doth) yea, and makes
Diana's Rangers falſe themſelues, yeeld vp
Their Deere to'th'ſtand o'th'Stealer: and 'tis Gold
Which makes the True-man kill'd, and ſaues the Theefe:
Nay, ſometime hangs both Theefe, and True-man: what
Can it not do, and vndoo? I will make
One of her women Lawyer to me, for
I yet not vnderſtand the caſe my ſelfe.
By your leaue. *Knockes.*

Enter a Lady.

La. Who's there that knockes?

Clot. A Gentleman.

La. No more.

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewomans Sonne.

La. That's more
Then ſome whoſe Taylors are as deere as yours,
Can iuſtly boaſt of: what's your Lordſhips pleaſure?

Clot. Your Ladies perſon, is ſhe ready?

La. I, to keepe her Chamber.

Clot. There is Gold for you,
Sell me your good report.

La. How, my good name? or to report of you
What I ſhall thinke is good. The Princeſſe.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good morrow faireſt, Siſter your ſweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paines
For purchaſing but trouble: the thankes I giue,
Is telling you that I am poore of thankes,
And ſcarſe can ſpare them.

Clot. Still I ſweare I loue you.

Imo. If you but ſaid ſo, 'twere as deepe with me:
If you ſweare ſtill, your recompence is ſtill
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no anſwer.

Imo. But that you ſhall not ſay, I yeeld being ſilent,
I would not ſpeake. I pray you ſpare me, 'faith
I ſhall vnfold equall diſcourteſie
To your beſt kindneſſe: one of your great knowing
Shou'd learne (being taught) forbearance.

Clot. To leaue you in your madneſſe, 'twere my ſin,
I will not.

Imo. Fooles are not mad Folkes.

Clot. Do you call me Foole?

Imo. As I am mad I do:
If you'l be patient, Ile no more be mad,
That cures vs both. I am much ſorry (Sir)
You put me to forget a Ladies manners
By being ſo verball: and learne now, for all,
That I which know my heart, do heere pronounce
By th'very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am ſo neere the lacke of Charitie
To accuſe my ſelfe, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, then make't my boaſt.

Clot. You ſinne againſt
Obedience, which you owe your Father, for
The Contract you pretend with that baſe Wretch,
One, bred of Almes, and foſter'd with cold diſhes,
With ſcraps o'th'Court: It is no Contract, none;
And though it be allowed in meaner parties
(Yet who then he more meane) to knit their ſoules
(On whom there is no more dependancie
But Brats and Beggery) in ſelfe-figur'd knot,
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by

The conſequence o'th'Crowne, and muſt not foyle
The precious note of it; with a baſe Slaue,
A Hilding for a Liuorie, a Squires Cloth,
A Pantler; not ſo eminent.
Imo. Prophane Fellow:
Wert thou the Sonne of *Iupiter*, and no more,
But what thou art beſides: thou wer't too baſe,
To be his Groome: thou wer't dignified enough
Euen to the point of Enuie. If 'twere made
Comparatiue for your Vertues, to be ſtil'd
The vnder Hangman of his Kingdome; and hated
For being prefer'd ſo well.
Clot. The South-Fog rot him.
Imo. He neuer can meete more miſchance, then come
To be but nam'd of thee. His mean'ſt Garment
That euer hath but clipt his body; is dearer
In my reſpect, then all the Heires aboue thee,
Were they all made ſuch men: How now *Piſanio*?
Enter Piſanio,
Clot. His Garments? Now the diuell.
Imo. To *Dorothy* my woman hie thee preſently.
Clot. His Garment?
Imo. I am ſprighted with a Foole,
Frighted, and angred worſe: Go bid my woman
Search for a Iewell, that too caſually
Hath left mine Arme: it was thy Maſters. Shrew me
If I would looſe it for a Reuenew,
Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,
I ſaw't this morning: Confident I am.
Laſt night 'twas on mine Arme; I kiſs'd it,
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kiſſe aught but he.
Piſ. 'Twill not be loſt.
Imo. I hope ſo: go and ſearch.
Clot. You haue abus'd me:
His meaneſt Garment?
Imo. I, I ſaid ſo Sir,
If you will make't an Action, call witneſſe to't.
Clot. I will enforme your Father.
Imo. Your Mother too:
She's my good Lady; and will concieue, I hope
But the worſt of me. So I leaue your Sir,
To'th'worſt of diſcontent. *Exit.*
Clot. Ile be reueng'd:
His mean'ſt Garment? Well. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Poſthumus, and Philario.

Poſt. Feare it not Sir: I would I were ſo ſure
To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remaine her's.
Phil. What meanes do you make to him?
Poſt. Not any: but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the preſent winters ſtate, and wiſh
That warmer dayes would come: In theſe fear'd hope
I barely gratifie your loue; they fayling
I muſt die much your debtor.
Phil. Your very goodneſſe, and your company,
Ore-payes all I can do. By this your King,
Hath heard of Great *Auguſtus*: *Caius Lucius*,
Will do's Commiſſion throughly. And I think
Hee'le grant the Tribute: ſend th'Arrerages,
Or looke vpon our Romaines, whoſe remembrance
Is yet freſh in their griefe.
Poſt. I do beleeue
(Statiſt though I am none, nor like to be)
That this will proue a Warre; and you ſhall heare
The Legion now in Gallia, ſooner landed
In our not-fearing-Britaine, then haue tydings
Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are men more order'd, then when *Iulius Cæſar*
Smil'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their diſcipline,
(Now wing-led with their courages) will make knowne
To their Approuers, they are People, ſuch
That mend vpon the world. *Enter Iachimo.*
Phi. See *Iachimo.*
Poſt. The ſwifteſt Harts, haue poſted you by land;
And Windes of all the Corners kiſs'd your Sailes,
To make your veſſell nimble.
Phil. Welcome Sir.
Poſt. I hope the briefeneſſe of your anſwere, made
The ſpeedineſſe of your returne.
Iachi. Your Lady,
Is one of the fayreſt that I haue look'd vpon
Poſt. And therewithall the beſt, or let her beauty
Looke thorough a Caſement to allure falſe hearts,
And be falſe with them.
Iachi. Heere are Letters for you.
Poſt. Their tenure good I truſt.
Iach. 'Tis very like.
Poſt. Was *Caius Lucius* in the Britaine Court,
When you were there?
Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.
Poſt. All is well yet,
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?
Iach. If I haue loſt it,
I ſhould haue loſt the worth of it in Gold,
Ile make a iourney twice as farre, t'enioy
A ſecond night of ſuch ſweet ſhortneſſe, which
Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne.
Poſt. The Stones too hard to come by.
Iach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being ſo eaſy.
Poſt. Make note Sir
Your loſſe, your Sport: I hope you know that we
Muſt not continue Friends.
Iach. Good Sir, we muſt
If you keepe Couenant: had I not brought
The knowledge of your Miſtris home, I grant
We were to queſtion farther; but I now
Profeſſe my ſelfe the winner of her Honor,
Together with your Ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you hauing proceeded but
By both your willes.
Poſt. If you can mak't apparant
That you haue taſted her in Bed; my hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion
You had of her pure Honour; gaines, or looſes,
Your Sword, or mine, or Maſterleſſe leaue both
To who ſhall finde them.
Iach. Sir, my Circumſtances
Being ſo nere the Truth, as I will make them,
Muſt firſt induce you to beleeue; whoſe ſtrength
I will confirme with oath, which I doubt not

You'l giue me leaue to ſpare, when you ſhall finde
You neede it not.
Poſt. Proceed.
Iach. Firſt, her Bed-chamber
(Where I confeſſe I ſlept not, but profeſſe
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With Tapiſtry of Silke, and Siluer, the Story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when ſhe met her Roman,
And *Sidnus* ſwell'd aboue the Bankes, or for
The preſſe of Boates, or Pride. A peece of Worke
So brauely done, ſo rich, that it did ſtriue
In Workemanſhip, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be ſo rarely, and exactly wrought
Since the true life on't was——
Poſt. This is true:
And this you might haue heard of heere, by me,
Or by ſome other.
Iach. More particulars
Muſt iuſtifie my knowledge.
Poſt. So they muſt,
Or doe your Honour iniury.
Iach. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-peece
Chaſte *Dian*, bathing: neuer ſaw I figures
So likely to report themſelues; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumbe, out-went her,
Motion, and Breath left out.
Poſt. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewiſe reape,
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.
Iach. The Roofe o'th'Chamber,
With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of Siluer, each on one foote ſtanding, nicely
Depending on their Brands.
Poſt. This is her Honor:
Let it be granted you haue ſeene all this (and praiſe
Be giuen to your remembrance) the deſcription
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing ſaues
The wager you haue laid.
Iach. Then if you can
Be pale, I begge but leaue to ayre this Iewell: See,
And now 'tis vp againe: it muſt be married
To that your Diamond, Ile keepe them.
Poſt. Ioue——
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?
Iach. Sir (I thanke her) that
She ſtript it from her Arme: I ſee her yet:
Her pretty Action, did out-ſell her guift,
And yet enrich'd it too: ſhe gaue it me,
And ſaid, ſhe priz'd it once.
Poſt. May be, ſhe pluck'd it off
To ſend it me.
Iach. She writes ſo to you? doth ſhee?
Poſt. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Heere, take this too,
It is a Baſiliske vnto mine eye,
Killes me to looke on't: Let there be no Honor,
Where there is Beauty: Truth, where ſemblance: Loue,
Where there's another man. The Vowes of Women,
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:
O, aboue meaſure falſe.
Phil. Haue patience Sir,
And take your Ring againe, 'tis not yet wonne:
It may be probable ſhe loſt it: or
Who knowes if one her women, being corrupted
Hath ſtolne it from her.
Poſt. Very true,
And ſo I hope he came by't: backe my Ring,
Render to me ſome corporall ſigne about her
More euident then this: for this was ſtolne.
Iach. By Iupiter, I had it from her Arme.
Poſt. Hearke you, he ſweares: by Iupiter he ſweares.
'Tis true, nay keepe the Ring; 'tis true: I am ſure
She would not looſe it: her Attendants are
All ſworne, and honourable: they induc'd to ſteale it?
And by a Stranger? No, he hath enioy'd her,
The Cogniſance of her incontinencie
Is this: ſhe hath bought the name of Whore, thus deerly
There, take thy hyre, and all the Fiends of Hell
Diuide themſelues betweene you.
Phil. Sir, be patient:
This is not ſtrong enough to be beleeu'd
Of one perſwaded well of.
Poſt. Neuer talke on't:
She hath bin colted by him.
Iach. If you ſeeke
For further ſatisfying, vnder her Breaſt
(Worthy her preſſing) lyes a Mole, right proud
Of that moſt delicate Lodging. By my life
I kiſt it, and it gaue me preſent hunger
To feede againe, though full. You do remember
This ſtaine vpon her?
Poſt. I, and it doth confirme
Another ſtaine, as bigge as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you heare more?
Poſt. Spare your Arethmaticke,
Neuer count the Turnes: Once, and a Million.
Iach. Ile be ſworne.
Poſt. No ſwearing:
If you will ſweare you haue not done't, you lye,
And I will kill thee, if thou do'ſt deny
Thou'ſt made me Cuckold.
Iach. Ile deny nothing.
Poſt. O that I had her heere, to teare her Limb-meale:
I will go there and doo't, i'th'Court, before
Her Father. Ile do ſomething. *Exit.*
Phil. Quite beſides
The gouernment of Patience. You haue wonne:
Let's follow him, and peruert the preſent wrath
He hath againſt himſelfe.
Iach. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Poſthumus.

Poſt. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Muſt be halfe-workers? We are all Baſtards,
And that moſt venerable man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where
When I was ſtampt. Some Coyner with his Tooles
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother ſeem'd
The *Dian* of that time: ſo doth my Wife
The Non-pareill of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawfull pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with
A pudencie ſo Roſie, the ſweet view on't
Might well haue warm'd olde Saturne;
That I thought her
As Chaſte, as vn-Sunn'd Snow. Oh, all the Diuels!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an houre, was't not?

Or leſſe; at firſt? Perchance he ſpoke not, but
Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a Iarmen on,
Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no oppoſition
But what he look'd for, ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out
The Womans part in me, for there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirme
It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,
The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceiuing, hers:
Luſt, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Reuenges hers:
Ambitions, Couetings, change of Prides, Diſdaine,
Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;
All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,
Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all For euen to Vice
They are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill;
One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not halfe ſo old as that. Ile write againſt them,
Deteſt them, curſe them: yet 'tis greater Skill
In a true Hate, to pray they haue their will:
The very Diuels cannot plague them better. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queene, Clotten, and Lords at one doore, and at another, Caius, Lucius, and Attendants.

Cym. Now ſay, what would *Auguſtus Cæſar* with vs?
Luc. When *Iulius Cæſar* (whoſe remembrance yet
Liues in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues
Be Theame, and hearing euer) was in this Britain,
And Conquer'd it, *Caſſibulan* thine Vnkle
(Famous in *Cæſars* prayſes, no whit leſſe
Then in his Feats deſeruing it) for him,
And his Succeſſion, granted Rome a Tribute,
Yeerely three thouſand pounds; which (by thee) lately
Is left vntender'd.
Qu. And to kill the meruaile,
Shall be ſo euer.
Clot. There be many *Cæſars*,
Ere ſuch another *Iulius*: Britaine's a world
By it ſelfe, and we will nothing pay
For wearing our owne Noſes.
Qu. That opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to reſume
We haue againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,
The Kings your Anceſtors, together with
The naturall brauery of your Iſle, which ſtands
As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in
With Oakes vnskaleable, and roaring Waters,
With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates,
But ſucke them vp to'th'Top-maſt. A kinde of Conqueſt
Cæſar made heere, but made not heere his bragge
Of Came, and Saw, and Ouer-came: with ſhame
(The firſt that euer touch'd him) he was carried
From off our Coaſt, twice beaten: and his Shipping
(Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas
Like Egge-ſhels mou'd vpon their Surges, crack'd
As eaſily 'gainſt our Rockes. For ioy whereof,
The fam'd *Caſſibulan*, who was once at point
(Oh giglet Fortune) to maſter *Cæſars* Sword,
Made *Luds-Towne* with reioycing-Fires bright,
And Britaines ſtrut with Courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our Kingdome is ſtronger then it was at that time: and (as I ſaid) there is no mo ſuch *Cæſars*, other of them may haue crook'd Noſes, but to owe ſuch ſtraite Armes, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Clot. We haue yet many among vs, can gripe as hard as *Caſſibulan*, I doe not ſay I am one: but I haue a hand. Why Tribute? Why ſhould we pay Tribute? If *Cæſar* can hide the Sun from vs with a Blanket, or put the Moon in his pocket, we will pay him Tribute for light: elſe Sir, no more Tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You muſt know,
Till the iniurious Romans, did extort
This Tribute from vs, we were free. *Cæſars* Ambition,
Which ſwell'd ſo much, that it did almoſt ſtretch
The ſides o'th'World, againſt all colour heere,
Did put the yoake vpon's; which to ſhake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Our ſelues to be, we do. Say then to *Cæſar*,
Our Anceſtor was that *Mulmutius*, which
Ordain'd our Lawes, whoſe vſe the Sword of *Cæſar*
Hath too much mangled; whoſe repayre, and franchiſe,
Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,
Tho Rome be therfore angry. *Mulmutius* made our lawes
Who was the firſt of Britaine, which did put
His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd
Himſelfe a King.
Luc. I am ſorry *Cymbeline*,
That I am to pronounce *Auguſtus Cæſar*
(*Cæſar*, that hath moe Kings his Seruants, then
Thy ſelfe Domeſticke Officers) thine Enemy:
Receyue it from me then. Warre, and Confuſion
In *Cæſars* name pronounce I 'gainſt thee: Looke
For fury, not to be reſiſted. Thus defide,
I thanke thee for my ſelfe.
Cym. Thou art welcome *Caius*,
Thy *Cæſar* Knighted me; my youth I ſpent
Much vnder him; of him, I gather'd Honour,
Which he, to ſeeke of me againe, perforce,
Behooues me keepe at vtterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their Liberties are now in Armes: a Preſident
Which not to reade, would ſhew the Britaines cold:
So *Cæſar* ſhall not finde them.
Luc. Let proofe ſpeake.

Clot. His Maieſty biddes you welcome. Make paſtime with vs, a day, or two, or longer: if you ſeek vs afterwards in other tearmes, you ſhall finde vs in our Salt-water-Girdle: if you beate vs out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the aduenture, our Crowes ſhall fare the better for you: and there's an end.

Luc. So ſir.
Cym. I know your Maſters pleaſure, and he mine:
All the Remaine, is welcome. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Piſanio reading of a Letter.

Piſ. How? of Adultery? Wherefore write you not
What Monſters her accuſe? *Leonatus*:
Oh Maſter, what a ſtrange infection

Is falne into thy eare? What falſe Italian,
(As poyſonous tongu'd, as handed) hath preuail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Diſloyall? No.
She's puniſh'd for her Truth; and vndergoes
More Goddeſſe-like, then Wife-like; ſuch Aſſaults
As would take in ſome Vertue. Oh my Maſter,
Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were
Thy Fortunes. How? That I ſhould murther her,
Vpon the Loue, and Truth, and Vowes; which I
Haue made to thy command? I her? Her blood?
If it be ſo, to do good ſeruice, neuer
Let me be counted ſeruiceable. How looke I,
That I ſhould ſeeme to lacke humanity,
So much as this Fact comes to? Doo't: The Letter.
That I haue ſent her, by her owne command,
Shall giue thee opportunitie. Oh damn'd paper,
Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: ſenſeleſſe bauble,
Art thou a Fœdarie for this Act; and look'ſt
So Virgin-like without? Loe here ſhe comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.
Imo. How now *Piſanio*?
Piſ. Madam, heere is a Letter from my Lord.
Imo. Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord *Leonatus*?
Oh, learn'd indeed were that Aſtronomer
That knew the Starres, as I his Characters,
Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
Let what is heere contain'd, relliſh of Loue,
Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not
That we two are aſunder, let that grieue him;
Some griefes are medcinable, that is one of them,
For it doth phyſicke Loue, of his content,
All but in that. Good Wax, thy leaue: bleſt be
You Bees that make theſe Lockes of counſaile. Louers,
And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike,
Though Forfeytours you caſt in priſon, yet
You claſpe young *Cupids* Tables: good Newes Gods.

IVſtice, and your Fathers wrath (ſhould he take me in his Dominion) could not be ſo cruell to me, as you: (oh the deereſt of Creatures) would euen renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria *at* Milford-Hauen: *what your owne Loue, will out of this aduiſe you, follow. So he wiſhes you all happineſſe, that remaines loyall to his Vow, and your encreaſing in Loue.* Leonatus Poſthumus.

Oh for a Horſe with wings: Hear'ſt thou *Piſanio*?
He is at Milford-Hauen: Read, and tell me
How farre 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires
May plod it in a weeke, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? Then true *Piſanio*,
Who long'ſt like me, to ſee thy Lord; who long'ſt
(Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long'ſt
But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me:
For mine's beyond, beyond: ſay, and ſpeake thicke
(Loues Counſailor ſhould fill the bores of hearing,
To'th'ſmothering of the Senſe) how farre it is
To this ſame bleſſed Milford. And by'th'way
Tell me how Wales was made ſo happy, as
T'inherite ſuch a Hauen. But firſt of all,
How we may ſteale from hence: and for the gap
That we ſhall make in Time, from our hence-going,
And our returne, to excuſe: but firſt, how get hence.
Why ſhould excuſe be borne or ere begot?
Weele talke of that heereafter. Prythee ſpeake,
How many ſtore of Miles may we well rid
Twixt houre, and houre?
Piſ. One ſcore 'twixt Sun, and Sun,
Madam's enough for you: and too much too.
Imo. Why, one that rode to's Excution Man,
Could neuer go ſo ſlow: I haue heard of Riding wagers,
Where Horſes haue bin nimbler then the Sands
That run i'th'Clocks behalfe. But this is Foolrie,
Go, bid my Woman faigne a Sickneſſe, ſay
She'le home to her Father; and prouide me preſently
A Riding Suit: No coſtlier then would fit
A Franklins Huſwife.
Piſa. Madam, you're beſt conſider.
Imo. I ſee before me (Man) nor heere, not heere;
Nor what enſues but haue a Fog in them
That I cannot looke through. Away, I prythee,
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to ſay:
Acceſſible is none but Milford way. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.

Bel. A goodly day, not to keepe houſe with ſuch,
Whoſe Roofe's as lowe as ours: Sleepe Boyes, this gate
Inſtructs you how t'adore the Heauens; and bowes you
To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarches
Are Arch'd ſo high, that Giants may iet through
And keepe their impious Turbonds on, without
Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heauen,
We houſe i'th'Rocke, yet vſe thee not ſo hardly
As prouder liuers do.
Guid. Haile Heauen.
Aruir. Haile Heauen.
Bela. Now for our Mountaine ſport, vp to yond hill
Your legges are yong: Ile tread theſe Flats. Conſider,
When you aboue perceiue me like a Crow,
That it is Place, which leſſen's, and ſets off,
And you may then reuolue what Tales, I haue told you,
Of Courts, of Princes; of the Tricks in Warre.
This Seruice, is not Seruice; ſo being done,
But being ſo allowed. To apprehend thus,
Drawes vs a profit from all things we ſee:
And often to our comfort, ſhall we finde
The ſharded-Beetle, in a ſafer hold
Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,
Is Nobler, then attending for a checke:
Richer, then doing nothing for a Babe:
Prouder, then ruſtling in vnpayd-for Silke:
Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine,
Yet keepes his Booke vncros'd: no life to ours.
Gui. Out of your proofe you ſpeak: we poore vnfledg'd
Haue neuer wing'd from view o'th'neſt; nor knowes not
What Ayre's from home. Hap'ly this life is beſt,
(If quiet life be beſt) ſweeter to you
That haue a ſharper knowne. Well correſponding
With your ſtiffe Age; but vnto vs, it is
A Cell of Ignorance: trauailing a bed,
A Priſon, or a Debtor, that not dares
To ſtride a limit.
Arui. What ſhould we ſpeake of
When we are old as you? When we ſhall heare
The Raine and winde beate darke December? How
In this our pinching Caue, ſhall we diſcourſe

The freezing houres away? We haue ſeene nothing:
We are beaſtly; ſubtle as the Fox for prey,
Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate:
Our Valour is to chace what flyes: Our Cage
We make a Quire, as doth the priſon'd Bird,
And ſing our Bondage freely.
Bel. How you ſpeake.
Did you but know the Citties Vſuries,
And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th'Court,
As hard to leaue, as keepe: whoſe top to climbe
Is certaine falling: or ſo ſlipp'ry, that
The feare's as bad as falling. The toyle o'th'Warre,
A paine that onely ſeemes to ſeeke out danger
I'th'name of Fame, and Honor, which dyes i'th'ſearch,
And hath as oft a ſland'rous Epitaph,
As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times
Doth ill deſerue, by doing well: what's worſe
Muſt curt'ſie at the Cenſure. Oh Boyes, this Storie
The World may reade in me: My bodie's mark'd
With Roman Swords; and my report, was once
Firſt, with the beſt of Note. *Cymbeline* lou'd me,
And when a Souldier was the Theame, my name
Was not farre off: then was I as a Tree
Whoſe boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)
Shooke downe my mellow hangings: nay my Leaues,
And left me bare to weather.
Gui. Vncertaine fauour.
Bel. My fault being nothing (as I haue told you oft)
But that two Villaines, whoſe falſe Oathes preuayl'd
Before my perfect Honor, ſwore to *Cymbeline*,
I was Confederate with the Romanes: ſo
Followed my Baniſhment, and this twenty yeeres,
This Rocke, and theſe Demeſnes, haue bene my World,
Where I haue liu'd at honeſt freedome, payed
More pious debts to Heauen, then in all
The fore-end of my time. But, vp to'th'Mountaines,
This is not Hunters Language; he that ſtrikes
The Veniſon firſt, ſhall be the Lord o'th'Feaſt,
To him the other two ſhall miniſter,
And we will feare no poyſon, which attends
In place of greater State:
Ile meete you in the Valleyes. *Exeunt.*
How hard it is to hide the ſparkes of Nature?
Theſe Boyes know little they are Sonnes to'th'King,
Nor *Cymbeline* dreames that they are aliue.
They thinke they are mine,
And though train'd vp thus meanely
I'th'Caue, whereon the Bowe their thoughts do hit,
The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them
In ſimple and lowe things, to Prince it, much
Beyond the tricke of others. This *Paladour*,
The heyre of *Cymbeline* and Britaine, who
The King his Father call'd *Guiderius*. Ioue,
When on my three-foot ſtoole I ſit, and tell
The warlike feats I haue done, his ſpirits flye out
Into my Story: ſay thus mine Enemy fell,
And thus I ſet my foote on's necke, euen then
The Princely blood flowes in his Cheeke, he ſweats,
Straines his yong Nerues, and puts himſelfe in poſture
That acts my words. The yonger Brother *Cadwall*,
Once *Aruiragus*, in as like a figure
Strikes life into my ſpeech, and ſhewes much more
His owne conceyuing. Hearke, the Game is rows'd,
Oh *Cymbeline*, Heauen and my Conſcience knowes
Thou didd'ſt vniuſtly baniſh me: whereon
At three, and two yeeres old, I ſtole theſe Babes,
Thinking to barre thee of Succeſſion, as
Thou refts me of my Lands. *Euriphile*,
Thou was't their Nurſe, they took thee for their mother,
And euery day do honor to her graue:
My ſelfe *Belarius*, that am *Mergan* call'd
They take for Naturall Father. The Game is vp. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Piſanio and Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'ſt me when we came frō horſe, ẏ place
Was neere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother ſo
To ſee me firſt, as I haue now: *Piſanio*, Man:
Where is *Poſthumus*? What is in thy mind
That makes thee ſtare thus? Wherefore breaks that ſigh
From th'inward of thee? One, but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond ſelfe-explication. Put thy ſelfe
Into a hauiour of leſſe feare, ere wildneſſe
Vanquiſh my ſtayder Senſes. What's the matter?
Why tender'ſt thou that Paper to me, with
A looke vntender? If't be Summer Newes
Smile too't before: if Winterly, thou need'ſt
But keepe that count'nance ſtil. My Husbands hand?
That Drug-damn'd Italy, hath out-craftied him,
And hee's at ſome hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue
May take off ſome extreamitie, which to reade
Would be euen mortall to me.
Piſ. Pleaſe you reade,
And you ſhall finde me (wretched man) a thing
The moſt diſdain'd of Fortune.

Imogen reades.

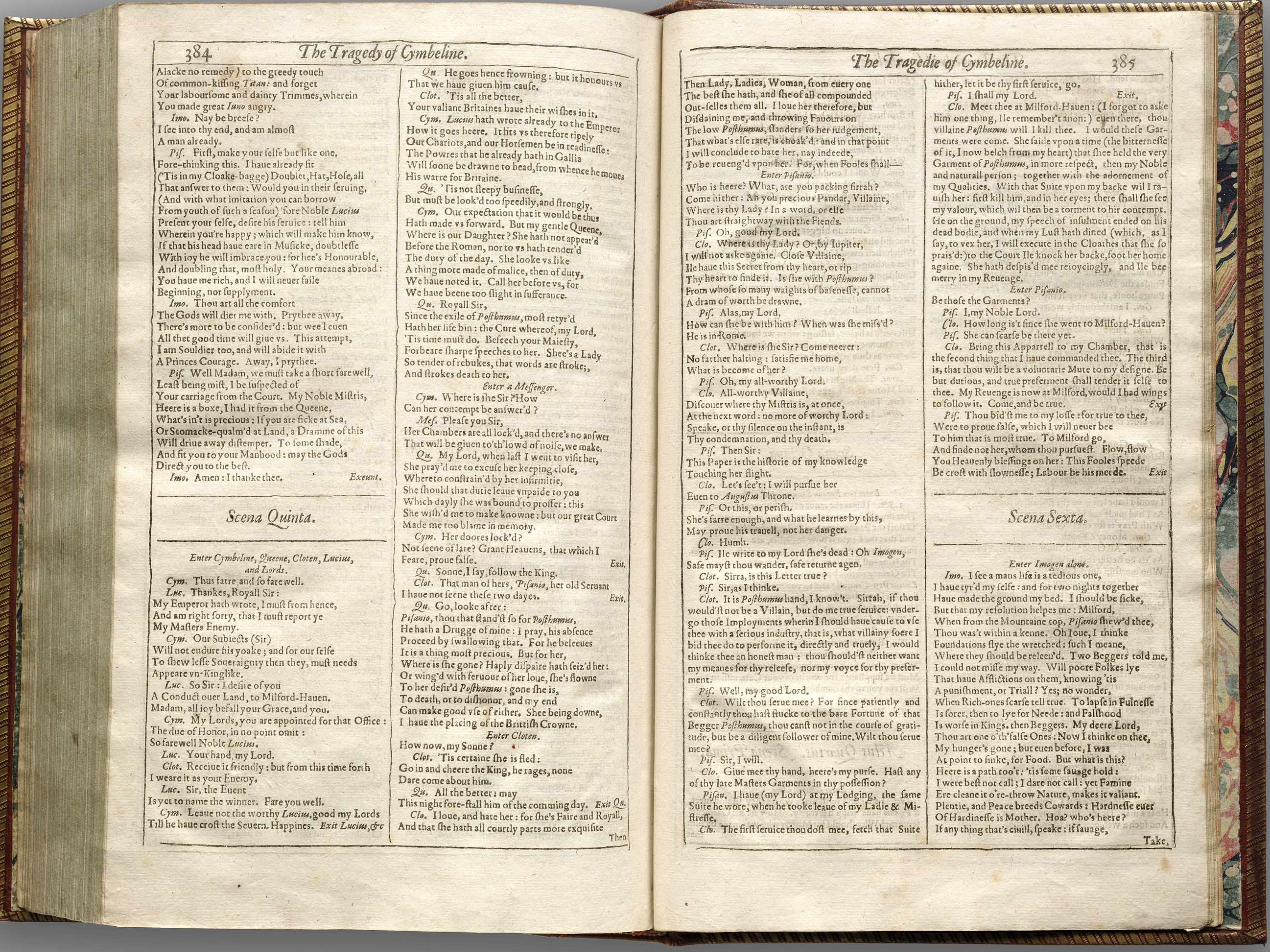
THy Miſtris (Piſanio) hath plaide the Strumpet in my Bed: the Teſtimonies whereof, lyes bleeding in me. I ſpeak not out of weake Surmiſes, but from proofe as ſtrong as my greefe and as certaine as I expect my Reuenge. That part, thou (Piſanio) muſt acte for me, if thy Faith be not tainted with the breach of hers; let thine owne hands take away her life: I ſhall giue thee opportunity at Milford Hauen. She hath my Letter for the purpoſe; where, if thou feare to ſtrike, and to make mee certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her diſhonour, and equally to me diſloyall.

Piſ. What ſhall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her throat alreadie? No, 'tis Slander,
Whoſe edge is ſharper then the Sword, whoſe tongue
Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting windes, and doth belye
All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States,
Maides, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Graue
This viperous ſlander enters. What cheere, Madam?
Imo. Falſe to his Bed? What is it to be falſe?
To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him?
To weepe 'twixt clock and clock? If ſleep charge Nature,
To breake it with a fearfull dreame of him,
And cry my ſelfe awake? That's falſe to's bed? Is it?
Piſa. Alas good Lady.
Imo. I falſe? Thy Conſcience witneſſe: *Iachimo*,
Thou didd'ſt accuſe him of Incontinencie,
Thou then look'dſt like a Villaine: now, me thinkes

Thy

Thy fauours good enough. Some Iay of Italy
(Whoſe mother was her painting) hath betraid him:
Poore I am ſtale, a Garment out of faſhion,
And for I am richer then to hang by th'walles,
I muſt be ript: To peeces with me: Oh!
Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good ſeeming
By thy reuolt (oh Husband) ſhall be thought
Put on for Villainy; not borne where't growes,
But worne a Baite for Ladies.
Piſa. Good Madam, heare me.
Imo. True honeſt men being heard, like falſe *Æneas*,
Were in his time thought falſe: and *Synons* weeping
Did ſcandall many a holy teare: tooke pitty
From moſt true wretchedneſſe. So thou, *Poſthumus*
Wilt lay the Leauen on all proper men;
Goodly, and gallant, ſhall be falſe and periur'd
From thy great faile: Come Fellow, be thou honeſt,
Do thou thy Maſters bidding. When thou ſeeſt him,
A little witneſſe my obedience. Looke
I draw the Sword my ſelfe, take it, and hit
The innocent Manſion of my Loue (my Heart:)
Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:
Thy Maſter is not there, who was indeede
The riches of it. Do his bidding, ſtrike,
Thou mayſt be valiant in a better cauſe;
But now thou ſeem'ſt a Coward.
Piſ. Hence vile Inſtrument,
Thou ſhalt not damne my hand.
Imo. Why, I muſt dye:
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Seruant of thy Maſters. Againſt Selfe-ſlaughter,
There is a prohibition ſo Diuine,
That crauens my weake hand: Come, heere's my heart:
Something's a-foot: Soft, ſoft, wee'l no defence,
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,
The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,
All turn'd to Hereſie? Away, away
Corrupters of my Faith, you ſhall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles
Beleeue falſe Teachers: Though thoſe that are betraid
Do feele the Treaſon ſharpely, yet the Traitor
Stands in worſe caſe of woe. And thou *Poſthumus*,
That didd'ſt ſet vp my diſobedience 'gainſt the King
My Father, and makes me put into contempt the ſuites
Of Princely Fellowes, ſhalt heereafter finde
It is no acte of common paſſage, but
A ſtraine of Rareneſſe: and I greeue my ſelfe,
To thinke, when thou ſhalt be diſedg'd by her,
That now thou tyreſt on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee diſpatch,
The Lambe entreats the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?
Thou art too ſlow to do thy Maſters bidding
When I deſire it too.
Piſ. Oh gracious Lady:
Since I receiu'd command to do this buſineſſe,
I haue not ſlept one winke.
Imo. Doo't, and to bed then.
Piſ. Ile wake mine eye-balles firſt.
Imo. Wherefore then
Didd'ſt vndertake it? Why haſt thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?
Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horſes labour?
The Time inuiting thee? The perturb'd Court
For my being abſent? whereunto I neuer
Purpoſe returne. Why haſt thou gone ſo farre
To be vn-bent? when thou haſt 'tane thy ſtand,
Th'elected Deere before thee?
Piſ. But to win time
To looſe ſo bad employment, in the which
I haue conſider'd of a courſe: good Ladie
Heare me with patience.
Imo. Talke thy tongue weary, ſpeake:
I haue heard I am a Strumpet, and mine eare
Therein falſe ſtrooke, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent, to bottome that. But ſpeake.
Piſ. Then Madam,
I thought you would not backe againe.
Imo. Moſt like,
Bringing me heere to kill me.
Piſ. Not ſo neither:
But if I were as wiſe, as honeſt, then
My purpoſe would proue well: it cannot be,
But that my Maſter is abus'd. Some Villaine,
I, and ſingular in his Art, hath done you both
This curſed iniurie.
Imo. Some Roman Curtezan?
Piſa. No, on my life:
Ile giue but notice you are dead, and ſend him
Some bloody ſigne of it. For 'tis commanded
I ſhould do ſo: you ſhall be miſt at Court,
And that will well confirme it.
Imo. Why good Fellow,
What ſhall I do the while? Where bide? How liue?
Or in my life, what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?
Piſ. If you'l backe to'th'Court.
Imo. No Court, no Father, nor no more adoe
With that harſh, noble, ſimple nothing:
That *Clotten*, whoſe Loue-ſuite hath bene to me
As fearefull as a Siege.
Piſ. If not at Court,
Then not in Britaine muſt you bide.
Imo. Where then?
Hath Britaine all the Sunne that ſhines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in Britaine? I'th'worlds Volume
Our Britaine ſeemes as of it, but not in't:
In a great Poole, a Swannes-neſt, prythee thinke
There's liuers out of Britaine.
Piſ. I am moſt glad
You thinke of other place: Th'Ambaſſador,
Lucius the Romane comes to Milford-Hauen
To morrow. Now, if you could weare a minde
Darke, as your Fortune is, and but diſguiſe
That which t'appeare it ſelfe, muſt not yet be,
But by ſelfe-danger, you ſhould tread a courſe
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, neere
The reſidence of *Poſthumus*; ſo nie (at leaſt)
That though his Actions were not viſible, yet
Report ſhould render him hourely to your eare,
As truely as he mooues.
Imo. Oh for ſuch meanes,
Though perill to my modeſtie, not death on[illegible]
I would aduenture.
Piſ. Well then, heere's the point:
You muſt forget to be a Woman: change
Command, into obedience. Feare, and Niceneſſe
(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truely
Woman it pretty ſelfe) into a waggiſh courage,
Ready in gybes, quicke-anſwer'd, ſawcie, and
As quarrellous as the Weazell: Nay, you muſt
Forget that rareſt Treaſure of your Cheeke,
Expoſing it (but oh the harder heart,

Alacke



Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch
Of common-kiſſing *Titan:* and forget
Your labourſome and dainty Trimmes, wherein
You made great *Iuno* angry.
Imo. Nay be breefe?
I ſee into thy end, and am almoſt
A man already.
Piſ. Firſt, make your ſelfe but like one,
Fore-thinking this. I haue already fit
('Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hoſe, all
That anſwer to them: Would you in their ſeruing,
(And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of ſuch a ſeaſon) 'fore Noble *Lucius*
Preſent your ſelfe, deſire his ſeruice: tell him
Wherein you're happy; which will make him know,
If that his head haue eare in Muſicke, doubtleſſe
With ioy he will imbrace you: for hee's Honourable,
And doubling that, moſt holy. Your meanes abroad:
You haue me rich, and I will neuer faile
Beginning, nor ſupplyment.
Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,
There's more to be conſider'd: but wee'l euen
All thet good time will giue vs. This attempt,
I am Souldier too, and will abide it with
A Princes Courage. Away, I prythee.
Piſ. Well Madam, we muſt take a ſhort farewell,
Leaſt being miſt, I be ſuſpected of
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Miſtris,
Heere is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,
What's in't is precious: If you are ſicke at Sea,
Or Stomacke-qualm'd at Land, a Dramme of this
Will driue away diſtemper. To ſome ſhade,
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods
Direct you to the beſt.
Imo. Amen: I thanke thee. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus farre, and ſo farewell.
Luc. Thankes, Royall Sir:
My Emperor hath wrote, I muſt from hence,
And am right ſorry, that I muſt report ye
My Maſters Enemy.
Cym. Our Subiects (Sir)
Will not endure his yoake; and for our ſelfe
To ſhew leſſe Soueraignty then they, muſt needs
Appeare vn-Kinglike.
Luc. So Sir: I deſire of you
A Conduct ouer Land, to Milford-Hauen.
Madam, all ioy befall your Grace, and you.
Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office:
The due of Honor, in no point omit:
So farewell Noble *Lucius.*
Luc. Your hand, my Lord.
Clot. Receiue it friendly: but from this time forth
I weare it as your Enemy.
Luc. Sir, the Euent
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.
Cym. Leaue not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords
Till he haue croſt the Seuern. Happines. *Exit Lucius, &c*

Qu. He goes hence frowning: but it honours vs
That we haue giuen him cauſe.
Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant Britaines haue their wiſhes in it.
Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor
How it goes heere. It fits vs therefore ripely
Our Chariots, and our Horſemen be in readineſſe:
The Powres that he already hath in Gallia
Will ſoone be drawne to head, from whence he moues
His warre for Britaine.
Qu. 'Tis not ſleepy buſineſſe,
But muſt be look'd too ſpeedily, and ſtrongly.
Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made vs forward. But my gentle Queene,
Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to vs hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looke vs like
A thing more made of malice, then of duty,
We haue noted it. Call her before vs, for
We haue beene too ſlight in ſufferance.
Qu. Royall Sir,
Since the exile of *Poſthumus*, moſt retyr'd
Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time muſt do. Beſeech your Maieſty,
Forbeare ſharpe ſpeeches to her. Shee's a Lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are ſtroke;,
And ſtrokes death to her.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Cym. Where is ſhe Sir? How
Can her contempt be anſwer'd?
Meſ. Pleaſe you Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no anſwer
That will be giuen to'th'lowd of noiſe, we make.
Qu. My Lord, when laſt I went to viſit her,
She pray'd me to excuſe her keeping cloſe,
Whereto conſtrain'd by her infirmitie,
She ſhould that dutie leaue vnpaide to you
Which dayly ſhe was bound to proffer: this
She wiſh'd me to make knowne: but our great Court
Made me too blame in memory.
Cym. Her doores lock'd?
Not ſeene of late? Grant Heauens, that which I
Feare, proue falſe. *Exit.*
Qu. Sonne, I ſay, follow the King.
Clot. That man of hers, *Piſanio*, her old Seruant
I haue not ſeene theſe two dayes. *Exit.*
Qu. Go, looke after:
Piſanio, thou that ſtand'ſt ſo for *Poſthumus*,
He hath a Drugge of mine: I pray, his abſence
Proceed by ſwallowing that. For he beleeues
It is a thing moſt precious. But for her,
Where is ſhe gone? Haply diſpaire hath ſeiz'd her:
Or wing'd with feruour of her loue, ſhe's flowne
To her deſir'd *Poſthumus*: gone ſhe is,
To death, or to diſhonor, and my end
Can make good vſe of either. Shee being downe,
I haue the placing of the Brittiſh Crowne.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Sonne?
Clot. 'Tis certaine ſhe is fled:
Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.
Qu. All the better: may
This night fore-ſtall him of the comming day. *Exit Qu.*
Clo. I loue, and hate her: for ſhe's Faire and Royall,
And that ſhe hath all courtly parts more exquiſite
Then

Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from euery one
The beſt ſhe hath, and ſhe of all compounded
Out-ſelles them all. I loue her therefore, but
Diſdaining me, and throwing Fauours on
The low *Poſthumus*, ſlanders ſo her iudgement,
That what's elſe rare, is choak'd: and in that point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,
To be reueng'd vpon her. For, when Fooles ſhall—

Enter Piſanio.

Who is heere? What, are you packing ſirrah?
Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine,
Where is thy Lady? In a word, or elſe
Thou art ſtraightway with the Fiends.
Piſ. Oh, good my Lord.
Clo. Where is thy Lady? Or, by Iupiter,
I will not aske againe. Cloſe Villaine,
Ile haue this Secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to finde it. Is ſhe with *Poſthumus*?
From whoſe ſo many waights of baſeneſſe, cannot
A dram of worth be drawne.
Piſ. Alas, my Lord,
How can ſhe be with him? When was ſhe miſs'd?
He is in Rome.
Clot. Where is ſhe Sir? Come neerer:
No farther halting: ſatisfie me home,
What is become of her?
Piſ. Oh, my all-worthy Lord.
Clo. All-worthy Villaine,
Diſcouer where thy Miſtris is, at once,
At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:
Speake, or thy ſilence on the inſtant, is
Thy condemnation, and thy death.
Piſ. Then Sir:
This Paper is the hiſtorie of my knowledge
Touching her flight.
Clo. Let's ſee't: I will purſue her
Euen to *Auguſtus* Throne.
Piſ. Or this, or periſh.
She's farre enough, and what he learnes by this,
May proue his trauell, not her danger.
Clo. Humh.
Piſ. Ile write to my Lord ſhe's dead: Oh *Imogen*,
Safe mayſt thou wander, ſafe returne agen.
Clot. Sirra, is this Letter true?
Piſ. Sir, as I thinke.

Clot. It is *Poſthumus* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'ſt not be a Villain, but do me true ſeruice: vndergo thoſe Imployments wherin I ſhould haue cauſe to vſe thee with a ſerious induſtry, that is, what villainy ſoere I bid thee do to performe it, directly and truely, I would thinke thee an honeſt man: thou ſhould'ſt neither want my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy preferment.

Piſ. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou ſerue mee? For ſince patiently and conſtantly thou haſt ſtucke to the bare Fortune of that Begger *Poſthumus*, thou canſt not in the courſe of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou ſerue mee?

Piſ. Sir, I will.

Clo. Giue mee thy hand, heere's my purſe. Haſt any of thy late Maſters Garments in thy poſſeſſion?

Piſan. I haue (my Lord) at my Lodging, the ſame Suite he wore, when he tooke leaue of my Ladie & Miſtreſſe.

Clo. The firſt ſeruice thou doſt mee, fetch that Suite hither, let it be thy firſt ſeruice, go.

Piſ. I ſhall my Lord. *Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Hauen: (I forgot to aske him one thing, Ile remember't anon:) euen there, thou villaine *Poſthumus* will I kill thee. I would theſe Garments were come. She ſaide vpon a time (the bitterneſſe of it, I now belch from my heart) that ſhee held the very Garment of *Poſthumus*, in more reſpect, then my Noble and naturall perſon; together with the adornement of my Qualities. With that Suite vpon my backe wil I rauiſh her: firſt kill him, and in her eyes; there ſhall ſhe ſee my valour, which wil then be a torment to hir contempt. He on the ground, my ſpeech of inſulment ended on his dead bodie, and when my Luſt hath dined (which, as I ſay, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that ſhe ſo prais'd:) to the Court Ile knock her backe, foot her home againe. She hath deſpis'd mee reioycingly, and Ile bee merry in my Reuenge.

Enter Piſanio.

Be thoſe the Garments?
Piſ. I, my Noble Lord.
Clo. How long is't ſince ſhe went to Milford-Hauen?
Piſ. She can ſcarſe be there yet.

Clo. Bring this Apparrell to my Chamber, that is the ſecond thing that I haue commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntarie Mute to my deſigne. Be but dutious, and true preferment ſhall tender it ſelfe to thee. My Reuenge is now at Milford, would I had wings to follow it. Come, and be true. *Exit*

Piſ. Thou bid'ſt me to my loſſe: for true to thee,
Were to proue falſe, which I will neuer bee
To him that is moſt true. To Milford go,
And finde not her, whom thou purſueſt. Flow, flow
You Heauenly bleſſings on her: This Fooles ſpeede
Be croſt with ſlowneſſe; Labour be his meede. *Exit*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. I ſee a mans life is a tedious one,
I haue tyr'd my ſelfe: and for two nights together
Haue made the ground my bed. I ſhould be ſicke,
But that my reſolution helpes me: Milford,
When from the Mountaine top, *Piſanio* ſhew'd thee,
Thou was't within a kenne. Oh Ioue, I thinke
Foundations flye the wretched: ſuch I meane,
Where they ſhould be releeu'd. Two Beggers told me,
I could not miſſe my way. Will poore Folkes lye
That haue Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A puniſhment, or Triall? Yes; no wonder,
When Rich-ones ſcarſe tell true. To lapſe in Fulneſſe
Is ſorer, then to lye for Neede: and Falſhood
Is worſe in Kings, then Beggers. My deere Lord,
Thou art one o'th'falſe Ones: Now I thinke on thee,
My hunger's gone; but euen before, I was
At point to ſinke, for Food. But what is this?
Heere is a path too't: 'tis ſome ſauage hold:
I were beſt not call; I dare not call: yet Famine
Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, makes it valiant.
Plentie, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardneſſe euer
Of Hardineſſe is Mother. Hoa? who's heere?
If any thing that's ciuill, ſpeake: if ſauage,
Take,

Take, or lend. Hoa? No anſwer? Then Ile enter.
Beſt draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
But feare the Sword like me, hee'l ſcarſely looke on't.
Such a Foe, good Heauens. *Exit.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.

Bel. You *Polidore* haue prou'd beſt Woodman, and
Are Maſter of the Feaſt: *Cadwall*, and I
Will play the Cooke, and Seruant, 'tis our match:
The ſweat of induſtry would dry, and dye
But for the end it workes too. Come, our ſtomackes
Will make what's homely, ſauoury: Wearineſſe
Can ſnore vpon the Flint, when reſtie Sloth
Findes the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,
Poore houſe, that keep'ſt thy ſelfe.

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arui. I am weake with toyle, yet ſtrong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i'th'Caue, we'l brouz on that
Whil'ſt what we haue kill'd, be Cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in:
But that it eates our victualles, I ſhould thinke
Heere were a Faiery.

Gui. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By Iupiter an Angell: or if not
An earthly Paragon. Behold Diuineneſſe
No elder then a Boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good maſters harme me not:
Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought
To haue begg'd, or bought, what I haue took: good troth
I haue ſtolne nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold ſtrew'd i'th'Floore. Heere's money for my Meate,
I would haue left it on the Boord, ſo ſoone
As I had made my Meale; and parted
With Pray'rs for the Prouider.

Gui. Money? Youth.

Aru. All Gold and Siluer rather turne to durt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thoſe
Who worſhip durty Gods.

Imo. I ſee you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I ſhould
Haue dyed, had I not made it.

Bel. Whether bound?

Imo. To Milford-Hauen.

Bel. What's your name?

Imo. *Fidele* Sir: I haue a Kinſman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,
To whom being going, almoſt ſpent with hunger,
I am falne in this offence.

Bel. Prythee (faire youth)
Thinke vs no Churles: nor meaſure our good mindes
By this rude place we liue in. Well encounter'd,
'Tis almoſt night, you ſhall haue better cheere
Ere you depart; and thankes to ſtay, and eate it:
Boyes, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I ſhould woo hard, but be your Groome in honeſty:
I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arui. Ile make't my Comfort
He is a man, Ile loue him as my Brother:
And ſuch a welcome as I'ld giue to him
(After long abſence) ſuch is yours. Moſt welcome:
Be ſprightly, for you fall 'mongſt Friends.

Imo. 'Mongſt Friends?
If Brothers: would it had bin ſo, that they
Had bin my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize
Bin leſſe, and ſo more equall ballaſting
To thee *Poſthumus*.

Bel. He wrings at ſome diſtreſſe.

Gui. Would I could free't.

Arui. Or I, what ere it be,
What paine it coſt, what danger: Gods!

Bel. Hearke Boyes.

Imo. Great men
That had a Court no bigger then this Caue,
That did attend themſelues, and had the vertue
Which their owne Conſcience ſeal'd them: laying by
That nothing-guift of differing Multitudes
Could not out-peere theſe twaine. Pardon me Gods,
I'ld change my ſexe to be Companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* falſe.

Bel. It ſhall be ſo:
Boyes wee'l go dreſſe our Hunt. Faire youth come in;
Diſcourſe is heauy, faſting: when we haue ſupp'd
Wee'l mannerly demand thee of thy Story,
So farre as thou wilt ſpeake it.

Gui. Pray draw neere.

Arui. The Night to'th'Owle,
And Morne to th'Larke leſſe welcome.

Imo. Thankes Sir.

Arui. I pray draw neere. *Exeunt.*

Scena Octaua.

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1. Sen. This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ;
That ſince the common men are now in Action
'Gainſt the Pannonians, and Dalmatians,
And that the Legions now in Gallia, are
Full weake to vndertake our Warres againſt
The falne-off Britaines, that we do incite
The Gentry to this buſineſſe. He creates
Lucius Pro-Conſull: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Leuy, he commands
His abſolute Commiſſion. Long liue *Cæſar*.

Tri. Is *Lucius* Generall of the Forces?

2. Sen. I.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1. Sen. With thoſe Legions
Which I haue ſpoke of, whereunto your leuie
Muſt be ſuppliant: the words of your Commiſſion
Will tye you to the numbers, and the time
Of their diſpatch.

Tri. We will diſcharge our duty. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clotten alone.

Clot. I am neere to'th'place where they ſhould meet, if *Piſanio* haue mapp'd it truely. How fit his Garments ſerue me? Why ſhould his Miſtris who was made by him that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (ſauing reuerence of the Word) for 'tis ſaide a Womans fitneſſe comes by fits: therein I muſt play the Workman, I dare ſpeake it to my ſelfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man, and his Glaſſe, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane, the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no leſſe young, more ſtrong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the aduantage of the time, aboue him in Birth, alike conuerſant in generall ſeruices, and more remarkeable in ſingle oppoſitions; yet this imperſeuerant Thing loues him in my deſpight. What Mortalitie is? *Poſthumus*, thy head (which now is growing vppon thy ſhoulders) ſhall within this houre be off, thy Miſtris inforced, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and all this done, ſpurne her home to her Father, who may (happily) be a little angry for my ſo rough vſage: but my Mother hauing power of his teſtineſſe, ſhall turne all into my commendations. My Horſe is tyed vp ſafe, out Sword, and to a ſore purpoſe: Fortune put them into my hand: This is the very deſcription of their meeting place and the Fellow dares not deceiue me. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, and Imogen from the Caue.

Bel. You are not well: Remaine heere in the Caue,
Wee'l come to you after Hunting.

Arui. Brother, ſtay heere:
Are we not Brothers?

Imo. So man and man ſhould be,
But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie,
Whoſe duſt is both alike. I am very ſicke,

Gui. Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him.

Imo. So ſicke I am not, yet I am not well:
But not ſo Citizen a wanton, as
To ſeeme to dye, ere ſicke: So pleaſe you, leaue me,
Sticke to your Iournall courſe: the breach of Cuſtome,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort
To one not ſociable: I am not very ſicke,
Since I can reaſon of it: pray you truſt me heere,
Ile rob none but my ſelfe, and let me dye
Stealing ſo poorely.

Gui. I loue thee: I haue ſpoke it,
How much the quantity, the waight as much,
As I do loue my Father.

Bel. What? How? how?

Arui. If it be ſinne to ſay ſo (Sir) I yoake mee
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why
I loue this youth, and I haue heard you ſay,
Loue's reaſon's, without reaſon. The Beere at doore,
And a demand who is't ſhall dye, I'ld ſay
My Father, not this youth.

Bel. Oh noble ſtraine!
O worthineſſe of Nature, breed of Greatneſſe!
"Cowards father Cowards, & Baſe things Syre Bace;
"Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.
I'me not their Father, yet who this ſhould bee,
Doth myracle it ſelfe, lou'd before mee.
'Tis the ninth houre o'th'Morne.

Arui. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wiſh ye ſport.

Arui. You health.——So pleaſe you Sir.

Imo. Theſe are kinde Creatures.
Gods, what lyes I haue heard:
Our Courtiers ſay, all's ſauage, but at Court;
Experience, oh thou diſproou'ſt Report.
Th'emperious Seas breeds Monſters; for the Diſh,
Poore Tributary Riuers, as ſweet Fiſh:
I am ſicke ſtill, heart-ſicke; *Piſanio*,
Ile now taſte of thy Drugge.

Gui. I could not ſtirre him:
He ſaid he was gentle, but vnfortunate;
Diſhoneſtly afflicted, but yet honeſt.

Arui. Thus did he auſwer me: yet ſaid heereafter,
I might know more.

Bel. To'th'Field, to'th'Field:
Wee'l leaue you for this time, go in, and reſt.

Arui. Wee'l not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not ſicke,
For you muſt be our Huſwife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you. *Exit.*

Bel. And ſhal't be euer.
This youth, how ere diſtreſt, appeares he hath had
Good Anceſtors.

Arui. How Angell-like he ſings?

Gui. But his neate Cookerie?

Arui. He cut our Rootes in Charracters,
And ſawc'ſt our Brothes, as *Iuno* had bin ſicke,
And he her Dieter.

Arui. Nobly he yoakes
A ſmiling, with a ſigh; as if the ſighe
Was that it was, for not being ſuch a Smile:
The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye
From ſo diuine a Temple, to commix
With windes, that Saylors raile at.

Gui. I do note,
That greefe and patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their ſpurres together.

Arui. Grow patient,
And let the ſtinking-Elder (Greefe) vntwine
His periſhing roote, with the encreaſing Vine.

Bel. It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot finde thoſe Runnagates, that Villaine
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

Bel. Thoſe Runnagates?
Meanes he not vs? I partly know him, 'tis
Cloten, the Sonne o'th'Queene. I feare ſome Ambuſh:
I ſaw him not theſe many yeares, and yet
I know 'tis he: We are held as Out-Lawes: Hence.

Gui. He is but one: you, and my Brother ſearch
What Companies are neere: pray you away,
Let me alone with him.

Clot. Soft, what are you
That flye me thus? Some villaine-Mountainers?
I haue heard of ſuch. What Slaue art thou?

Gui. A thing
More ſlauiſh did I ne're, then anſwering
A Slaue without a knocke.

Clot. Thou art a Robber,
A Law-breaker, a Villaine: yeeld thee Theefe.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Haue not I
An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge:
Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not
My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:

Why I ſhould yeeld to thee?
Clot. Thou Villaine baſe,
Know'ſt me not by my Cloathes?
Gui. No, nor thy Taylor, Raſcall:
Who is thy Grandfather? He made thoſe cloathes,
Which (as it ſeemes) make thee.
Clo. Thou precious Varlet,
My Taylor made them not.
Gui. Hence then, and thanke
The man that gaue them thee. Thou art ſome Foole,
I am loath to beate thee.
Clot. Thou iniurious Theefe,
Heare but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What's thy name?
Clo. *Cloten*, thou Villaine.
Gui. *Cloten*, thou double Villaine be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould moue me ſooner.
Clot. To thy further feare,
Nay, to thy meere Confuſion, thou ſhalt know
I am Sonne to'th'Queene.
Gui. I am ſorry for't: not ſeeming
So worthy as thy Birth.
Clot. Art not afeard?
Gui. Thoſe that I reuerence, thoſe I feare: the Wiſe:
At Fooles I laugh: not feare them.
Clot. Dye the death:
When I haue ſlaine thee with my proper hand,
Ile follow thoſe that euen now fled hence:
And on the Gates of *Luds-Towne* ſet your heads:
Yeeld Ruſticke Mountaineer. *Fight and Exeunt.*

Enter Belarius and Aruiragus.

Bel. No Companie's abroad?
Arui. None in the world: you did miſtake him ſure.
Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it ſince I ſaw him,
But Time hath nothing blurr'd thoſe lines of Fauour
Which then he wore: the ſnatches in his voice,
And burſt of ſpeaking were as his: I am abſolute
'Twas very *Cloten*.
Arui. In this place we left them;
I wiſh my Brother make good time with him,
You ſay he is ſo fell.
Bel. Being ſcarſe made vp,
I meane to man; he had not apprehenſion
Of roaring terrors: For defect of iudgement
Is oft the cauſe of Feare.

Enter Guiderius.

But ſee thy Brother.
Gui. This *Cloten* was a Foole, an empty purſe,
There was no money in't: Not *Hercules*
Could haue knock'd out his Braines, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the Foole had borne
My head, as I do his.
Bel. What haſt thou done?
Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one *Clotens* head,
Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and ſwore
With his owne ſingle hand heel'd take vs in,
Diſplace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow
And ſet them on *Luds-Towne*.
Bel. We are all vndone.
Gui. Why, worthy Father, what haue we to looſe,
But that he ſwore to take, our Liues? the Law
Protects not vs, then why ſhould we be tender,
To let an arrogant peece of fleſh threat vs?
Play Iudge, and Executioner, all himſelfe?
For we do feare the Law. What company
Diſcouer you abroad?
Bel. No ſingle ſoule
Can we ſet eye on: but in all ſafe reaſon
He muſt haue ſome Attendants. Though his Honor
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that
From one bad thing to worſe: Not Frenzie,
Not abſolute madneſſe could ſo farre haue rau'd
To bring him heere alone: although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that ſuch as wee
Caue heere, hunt heere, are Out-lawes, and in time
May make ſome ſtronger head, the which he hearing,
(As it is like him) might breake out, and ſweare
Heel'd fetch vs in, yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he ſo vndertaking,
Or they ſo ſuffering: then on good ground we feare,
If we do feare this Body hath a taile
More perillous then the head.
Arui. Let Ord'nance
Come as the Gods fore-ſay it: howſoere,
My Brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no minde
To hunt this day: The Boy *Fideles* ſickeneſſe
Did make my way long forth.
Gui. With his owne Sword,
Which he did waue againſt my throat, I haue tane
His head from him: Ile throw't into the Creeke
Behinde our Rocke, and let it to the Sea,
And tell the Fiſhes, hee's the Queenes Sonne, *Cloten*,
That's all I reake. *Exit.*
Bel. I feare 'twill be reueng'd:
Would (*Polidore*) thou had'ſt not done't: though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arui. Would I had done't:
So the Reuenge alone purſu'de me: *Polidore*
I loue thee brotherly, but enuy much
Thou haſt robb'd me of this deed: I would Reuenges
That poſſible ſtrength might meet, wold ſeek vs through
And put vs to our anſwer.
Bel. Well, 'tis done:
Wee'l hunt no more to day, nor ſeeke for danger
Where there's no profit. I prythee to our Rocke,
You and *Fidele* play the Cookes: Ile ſtay
Till haſty *Polidore* returne, and bring him
To dinner preſently.
Arui. Poore ſicke *Fidele*.
Ile willingly to him, to gaine his colour,
Il'd let a pariſh of ſuch *Clotens* blood,
And praiſe my ſelfe for charity. *Exit.*
Bel. Oh thou Goddeſſe,
Thou diuine Nature; thou thy ſelfe thou blazon'ſt
In theſe two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle
As Zephires blowing below the Violet,
Not wagging his ſweet head; and yet, as rough
(Their Royall blood enchaf'd) as the rud'ſt winde,
That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine,
And make him ſtoope to th'Vale. 'Tis wonder
That an inuiſible inſtinct ſhould frame them
To Royalty vnlearn'd, Honor vntaught,
Ciuility not ſeene from other: valour
That wildely growes in them, but yeelds a crop
As if it had beene ſow'd: yet ſtill it's ſtrange
What *Clotens* being heere to vs portends,
Or what his death will bring vs.

Enter Guiderius.

Gui. Where's my Brother?

I haue ſent *Clotens* Clot-pole downe the ſtreame,
In Embaſſie to his Mother; his Bodie's hoſtage
For his returne. *Solemn Muſick.*
Bel. My ingenuous Inſtrument,
(Hearke *Polidore*) it ſounds: but what occaſion
Hath *Cadwal* now to giue it motion? Hearke.
Gui. Is he at home?
Bel. He went hence euen now.
Gui. What does he meane?
Since death of my deer'ſt Mother
It did not ſpeake before. All ſolemne things
Should anſwer ſolemne Accidents. The matter?
Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,
Is iollity for Apes, and greefe for Boyes.
Is *Cadwall* mad?

Enter Aruiragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his Armes.

Bel. Looke, heere he comes,
And brings the dire occaſion in his Armes,
Of what we blame him for.
Arui. The Bird is dead
That we haue made ſo much on. I had rather
Haue skipt from ſixteene yeares of Age, to ſixty:
To haue turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Then haue ſeene this.
Gui. Oh ſweeteſt, fayreſt Lilly:
My Brother weares thee not the one halfe ſo well,
As when thou grew'ſt thy ſelfe.
Bel. Oh Melancholly,
Who euer yet could ſound thy bottome? Finde
The Ooze, to ſhew what Coaſt thy ſluggiſh care
Might'ſt eaſileſt harbour in. Thou bleſſed thing,
Ioue knowes what man thou might'ſt haue made: but I,
Thou dyed'ſt a moſt rare Boy, of Melancholly.
How found you him?
Arui. Starke, as you ſee:
Thus ſmiling, as ſome Fly had tickled ſlumber,
Not as deaths dart being laugh'd at: his right Cheeke
Repoſing on a Cuſhion.
Gui. Where?
Arui. O'th'floore:
His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he ſlept, and put
My clowted Brogues from off my feete, whoſe rudeneſſe
Anſwer'd my ſteps too lowd.
Gui. Why, he but ſleepes:
If he be gone, hee'l make his Graue, a Bed:
With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,
And Wormes will not come to thee.
Arui. With fayreſt Flowers
Whil'ſt Sommer laſts, and I liue heere, *Fidele*,
Ile ſweeten thy ſad graue: thou ſhalt not lacke
The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primroſe, nor
The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy Veines: no, nor
The leafe of Eglantine, whom not to ſlander,
Out-ſweetned not thy breath: the Raddocke would
With Charitable bill (Oh bill ſore ſhaming
Thoſe rich-left-heyres, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Moſſe beſides. When Flowres are none
To winter-ground thy Coarſe——
Gui. Prythee haue done,
And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is ſo ſerious. Let vs bury him,
And not protract with admiration, what
Is now due debt. To'th'graue.
Arui. Say, where ſhall's lay him?
Gui. By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.
Arui. Bee't ſo:
And let vs (*Polidore*) though now our voyces
Haue got the manniſh cracke, ſing him to'th'ground
As once to our Mother: vſe like note, and words,
Saue that *Euriphile*, muſt be *Fidele*.
Gui. *Cadwall*,
I cannot ſing: Ile weepe, and word it with thee;
For Notes of ſorrow, out of tune, are worſe
Then Prieſts, and Phanes that lye.
Arui. Wee'l ſpeake it then.
Bel. Great greefes I ſee med'cine the leſſe: For *Cloten*
Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne, Boyes,
And though he came our Enemy, remember
He was paid for that: though meane, and mighty rotting
Together haue one duſt, yet Reuerence
(That Angell of the world) doth make diſtinction
Of place 'tweene high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,
And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.
Gui. Pray you fetch him hither,
Therſites body is as good as *Aiax*,
When neyther are aliue.
Arui. If you'l go fetch him,
Wee'l ſay our Song the whil'ſt: Brother begin.
Gui. Nay *Cadwall*, we muſt lay his head to th'Eaſt,
My Father hath a reaſon for't.
Arui. 'Tis true.
Gui. Come on then, and remoue him.
Arui. So, begin.

SONG.

Guid. *Feare no more the heate o'th'Sun,*
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly taske haſt don,
Home art gon, and tane thy wages.
Golden Lads, and Girles all muſt,
As Chimney-Sweepers come to duſt.
Arui. *Feare no more the frowne o'th'Great,*
Thou art paſt the Tirants ſtroake,
Care no more to cloath and eate,
To thee the Reede is as the Oake:
The Scepter, Learning, Phyſicke muſt,
All follow this and come to duſt.
Guid. *Feare no more the Lightning flaſh.*
Arui. *Nor th'all-dreaded Thunderſtone.*
Gui. *Feare not Slander, Cenſure raſh.*
Arui. *Thou haſt finiſh'd Ioy and mone.*
Both. *All Louers young, all Louers muſt,*
Conſigne to thee and come to duſt.
Guid. *No Exorciſor harme thee,*
Arui. *Nor no witch-craft charme thee.*
Guid. *Ghoſt vnlaid forbeare thee.*
Arui. *Nothing ill come neere thee.*
Both. *Quiet conſumation haue,*
And renowned be thy graue.

Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.

Gui. We haue done our obſequies:
Come lay him downe.
Bel. Heere's a few Flowres, but 'bout midnight more:
The hearbes that haue on them cold dew o'th'night
Are ſtrewings fit'ſt for Graues: vpon their Faces.
You were as Flowres, now wither'd: euen ſo
Theſe Herbelets ſhall, which we vpon you ſtrew.
Come on, away, apart vpon our knees:
The ground that gaue them firſt, ha's them againe:
Their pleaſures here are paſt, ſo are their paine. *Exeunt.*

Imogen awakes.

Yes Sir, to Milford-Hauen, which is the way?
I thanke you: by yond buſh? pray how farre thether?
'Ods pittikins: can it be ſixe mile yet?
I haue gone all night: 'Faith, Ile lye downe, and ſleepe.
But ſoft; no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddeſſes!
Theſe Flowres are like the pleaſures of the World;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:
For ſo I thought I was a Caue-keeper,
And Cooke to honeſt Creatures. But 'tis not ſo:
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, ſhot at nothing,
Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,
Are ſometimes like our Iudgements, blinde. Good faith
I tremble ſtill with feare: but if there be
Yet left in Heauen, as ſmall a drop of pittie
As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it.
The Dreame's heere ſtill: euen when I wake it is
Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.
A headleſſe man? The Garments of *Poſthumus*?
I know the ſhape of's Legge: this is his Hand:
His Foote Mercuriall: his martiall Thigh
The brawnes of *Hercules*: but his Iouiall face——
Murther in heauen? How? 'tis gone. *Piſanio*,
All Curſes madded *Hecuba* gaue the Greekes,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou
Conſpir'd with that Irregulous diuell *Cloten*,
Hath heere cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Piſanio*,
Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd *Piſanio*)
From this moſt braueſt veſſell of the world
Strooke the maine top! Oh *Poſthumus*, alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that?
Piſanio might haue kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on. How ſhould this be, *Piſanio*?
'Tis he, and *Cloten*: Malice, and Lucre in them
Haue laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
The Drugge he gaue me, which hee ſaid was precious
And Cordiall to me, haue I not found it
Murd'rous to'th'Senſes? That confirmes it home:
This is *Piſanio*'s deede, and *Cloten*: Oh!
Giue colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood,
That we the horrider may ſeeme to thoſe
Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a Soothſayer.

Cap. To them, the Legions garriſon'd in Gallia
After your will, haue croſt the Sea, attending
You heere at Milford-Hauen, with your Shippes:
They are heere in readineſſe.
Luc. But what from Rome?
Cap. The Senate hath ſtirr'd vp the Confiners,
And Gentlemen of Italy, moſt willing Spirits,
That promiſe Noble Seruice: and they come
Vnder the Conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's Brother.
Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefit o'th'winde.
Luc. This forwardneſſe
Makes our hopes faire. Command our preſent numbers
Be muſter'd: bid the Captaines looke too't. Now Sir,
What haue you dream'd of late of this warres purpoſe.
Sooth. Laſt night, the very Gods ſhew'd me a viſion
(I faſt, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:
I ſaw Ioues Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd
From the ſpungy South, to this part of the Weſt,
There vaniſh'd in the Sun-beames, which portends
(Vnleſſe my ſinnes abuſe my Diuination)
Succeſſe to th'Roman hoaſt.
Luc. Dreame often ſo,
And neuer falſe. Soft hoa, what truncke is heere?
Without his top? The ruine ſpeakes, that ſometime
It was a worthy building. How? a Page?
Or dead, or ſleeping on him? But dead rather:
For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed
With the defunct, or ſleepe vpon the dead.
Let's ſee the Boyes face.
Cap. Hee's aliue my Lord.
Luc. Hee'l then inſtruct vs of this body: Young one,
Informe vs of thy Fortunes, for it ſeemes
They craue to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'ſt thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he
That (otherwiſe then noble Nature did)
Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy intereſt
In this ſad wracke? How came't? Who is't?
What art thou?
Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better: This was my Maſter,
A very valiant Britaine, and a good,
That heere by Mountaineers lyes ſlaine: Alas,
There is no more ſuch Maſters: I may wander
From Eaſt to Occident, cry out for Seruice,
Try many, all good: ſerue truly: neuer
Finde ſuch another Maſter.
Luc. 'Lacke, good youth:
Thou mou'ſt no leſſe with thy complaining, then
Thy Maiſter in bleeding: ſay his name, good Friend.
Imo. *Richard du Champ*: If I do lye, and do
No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope
They'l pardon it. Say you Sir?
Luc. Thy name?
Imo. *Fidele* Sir.
Luc. Thou doo'ſt approue thy ſelfe the very ſame:
Thy Name well fits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not ſay
Thou ſhalt be ſo well maſter'd, but be ſure
No leſſe belou'd. The Romane Emperors Letters
Sent by a Conſull to me, ſhould not ſooner
Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.
Imo. Ile follow Sir. But firſt, and't pleaſe the Gods,
Ile hide my Maſter from the Flies, as deepe
As theſe poore Pickaxes can digge: and when
With wild wood-leaues & weeds, I ha' ſtrew'd his graue
And on it ſaid a Century of prayers
(Such as I can) twice o're, Ile weepe, and ſighe,
And leauing ſo his ſeruice, follow you,
So pleaſe you entertaine mee.
Luc. I good youth,
And rather Father thee, then Maſter thee: My Friends,
The Boy hath taught vs manly duties: Let vs
Finde out the pretticſt Dazied-Plot we can,
And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
A Graue: Come, Arme him: Boy hee's preferr'd
By thee, to vs, and he ſhall be interr'd
As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull; wipe thine eyes,
Some Falles are meanes the happier to ariſe. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Piſanio.

Cym. Againe: and bring me word how 'tis with her,
A Feauour with the abſence of her Sonne;

A madneſſe, of which her life's in danger: Heauens,
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen*,
The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queene
Vpon a deſperate bed, and in a time
When fearefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone,
So needfull for this preſent? It ſtrikes me, paſt
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
Who needs muſt know of her departure, and
Doſt ſeeme ſo ignorant, wee'l enforce it from thee
By a ſharpe Torture.
Piſ. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly ſet it at your will: But for my Miſtris,
I nothing know where ſhe remaines: why gone,
Nor when ſhe purpoſes returne. Beſeech your Highnes,
Hold me your loyall Seruant.
Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that ſhe was miſſing, he was heere;
I dare be bound hee's true, and ſhall performe
All parts of his ſubiection loyally. For *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in ſeeking him,
And will no doubt be found.
Cym. The time is troubleſome:
Wee'l ſlip you for a ſeaſon, but our iealouſie
Do's yet depend.
Lord. So pleaſe your Maieſty,
The Romaine Legions, all from Gallia drawne,
Are landed on your Coaſt, with a ſupply
Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senate ſent.
Cym. Now for the Counſaile of my Son and Queen,
I am amaz'd with matter.
Lord. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront no leſſe (ready:
Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're
The want is, but to put thoſe Powres in motion,
That long to moue.
Cym. I thanke you: let's withdraw
And meete the Time, as it ſeekes vs. We feare not
What can from Italy annoy vs, but
We greeue at chances heere. Away. *Exeunt*
Piſa. I heard no Letter from my Maſter, ſince
I wrote him *Imogen* was ſlaine. 'Tis ſtrange:
Nor heare I from my Miſtris, who did promiſe
To yeeld me often tydings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloten*, but remaine
Perplext in all. The Heauens ſtill muſt worke:
Wherein I am falſe, I am honeſt: not true, to be true.
Theſe preſent warres ſhall finde I loue my Country,
Euen to the note o'th'King, or Ile fall in them:
All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,
Fortune brings in ſome Boats, that are not ſteer'd. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, & Aruiragus.

Gui. The noyſe is round about vs.
Bel. Let vs from it.
Arui. What pleaſure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it
From Action, and Aduenture.
Gui. Nay, what hope
Haue we in hiding vs? This way the Romaines
Muſt, or for Britaines ſlay vs or receiue vs
For barbarous and vnnaturall Reuolts
During their vſe, and ſlay vs after.
Bel. Sonnes,
Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there ſecure vs.
To the Kings party there's no going: newneſſe
Of *Clotens* death (we being not knowne, not muſter'd
Among the Bands) may driue vs to a render
Where we haue liu'd; and ſo extort from's that
Which we haue done, whoſe anſwer would be death
Drawne on with Torture.
Gui. This is (Sir) a doubt
In ſuch a time, nothing becomming you,
Nor ſatisfying vs.
Arui. It is not likely,
That when they heare their Roman horſes neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Fires; haue both their eyes
And eares ſo cloyd importantly as now,
That they will waſte their time vpon our note,
To know from whence we are.
Bel. Oh, I am knowne
Of many in the Army: Many yeeres
(Though *Cloten* then but young) you ſee, not wore him
From my remembrance. And beſides, the King
Hath not deſeru'd my Seruice, nor your Loues,
Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding;
The certainty of this heard life, aye hopeleſſe
To haue the courteſie your Cradle promis'd,
But to be ſtill hot Summers Tanlings, and
The ſhrinking Slaues of Winter.
Gui. Then be ſo,
Better to ceaſe to be. Pray Sir, to'th'Army:
I, and my Brother are not knowne; your ſelfe
So out of thought, and thereto ſo ore-growne,
Cannot be queſtion'd.
Arui. By this Sunne that ſhines
Ile thither: What thing is't, that I neuer
Did ſee man dye, ſcarſe euer look'd on blood,
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Veniſon?
Neuer beſtrid a Horſe ſaue one, that had
A Rider like my ſelfe, who ne're wore Rowell,
Nor Iron on his heele? I am aſham'd
To looke vpon the holy Sunne, to haue
The benefit of his bleſt Beames, remaining
So long a poore vnknowne.
Gui. By heauens Ile go,
If you will bleſſe me Sir, and giue me leaue,
Ile take the better care: but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romaines.
Arui. So ſay I, Amen.
Bel. No reaſon I (ſince of your liues you ſet
So ſlight a valewation) ſhould reſerue
My crack'd one to more care. Haue with you Boyes:
If in your Country warres you chance to dye,
That is my Bed too (Lads) and there Ile lye.
Lead, lead; the time ſeems long, their blood thinks ſcorn
Till it flye out, and ſhew them Princes borne. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Poſthumus alone.

Poſt. Yea bloody cloth, Ile keep thee: for I am wiſht
Thou ſhould'ſt be colour'd thus. You married ones,
If each of you ſhould take this courſe, how many
Muſt murther Wiues much better then themſelues

For wrying but a little? Oh *Piſanio*,
Euery good Seruant do's not all Commands:
No Bond, but to do iuſt ones. Gods, if you
Should haue 'tane vengeance on my faults, I neuer
Had liu'd to put on this: ſo had you ſaued
The noble *Imogen*, to repent, and ſtrooke
Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,
You ſnatch ſome hence for little faults; that's loue
To haue them fall no more: you ſome permit
To ſecond illes with illes, each elder worſe,
And make them dread it, to the dooers thrift.
But *Imogen* is your owne, do your beſt willes,
And make me bleſt to obey. I am brought hither
Among th'Italian Gentry, and to fight
Againſt my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough
That (Britaine) I haue kill'd thy Miſtris: Peace,
Ile giue no wound to thee: therefore good Heauens,
Heare patiently my purpoſe. Ile diſrobe me
Of theſe Italian weedes, and ſuite my ſelfe
As do's a *Britaine* Pezant: ſo Ile fight
Againſt the part I come with: ſo Ile dye
For thee (O *Imogen*) euen for whom my life
Is euery breath, a death: and thus, vnknowne,
Pittied, nor hated, to the face of perill
My ſelfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, then my habits ſhow.
Gods, put the ſtrength o'th'*Leonati* in me:
To ſhame the guize o'th'world, I will begin,
The faſhion leſſe without, and more within. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Romane Army at one doore: and the Britaine Army at another: Leonatus Poſthumus following like a poore Souldier. They march ouer, and goe out. Then enter againe in Skirmiſh Iachimo and Poſthumus: he vanquiſheth and diſarmeth Iachimo, and then leaues him.

Iac. The heauineſſe and guilt within my boſome,
Takes off my manhood: I haue belyed a Lady,
The Princeſſe of this Country; and the ayre on't
Reuengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle,
A very drudge of Natures, haue ſubdu'de me
In my profeſſion? Knighthoods, and Honors borne
As I weare mine) are titles but of ſcorne.
If that thy Gentry (Britaine) go before
This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes
Is, that we ſcarſe are men, and you are Goddes. *Exit.*

The Battaile continues, the Britaines fly, Cymbeline is taken: Then enter to his reſcue, Bellarius, Guiderius, and Aruiragus.

Bel. Stand, ſtand, we haue th'aduantage of the ground,
The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowts vs, but
The villany of our feares.
Gui. Arui. Stand, ſtand, and fight.

Enter Poſthumus, and ſeconds the Britaines. They Reſcue Cymbeline, and Exeunt.

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away boy from the Troopes, and ſaue thy ſelfe:
For friends kil friends, and the diſorder's ſuch
As warre were hood-wink'd.
Iac. 'Tis their freſh ſupplies.
Luc. It is a day turn'd ſtrangely: or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Poſthumus, and a Britaine Lord.

Lor. Cam'ſt thou from where they made the ſtand?
Poſt. I did,
Though you it ſeemes come from the Fliers?
Lo. I did.
Poſt. No blame be to you Sir, for all was loſt,
But that the Heauens fought: the King himſelfe
Of his wings deſtitute, the Army broken,
And but the backes of Britaines ſeene; all flying
Through a ſtrait Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the Tongue with ſlaught'ring: hauing worke
More plentifull, then Tooles to doo't: ſtrooke downe
Some mortally, ſome ſlightly touch'd, ſome falling
Meerely through feare, that the ſtrait paſſe was damm'd
With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards liuing
To dye with length'ned ſhame.
Lo. Where was this Lane?
Poſt. Cloſe by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,
Which gaue aduantage to an ancient Soldiour
(An honeſt one I warrant) who deſeru'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
He, with two ſtriplings (Lads more like to run
The Country baſe, then to commit ſuch ſlaughter,
With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayrer
Then thoſe for preſeruation cas'd, or ſhame)
Made good the paſſage, cryed to thoſe that fled.
Our *Britaines* hearts dye flying, not our men,
To darkneſſe fleete ſoules that flye backwards; ſtand,
Or we are Romanes, and will giue you that
Like beaſts, which you ſhun beaſtly, and may ſaue
But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, ſtand. Theſe three,
Three thouſand confident, in acte as many:
For three performers are the File, when all
The reſt do nothing. With this word ſtand, ſtand,
Accomodated by the Place; more Charming
With their owne Nobleneſſe, which could haue turn'd
A Diſtaffe, to a Lance, guilded pale lookes;
Part ſhame, part ſpirit renew'd, that ſome turn'd coward
But by example (Oh a ſinne in Warre,
Damn'd in the firſt beginners) gan to looke
The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons
Vpon the Pikes o'th'Hunters. Then beganne
A ſtop i'th'Chaſer; a Retyre: Anon
A Rowt, confuſion thicke: forthwith they flye
Chickens, the way which they ſtopt Eagles: Slaues
The ſtrides the Victors made: and now our Cowards
Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
The life o'th'need: hauing found the backe doore open
Of the vnguarded hearts: heauens, how they wound;
Some ſlaine before ſome dying; ſome their Friends
Ore-borne i'th'former waue, ten chac'd by one,
Are now each one the ſlaughter-man of twenty:
Thoſe that would dye, or ere reſiſt, are growne
The mortall bugs o'th'Field.

Lord. This was ſtrange chance:
A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.
Poſt. Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you heare,
Then to worke any. Will you Rime vpon't,
And vent it for a Mock'rie? Heere is one:
"*Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,*
"*Preſeru'd the Britaines, was the Romanes bane.*
Lord. Nay, be not angry Sir.
Poſt. Lacke, to what end?
Who dares not ſtand his Foe, Ile be his Friend:
For if hee'l do, as he is made to doo,
I know hee'l quickly flye my friendſhip too.
You haue put me into Rime.
Lord. Farewell, you're angry. *Exit.*
Poſt. Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble miſery
To be i'th'Field, and aske what newes of me:
To day, how many would haue giuen their Honours
To haue ſau'd their Carkaſſes? Tooke heele to doo't,
And yet dyed too. I, in mine owne woe charm'd
Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane,
Nor feele him where he ſtrooke. Being an vgly Monſter,
'Tis ſtrange he hides him in freſh Cups, ſoft Beds,
Sweet words; or hath moe miniſters then we
That draw his kniues i'th'War. Well I will finde him:
For being now a Fauourer to the Britaine,
No more a Britaine, I haue reſum'd againe
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yeeld me to the verieſt Hinde, that ſhall
Once touch my ſhoulder. Great the ſlaughter is
Heere made by'th'Romane; great the Anſwer be
Britaines muſt take. For me, my Ranſome's death,
On eyther ſide I come to ſpend my breath;
Which neyther heere Ile keepe, nor beare agen,
But end it by ſome meanes for *Imogen*.

Enter two Captaines, and Soldiers.

1 Great Iupiter be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken,
'Tis thought the old man, and his ſonnes, were Angels.
2 There was a fourth man, in a ſilly habit,
That gaue th'Affront with them.
1 So 'tis reported:
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?
Poſt. A Roman,
Who had not now beene drooping heere, if Seconds
Had anſwer'd him.
2 Lay hands on him: a Dogge,
A legge of Rome ſhall not returne to tell
What Crows haue peckt them here: he brags his ſeruice
As if he were of note: bring him to'th'King.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, Piſanio, and Romane Captiues. The Captaines preſent Poſthumus to Cymbeline, who deliuers him ouer to a Gaoler.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Poſthumus, and Gaoler.

Gao. You ſhall not now be ſtolne,
You haue lockes vpon you:
So graze, as you finde Paſture.
2. *Gao.* I, or a ſtomacke.
Poſt. Moſt welcome bondage; for thou art a way
(I thinke) to liberty: yet am I better
Then one that's ſicke o'th'Gowt, ſince he had rather
Groane ſo in perpetuity, then be cur'd
By'th'ſure Phyſitian, Death; who is the key
T'vnbarre theſe Lockes. My Conſcience, thou art fetter'd
More then my ſhanks, & wriſts: you good Gods giue me
The penitent Inſtrument to picke that Bolt,
Then free for euer. Is't enough I am ſorry?
So Children temporall Fathers do appeaſe;
Gods are more full of mercy. Muſt I repent,
I cannot do it better then in Gyues,
Deſir'd, more then conſtrain'd, to ſatisfie
If of my Freedome 'tis the maine part, take
No ſtricter render of me, then my All.
I know you are more clement then vilde men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A ſixt, a tenth, letting them thriue againe
On their abatement; that's not my deſire.
For *Imogens* deere life, take mine, and though
'Tis not ſo deere, yet 'tis a life; you coyn'd it,
'Tweene man, and man, they waigh not euery ſtampe:
Though light, take Peeces for the figures ſake,
(You rather) mine being yours: and ſo great Powres,
If you will take this Audit, take this life,
And cancell theſe cold Bonds. Oh *Imogen*,
Ile ſpeake to thee in ſilence.

Solemne Muſicke. Enter (as in an Apparation) Sicillius Leonatus, Father to Poſthumus, an old man, attyred like a warriour, leading in his hand an ancient Matron (his wife, & Mother to Poſthumus) with Muſicke before them. Then, after other Muſicke, followes the two young Leonati (Brothers to Poſthumus) with wounds as they died in the warrs. They circle Poſthumus round as he lies ſleeping.

Sicil. No more thou Thunder-Maſter
ſhew thy ſpight, on Mortall Flies:
With Mars fall out with *Iuno* chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and Reuenges.
Hath my poore Boy done ought but well,
whoſe face I neuer ſaw:
I dy'de whil'ſt in the Wombe he ſtaide,
attending Natures Law.
Whoſe Father then (as men report,
thou Orphanes Father art)
Thou ſhould'ſt haue bin, and ſheelded him,
from this earth-vexing ſmart.
Moth. *Lucina* lent not me her ayde,
but tooke me in my Throwes,
That from me was *Poſthumus* ript,
came crying 'mong'ſt his Foes.
A thing of pitty.
Sicil. Great Nature like his Anceſtrie,
moulded the ſtuffe ſo faire:
That he deſeru'd the praiſe o'th'World,
as great *Sicilius* heyre.
1. *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
in Britaine where was hee
That could ſtand vp his paralell?
Or fruitfull obiect bee?
In eye of *Imogen*, that beſt could deeme
his dignitie.
Mo. With Marriage wherefore was he mockt
to be exil'd, and throwne
From *Leonati* Seate, and caſt from her,
his deereſt one:
Sweete *Imogen*?
Sic. Why did you ſuffer *Iachimo*, ſlight thing of Italy,

To taint his Nobler hart & braine, with needleſſe ielouſy,
And to become the geeke and ſcorne o'th'others vilany?
2 Bro. For this, from ſtiller Seats we came,
our Parents, and vs twaine,
That ſtriking in our Countries cauſe,
fell brauely, and were ſlaine,
Our Fealty, & *Tenantius* right, with Honor to maintaine.
1 Bro. Like hardiment *Poſthumus* hath
to *Cymbeline* perform'd:
Then Iupiter, yͧ King of Gods, why haſt yͧ thus adiourn'd
The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolors turn'd?
Sicil. Thy Chriſtall window ope; looke,
looke out, no longer exerciſe
Vpon a valiant Race, thy harſh, and potent iniuries:
Moth. Since (Iupiter) our Son is good,
take off his miſeries.
Sicil. Peepe through thy Marble Manſion, helpe,
or we poore Ghoſts will cry
To'th'ſhining Synod of the reſt, againſt thy Deity.
Brothers. Helpe (Iupiter) or we appeale,
and from thy iuſtice flye.

Iupiter deſcends in Thunder and Lightning, ſitting vppon an Eagle: hee throwes a Thunder-bolt. The Ghoſtes fall on their knees.

Iupiter. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing: huſh. How dare you Ghoſtes
Accuſe the Thunderer, whoſe Bolt (you know)
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coaſts.
Poore ſhadowes of Elizium, hence, and reſt
Vpon your neuer-withering bankes of Flowres.
Be not with mortall accidents oppreſt,
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom beſt I loue, I croſſe; to make my guift
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will vplift:
His Comforts thriue, his Trials well are ſpent:
Our Iouiall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in
Our Temple was he married: Riſe, and fade,
He ſhall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,
And happier much by his Affliction made.
This Tablet lay vpon his Breſt, wherein
Our pleaſure, his full Fortune, doth confine,
And ſo away: no farther with your dinne
Expreſſe Impatience, leaſt you ſtirre vp mine:
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Chriſtalline. *Aſcends*
Sicil. He came in Thunder, his Celeſtiall breath
Was ſulphurous to ſmell: the holy Eagle
Stoop'd, as to foote vs: his Aſcenſion is
More ſweet then our bleſt Fields: his Royall Bird
Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,
As when his God is pleas'd.
All. Thankes Iupiter.
Sic. The Marble Pauement clozes, he is enter'd
His radiant Roofe: Away, and to be bleſt
Let vs with care performe his great beheſt. *Vaniſh*
Poſt. Sleepe, thou haſt bin a Grandſire, and begot
A Father to me: and thou haſt created
A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh ſcorne)
Gone, they went hence ſo ſoone as they were borne:
And ſo I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend
On Greatneſſe, Fauour; Dreame as I haue done,
Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I ſwerue:
Many Dreame not to finde, neither deſerue,
And yet are ſteep'd in Fauours; ſo am I
That haue this Golden chance, and know not why:
What Fayeries haunt this ground? A Book? Oh rare one,
Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment
Nobler then that it couers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be moſt vnlike our Courtiers,
As good, as promiſe.

Reades.

WHen as a Lyons whelpe, ſhall to himſelfe vnknown, without ſeeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender Ayre: And when from a ſtately Cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which being dead many yeares, ſhall after reuiue, bee ioynted to the old Stocke, and freſhly grow, then ſhall Poſthumus end his miſeries, Britaine be fortunate, and flouriſh in Peace and Plentie.

'Tis ſtill a Dreame: or elſe ſuch ſtuffe as Madmen
Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing,
Or ſenceleſſe ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
As ſenſe cannot vntye. Be what it is,
The Action of my life is like it, which Ile keepe
If but for ſimpathy.

Enter Gaoler.

Gao. Come Sir, are you ready for death?

Poſt. Ouer-roaſted rather: ready long ago.

Gao. Hanging is the word, Sir, if you bee readie for that, you are well Cook'd.

Poſt. So if I proue a good repaſt to the Spectators, the diſh payes the ſhot.

Gao. A heauy reckoning for you Sir: But the comfort is you ſhall be called to no more payments, fear no more Tauerne Bils, which are often the ſadneſſe of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meate, depart reeling with too much drinke: ſorrie that you haue payed too much, and ſorry that you are payed too much: Purſe and Braine, both empty: the Brain the heauier, for being too light; the Purſe too light, being drawne of heauineſſe. Oh, of this contradiction you ſhall now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny Cord, it ſummes vp thouſands in a trice: you haue no true Debitor, and Creditor but it: of what's paſt, is, and to come, the diſcharge: your necke (Sis) is Pen, Booke, and Counters; ſo the Acquittance followes.

Poſt. I am merrier to dye, then thou art to liue.

Gao. Indeed Sir, he that ſleepes, feeles not the Tooth-Ache: but a man that were to ſleepe your ſleepe, and a Hangman to helpe him to bed, I think he would change places with his Officer: for, look you Sir, you know not which way you ſhall go.

Poſt. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Gao. Your death has eyes in's head then: I haue not ſeene him ſo pictur'd: you muſt either bee directed by ſome that take vpon them to know, or to take vpon your ſelfe that which I am ſure you do not know: or iump the after-enquiry on your owne perill: and how you ſhall ſpeed in your iournies end, I thinke you'l neuer returne to tell one.

Poſt. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but ſuch as winke, and will not vſe them.

Gao. What an infinite mocke is this, that a man ſhold haue the beſt vſe of eyes, to ſee the way of blindneſſe: I am ſure hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Priſoner to the King.

Poſt. Thou bring'ſt good newes, I am call'd to bee made free.

Gao. Ile be hang'd then.

Poſt. Thou ſhalt be then freer then a Gaoler; no bolts

for

for the dead.

Gao. Vnleſſe a man would marry a Gallowes, & beget yong Gibbets, I neuer ſaw one ſo prone: yet on my Conſcience, there are verier Knaues deſire to liue, for all he be a Roman; and there be ſome of them too that dye againſt their willes; ſo ſhould I, if I were one. I would we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there were deſolation of Gaolers and Galowſes: I ſpeake againſt my preſent profit, but my wiſh hath a preferment in't. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Aruiragus, Piſanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my ſide you, whom the Gods haue made
Preſeruers of my Throne: woe is my heart,
That the poore Souldier that ſo richly fought,
Whoſe ragges, ſham'd gilded Armes, whoſe naked breſt
Stept before Targes of proofe, cannot be found:
He ſhall be happy that can finde him, if
Our Grace can make him ſo.
Bel. I neuer ſaw
Such Noble fury in ſo poore a Thing;
Such precious deeds, in one that promiſt nought
But beggery, and poore lookes.
Cym. No tydings of him?
Piſa. He hath bin ſearch'd among the dead, & liuing;
But no trace of him.
Cym. To my greefe, I am
The heyre of his Reward, which I will adde
To you (the Liuer, Heart, and Braine of Britaine)
By whom (I grant) ſhe liues. 'Tis now the time
To aske of whence you are. Report it.
Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen:
Further to boaſt, were neyther true, nor modeſt,
Vnleſſe I adde, we are honeſt.
Cym. Bow your knees:
Ariſe my Knights o'th'Battell, I create you
Companions to our perſon, and will fit you
With Dignities becomming your eſtates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's buſineſſe in theſe faces: why ſo ſadly
Greet you our Victory? you looke like Romaines,
And not o'th'Court of Britaine.
Corn. Hayle great King,
To ſowre your happineſſe, I muſt report
The Queene is dead.
Cym. Who worſe then a Phyſitian
Would this report become? But I conſider,
By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will ſeize the Doctor too. How ended ſhe?
Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life,
Which (being cruell to the world) concluded
Moſt cruell to her ſelfe. What ſhe confeſt,
I will report, ſo pleaſe you. Theſe her Women
Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheekes
Were preſent when ſhe finiſh'd.
Cym. Prythee ſay.
Cor. Firſt, ſhe confeſt ſhe neuer lou'd you: onely
Affected Greatneſſe got by you: not you:
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:
Abhorr'd your perſon.
Cym. She alone knew this;
And but ſhe ſpoke it dying, I would not
Beleeue her lips in opening it. Proceed.
Corn. Your daughter, whom ſhe bore in hand to loue
With ſuch integrity, ſhe did confeſſe
Was as a Scorpion to her ſight, whoſe life
(But that her flight preuented it) ſhe had
Tane off by poyſon.
Cym. O moſt delicate Fiend!
Who is't can reade a Woman? Is there more?
Corn. More Sir, and worſe. She did confeſſe ſhe had
For you a mortall Minerall, which being tooke,
Should by the minute feede on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waſte you. In which time, ſhe purpos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kiſſing, to
Orecome you with her ſhew; and in time
(When ſhe had fitted you with her craft, to worke
Her Sonne into th'adoption of the Crowne:
But fayling of her end by his ſtrange abſence,
Grew ſhameleſſe deſperate, open'd (in deſpight
Of Heauen and Men) her purpoſes: repented
The euils ſhe hatch'd, were not effected: ſo
Diſpayring, dyed.
Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?
La. We did, ſo pleaſe your Highneſſe.
Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for ſhe was beautifull:
Mine eares that heare her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her ſeeming. It had beene vicious
To haue miſtruſted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)
That it was folly in me, thou mayſt ſay,
And proue it in thy feeling. Heauen mend all.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman priſoners, Leonatus behind, and Imogen.

Thou comm'ſt not *Caius* now for Tribute, that
The Britaines haue rac'd out, though with the loſſe
Of many a bold one: whoſe Kinſmen haue made ſuite
That their good ſoules may be appeas'd, with ſlaughter
Of you their Captiues, which our ſelfe haue granted,
So thinke of your eſtate.
Luc. Conſider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with vs,
We ſhould not when the blood was cool, haue threatend
Our Priſoners with the Sword. But ſince the Gods
Will haue it thus, that nothing but our liues
May be call'd ranſome, let it come: Sufficeth,
A Roman, with a Romans heart can ſuffer:
Auguſtus liues to thinke on't: and ſo much
For my peculiar care. This one thing onely
I will entreate, my Boy (a Britaine borne)
Let him be ranſom'd: Neuer Maſter had
A Page ſo kinde, ſo duteous, diligent,
So tender ouer his occaſions, true,
So feate, ſo Nurſe-like: let his vertue ioyne
With my requeſt, which Ile make bold, your Highneſſe
Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme,
Though he haue ſeru'd a Roman. Saue him (Sir)
And ſpare no blood beſide.
Cym. I haue ſurely ſeene him:
His fauour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou haſt look'd thy ſelfe into my grace,
And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,
To ſay, liue boy: ne're thanke thy Maſter, liue;
And aske of *Cymbeline* what Boone thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy ſtate, Ile giue it:

Yea, though thou do demand a Priſoner
The Nobleſt tane.
Imo. I humbly thanke your Highneſſe.
Luc. I do not bid thee begge my life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.
Imo. No,no,alacke,
There's other worke in hand: I ſee a thing
Bitter to me, as death: your life,good Maſter,
Muſt ſhuffle for it ſelfe.
Luc. The Boy diſdaines me,
He leaues me,ſcornes me: briefely dye their ioyes,
That place them on the truth of Gyrles,and Boyes.
Why ſtands he ſo perplext?
Cym. What would'ſt thou Boy?
I loue thee more,and more: thinke more and more
What's beſt to aske. Know'ſt him thou look'ſt on?ſpeak
Wilt haue him liue? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?
Imo. He is a Romane, no more kin to me,
Then I to your Highneſſe, who being born your vaſſaile
Am ſomething neerer.
Cym. Wherefore ey'ſt him ſo?
Imo. Ile tell you (Sir)in priuate,if you pleaſe
To giue me hearing.
Cym. I,with all my heart,
And lend my beſt attention. What's thy name?
Imo. *Fidele* Sir.
Cym. Thou'rt my good youth: my Page
Ile be thy Maſter: walke with me: ſpeake freely.
Bel. Is not this Boy reuiu'd from death?
Arui. One Sand another
Not more reſembles that ſweet Roſie Lad:
Who dyed, and was *Fidele*: what thinke you?
Gui. The ſame dead thing aliue.
*Bel.*Peace,peace, ſee further: he eyes vs not, forbeare
Creatures may be alike: were't he,I am ſure
He would haue ſpoke to vs.
Gui. But we ſee him dead.
Bel. Be ſilent: let's ſee further.
Piſa. It is my Miſtris:
Since ſhe is liuing,let the time run on,
To good,or bad.
Cym. Come, ſtand thou by our ſide,
Make thy demand alowd. Sir, ſtep you forth,
Giue anſwer to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by our Greatneſſe, and the grace of it
(Which is our Honor) bitter torture ſhall
Winnow the truth from falſhood. One ſpeake to him.
Imo. My boone is, that this Gentleman may render
Of whom he had this Ring.
Poſt. What's that to him?
Cym. That Diamond vpon your Finger, ſay
How came it yours?
Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leaue vnſpoken, that
Which to be ſpoke, wou'd torture thee.
Cym. How? me?
Iach. I am glad to be conſtrain'd to vtter that
Which torments me to conceale. By Villany
I got this Ring: 'twas *Leonatus* Iewell,
Whom thou did'ſt baniſh: and which more may greeue
As it doth me: a Nobler Sir,ne're liu'd (thee,
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord?
Cym. All that belongs to this.
Iach. That Paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my falſe ſpirits
Quaile to remember. Giue me leaue, I faint.
Cym. My Daughter?what of hir?Renew thy ſtrength
I had rather thou ſhould'ſt liue,while Nature will,
Then dye ere I heare more: ſtriue man, and ſpeake.
Iach. Vpon a time, vnhappy was the clocke
That ſtrooke the houre: it was in Rome, accurſt
The Manſion where: 'twas at a Feaſt, oh would
Our Viands had bin poyſon'd(or at leaſt
Thoſe which I heau'd to head:) the good *Poſthumus*,
(What ſhould I ſay? he was too good to be
Where ill men were,and was the beſt of all
Among'ſt the rar'ſt of good ones) ſitting ſadly,
Hearing vs praiſe our Loues of Italy
For Beauty, that made barren the ſwell'd boaſt
Of him that beſt could ſpeake: for Feature, laming
The Shrine of *Venus*, or ſtraight-pight *Minerua*,
Poſtures, beyond breefe Nature. For Condition,
A ſhop of all the qualities,that man
Loues woman for, beſides that hooke of Wiuing,
Faireneſſe,which ſtrikes the eye.
Cym. I ſtand on fire. Come to the matter.
Iach. All too ſoone I ſhall,
Vnleſſe thou would'ſt greeue quickly. This *Poſthumus*,
Moſt like a Noble Lord, in loue, and one
That had a Royall Louer, tooke his hint,
And (not diſpraiſing whom we prais'd, therein
He was as calme as vertue) he began
His Miſtris picture, which,by his tongue, being made,
And then a minde put in't, either our bragges
Were crak'd of Kitchin-Trulles,or his deſcription
Prou'd vs vnſpeaking ſottes.
Cym. Nay,nay,to'th'purpoſe.
Iach. Your daughters Chaſtity, (there it beginnes)
He ſpake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreames,
And ſhe alone, were cold: Whereat, I wretch
Made ſcruple of his praiſe, and wager'd with him
Peeces of Gold, 'gainſt this,which then he wore
Vpon his honour'd finger) to attaine
In ſuite the place of's bed, and winne this Ring
By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)
No leſſer of her Honour confident
Then I did truly finde her, ſtakes this Ring,
And would ſo,had it beene a Carbuncle
Of Phœbus Wheele; and might ſo ſafely, had it
Bin all the worth of's Carre. Away to Britaine
Poſte I in this deſigne: Well may you (Sir)
Remember me at Court,where I was taught
Of your chaſte Daughter,the wide difference
'Twixt Amorous,and Villanous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope,not longing; mine Italian braine,
Gan in your duller Britaine operare
Moſt vildely: for my vantage excellent.
And to be breefe, my practiſe ſo preuayl'd
That I return'd with ſimular proofe enough,
To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his beleefe in her Renowne,
With Tokens thus,and thus: auerring notes
Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(Oh cunning how I got) nay ſome markes
Of ſecret on her perſon, that he could not
But thinke her bond of Chaſtity quite crack'd,
I hauing 'tane the forfeyt. Whereupon,
Me thinkes I ſee him now.
Poſt. I ſo thou do'ſt,
Italian Fiend. Aye me, moſt credulous Foole,
Egregious murtherer, Theefe,any thing
That's due to all the Villaines paſt,in being
To come. Oh giue me Cord,or knife,or poyſon,

Some vpright Iuſticer. Thou King,ſend out
For Torturors ingenious: it is I
That all th'abhorred things o'th'earth amend
By being worſe then they. I am *Poſthumus*,
That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lye,
That caus'd a leſſer villaine then my ſelfe,
A ſacrilegious Theefe to doo't. The Temple
Of Vertue was ſhe; yea,and ſhe her ſelfe.
Spit, and throw ſtones, caſt myre vpon me, ſet
The dogges o'th'ſtreet to bay me: euery villaine
Be call'd *Poſthumus Leonatus*, and
Be villany leſſe then 'twas. Oh *Imogen*!
My Queene, my life, my wife: oh *Imogen*,
Imogen,*Imogen*.
Imo. Peace my Lord,heare,heare.
Poſt. Shall's haue a play of this?
Thou ſcornfull Page, there lye thy part.
Piſ. Oh Gentlemen,helpe,
Mine and your Miſtris: Oh my Lord *Poſthumus*,
You ne're kill'd *Imogen* till now: helpe,helpe,
Mine honour'd Lady.
Cym. Does the world go round?
Poſth. How comes theſe ſtaggers on mee?
Piſa. Wake my Miſtris.
Cym. If this be ſo, the Gods do meane to ſtrike me
To death,with mortall ioy.
Piſa. How fares my Miſtris?
Imo. Oh get thee from my ſight,
Thou gau'ſt me poyſon: dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are.
Cym. The tune of *Imogen*.
*Piſa.*Lady,the Gods throw ſtones of ſulpher on me,if
That box I gaue you, was not thought by mee
A precious thing, I had it from the Queene.
Cym. New matter ſtill.
Imo. It poyſon'd me.
Corn. Oh Gods!
I left out one thing which the Queene confeſt,
Which muſt approue thee honeſt. If *Paſanio*
Haue (ſaid ſhe) giuen his Miſtris that Confection
Which I gaue him for Cordiall, ſhe is ſeru'd,
As I would ſerue a Rat.
Cym. What's this, *Cornelius*?
Corn. The Queene (Sir)very oft importun'd me
To temper poyſons for her,ſtill pretending
The ſatisfaction of her knowledge, onely
In killing Creatures vilde,as Cats and Dogges
Of no eſteeme. I dreading, that her purpoſe
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certaine ſtuffe, which being tane,would ceaſe
The preſent powre of life, but in ſhort time,
All Offices of Nature, ſhould againe
Do their due Functions. Haue you tane of it?
Imo. Moſt like I did,for I was dead.
Bel. My Boyes,there was our error.
Gui. This is ſure *Fidele*.
*Imo.*Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro you?
Thinke that you are vpon a Rocke, and now
Throw me againe.
Poſt. Hang there like fruite, my ſoule,
Till the Tree dye.
Cym. How now, my Fleſh? my Childe?
What, mak'ſt thou me a dullard in this Act?
Wilt thou not ſpeake to me?
Imo. Your bleſſing, Sir.
Bel. Though you did loue this youth, I blame ye not,
You had a motiue for't.
Cym. My teares that fall
Proue holy-water on thee; *Imogen*,
Thy Mothers dead.
Imo. I am ſorry for't,my Lord.
Cym. Oh, ſhe was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet heere ſo ſtrangely: but her Sonne
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.
Piſa. My Lord,
Now feare is from me, Ile ſpeake troth. Lord *Cloten*
Vpon my Ladies miſſing, came to me
With his Sword drawne,foam'd at the mouth,and ſwore
If I diſcouer'd not which way ſhe was gone,
It was my inſtant death. By accident,
I had a feigned Letter of my Maſters
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To ſeeke her on the Mountaines neere to Milford,
Where in a frenzie, in my Maſters Garments
(Which he inforc'd from *me*) away he poſtes
With vnchaſte purpoſe, and with oath to violate
My Ladies honor, what became of him,
I further know not.
Gui. Let me end the Story: I ſlew him there.
Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend.
I would not thy good deeds, ſhould from my lips
Plucke a hard ſentence: Prythee valiant youth
Deny't againe.
Gui. I haue ſpoke it,and I did it.
Cym. He was a Prince.
Gui. A moſt inciuill one. The wrongs he did mee
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did prouoke me
With Language that would make me ſpurne the Sea,
If it could ſo roare to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not ſtanding heere
To tell this tale of mine.
Cym. I am ſorrow for thee:
By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and muſt
Endure our Law: Thou'rt dead.
Imo. That headleſſe man I thought had bin my Lord
Cym. Binde the Offender,
And take him from our preſence.
Bel. Stay,Sir King.
This man is better then the man he ſlew,
As well deſcended as thy ſelfe, and hath
More of thee merited,then a Band of *Clotens*
Had euer ſcarre for. Let his Armes alone,
They were not borne for bondage.
Cym. Why old Soldier:
Wilt thou vndoo the worth thou art vnpayd for
By taſting of our wrath? How of deſcent
As good as we?
Arui. In that he ſpake too farre.
Cym. And thou ſhalt dye for't.
Bel. We will dye all three,
But I will proue that two one's are as good
As I haue giuen out him. My Sonnes, I muſt
For mine owne part, vnfold a dangerous ſpeech,
Though haply well for you.
Arui. Your danger's ours.
Guid. And our good his.
Bel. Haue at it then, by leaue
Thou hadd'ſt (great King) a Subiect, who
Was call'd *Belarius*.
Cym. What of him? He is a baniſh'd Traitor.
Bel. He it is, that hath
Aſſum'd this age: indeed a baniſh'd man,

I know not how, a Traitor.
Cym. Take him hence,
The whole world ſhall not ſaue him.
Bel. Not too hot;
Firſt pay me for the Nurſing of thy Sonnes,
And let it be confiſcate all, ſo ſoone
As I haue receyu'd it.
Cym. Nurſing of my Sonnes?
Bel. I am too blunt, and ſawcy: heere's my knee:
Ere I ariſe, I will preferre my Sonnes,
Then ſpare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
Theſe two young Gentlemen that call me Father,
And thinke they are my Sonnes, are none of mine,
They are the yſſue of your Loynes, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.
Cym. How? my Iſſue.
Bel. So ſure as you, your Fathers: I (old *Morgan*)
Am that *Belarius*, whom you ſometime baniſh'd:
Your pleaſure was my neere offence, my puniſhment
It ſelfe, and all my Treaſon that I ſuffer'd,
Was all the harme I did. Theſe gentle Princes
(For ſuch, and ſo they are) theſe twenty yeares
Haue I train'd vp; thoſe Arts they haue, as I
Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)
As your Highneſſe knowes: Their Nurſe *Euriphile*
(Whom for the Theft I wedded) ſtole theſe Children
Vpon my Baniſhment: I moou'd her too't,
Hauing receyu'd the puniſhment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyaltie,
Excited me to Treaſon. Their deere loſſe,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it ſhap'd
Vnto my end of ſtealing them. But gracious Sir,
Heere are your Sonnes againe, and I muſt looſe
Two of the ſweet'ſt Companions in the World.
The benediction of theſe couering Heauens
Fall on their heads liks dew, for they are worthie
To in-lay Heauen with Starres.
Cym. Thou weep'ſt, and ſpeak'ſt:
The Seruice that you three haue done, is more
Vnlike, then this thou tell'ſt. I loſt my Children,
If theſe be they, I know not how to wiſh.
A payre of worthier Sonnes.
Bel. Be pleas'd awhile;
This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,
Moſt worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
This Gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Aruiragus*.
Your yonger Princely Son, he Sir, was lapt
In a moſt curious Mantle, wrought by th'hand
Of his Queene Mother, which for more probation
I can with eaſe produce.
Cym. *Guiderius* had
Vpon his necke a Mole, a ſanguine Starre,
It was a marke of wonder.
Bel. This is he,
Who hath vpon him ſtill that naturall ſtampe:
It was wiſe Natures end, in the donation
To be his euidence now.
Cym. Oh, what am I
A Mother to the byrth of three? Nere Mother
Reioyc'd deliuerance more: Bleſt, pray you be,
That after this ſtrange ſtarting from your Orbes,
You may reigne in them now: Oh *Imogen*,
Thou haſt loſt by this a Kingdome.
Imo. No, my Lord:
I haue got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Haue we thus met? Oh neuer ſay heereafter
But I am trueſt ſpeaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Siſter: I you Brothers,
When we were ſo indeed.
Cym. Did you ere meete?
Arui. I my good Lord.
Gui. And at firſt meeting lou'd,
Continew'd ſo, vntill we thought he dyed.
Corn. By the Queenes Dramme ſhe ſwallow'd.
Cym. O rare inſtinct!
When ſhall I heare all through? This fierce abridgment,
Hath to it Circumſtantiall branches, which
Diſtinction ſhould be rich in. Where? how liu'd you?
And when came you to ſerue our Romane Captiue?
How parted with your Brother? How firſt met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whether theſe?
And your three motiues to the Battaile? with
I know not how much more ſhould be demanded,
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place
Will ſerue our long Interrogatories. See,
Poſthumus Anchors vpon *Imogen*;
And ſhe (like harmleſſe Lightning) throwes her eye
On him: her Brothers, Me: her Maſter hitting
Each obiect with a Ioy: the Counter-change
Is ſeuerally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And ſmoake the Temple with our Sacrifices.
Thou art my Brother, ſo wee'l hold thee euer.
Imo. You are my Father too, and did reſceue me:
To ſee this gracious ſeaſon.
Cym. All ore-ioy'd
Saue theſe in bonds, let them be ioyfull too,
For they ſhall taſte our Comfort.
Imo. My good Maſter, I will yet do you ſeruice.
Luc. Happy be you.
Cym. The forlorne Souldier, that no Nobly fought
He would haue well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a King.
Poſt. I am Sir
The Souldier that did company theſe three
In poore beſeeming: 'twas a fitment for
The purpoſe I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speake *Iachimo*, I had you downe, and might
Haue made you finiſh.
Iach. I am downe againe:
But now my heauie Conſcience ſinkes my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, beſeech you
Which I ſo often owe: but your Ring firſt,
And heere the Bracelet of the trueſt Princeſſe
That euer ſwore her Faith.
Poſt. Kneele not to me:
The powre that I haue on you, is to ſpare you:
The malice towards you, to forgiue you. Liue
And deale with others better.
Cym. Nobly doom'd:
Wee'l learne our Freeneſſe of a Sonne-in-Law:
Pardon's the word to all.
Arui. You holpe vs Sir,
As you did meane indeed to be our Brother,
Ioy'd are we, that you are.
Poſt. Your Seruant Princes. Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your Sooth-ſayer: As I ſlept, me thought
Great Iupiter vpon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other ſprightly ſhewes
Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Labell on my boſome; whoſe containing
Is ſo from ſenſe in hardneſſe, that I can

Make no Collection of it. Let him ſhew
His skill in the conſtruction.
Luc. *Philarmonus.*
Sooth. Heere, my good Lord.
Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Reades.

When as a Lyons whelpe, ſhall to himſelfe vnknown, without ſeeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece of tender Ayre: And when from a ſtately Cedar ſhall be lopt branches, which being dead many yeares, ſhall after reuiue, bee ioynted to the old Stocke, and freſhly grow, then ſhall Poſthumus end his miſeries, Britaine be fortunate, and flouriſh in Peace and Plentie.

Thou *Leonatus* art the Lyons Whelpe,
The fit and apt Conſtruction of thy name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import ſo much:
The peece of tender Ayre, thy vertuous Daughter,
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
We terme it *Mulier*; which *Mulier* I diuine
Is this moſt conſtant Wife, who euen now
Anſwering the Letter of the Oracle,
Vnknowne to you vnſought, were clipt about
With this moſt tender Aire.
Cym. This hath ſome ſeeming.
Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royall *Cymbeline*
Perſonates thee: And thy lopt Branches, point
Thy two Sonnes forth: who by *Belarius* ſtolne
For many yeares thought dead, are now reuiu'd
To the Maieſticke Cedar ioyn'd; whoſe Iſſue
Promiſes Britaine, Peace and Plenty.
Cym. Well,
My Peace we will begin: And *Caius Lucius*,
Although the Victor, we ſubmit to *Caſar*,
And to the Romane Empire; promiſing
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We were diſſwaded by our wicked Queene,
Whom heauens in Iuſtice both on her, and hers,
Haue laid moſt heauy hand.
Sooth. The fingers of the Powres aboue, do tune
The harmony of this Peace: the Viſion
Which I made knowne to *Lucius* ere the ſtroke
Of yet this ſcarſe-cold-Battaile, at this inſtant
Is full accompliſh'd. For the Romaine Eagle
From South to Weſt, on wing ſoaring aloft
Leſſen'd her ſelfe, and in the Beames o'th'Sun
So vaniſh'd; which fore-ſhew'd our Princely Eagle
Th'Imperiall *Caſar*, ſhould againe vnite
His Fauour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
Which ſhines heere in the Weſt.
Cym. Laud we the Gods,
And let our crooked Smoakes climbe to their Noſtrils
From our bleſt Altars. Publiſh we this Peace
To all our Subiects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman, and a Brittiſh Enſigne waue
Friendly together: ſo through *Luds-Towne* march,
And in the Temple of great Iupiter
Our Peace wee'l ratifie: Seale it with Feaſts.
Set on there: Neuer was a Warre did ceaſe
(Ere bloodie hands were waſh'd) with ſuch a Peace.
Exeunt.

FINIS.

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